Carl von Blaas (1815-1894)

Autobiography (1876)

Through Part VIII

I. Childhood years in Tyrol, 1815-1827.

On the border of Tyrol and Switzerland, not far from Finstermünz where the river Inn hurtles out between sky-high rocks effervescent and with everlasting shower, the village Nauders lies high in the mountains. Half an hour from it the road of a very wooded hill, called Norwerzerhöhe, stretches distant on the left precipitously in the deep Valley, where the first place in Switzerland, Martinsbruch, lies. Here one enjoys one of the greatest views in the Schweizer Valley, where the Inn between high mountains like a silver thread sidles on farms, villages, black-green forests, fields and meadows and on the distant mountains covered perpetually with snow.

A man of 55 years stood in the afternoon 28th April, 1815 between 4-5 o'clock on this hill and looked with impatience and longing in this stick down., "Do not they come yet," he shouted, "It appears to me that I have seen them traveling around below in the Martha Drive; admittedly, the mountain is precipitous and nothing happens to mend this Marterweg." After a long time came an old cold ash, horse-drawn with two covers going mouldy which approached wheezing. [2] In the cart there sat a woman with a three-year-old boy, beside the horses went a spry boy of 18 driving who led the horses, and behind walked three girls, his sisters. The man hurried towards the car and greeted his Genovefa and the children. "Oh my dear Johann," said the woman, "I hastened to come to Nauders, because I feel the labor pains very strongly." All mounted and fast it shut to the village. With the Trauben Inn where the new economy should start arrived, the woman was taken in the back room and gave birth after a quarter of an hour, at 7 o'clock in the evening, to a healthy boy. This boy, the tenth and last child of the family, was I, the painter Karl Blaas, and with it I begin my autobiography.

Nowadays the world lives fast. One must rush almost everything, including literacy; the fight for existence leaves us barely time to read the newspapers, much less scientific works or the biography of a painter. I do not imagine that these pages will have value once read and, so, I write only for my children, friends and to myself for the amusement to remind me of my past life.

My grandfather Karl Blaas had a big family. He was a farmer and miller in the Langtaufers valley, and half an hour from the village of Grauen stood his farm and the mill. His last son, Johann Joseph, was my father. He learned in the village school, as much as one could learn, carved and drew figures, studied mathematics and geometry in the mill during the hours, until the grain became piled up [3]. He wanted to become a painter, but means and opportunity were both absent; in any case, a big talent has got lost in him for art and science. He learned the miller's craft, the baker's, and married a poor country girl, actually, a servant girl. My mother often told to me how poor them and the father go whoring bed theirs heirat were. He had already started a baker's and in all early morning, before he led the bride in the church, he did the showing rightly and when they went home as husband and wife, the bread is baked, is fixed and then only did they go to the wedding feast at the inn.

In Grauen there was no view of acquisition, hence, they pulled one hour to the north to Nauders, a big village on the Swiss border. Here a baker could easier earn his living because in the nearby SchweizerValley Unterengadin in the past no baker lived and the people consumed a lot of white bread (Bangformaint) in weddings and other festivities with pleasure. The inhabitants are Romanesque Calvinist, have their own national costume and other uses and customs different than the nearby Tyroleans. They live in front meadows and field construction,

many move in the youth away from home, closely Italy, Spain, become coffee refiners, confectioners, come back mostly well-to-do, are founded nice houses, marry and become farmers again.

In the beginning the business went well with my parents. My father bought himself acreage, meadows, held horses and Rühe, and built a small house after his own plan. Like family grew up, the first child had died [4] in Grauen. The other nine were born in Nauders and were brought up. Everyone had to work and help, the oldest brother Franz procured the horses and the cart, the second, Jacob, was sent to high school in Innsbruck in the high school; brother Reinhart, the sisters Caroline, Victoria, Therese and Anna, all were put to work and, as far as the means were enough, were also provided for with education. Before and after food and Communion prayers were collectively recited and otherwise, in fear of God and unity we lived. My father was no usual farmer; the employees of the district court, the doctor and priest sought his contact because he was a clever man. In 1809 he had taken part as a commander of a Company of farmers, the landsturm, and was on occasion in combat and had from the Hinterlands to the Bavarian border a bullet in his calf. Later he himself had to escape the revenge of the French, about the snacks fleeing by the Buster Valley to Kärnten and Vienna. He was in the Bintschgau and in the Oberinn Valley of the best skeet shooters and in his youth a daring chamois* hunter. On the shaft of his Stussens he had to themselves on one side a chamois hunt, on the other a bear's hunt carved, which he later sold for a good piece of money to an Englishman. He made for himself a practical Landfuhrwagen and was generally an inventive head; for days he calculated the most difficult mathematical tasks, did projects heuen houses and built bit by bit five houses, nicest and most suitable in Nauders; unfortunately, he could not inhabit them or only short time, because the creditors [5] made him resell them. He gave up the baker's and did trade with horses, with grain, wine and fruit and drove the land up and down. But with all luck he also had a lot of misfortune and could not strike it rich. Three years before my birth he leased his little [Guetchen], took in Tarasp, a village in Grauen alliances, a farm in Bacht and established there again a baker's. Tarasp is the only Catholic place in the Engadin, nowadays a health resort, and world-famous by his nice hotel which is visited by Englishmen and German a lot. At that time only farmers and landlords got to drink the mineral spring of the nearby Schuls.

Nevertheless, the business went in Tarasp less well than one hoped and my mother forced back the father to Nauders, because she wanted to bring her last child into the world in Tyrol. The father bought the Trauben Inn and because he had left some days earlier with my sister Caroline and brother Reinhart, he expected the mother and the others on the Norwerzer height.

I began to feel my existence in 1820. I still remember the house in which we lived at that time, a Sunday in which I wore my first trousers and my mother took me to a neighbouring woman, and the black Poodle which I found there and which bit me in the face so that the blood of my forehead ran. Like other children I loved the carved little horses and whips to the blasting with which I did a lot of noise. The house was not the same in which I was born, and in 1821 our dwelling [6] was changed again. With the move my oldest brother Franz put me on the horse before the moving van, I rode for the first time and with cheering into house there in which to itself many of my recollections attach. The first Ereignitz was, admittedly, a painful one. When I wanted to burn of Sunday where nobody was in the kitchen, a figure of a playing card which I fancied as a deer, I burned my own small hands, and I shouted painfully. The sister Victoria whose favourite I was came to assistance and put my hands in a dish with oil and fresh eggs to reduce pains. Ere long I also had to go to school; because I was active but always scatterbrained,

^{*}Agile, goatlike animal native to Europe.

learned little; the teacher, a coarse farmer, also did not know a lot and in summer there was no school. I liked best being with other kids on the gawking; we played robber, went to the forests and mauen with our whips for a lot of making a noise. In the neighborhood there lived a mother with several children, the oldest one was my age and was very attached to me. So, I was often in her House and the woman loved me almost as much as her oldest, who could cry with the slightest occasion. One Day the mothers were sitting in front of our house on a bank. The woman took from me on her lap and said to my mother "Befa, your Karl will become a great man. "" Why? if she asked. Because he is the most courageous and clever and of all boys. "Now, I have not become great man, indeed, but, nevertheless, I have swung before all these boys on a better life step. At that time I was [7] a playful kid; often I seized my sisters, two all at once by their braids and wanted to drive them as my horses. In winter women and girls with their spinning wheels came to our big room and spun flax. The men and boys sat behind the big tables or on the stove bank. Then there was singing, or an old woman the told ghost stories which excited me so that I hid under the table for fear. Once my father, who was rarely at home in the evening, came home a little earlier. He listened to the history, nevertheless, he took the old person with the hand and led them outside, while he said to her, that she could no longer do so, because he did not want that the education of his children was spoiled by such nonsense. Because he recognized how I was afraid since hearing these stories, he told to me stories of the opposite and persuaded me and the brothers and sisters that there are no ghosts of which one needs to be afraid; the more one must be before bad person on the hat. At the nighttime he piles up me to the shopkeeper around snuff, so that I cured the fear myself and also had all the life no more fear before death or ghosts.

Because I was the favourite of the parents and brothers and sisters, I get a little bit spoilt and could permit myself many freedoms. I took part in all kid games, normally as a leader, did not want to learn at school I and was often punished which were not learned tasks either at all Or in the last instant before the school; always and always learn the catechism by heart, was to me no [8] joys. For it I was dressed with my small sledge the most daring racer from the mountain and with a cold of 200 without gloves in an easy Spenser by praising and leather trousers meagerly. Often I came, when I was called to the dinner home, and if I stepped then with red cheeks and pleased vision in the room, I told how I had preridden to one and had thrown the other in the snow.

In this house we lived several years. Because at that time on the Landeck Road to Bolzano no Postal service was furnished, my father and a certain Bali from the government received in 1814 the postal messenger service. Everybody had to go with his own horse once a week to Landeck and once to Bolzano. This post with which everything, person, scales and letters were carried existed of a so-called Steirerwagen; in front one Or two seats were for the passengers, behind in the car there stood a closed box with the letters. For this service, as for our business we had always 3-4 horses, and because my father allowed to drive always the oldest brother, this took me on mine urgent fitten once after Bolzano. I was 7 years old and this was my first trip in the world. In the evening the second were apprehensive of the trip we came to Terlan, two hours of Bolzano where the skew Thurm stands. Because we were very early from working sloppily weggefargen, and I had fallen asleep from the seat, had to bind myself the brother that I did not fall down. Of day from it the brother wanted because of the fair timewise after Bolzano and left me, hence (, [9) to the landlady up to the other day. Early in the morning 4 o'clock the brother continued, at 7 o'clock the landlady wanted to look, from me sleeps or watches, nevertheless, the bed found blank and the clothes on the chair le besides. One looked and called

me in the whole house, until I woke from making a noise and got up behind the laying from the ground where I was in the sleep sammt to the feather cushion hinuntergefallen. After the breakfast one led me in the vineyard where the delightful grapes grow from which the famous Terlaner wine is pressed. I saw in the first place the shoot and enjoyed excessively a lot of grapes. How happy I was and how many I told after the homecoming. Because my father was so much as a postmaster, there was after often opportunity with my brother to do a trip about which I was always very happy.

How I was eight years old, I went confess the first time and to take communion; in my life I was never again as devout as at that time, because I believed of all sins single the sky zuzugehören.

I had a special favor to lead the horses to the well; my brother have me on a horse and I could lead riding the others and float. Of one day I sat on a humorous horse and when we returned home before the well, the Thier ran back in stretched Galapp by a few lanes and then in the stable. I stuck with, but my mother had fear of death when she saw riding me from window in the stable; if I had not lain down gang on the horse, it could strip me or shatter me to me in the low Stallthüre to the head. This horse became my favourite [10] and I wanted to feed it always myself, until it bit me one day in the face and I hit out with a pitchfork on the same. My brother reprimanded me, however, was glad about my spirit.

Where it depended on it, I was always the first among the jacks. Because I rang the bells with pleasure on the steeple, I crept in the Christmas at 11 o'clock without permission of the parents away to ring the matins. But the church stands a Biertelstunde far from our house on a hill and I advanced the shorter way in a dreadful blizzard, until I got stuck in the deep snow. How to save me it to me successfully, I know no more. But malcontent and quietly I came back and went to bed verdrießlich, while the family went by another lane to the church.

In the village school I learned to read by mash years nothing but badly and write even worse. Voucher of an orthography was no speech, for it the farmer school master taught to us a wrong pronunciation in which he stressed b like p, d like t, w like b and a. It is to be believed barely, but truely, that to read one to itself such a wrong kind and to write can heavily only break. Unfortunately, with me this has proved itself, because I still do in the writing and speaking such mistakes. For the calculation I had no talent and against the learning of the catechism a dislike, often punished thus me befarrer. He also prophesied to me a lot of bad, venture, however, thank God, did not go to fulfillment. At school I signed rather than I learned, and my father could do no bigger joy to me, as if he bought penknife, paper and [11] pencils to me. At home, especially in winter, I drew horses, dogs, cows Or carved figures from pineal wood. My father could draw all Thiere. in the outline similarly, and it was to be watched me always the highest pleasure to him and to do it also. Once he brought to me from Bolzano bad watercolors, but the paintbrush got lost; then my sister Victoria did to me new from cat's hair in a Taubenkiel and with it I started to paint for the first time in my life. This sister fell ill soon afterwards and died in her 15th year of the nervous fever. I was disconsolately about that, because she was always my protector. Mother and brothers and sisters told to me about her goodness and innocence, eight days before she had forecast the hour of the death.

In the spring where the school stopped we hung around jacks a lot, caught robber, played soldiers and it sometimes became a seriousness. One day my mother left me by brother Johann who was three year old as me, but a quiet, phlegmatic temperament had, shout to food, I did not want to follow and when he packed me, I lashed out to him with my wooden saber over the head that he bled. About that I was punished very sadly and also from the mother.

Behind our house acreage and about 200 steps were of it pulled itself up, a precipitous meadow high, to the mountains to. In to a winter's day in the Christmas holidays we did to boys of freshly fallen snow a ball and rolled them down, until she stood still in the level. Because the masses snow had become high and wide nearly 11/2 floor, we took shovels, did the whole [12] beer corners, dug out an entrance, a vestibule and two rooms with window, and laid als Teppich straw on the ground. Another snowball was let down from which we do a giant who guarded the house with a long pole as a lance. The thought and the arrangement of the work went, for my part, but I also had to listen to the complaint and to threat of the neighbor, which I so much Scnee in his garden brought. Only the July sun could melt the masses snow. Then there came again the longed day with which the school stopped. The horses which were not used had to be done on the both. I became a horse herdsman of my father, and I and other boys which horses had to protect did the Thiere in the forests and remained the whole day brautzen. We were founded in the wood huts against rain and wind, did fire and roasted ourselves potatoes. Because also a cow's herd was in the wood, we milked the cows in a hat, around milk good to our feasting on to hagen. However, this was austerely forbidden us by the father confessor because it was wrong, and us thaten in future no more. In the evening we rode around the laying home. My father had a young black stallion geauft which I also had one day on the pasture. There came a stranger who wanted to buy this nice horse, and the father sent the sister Anna in the wood, I should lead the horse after heap; because, however, the horse cannot be caught, I painted my companions the boron blow to do the horse slowly by the hollow way, I want on the branch of an old tree fitzen, and if the black woman comes, quickly herunterspringen. Gechah. [13] the Thier came completely harmlessly under me and with a sentence I was on his back. As obsessedly it ran away with me, again in the wood, but I clung with hands and Fützen in to it became tired and to the harsh returned. Then I succeeded to throw to him the halters over the head, to turn the cord around the Rafe, it had to go to me pariren and I rode with him after heap.

In winter trailed to me with small sledges where only one jack could sit, from the height where the church stands almost half an hour sang through the village up to the brook. Like I once on the glassy way herabfuhr, a wooden sledge horse-drawn with oxen thaws just behind our heap out. There is not could detain and not make way, I ducked completely outstretched with the head back and came through under the train pole between the ox and the sledge unverfehrt, but my next behind me went so unhappy in the sledge that he broke a thigh leg. With anxious heart I went back and found many people with the unhappy gathered who carried him in his apartment. This boy called Cyprian Morriggl, the son of an Innkeeper and a year was younger than me. Because he became an amputee, he goes even today with a wooden foot and lives as poor officials in Tyrol. I got more and more daring and also had Rachahmer and assistants among my companions. One day thus I and other kids of the hall [?] of the Rachbarhauses where we often played, laid a board from the window to swing on; the long side of the board remained inside [14] and one boy, Ranz (Binanzius) had put himself as a strong weight on his side; I crept to the other end of the board and caught it to swing on. The mother who saw me floating in the air from her window fainted, and the threats of some farmers drove back me also in the house; from my father came my well-earned punishment for it. It is common Tyrol for some slate stones to be laid on the roof of the houses with shale [rock] underneath it; to be able to use differently the cruisers for the stylus for the arithmetic board, I and Ranz crept up to the ridge of the house to untie a slate piece; but a board broke under me, I fell down into the barn, fortunately not on the threshing floor where the hay wagon stood, but on a raised stage where some straw lay. I

remained a time dazed, but as myself heard Ranz' uncle coming, I ran away so that he could not catch up me.

About the same time my two sisters, Therese and Anna, went with me and other boys and girls, each with an empty milk tub and basket, to Finstermünz where in a wooded valley many raspberries grow. We found lots of bushes of the noble red fruit overhanging, and also many strawberries. I climbed higher and higher, searched the nicest bushes for myself and when I had filled my small tub fully, I wanted to go up onto a raised cliff and yell to the others, when I heard an immense rushing and saw just above me a gigantic bearded vulture; I was so frightened that the tub with berries fell from [15] my hand and down the mountain till the wild brook flowing beneath me. The vulture would have carried me away, or at least wounded me, and still today if I eat good raspberries, the picture floats before my eyes.

My father's lucky star seemed clear and uncloudy only rarely. He could fight through, even if worried, however, decently and honestly with his numerous family, but the misfortune soon came again to our house. On our street a regulated express postal and letter postal was introduced, as everywhere else in the whole emperor's state. Then the old postal messenger service stopped, and my father could not retain the Postmaster's position, so the most fertile source of income for the family got lost with it. How rarely a single misfortune only comes! At that time, in 1825, one piled up on the other. A cattle plague killed several of our sheep and Rühe, two nice horses fell from a rock were killed. Several creditors required their money and the father had to sell his property. The adult sons and daughters went to strangers to earn their living independently; only I and brother Johann remained at home. My father started the bakery again; but because now in Nauders there were enough bakers, he could not get the business going. Up to now we had suffered no Roth, but now it entered and got oppressive. I still remember how on some days we did not have black bread and potatoes to satisfy our hunger. My father thought again of Switzerland, leased a farm small house with a small property in Martinsbruck and established a baker's. Brother Reinhart and the sisters were called home and the business went better again [16], because the children carried bread on their back in baskets to the villages and houses. I myself already carried a bag full of buns in the high mountains; I, and my brother Johann went out often for days, ate meagerly and slept on the stove bank with the farmers. I helped bake buns, i.e. to heap also. I weighed out the pieces of dough, split and carried wood and attacked everything with a lot of skill, so that I performed more than the clumsy brother. If I had free time and I got a little sheet of paper, I drew everything that was around me. The farmers in Martinsbruck are Calvinist. Their church was desolate, nothing but a table stood in it; they dressed almost only in black, because they are almost always in grief because they must mourn for their parents for five years. They may not even work in shirt sleeves on the field. The girls are dressed similarly on account of the grief. Their language is in Romance style because they are descended from a Roman colony. But in Nauders nothing but German has been spoken for 300 years. The valleys, mountains and hills, even the majordomo's courts still have Romanesque names. Thus there are eight German farm names, but to the left or right in the village and mountains are names like Stables (from stable), Arbelles (aria bella), Bartitsch, Compatsch, Gufres, Tenres, Tif, Ariatsch (ariaccia, i.e. bad air because nearby a coarse marsh is). The majority of the inhabitants of Nauders seems to be of Latin descent. The name Blaas is also found in Spain and perhaps my forefathers fled before the Inquisition from Spain and have settled in these mountains.

A quarter of an hour from the village is the bridge over the Inn river. The customs office and a chapel stand on the Austrian side, there our family went to Mass, only in the midsummer to

Nauders, one hour well over the mountains. The priest in the customs office loved me, because I served him at Mass, and he gave me after Mass some lessons in reading and writing. When I noted one day that he painted portraits on ivory, he also became my favourite and I asked him to me to instruct me in drawing. But he had only some bad presentations and was himself only a weak dilettante. He had to go for more desire for the day and often took me also to shoot some pigeons, and he had good luck. Also my brother Reinhart who was a young strong man went on occasion on the chamois hunt in the mountains. Once a shepherd made a loud noise because a bear had killed a [Rühe] and had taken it away. Several hunters went on the bear's hunt and I ran after at night to my brother up to the collective place that he I did not send back could. The protections were put like with a Treibjagen on, my brother stood on the edge de wood and told me to climb on a high tree with which I was contented. From there I saw, while the drivers did a big noise by the wood, run out the bears against the yoke and shouted to my brother " to show, there against the yoke runs a straggly dog. ", Yes, this is the bear ", he answered, " for a long time from us wind had and now is sure. " The hunt was stopped and all went home being [18] without me gram, because they would have fitted, otherwise, the whole day. With my brother I went for even more often for the day and I caught so as to become a small Nimrod. Early in the early year my father took me and the brothers to fell wood, and I soon got skillful with the axe as my brother Johann. In winter we went with hand sledge in the mountains, around the split wood get ouch. On the sledge the wood was tied together, I sat in the front and came down happily the precipitous way; but one day my brother fell in the snow and injured himself at the foot of. I connected him with my neckerchief so well as it went, laid him on the sledge and went home. We had a few cows, a small horse, some nanny goats and sheep, but only little field, so that the grass and hay was not sufficient to the feed. Now we often had to go early of morning in the mountains to get grass from the rocks and from the cliff fissures. Besides, climbed and I jumped from stone to stone like a chamois; I did not know dizziness and fear. If I remember now, I believe a lead person to be. About midday amen we home, the mother had prepared food and dumplings and herb tasted us like the best tidbits.

As the latest I had more freedom and could go afternoon my ways. Then I signed or soon carved ours bintsch, soon a rat or a little horse. In my left hand I still find old small scars as a recollection of the wounds which I taught myself with the knife. From the father I had probably belonged from painters and sculptors, but I had still seen nobody. I knew only the pictures in three churches in [19] Nauders and held them for important pieces of art, especially one in the dear woman church which introduces holy Rothburga. I liked the glimmer of light to which the painter allowed to shine not without talent in the room in which she prayed. In Martinsbruck there were no pictures in the church, but, nevertheless, I felt happier as a boy there than in Nauders, because the Swiss village deeply lies in the Valley and is more fertile, while in Nauders only needle wood and only now and then a leafy shrub is found. I was very happy in Martinsbruck because I there hazelnut shrubs, pastures, alders and other hardwoods are found. In May if the pastures are in the juice we kids cut the bark off, did whistle from it and made a noise with it immensely. Still today with pleasure I cut off to me a slender hazelnut stick, if I go by a wood and find a hazelnut shrub, I cannot resist the temptation to cut off a stick and to take it. As in the youth I always have a sharp knife with myself which came to me in the life, especially on traveling and land parts, often well to statten. If as a kid I had lost such a knife, I was unhappy and prayed to holy Anton von Padua who counts with us as a finder to all lost things. But holy Anton had no consideration for me and remained pitiless.

The Zollcaplan, P. Engraver, named also Gaudl, was an old priest, and to me only mattered because I served him at the fair. Because I did no progress with him, my father wanted that I should practice myself at home and gave me once to read a book which talked about the excavations in Pompeii and Herculaneum. I have since forgotten [20] the title and author of this book. At that time I devoured the contents of the same with rising admiration and was completely delighted by the art treasures which were counted in it on, was fascinated by the statues and the mural paintings which were still dug out well-preserved from the rubble where she covers for 2000 years, from cinder and stones. Because few other books of my father interested me, I read this book over and over again and I have only from it familiar read skillfully. The father was completely amused if he found me so often and so busily with the book. Upon my questioning he explained to me what is Fresco, as well as he could. And now, because I have performed a lot in this branch of the art, I recognize that he was informed more or less. Especially the description of a picture inspired me: how Achilles breaks out, holds back on Agamemnon with pulled sword zurennt and Pallas Athene him with his golden locks and calms. When I came in 1840 for the first time to Naples and visited the studies in the museum, this picture struck me straight away which had been cut out of the wall in Pompeii brought here. Long I stood in thoughts before it and thought of the book from which I read skillfully and to the boy's years in Martinsbruck Also a tessellated picture, I from the book noticed, found again I in Naples: pigeons on a Greek vase, partly bathing, partly drinking. From this time on, when I got to know that book, I determined that my destiny was to become a painter. My father who had read something about art called me Raphael, Rubens [21] and said Tizian as the biggest painters and which also in Tyrol well-behaved painters would be, like Paul Trogger, Unterberger, Knoller, Scooping and Arnold in Innsbruck. He had seen several works of them and told to me especially about the church in Gries with the pictures of Knoller, from the Johanniskirch in Innsbruck, from scooping and other. Besides, I listened to him with the biggest attention. But the calculation in what he was a master, and which he would have learned to me with pleasure did not come in me; I have also never learned it, while my memories remained sharp and persevering for everything where the art concerns.

Because I learned at that time very little and the father was procured very much around me, he thought to me of getting a better education. But without means was more loyal good Rath. At that time my oldest brother Jacob whose was fifteen year old as me lived in Innsbruck as a trainee with the post and waited for an employment. He was only from my sisters who had enjoyed a better education. In begins of his studies he had been supported by the father and to the Theil of Wollthätern. Later our uncle, the brother of my mother, Franz Burtscher Freiherr of ash castle, from Lvov came luckily as a higher regional court president to Innsbruck. He was by birth from gray, a school companion of my father and the son of a poor farmer with many children. In his youth he was a shepherd boy, then was brought by the students who recognized his talent to Innsbruck, lived during the Gymnasialstudien from reliefs, however, was of his time the ausgezeichnetste student in Innsbruck. By luck, talent and iron diligence he had brought it (to [22] presiding judges, owned the Leopolds order and became late baron. He was an immense and fair Judge and Emperor Franz should have knocked after a big board in Vienna where Burtscher was to guest to him on the shoulder and have said: "This man is the living justice. "Towards his children and the subordinates he counted to very austere, acta he was very proud of the serving to himself to this height on to have swung. When my father fled in 1809 from Tyrol to Vienna, he had found with him only one cold admission and was dispatched with a trip money of 20 fl. briefly. At that time my father had to understand to the brother-in-law his sullenness hard and

sincerely given. How now the uncle came to Innsbruck, the mother led the student Jacob to him and the visit had the result that this got the table of the servants, and a room with the uncle. After some years, as a Jacob in Curse of the philosophy laid was, had seen him the austere uncle once how he accompanied in the evening a pretty girl under the arm in a Wirthhaus. This was a too big little Berber, he was put jobless on the lane, then could not study further and had to manage with lessons. At the same time my uncle became, as the highest judge, the president of Lombardy and Venice, in Verona. All more distant requests of my brother and even the mother who had divided her song wage often with the poor student in the youth helped nothing. The hardness and the pride thaten to the father very much blow and he wrote to him a crude letter which made, however, the Berhältnitz only worse. Now [23] I was twelve years old and my father wrote to the son Jacob that he wants to send me to Innsbruck and instructed him, because he cannot support me to search benefactor where I would get at least food as in Innsbruck for all poor students the custom is. I exchanged the first time my farm clothes with a new suit of redbrown cloth and a student's cap together with a ship maintenance man boot. I was proud in this suit and already believed a student to be, although I only read had learned. From Innsbruck I had nicely a lot tell heard and an indescribable Seinsucht lived in me to come surely soon there to learn of some right. I was excited and dreamed of the future which fancied my youth so rosy, because I did not recognize in my innocence and lack of experience what belongs to it, and what one has to go through everything to become what of right.

II. Early Days in Innsbruck, 1827-1832

It was 1827 on a rough November-day and our area was already covered with frozen snow, as I left. My father knew an Innkeeper and at the same time farmers, from the place Remis in the Engadin, which often drove as cart driver towards Hall at Innsbruck about salt very much, in order to bring it to Switzerland. He was called Menteni, spoke broken German and was a humerous, clever man, if he was not drunk; unfortunately he was constantly in this sad condition. He had four good horses, that were trained, each at a small oblong sleigh or a narrow small wagon by itself harnessed to go consecutively, quickly or slowly, whereever the first, which the cart driver steered, went. It was necessary to drive in this peculiar manner as Graubünden still had no own roads. In Tyrol, one was accustomed to these cart drivers, because it would be such, to look at the trip towards Hall daily, since the Swiss would get more cheaply, to buy the Tyrolean-salt, as the Tyroleans. My father entrusted me to this man, since he wanted didn't want to let me travel alone. I took [25] leave of my parents, received their advice [instructions, or possibly money], and sat myself down on the sleigh beside Menteni, that comforted me, and so we drove over Nauders between steep rock-mountains of the Finstermünz. Although I was happy to hike into the distance, I was in a very wistful mood however and sometimes the tears flowed over my cheeks. We are behind some places, where my cart driver, to have not drunk without his schnapps, drove past. Menteni was by afternoon so drunk, that someone had to lead him to the sleigh, and at each following station, he drank wine, so that he could sit no longer. The first horse was a clever Thier, knew the ways and places, trotted on even street, went uphill slowly and the remaining horses followed one after the other barely. Finally the drunk of the sleigh fell on the snow-covered street and was no longer, to be gotten up in the stand. I must hold quietly. To the luck, two hikers, who praise him on my request in the second sleigh, came where stretched out he lies remained, I however remained in the first sleigh alone. The good Menteni gave no silence, wanted always to get up and sang Romance songs, that no person could understand. Become worry me, until I decided to tie the man with a rope to the sleigh solidly. He/it finally slept the sleep of the just and I lietz there brainy horse there holds, where it had lived to stay the night with the many times repeated trip. One carried the drunk en one bed, fed the horses and treated me on the friendliest. The Wirth and the landlady had a big joy, as I told them that I am the son of her/its/their friend. That was to Landeck [26] in the Oberinnthal. Menteni had had a good sleep in the morning well, had been merrily and had sung devout calvinische songs. So we proceeded in the best agreement, and although always thirsted him/it, he/it stuck with reason and we however still arrived evening in Innsbruck.

Fortunately I met my brother at home. Although I was afraid, it pleased me to make a living without help of my parents. He took me into the inn, where he passed out his last Kreuzer for our dinner in company of his merry friends. Now good advice was expensive. He himself lived on lessons in Italian language and repeated with young students. He had a room together with a just as poor student from Nauders. My bed was beside him on his simple bed. With known families, he applied for me for lunch, a day here, another there, how it is usual in the cities of Tyrol, the penurious scholar of benefactors is given food. I had only four days the at noon-meal in the week however. I received the other days from the brother 5-10 Kreuzer, to buy Bread and butter for me. The breakfast was missing completely and evening I had a piece of Bread that a baker in the house gave me. My brother, who worked without a salary, was himself in need; he could pay neither tailors nor shoemakers, since he could give me not even this small support. What remained me as to ask with the baker for bread. I had been accepted into the

second class of the grade school, where I learned little or nothing at all, because nobody worried themself about me; my brother already went before Tagens-[27] advent to his lessons, later into the chancellery and evening, he returned hours until 9-10 o'clock. Because the room was cold, I could not often endure it and hung around in the alleys, if a schoolmate didn't ask me to warm up in his room. I learned cold and hunger, two known bad enemies of the person. How can I have love and desire there, to learn something? In the spring and summers, I had to suffer not from the cold at least. On Sundays and Feast days I went for a walk with some relaxed comrades into the near forests. We often sneaked into the orchards and filled our bags with pears and plums, where we had sometimes to thank only our speed, that we weren't thwacked. My boot was torn. I mended it myself; but in the evening, it was in the same condition again.

So I lived almost a year in Innsbruck and I can say, I was left to my own resources; I only saw my brother early, when he got up and late evening, when he came back to the house and sometimes brought me a piece of bread, that I consumed drowsily in bed. One day, I went again into the famous Hofkirche again, where there are many bronze Statue of famous men and women, that were praised as artworks of rare beauty. In the middle of the church, the magnificent monument of the emperor Maxmilian I is and at the four walls of the Piedestals there are 24 Basreliefs (rather skin-reliefs) in finest marble chiselled, representing the history of the famous emperor. The figures in the foreground find not even one shoe high; the representation is more [28] picturesque than plastic in composition; but until refurbished into the smallest detail with the biggest delicacy, so that one, rarely sees something of this thoroughness, unless one travels to Italy, France and Germany. I saw, how one of a foreign -Familie opened the fence, which the monument encloses, in order to show them these treasures. I slipped after and requested the Sacristan to let me also see everything and cannot describe the enthusiasm with which I looked at this wonderful artwork. When I was escorted out by the Sacristan, I ran home and requested a big nail and hammer from the housewife, went into a little crosswalk in the behind-home, and wanted there to chisel a head in the wall, but the mortar was no suitable material, and the spike also was not useful. Nevertheless a head appeard, but I was disturbed in my plastic work in a very rough manner of the host, since I had damaged his wall, and only through fast escape I could escape from hits. A feverish desire remained in me, to do something of the type. Often I took pencil and paper and drew. Oh it could succeed me nothing, just like me this picture envisioned, and even too gladly I would have had a marble-plate in order to outchisel a Basrelief, in that I believed, I must succeed. So often as it was possible I went the church visited and sneaked in after the visitors. Once I went with the strangers into the museum Ferdinandeum and had opportunity to see the painting-collection together with different plastic works, arms, armaments and Altertümern. My enthusiasm always grew, [29] like a young man from the hinterland academy-ettes studies the painter Knoller and copies his figures by night. That was first time that I drew neatly and also saw studies of a painter. Cheated me also to may draw before longing so and I thought, I would have only this opportunity, such paper and black chalk, so everything would be me an easy. If I caught a scrap paper, is drawn. One day, I rather starved and bought me paper and pencil for my five Kreuzer. I had nobody to show me something or an artwork to lend me. Also I had no concept, how one could learn the art; but for it I had such a self-confidence, that I believed, if I had only material and the permissions, and was able to spend the whole day in the museum, I would learn it by myself. In the school, I drew and missed the lessons.

The Saint's day of the schoolteacher approached and one boy from a good family, that saw me drawing on occasion, and also for some Kreuzers had bought some drawings from me,

requested me to paint on paper a flower-wreath on a bow, in order to be able to write in a wish for the teacher. I told him: Give me colors and brushes, I will try to do it. As earlier I sneaked with some strangers into the museum, looked at some flower-pictures and had much courage to paint the flower-wreath. To it, I took several flowers me from the garden of the boy home and painted the Brachtstück in three days. There were roses, forget-me-nots, carnations and though the work did not please me, the work, the boy was happy, also let in me the write the greeting in Gothic letters [30] and gave me a silver-guilder for it. This boy and one of the better students handed over the teacher the artwork, who admired but did not understand. Since someone told him that I had painted it, he became somewhat more favorable to me and gave me the Rath to become a painter; also he improved me the grade in the manners. Then I made the acquaintance of a student of Medicine, the young flower-picture-ette painted and also procured me the type and manner of his skill. But the works didn't please me, because no nature-view was in it, I drew after some pictures in the church and after the school, but without stimulation and instruction and left me the old Schlendrian with it again. I don't want to tell the alley-jack-antics, that I executed with my comrades, again. My brother punished and often scolded me, as he heard that I was a bad student. The school year went to end, I got a mediocre report card, except in calligraphy, in which I was the first, in geography and manners I had very well, all others were only mediocre.

In the vacations, my brother sent back me to our parents' home. I had received two guilders of trip-money from him and went to Fuff alone. I handed over my small luggage to a cart driver, whom I caught up with on the trip, and also walked beside him, until it became too slow and boring. I stepped out and now went through OberinnTal to my home quite alone. My mood was mixed to see my parents, with joy again, and fear because of the mediocre certificate. Also old art-impressions went me, that I [31] got in Innsbruck, through the imagination: the bronze-statues of the monument, the art-treasures and Alterthümer of the museum, and now I had to go back to Martinsbruck into the miserable old Swiss-village without hope that I could study art. I probably knew now, that to become an artist, one had to have leisure to study in an academy, and that the next academies were in Munich, Vienna and Venice. Into such thoughts vertiest, fully from Munich and longing, came I to the BontlatzBrücke with reed (famous through the Gesecht 1809), where a church of Painter Schöpf is painted in the Rähe in Fresco. I visited it, admired the pictures, fell down on my knees and asked with full fervor and beliefs, God might help me, to learn this beautiful art, without so much hunger and cold in an academy where I would not have to suffer so much to study, as in Innsbruck. In reed, I had passed out my last cruiser in order to pay the lunch I hiked with a student from Graun two students through Bfuns until after that gruesome romantic narrow pass Finstermünz far. He had me to go with him until Nauders and there, to sleep, far it late a thunderstorm at the heaven would become and stands. But I had no more money, and to it the biggest longing today, still to come home. He went up over the bridge the steep rock-street after Nauders and I pulled right of a narrow shorter sidewalk, on which only smugglers and bold mountain climbers went, near. Until now the sun burned hotly into the valley more narrowly becoming always; then the heaven clouded over with black thunderclouds, lightning and thunders left [32] not for a long time on itself waits, big drops fell down, as I came from the dark woods to a very stony clearing. I have another good hour until Martinsbruck and the rain far. The way through this wilderness was dangerous even with good weather, the more badly with prolonged thunderstorm. I must jump torrents and must wade across. Stones and mudflows broke before and behind me from the mountains down and below roared the Inn with terrible noise through the narrow gorge. Before one particularly treacherous

position I remained standing under a rock-projection and saw, as an avalanche 50 steps before me big stones and tree-trunks before itself tearing down, and crashed into the abyss of the Inn river. Now the horror came over me. I remained completely still, until the thunderstorm disappeared, and prayed to God about protection. A pause came finally, where the stones, to roll on heard. I hastened in fast sprint of the dangerous position, jumped from stone to stone, waded up to the knee through mud and waters and came happily across. The rain had stopped, the noisy waters and mudflow decreased itself and didn't come with so much danger, me sometimes with the hands at the rock clipping, at the narrow canyon in a long valley out. After the danger was past, my courage increased and after three hours, I came happily to Martinsbruck. Before the door of the small farmhouse, where we lived, stood my mother. She saw me first and hastened to me, embraced me, bombarded me with questions and led me into the room. It was 8 o'clock of evening on August 4, 1828. [33]

In Martinsbruck the bakery and Inn did badly. The fields and meadows had been neglected, the rent was too high. I helped after my strengths, farmed, mowed, split wood and carried roll bread on a collar [?] into the high Swiss mountain-villages. In the late-autumn, the parents gave up the wretched Inn, withdrew to Nauders and lived in the village here in a Zubau in the end of an ancient big home, the Kötzlerhaus named. My father built an oven and drove the bakery-business. In the house a shoemaker's-family lived, with two brothers; the one had a wife and children, that others, Christelkrump named, was hunchback, knew to tell beautiful histories however and to sing funny songs. The shoemaker-room was evening shall give people and children, and Christelkrump to each one particular name: Hoftischler, Hofschneider, Hofweber, Hofschuster, Hofschmied. my father was called the yard-baker, I the court painter, and a young sick man, who also lived with his old mother in the house, the castle-count. There was to be laughed much and much Ereigniss would have offered material for one village history.

Since the bakery carried little, in that my father had only to bake the rolls for two Inns, my brother had to Johann as baker-skilled worker after Zams again and goes later to Innsbruck. I stayed with the parents alone, helped them work, and drew and carved in the free hours. My father ached to see me growing up so, and since my handwriting was good was, he persuaded me to go to the country-court as a writer. Although I had no desire to become an official, I yielded [34], to become a Kanzelist from Noth, in the hope, once, with 300-400 fl. Salary. In that valley was lifted I, went on the palace, in which the country-court was accommodated, daily reports copied at the circle-office and the Higher Regional Court, provided the Basswesen and vidirte the bass of the craft-lads, with which I proceeded very indulgently, particularly. Once a gendarme brought a young poor painter, that was missing in the Basse the last Bisa. I asked for him and helped him, although he was only one village-painter, freshened the Todenkränze, Martyrersäulen and old pictures. He had been a year in the Munich academy, but he was just a dabbler however, although he knew to speak much about art. Since he remained some time in Nauders, I showed him my drawings, but he found them petty and hard. I drew his portrait, which was recognized by everyone, then.

There appeared suddenly in the time of my writer-service from the government a public notice for old vacationers [veterans?] of the Tyroleans of emperor-regiment. The three office - or ushers were sent out in all directions into the villages and farms in great haste, in order to summon the vacationers and since one of the vacationers, that lived skewer in a small high mountain-village at the Swiss-border was forgotten, the country-judge asked me to practice-take the runner-service, which flattered me, since I am as nimble as a chamois and could still summon the man today. I assumed the proposition, since I could two twenties and could show my

courage at the same time. And so I did it, although my father agreed on which [35] path I should take. In less than an hour, I was in Finstermünz below, inquired about the path and went up along Innsbruck from the street the steep forest left then, until I found a better way, that only in fact was only for oxen, but however that moved way of Pfunds towards Speiss. Always uphill I hiked into the rock-village, passing a few distracted little houses, upwards. As I inquired about the young farmer however, I was told that he works in the tree-felling for Senn in Pfunds above, if you want to speak with him, you must go up, because he also remains at the night above. I craved myself only one boys of that me accompanied and in the twilight, I came to the position, where the wood-farmhands worked. The poor young vacationer did a sad face and now hiked with me toward Speiss to his old mother down. Because he had himself tomorrow, to report, he also remained the night in Speiss and begged me to stay here overnight, and not strike out along the dangerous way in the Finsterniss alone. But I wanted to show my courage, and determined, since the moon shone, that in three good hours I could go back to Nauders. So long the way through the clearings downward went, I ran quickly onward; it went more slowly in the forest, and as the moon vanished behind black coulds, I saw nothing at all and regretted my improvidence. Although I felt with my mountain-stick, I fell on the bad way to the earth several times however; I started already to pray, as I heard steps behind me all at once and saw somebody with a lantern. It was the Innkeeper and Miller Senn from Pfunds, that also knew me, because I often went there for my father [36] flour with a one hourse carriage and he picked it up. After I had told him about my job, he forced me to go with him, and there, to sleep. I enjoyed the hospitality of the brave man and went back against Finstermünz again then.

The valley becomes here steadily more narrow. In the middle of the Inn, a medieval castle, to which a bridge leads, stands and beyond leads the street through a long-curved walk of the old palace where an inn used to be. The palace was built by the Austrian duke Sigismund and was earlier called Sigmundseck, later Finsternmünz, because it is so dark, that no sun comes in for months; but one can not think somewhat more romantic and more picturesque easily, as this palace on the rock. Where the steep track extends after Rebella up, exactly there, where I came driving from Innsbruck before anderTalb, a man sat from a rock-piece and painted the castle, palace and bridge in watercolor. I crept up behind him and watched curiously, how he painted. How I was able to describe the impression, that this did watching on me. He produced the solid decision in me, to become a painter. I see return each color-tone like he does, his eye accompanied with that thinks, compared the nature with the art-value and recognized, that this is the first artist, which I ever seen. He saw and didn't hear me, shyly and I remained shy in my quiet position and didn't feel the fatigue but only the gratitude to be able to watch. As it becomes evening, he packed up his folder and his color-box, meanwhile I left unheeded. [37] He went to Pfunds and I went to the inn, since I had still enjoyed nothing, a glass of wine and a bread. Then I went the steep street between rocks and the waterfalls of the torrent upward and came back about 7 o'clock in the evening to Nauders. My parents had endured big worry about me, but I had never been so happy in my life. With feverish ardor, I told, how it has gone for me and how I have seen someone paint finally artistically. I want to become a painter, even if I with hunger, thirst and to fight with the whole world has, I said to my father. He saw with melancholy into his face and sorrow in his heart, that he could not help me. The displeasure attacked me to be so helpless, and without protection, I spoke to Franz Burtscher, baron of ash-castle, to my crying mother about the heartlessness of her brother, the highest President-Judge in Verona, because he leaves us he completely and wants to know nothing of us. The mother cried bitterly and said then, as we wanted to comfort her: Karl, is me as is not allowed to you he/it so miserably from

leaves grow [?]; he will let you learn the painter-art however. A few days later my father wrote a letter to the strict Mister Schwager, my talent portrayed to him, and my joy at the art and asked him about his help, to let me study; but weeks and months passed and there came no answer, how it was always the case, if my father wrote.

Into this despair, I led my writer-life away. Probably I earned myself from the parties through transcriptions of bills, complaint-writings and purchase-letters [38] many guilders, but I had a reluctance against the writer-life. Also I was scattered with it, did mistakes and drew beside it with the feather on the base, that much contained like Porträte the Official. A Zages, the Actuar hunted Lindner to me: Karl, you have more desire and talent to painting than to the letter; your drawings on the base verrathen much talent; I want to give you some sketches of the painter Degler and much others to the Copiren; visit me, I am open from youth drawn, also my wife has some practice in it. I went to him and saw Bieles, which filled me with enthusiasm; as I told him about the painter in Finstermünz and how I wanted also to do it, he laughed about my selfconfidence, gave me colors, brushes, pencil, drawing paper and some pieces of lithographirte tree-studies however. I had an indescribable joy, could hardly speak and ran hurriedly home, where I immediately began drawing of the first picture. One's moments, experiences, people and things stand as mute signposts like obelisks of granite on a life-track; to it is part of the lessons learned from the book over Pompeii, the day like I went for the first time into the Hofkirche in Innsbruck, the painter in the Finstermünz and the first instruction in drawing from the highadmired Actuar Lindner in Nauders. Other granite-columns and signposts will still be added in the course of my biography.

After the nursery, that I drew precision with gröster, Mister Lindner gave me two landscapes in watercolor of Degler and some portraits painted in watercolor [39] to copy. Then I tried to draw a portrait of my father with black chalk and I did huge with it in the Kösslerhaus looks. All brought themselves here and wanted to be portrayed. Even my mother wanted me to draw her, but she thought, she didn't want it so dark but painted with, it still has time. Unfortunately she died early and in my absence, maintaining I in Innsbruck was.

Since I relieved my father of the heavy work and could not also leave the chancellery, drawing was often interrupted. In order to support my parents, I used each opportunity to earn something, and even became the shooting recorder with the Sunday target practice. As such I had to occupy each shot in the protocol to record the deposit money. My father was the eldest and best archer in OberinnTal and Bintschgau and often won the prize. But I could shoot only badly with a heavy stopping short; for it, I was a mountain infantryman and it was my mountain-puff, to ascend the highest mountains with the gun on the back, if I also came back without loot. Once I observed two big vultures, whom I considered as stone-eagles, over our village and saw them vanishing in a high rock-wall at the Schwiezerseite. With a telescope, I could see where each one settled to its rest and so I decided to go see them for myself regardless of the effort. One morning, on a cold rainy day, I went with my einläufigen gun, with a rope and rope provides, through the steep forest on the height of the rock, where I already could hear the shouting of the [40] hatchlings, and saw one vulture circling high above me in the air. I tied the rope to a young tree and ran down from the edge of the rock on a narrow stone-step, where a spruce stood. A few steps before me, I saw the nest with the four hatchlings. I lurked huddled behind the sapling, my gun next to my face, and as the old vulture contributed like an arrow on me, I got within shooting range and fired, and the beast fell, tumbling into the unseen depths. Immediately after the shot I heard the shouting of a second vulture, loaded the gun in feverish speed and, as he fell like the first on me, I shot and saw him flying, falling into the depths. I was now out of danger,

because both had been done away with. I approached the nest, but the way was equally dangerous; with the hands, I stuck to the sheer prominance, I supported the foot with single rockpieces, until I was at the nest. I tied up the young vultures with the feet then, swang them over my shoulder and with extended arms, the face against the rock turned, step by step, I climbed back to the sapling again, hurled the vultures and the gun here up and pulled myself and them with the rope upward. In the forest, I put the young vultures on arid spruce-branches and dragged them down the steep Holztrift until under the rock there, I found one dead vulture and also shot the other, that jumped with his shot* and wounded wing through the forest and fluttered. I dragged my load over the meadows and up to the street downward, where some boys helped carry me then. More and more boys and girls arrived and I [41] pulled into Nauders triumphantly. My Father was pleased heartily about this hunt-loot. The vultures measured in the wingspan more than one fathom. Also the country-judge and the officials were amazed over my courage and with delight I took the shot-money in reception, for which I must leave a claw from each vulture. The officials also tore as many feathers from the birds as they wanted. I put the young vultures into a big barrel on straw; but since they wanted to eat only meat and that was too expensive, I gave away the beasts. The vulture caper had kept away me fourteen days of drawing and I was glad to be free of it.

Since the life of a writer enthralled me little, my superiors could also have little joy in me; the old country-judge scrimped paper and only published it with reproaches and referrals. But despite this I drew a scene on a half sheet of paper that was certain for a decree, once; the drawing went hand by hand, but fortunately country-judge did not see it. The old man was a disaster for the district. Since he wanted only to comply with all processes, he gave honest people injustice and the bad a piece of right at least; with it, he was a churchy type and familiar friend of the priest Kleinhans. This Mister Pfarrer was from stout shape and had a big stomach. After his Siesta, he went today to this prosperous builder, tomorrow to another, where he with good cheese, hams and coffee is entertained. From there he went into the inn, brought the evening until 9-10 with the country-judge and Innkeeper there [42] clock to and, since he was usually dazed, must lead him of the Messner home. These two old men were the tyrants in Nauders then. If a zither was played somewhere, the priest immediately came and damned the instrument, which the youth tempts. In the agreement with the terrestrial authority, the most innocent dance-conversation was also prohibited, so that dancing of the youth, which grew up with me, was not at all known. The priest thundered on the pulpit like in the confessional against the immorality, but he himself gave a bad example; and the hypocrisy took on a form of manners-depravity. Before him the birth of an out-of-wedlock child was a big rarity, but now some such sad cases appeared annually, particularly under the poorer class, since the poor don't always marry. The priest became furious, as soon as he heard about a new scandal. As soon as such a casualty had delivered, she of the Sunday must low-kneel herself before the high-office at the church door; the priest was faced with her in church suit, angrily reproached the poor before all churches her scandal in the roasting and cruelest manner, scolded and insulted her publicly, as long as it pleased him; then, he sprayed her with holy water, she could endure, his fat hand might kiss and might go in into the church, where she also had a particular dishonorable place, however. I saw myself one such poor creature, who collapsed before shame-feeling and fear when raging of the priest powerless, once. Some enlightened farmer-lads wanted to avenge, but their entreaty was betrayed and whoever didn't want to have himself locked up, must escape. [43] There I on Sunday did not go into the Sunday school; he entreated me with the countryjudge, but I didn't go; rather I read the Schiller in the near forest and drew a house after

copperplate engravings. Unfortunately I was left myself with the sad consciousness, so helpless, without hope of study at an academy. With the country judge there practiced then a completed lawyer, Mister Mathon, a formed young man, 30 years old. He grew fond of me and I might enjoy social intercourse with him. We often did big mountain-parts and killed before daybreak much Capercallie [a type of bird]. For a long time he gave me useful books and through dealing with him I learned to improve my boorish nature.

Because the writer-service steadily became more odious to me, I finally decided on God and my will trusting, to hike to Innsbruck again. My brother Jacob was now Postofficial; perhaps I could be taught by one of the painters Flatz or Arnold who lived in Innsbruck. Also I had together-saved myself some guilders of money. Mister Lindner approved my plan and promised me a recommendation-letter to his father-in-law, who was a reputable citizen of Innsbruck. Also my father was content, since he knew my love of art; only my mother complained, that all her children had left, and cried until she finally got over it. I said goodbye to the country judge and all my friends, and on a cold December day in 1831 I in skimpy clothes wrapped, with a roll of drawings set out on foot on the way to Innsbruck. The mother accompanied me along the Finstermünzberg down up to the [44] so-called "Stube", where the street turns in into a canyon and the brook in water-felling down-overthrows the Inn noisily. Here, I asked her to turn back; she pressed me to her heart, tears suffocated her voice, she gave me her blessing, and said forcibly, "We shall not see each other again." I hurried crying over the rock-inflection and didn't see my mother again.

Little by little I dried my tears and hiked at a fast pace into the narrow pass down to Finstermünz. High rocks and steep forests are right of the street. Where the valley is narrower, one sees through the canyon to the gigantic granite-rocks of Waldigestö and the Schmalzkopf. That gruesome romantic area stood in the harmony with my thoughts, because it is craggy and my youth was wild and like the foamy river. I also wanted to go away from this wilderness, away into a sunny country, into a serene future. I didn't detain The Inn river at Finstermünz did not detain me; probably I climbed on the other side upward to the stones where I watched the painter a year earlier, and saw the beautiful wild view once again.

For two and a half days, I hiked to Innsbruck without having experienced something particular. My brother Jacob, who lived in the post office, on the ground floor of the building, took me in and and we slept in a bed together. Soon I faced the old Mister Meixner, the father-in-law of the actuary Lindner, who lifted me lovingly, before. He was an old man, would still have known the painters Knoll and Schöpf, and possessed a painters a row of older Tyrolean sketches and drawings from them, [45] that he entrusted to me. He didn't live far from the golden Dachl and had an art = and music-business in his home, which business had been left to him by the spouse of his second daughter.

He himself lived as private-man, was very devout, going every morning into several churches and served with the fair. Afternoons he went for a walk and into several Inns, here and there to nip a half-seitel of wine. His daughter and her husband, Mister Gross, who still lives, cultivated one of the dearest, solid families, that I have ever met, with their children. I often ate with them and spent most evenings there. The old man led me to the painter Arnold, to whom I showed my drawings from Nauders. Arnold had studied at the Viennese academy, and still believed in the old pigtail-art [classical?], where the nature after a misunderstood Greek trimming [?] became stuck [?]. He had much practice in painting; he painted his religious pictures down [?]. Then he was one of the best living painter in Tyrol, but an ungracious sullen codger. He leafed through my drawings: the tree nursery in fifteen pages, some feather-drawings,

watercolor-landscapes, Portrait copies, my father's portrait and an executed drawing after a beautiful copperplate of a Raphael Madonna, whose original is in the Louvre in Paris. He spoke no word, until he had seen everything. He said dryly and invidiously then: it would be a craft, to learn more cleverly, as to become a starving artist after 15 years of study. Although I was still inexperienced and believed everything that people told me, I was convinced however, that he could [46] help me [?]. Mister Meixner was saddened over the remark very much and still looked still to win him for me, to which he showed no desire however. Finally he gave me two outlines of statues to copy and said that I should come after eight days again. I was already ready on the next day with the work however and showed it to Mister Meixner, who however told me not to return earlier than the eight days to Arnold. This time he was even more sullen than the first time, hardly looked at my drawings and gave me two works, that were drawn after nude models, and that I after fourteen days again should bring. Also these tasks were already ready the third day. I brought them to him at the appointed time, but he worked further quietly, gave me no word of encouragement and did not look at all at my drawings. That was too much for me. After stood there I almost one half hour, I commended myself and forsook the uncanny eccentric, never visiting him again. After six years, a picture of minr was bought for the painting-gallery in the Ferdinandeum in Innsbruck, the Visitation [still there] and Mister Arnold had orders to paint a copy of it for the Innsbruck priests. This was the most beautiful revenge and satisfaction for me against his prophecy and manners.

In the store of the art-dealer Unterberger was always displayed glass and selected copperplates, for example once the school of Athens and the Disputta of Bolpato after Raphaels painting. For many hours I looked at it and could not see enough of it. The shop-boy, Joseph Helf, and I became good [47] friends. He learned from me and I from him. With much skill he drew and painted Tyrolean scenes for his master in watercolor then. Another watercolor-painter, Schönherr, made for Unterberger Tyrolean views in Aquatint style (a type of sketching in copper rather than etching) and then he colored them. He offered me eight Kreuzer to color these such small landscapes. Initially I managed only four pieces with his help, but little by little I could paint 6-8 in a day and could save me something, since I needed for my keep 15-20 cruisers only daily. Also I received two lessons in drawing and with it lunch. In Wilten, I taught a young girl in the ornamentation and flower drawing. Since she had no presentations and I myself had drawn nothing, I picked some beautifully molded leavers on the way through the meadows of Angerzoll, that is now obstructed completely, sketched one and drew an adornment after the other. The girl, whose mother is employed in embroidering chasubles, employed, made much progress, today is one of the best embroiderers, and a good mother of several children.

With the painter Schönherr I made a trip over Jenbach to the Achensee, that we both sketched. Then we went through the Polder's Valley to a mountain, from where a panorama drew in outlines, and after three days, we came back over Rinn and Amras to Innsbruck. I became always more sorrowful, because I could hardly earn through the work of early morning until evening a half guilder and could learn nothing [48]. But I had to rejoice because I no longer starved. Also for Mister Gross I colored I small holy-picture for a low wage. Finally I did make the acquaintance of a young drawer, Kaspar Jele, a farmer-son from the Oberinnthal, who had received instruction from the painter Flatz. I saw his works, and was at first excited by the originals, because the lithographed heads were it after Raphaels' *Disputa* and the *School of Athens*. I envied Jele in his luck and thought of coming into a such a good situation critically. But how should I start it? Still for a long time I must carry my fate and examinations of all type

exist. If no work was with Schönherr, I copied miniatures on ivory for my studies, which he gave me for instruction.

Of this type I painted my own portrait through the mirror, that of my brother on Bristol-Paper in miniature and then an officer, for which I got two Zwansiger, also a pretty young woman had herself painted by me, who had little patience for sitting and rather chattered and wanted to watch. The picture cost much time, for which not I but the pretty young lady was to blame. She always sits quite draws near to me, and I probably understood casually, for what she strove, but her boldness was not enough however, to push the shy boy of sixteen years. The portrait got done with hard work, but honored me better than the others. I still received two lessons, where I had the lunch for it. I behaved at table very shyly, but I strove earnestly to maintain a decent [49] conduct, and the family was probably evaluated me. Since I had no originals, I drew the children themselves, whom I taught: an eye, a nose, or the profile in life-size, particularly a beautiful girl of twelve years who served me as model. I studied itself with the lesson and had good originals for other children. Now it went better for me. I could clothe myself decently and learned to know several young students. On Sundays and holidays, we made trips, during which I always drew something into my sketchbook. It was my first and still I have stored some sheets from it.

One Sunday we seven went to the Martinswand. As we went the narrow steep track at the rock-wall, we fell to rejoicing and yodeling; my Bormann became giddy, he crouched up and wailed, until I supported and helped him so that he could crawl back. Also three others remained behind; only I and the two first, practiced mountain climbers, climbed into the cave where Emperor Maximilian I had gotten lost once and where a life-size crucifix now stands in memory of it with Mary and Joseph. My two friends and I wrote our names with red pen between the hundred and thousand names, that are recorded here. But I went on the shoulder of another and wrote my name ten feet higher on a smooth light area. I hope that it is still to be read there, because a German painter told me in Rome after many years, that he was amazed that had found my name written so high there. A student, a handsome, strong young man of [50] sixteen years, befriended me and often visited me. Also I loved him because of his bourgeois nature. After a trip into the beautiful, graceful Mittelgebirge near Innsbruck, we were still together as a family until ten o'clock together and then separated cheerfully. But early in the morning in fact the beautiful strong boy was dead; he had died in the night of a mucus shock. This sad case made an indelible impression on me.

I was still living with my brother when we got the message of the illness of our mother one day and not long after that of her death. I have never believed in spirits or ghosts, but something strange met me then. I heard quite clearly a knock in the night at the window, got up and opened the door; and since nobody was there, a chill attacked me and I slipped into the bed again. As my brother came home, I told him about it. Two days afterward came the news of my mother's death; she had died at the same hour as the knock on my window. Did I dream this or did my mother notify me of her death?

Jele's landlady, a washerwoman from Nauders, had a place and a bed for me, I took them and we three lived in a room: Jele, a student Johann Jung from Nauders, and I. I enjoyed living with these people. Also otherwise it was well me; I earned some guilders and saved it so well it became a nest-egg. Finally Jele led me to the painter Flatz, who looked at my drawings and treated me quite differently than [51] Arnold had done. He also authorized me to copy the presentations that he gave to Jele, anatomy of the human body, from which we stung that, gave us compositions and Fischer's *Anatomy of the Human Body*, and we went over the originals with

a feather [?]. The text to it, that is the naming of the bones and muscles we learned by heart. Flatz was contented with me and took my works before those of Jele. Unfortunately I could not stick works with hay like my friend however, I must still give lessons and for Schönherr do the coloring of the small landscapes, while he/it enjoyed a stipend that sufficed for his keep. I must now mention that through Jele I got to know a certain Franz Stecher from Nauders, who had already studied a year in Vienna at the academy and that I as boy in Nauders had heard of as Painter Franz. He was four or five years older than I and a nephew of the unpopular priest. He made the suggestion, we should disrobe each other and alternate as models, so that the other two could draw. We decided to do it and it fell to me to be the first model, whom the others drew. Now Jele's turn, so that I could draw. Stecher however didn't want to stand as model but wanted always to draw. So his old egoism destroyed this beneficial arrangement and our friendship dissolved at the same time.

It now happened that a Postman became sick, and my brother should accompany him to Verona. We discussed among ourselves, that he should visit our uncle in Verona, tell him about me and ask for support for my training in art [52]. Only with an apprehensive heart dared my brother visit him, in that he remembered, how he had lost his support because of an easy youth-prank. But this time the uncle was merciful, particularly our aunt. He listened to the story of my artistic penchant and talent patiently and required some drawings of me, that he wanted to be judged by artists. At the same time he gave my brother and gave him for me a pack of laundry and clothes, that I received happily. As my brother had to repeat the trip, he brought to my uncle some my works and soon afterward a letter summoned me to Verona. I was happily in the hope that I could study in an academy.

In September 1832, I left after one and a half years in Innsbruck, receiving a farewell from my brother and from the benefactors, particularly from the good families of Meixner and Gross. Some comrades accompanied me until Zirl and I first hiked to Nauders on foot, in order to see my father. On the way, I drew some fleeting views in my sketchbook. As I came to the place along the Finstermünzer mountain-street where I had taken leave of my good mother, my heart became so sad that sat down on a stone and cried. In Nauders, I met my old father and sister Caroline. I found myself in the living room and it seemed impossible to me that I could not find my mother again. At the place where she usually sat, I settled, put my hands in front of the eyes and cried bitterly, nor could my father and sister keep back their tears. My father [53] already knew through letters of my fortunate situation and was happy with me. I remained only four days at home, because the instinct to move onward and to study art pushed me away. Through the Bintschgau, where I visited friends and relatives, I went on foot. In Schylanders, as I was eating in the Post Office at midday, I saw a watercolor-picture under glass and frame, of the burial of a hunter. The hunter was carried by four deer, hares went with torches, the bear with the crosses in front, and behind other animals follow, like people going and crying. In the air, it swarmed with birds: Game-ducks, vultures, partridges, pheasants, wood grouses, and the like. The picture was very defective, but it did not lack life and feeling. I have to laugh heartily. The Innkeeper, who had just stepped into the room, asked: Why are you laughing? Is that not a work of art? A young painter from Nauders has painted it; his father has given it to me. Yes, I therefore laugh, because the I am the painter of that this picture; I did it two years ago. The Innkeeper was very happy, because he was an old friend of my father and had fought beside him in 1809. He entertained me very well and wanted me to stay the night with him. His two lovely daughters didn't want me to leave either, but the urge for the art drove me away. The Innkeeper accompanied me with his foxes [?] until Merian, where I took lodging in the inn "Gstör" (now

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Sandwirth). He told the landlady my name and she knew my father well, I was relieved. It cost me nothing, because the landlady deferred the cost by [54] lodging me with a coachman. About twelve o'clock, I was in Bozen and from here I drove with the stagecoach [?] to Verona.

After arriving, I had myself led from a Post Office to my Uncle, who lived with his family in the beautiful old Negrelli palace. I waited fearfully in the big anteroom, hung with old pictures, until I was led into his office. "Now something should happen to you?" He said to me. "You want to become a painter. Do you realize that if you are not a genius, a sad future is imminent? It would be better for you to become a merchant and I will bring you here into an action-house. I was troubled very much, like one that is sentenced to the gallows, because exactly that suggestion was to me abhorrent, for I had neither talent nor inclination to arithmetic. "My Excellency, merciful Uncle, sooner than become a merchant, I would rather go back in God's name and tend the cows on the Alm," so said to him, which I would not at all have trusted myself with my shyness, I so fearless and courageous. My determination seemed not to displease him. He smiled and repeated: "But nevertheless there is one thing on my mind and it must probably be considered; I would rather like, that you complete high school and the more advanced studies in order to become either a church or civil official." "But neither can I do that," I answered I, "because I have no background and don't know the Italian language; I have only desire and love for painting and, please I want you to support me in that." "I now trust you and believe that you should become a painter; I only have tested your [55] desires." But with a startling expression, he added: "You know that I have left your brother Jacob because of his foolishness and never listen to his requests any more. Consider, that even the smallest slip-up, be it unintentional [?], or ingratitude against the man, to whom I recommend you, where you will be looked after like a child of the house, and for which I pay, or if you will leave owing any debt, the same thing will happen to you. You will still depart today with the Diligence [some official?] for Venice; here is the address of Mister Rögla, a German official with the Venice Court; to him you go first. He will lead you to Mister Corvi, the Court Judge, with which you find reception. This Corvi is our relative, about whom you probably know nothing. His mother was the sister of my mother and your grandmother, and she married a Mister Corvi from Sondrio in the Baltellin; he is my subordinate and bound to me very much. Therefore he will treat you like a child. My aunt also appeared and was very friendly; she was the second wife of my uncle, a noble lady of Rotterheim. I got some guilders and something for meals on the trip and was immediately led by the servant to the Post, where he paid for my travel to Venice.

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III. In the Academy of Venice, 1832-1834,

I now sat comfortably in a big mail truck, which carried twelve passengers well. The Cabriolet was occupied with three travelers. I was the single German in the company and understood no word of what they spoke in the Venetian Dialect. Upon reaching a foreign country I felt some pangs of sadness and some homesickness, but I rejoiced again in the thought that I could now devote myself entirely without worry to art. I had immersed myself in art history so far, that I knew the Venetian masters in their chief works, even if I had learned only from copperplates or bad copies. The Doges Palace, the academy, the Titians and Veroneses always hovered before my eyes. With it, I imagined that my stay in the Corvi family would be very comfortabe and hoped my stomach particularly to gratify. I was seventeen years old and the appetite is in these years very big. The Diligence rolled on the dusty street away, from one mail stop to another. Evening came, and suddenly, you distant Tyrolean mountains were disfigured in darkness, [57] also the conversations of the travelers fell silent they nodded off one after the other. I found no sleep in my excitement however. As we came about 1 o'clock to Padua, an Italian mentioned me favorably and led me into that coffee shop Pedrocchi. The entrance, the marble-columns and shiny tables, the volumes of marble and the paintings at the blanket, all enchanted me. This area is still populated mostly by students of the university. I took a coffee, became fresh again, requested paper and writing-stuff through an interpreter then, and wrote the first letter here from Italy to my brother. From Padua drove two big Mail wagons further. I sat in the one near the window, and saw the sun rising and its rays over the fertile plains and the Billens [?] of the Venetian want to shine nobly. Everything was pleasing to me again and made a good impression. In Fusina we stopped for a while, and after a policeman had asked for our papers, we sailed on the lagoons in the mail-ship. I held my head through the window and saw stand there Venice before me between waters and heavens. Voting out this not the most favorable opinion of Venice is, I was enchanted however. That is my goal: here I shall and must become happy, I told myself. Always near the towers and palaces, gondolas and boats passed by and reflected in the water like Narcissus. We drove in the Grand Canal, and at the imperial mail-palace, the Boat did stop. Everyone got out, I handed over my small suitcase and the address of Mister Rögla to a porter and followed him over the bridge and zigzagged through narrow alleyways. I [58] believed myself to be in another world. Finally he stopped in front of a tower and rang. A slight woman received me very kindly and immediately sent for her husband, who also didn't wait for a long time. Mister Rögla, a man of uncommon size and rather obese, greeted me as countryman heartily. He was born in Tyrol and led me without ceremony to Mister Corvi, to whom I was recommended by my Uncle. Rögla lived near Ponte Dai, near San Marco, and Corvi behind San Giovanni e Paulo, therefore quite far away.

Finally we came to the home, which the Judge Luigi Corvi lived in with his family. We stepped through the gate into a front garden and were received first by Mrs. Corvi, who did not speak German bu only a bad Lombardian Dialect. Her daughter, who could so express herself quite well in German, was then fetched. Mister Rögla recommended himself and I was led into my room. The house is a Palazzetto from the 14 century. In the first floor lived the family, in the second, that was not in the best condition, lived the porters and on the main floor beside a deep reverberation the food-room and the kitchen were. My room was in the courtyard building [?] however and actually a kitchen. The stove and the flue were still to be

seen and nothing stood in it as an old table, some old Strohseffeln [?] and a so-called bed, i.e. two sawhorses, with long boards, on it a straw-sack with a sheet and a wool blanket. On that a chair stood a water-jug and a white Schüffel as Lavoir. That [59] outlook went into the yard and garden; from the staircase-window, one could be able to see into the big garden by the Ospitale dei Pazzi, where the madmen walked around.

It was 15 March 1832 about 11 o'clock in the morning, as I moved into the Corvi house. As I looked at my room, I was not located very pleasantly and in my hopes disappointed, although I had lived nothing good. My Uncle however had said: You will be treated by Corvi like his own son in the house. A maid brought me a coffee with a Venetian bread and the daughter, who accompanied her, said: I might have breakfast, because the lunch would be first about 4 o'clock, if the father came home. The milk-coffee had a repulsively ashen color, but it tasted well to me however, because I had not yet had breakfast. After I changed, I sat at the window not at all bored. I would have liked to be be able to keep looking, in order to see the city, but the reception of the housewife was unedifying [?]. About 2 o'clock the son came home and immediately visited me. He spoke some German, because the children had a German teacher. Andrea was eighteen years old, slight, from middle size and agreeable face, only he had an uncanny gaze and could not look me into the eyes. However he spoke kindly to me and we went into the garden. Also his daughter Signora Luigia now came shyly to us and appearance and fearfully. Her face was beautiful and had the expression of kindliness and love, but she had grown something. The children not at all looked like their mother, because this was gray-yellow, clothed quite ordinarily and appearance very much [60], to be shy. Now the bell rang very strongly and Mister Corvi, a small stout ruddy man with a smooth round face, entered. He too spoke very little German, but he understood everything, which I had to answer to him. Also his gazes were intense and his friendliness seemed to me more affected than sincere. One went to the meal and I from with good appetite, but I would have been able to still to eat twice as much. About 6 o'clock in the evening, Mister Corvi led me to St. Mark's Place under the Procurator's Office. I first saw St. Mark's, the Doges Palace, painted by the moonlight in fairy-ful beauty. The son, whom we met, accompanied me home and I noticed myself all the alleyways and bridges, so that I could go henceforth alone. I spent the first evening in the living room, the mother sewed, the daughter studied, and I learned from an Italian grammar. The son had gone his ways and came first after midnight at home. In the evening at nine o'clock, I received a piece of Polentabrot, just as it was baked for the porters. I went back into my room and didn't put myself to sleep with cheery thoughts. In the dawn, I was called into the kitchen, about there my gray-watery coffee, to drink.

About 9 o'clock, Mister Rögla came to lead me to the academy. He was so gracious for me, that it made me happy. On the way we passed the place de S. Amria Formosa, St. Mark's Square, Moisé, the place Stefano, San Vitale, and then I saw the academy beyond the big Canals. The joy that I felt with the sight of this building was so enormous, that I am able not to describe it. It was more joyful than somebody imprisoned for ten [61] years suddenly has gotten his freedom, or like the Alps-boy yodeling loudly, if he sees his lover in the distance. Like long and how often I had been missing me after it and now it was truth. We climbed into a gondola for the trip and stepped into the building, where the porter takes us to the professor Lipparini. It was a long hall, where the students enjoyed the elementary-instruction and drew after presentations; another big room was on the left, where students drew after Gypsum heads. Lipparini was another young, slight, but beautiful man, with black alive eyes, and had a very earnest nature. Mr. Rögla introduced me, I understood only a little, then I showed him my

drawings, that he saw and praised. He immediately inscribed me into the catalog and I was now student of the academy. It was Saturday and on the next Monday, I could appear with paper and Mister Rögla led me to a Tyrolean minister, Mister Schmalzl, the sign-material. Garnisonscaplan in Venice was, honesty wants a stout man with a round red face. immediately told me to properly visit him often, because he loves his compatriots. Became me with this good man quite privately and I would have been permitted to immediately to stay with him. Mr. Rögla led me into the church San Marco and I, to be amazed at the splendor and peculiarity of this building site then could not stop. Then we saw de Piazzetta, the Doges Palace, then went a route on the Riva Schianovi and then to the [62] churches San Baccariam dei Greci and after San Giovanni e Paulo, one of the biggest and most beautiful churches of Venice, and in the neighborhood of the Corvi house. In this church, I saw the first picture of Titian: San Pietro martyre. One can probably say that this picture was Titian's the biggest masterpiece, because he is as marvelously and dramatically as Raphael in it and Michelangelo, but in the Coloration unsurpassable. This miracle-picture was destroyed by flames some years later, along with including other art Sacristy.

The following mornings I was promptly about 8 o'clock in the academy. Professor Lipparini put with a student, a Viennese, who became my interpreter, until I understood more Italian little by little. I drew starting after presentations and the professor was very content with my skill and speed. Already in the first week something unpleasant happened to me. The hour of the school was past, the students went away and the comrades collected themselves. Some curious were there and came to see my works behind me around; one said: guarda sto fiol d'un cang d'un tedesco come fa beng (Venetian). I didn't understand it and asked my Viennese neighbor, what he said; he interprets it literally, but only the first half and said: "Her/its/their father would have been a dog." Without hearing further, I got up and gave the Venetian a strong smack in the face, who holding his hand on his face and crying exited. Heavens, what do you have gethau, the Viennese said, he/it has she/it vows. something, here, one praises with an insult? hearing you, I want you [63] to explain, what he said. and so he told me that in Venetian "fiol d'un cang" means so much as well as fellow, one could use it favorably or badly, for example good fellow; so he here meant it, and the Venetian has wanted only to say: "This German draws well". So, why have not you immediately said that then? I was very angry with the Viennese and said to him, that it is his duty, to accompany me to the poor boy, to make apologies. The school was already almost empty and the boy was in the yard, surrounded by others, still with his hand on his face. The Viennese must do the apology for me and itself that responsible gives. I could only say: iò prego pazienza avere and gave him my hand. I became associated with this beautiful blond Venetian, who was in my age, we became friends and remained so later years, until he died in 1857 in Paris of a sad death. He/it hot Fortunato Bello. He and an only all too big darling of the women were beautiful, but not happily, since he must already die in his most beautiful years of a dreadful illness. He was a good portrait-painter. This history did cause a sensation among the academics and I was feared and respected. professor had me after fourteen days already drawing after antique plaster head casts; I chose myself the head of the Caracalla and put down, me beside Fortunato Bello, while my small Viennese still remained behind with the presentations in the large Hall. The Morning classes lasted from 8-12 o'clock, then school, that I must initially also visit, was Ornamentation in the evening and lasted these from 6-8 o'clock. In this school, the old [64] Professor was Professor Porfato, whom Lipparini introduced to me. Also here, I must sit beside the Porgerückteren to the Gepsabgüssens, in order to draw after rounding. Without flattering myself, I can say that I was

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the most hard-working student, and I was quite happy and contented. The time vanished quickly and the class was over too early. It annoyed me, if the old Bedell stepped about 12 o'clock into the school and shouted out loudly: è termina! I now did the long way home, where I was not happy.

Corvi was first the district-executive in Sondrio and then for the last two months in Venice. I have described the first day in his home. It was a pattern-day, as if the merchants first show their most beautiful pieces as patterns. Gradually it became worse; at dinner, the fattest meat and the bones were given to me and I had to watch how the family consumed a good roast or another delicate food. If I came home about 12 o'clock my corn or Polentabrot was made ready in the kitchen for me, and in the evening I could have a piece as well. It was usually old and inedible. Once I gave such a bread to a beggar before our apartment; but he could not eat it and threw it at me quite forcefully and it flew past my head. So long as I still had some guilders from my trip-money remaining, I could buy myself something enjoyable on the street, but these didn't last for a long time and need [?] and hunger took lodging with me. I remember that to save the two Goldis for the crossing at the big canal that I had to make four times a day, I took the wide detour over the Rialto bridge to the academy. [65] The hours of 1-4 I had to spend during the cold winter in the unheated kitchen and froze my hands and feet miserably. In order to protect me from the worst drafts, I stopped up the flue with straw. Since the servant went from the home, I had to perform all kinds of service, even helping the woman bring things home from the market [?]; but I tolerated everything in order to be able to study art.

In the house of P. Schmalzl, there lived a painter from Tyrol, Mister Kirchebner, with whom I became known in the academy, since he drew with the model in the evening. He was a quiet gracious person, and I could visit him and consequently also got to know the good Schmalzl. He had two boys with him, the sons of his sister, who studied in Venice, one for the Bench [law], which led him to the Innkeeping business. I often visited these good people and rested many hours after the academy there. If I came to them before or after the afternoon classes, I could still my hunger or find a paper with cold roast, coffee, and bread. Schmalzl stirred himself to write about me to my uncle, and truthfully told him my sad story, about living in the Corvi house. Since I didn't have the audacity to do anything, however, he could also give me no other counsel than to hold out, until God would make things better.

But I must still go through other terrible things almost worse than the hunger. It seemed to me, as if I was without payment from Mister Corvi. Only economically from time to time did he give me any on my fearful requests one for money for art supplies. My [66] laundry and my clothes was very skimpy. On the alley, I could warm up myself through fast going, but in the room I was cold and I welcomed the spring with his warming up sun. If I came home about 1 o'clock home, I found my drawings disfigured through a spiteful hand almost daily; with black lines were painted on them. Since I had no cabinet and could not lock the door itself, I could not hide my drawing board [?]. Through the servant I learned that Signore Andrea was in my room. He was the darling of his mother, the spoiled son, in the evenings going to the Venice-Theater, returning home after midnight about 1 or 2 o'clock and getting up about 11 o'clock. Since he still played piano after midnight often and the parents could not tolerate that, he put the instrument into my room and played it about 1 or 2 o'clock freely, without regard as to whether I did sleep or watch. As I asked him to grant silence to me at night however, he mocked me and said scornfully: I should be happy to be able to live with his family, I am only there as charity, and if I want to complain, they would send back me into the German wasteland. Sometimes, if he found me asleep, he went with the candle to me and let the hot tallow-drops fall on my face,

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in order to awaken me. Yes he was so insolent, that he sat down in the bed on me, and if I got annoyed, he said that that makes an enjoyment for him and he would only leave me alone, if let him play the piano quite for a long time. Through inner courage, I couldn't comprehend it [67] and there the Thüre only was leaned [?], he often continues his visits until 3-4 o'clock in the morning. During the day we played ball in the big yard (il giocco dent boccie), and if I was a winner, he became angry; he threw the ball to me through the window and smashed the one wing. His mother often saw how he teased me, but she said nothing about it, yes she could laugh then. I knew that Mister Corvi and particularly his wife were prosperous, yes rich and therefore came the heartlessness that they practiced on me; they could not comprehend me in my inexperience nor could the woman take pity on me. She was ugly, meager like a skeleton. The man never spoke with her, did not even answer her questions. She was always in a bad mood and also had no desire to speak with me or to look in my room. I must go to beg my straw-sack, in fact always after the first month. Once Andrea went into the garden to bind a string from one rosebush to another other, and invited me to jump over it. The path was wet [?] and slippery, and I made him aware that the string was too high and that he could fall, but he derided me, saying that as a clumsy Tyrolean I was afraid of it. There I took an attempt and jumped with ease over it, he however tried it twice and fell the third time so unfortunately, that he broke the front-arm. I lifted the very frightened boy, carried him into the kitchen, and since I knew my anatomy well, I directed the bones in straight direction together, then I got the surgeon [68] Stephani, who lived nearby. As the woman from the window saw the doctor come, she was startled, came down, and reproached me, that I was to blame for the accident. But the doctor put himself into the dispute and praised my skill, saying that I put the arm into the best direction initially, the healing has become easier through it, and the severe pain prevented, which the unsuccessful boy had to accept. I now had silence in the night before the monster at least, but with day, I must often accompany him, and he could even then say many unpleasant things. It remained for me to ask the dear God for better lodging as soon as possible.

My food was created completely I think to spoil a weak stomach. The fat meat and the Polentabrod with the dry rubbed Käfe made heartburn, headaches and sickness for me, so that finally I felt no more appetite me and got a fever. Doctor Stephani, who spoke German well and probably liked me, sent me to bed and prescribed Ricinusöl, as Burgirmittel is known in Italy. In the dawn, I reached after the vial and wanted to drink it up, but the liquid was in the cold room frozen, so I had to warm the vial up in my hands and must fully take the Medicine. One can imagine my disgust, and nobody told me, as easily one it and without disgust can take. By the abstinence and the bed-heat, I was well again after eight days. But the fat meat henceforward I did not eat. Sure enough [69] the woman grumbled in Lobardian, that I was a delicate man.

Since I needed money for my art supplies, the Judge told me once: You must acquire money through work, go to the arsenal and paint ships, like the other ship-painters, I will speak so that you may go there. Although a shiver attacked me with this suggestion, I however had the courage to reply: then I would not become an artist and it would certainly not be agreeable to his Excellency my Uncle, that I go no longer into the academy. He laughed and said disdainfully: "Oho, artists want already to be very highly regarded" and then in the strictest tone: "If I wants it, you must follow; I must know if is good and His Excellency has engaged me to look after you." Very curtly I said to him that I would not do that, and that my uncle, who supports me, for sure doesn't wish it. He threw me a twenties-piece on the table and never spoke any more of the Ship-painting. But he hates me and now I believe, from blind hate against the

Germans, because he was a German-attacker [?]. All officials with the tribunal warn of him because of his stinginess, his violent temper and his hateful wickedness, but he has through his hypocritical conduct with my Uncle seemed to be very merciful and a real gentleman. I was confident, that, if I had complained, my uncle would not have believed and I would have been sent away as a slanderer with insult and disgrace. The accident of my brother Jacob and that the threats that he would abandon me for the smallest misdeed, always were before me. [70] My conduct was so that no one could reproach me. About 8 o'clock early I was already the first student in the academy, I made the way back just as fast, in order to be promptly at home and in the evening, if I was coming from the school, I ran through the alleys. I used every hour to draw and to learn the Italian language. For no price did I wanted to give Corvi occasion to slander me with the uncle, and how it seemed, he only looked for an opportunity to do it. So nothing other remained but to be patient. I accepted everything silently; so as not to leave my beloved art. Do not take me badly, my loved children and friends, for whom I write down these memories as a man of 59 years, if I confess, that once I after a sad day, it was a Sunday, I went down to the Fodamenti nuovi with suicide-thoughts. But the thought of my old father and God tore me from this despair; I went back into my room, cried bitterly and pled to God for the deliverance from this home. If then I one beggar or crippled people met, I comforted myself again, in that I told myself: that is even more unhappy than I however.

In the academy I was advancing. Professor Lipparini praised me because of my talent and my sporty little works; he always gave me good originals to use when I was at home. And I might also visit him as often as I wanted. Through Mister Schmalzl, I also made the acquaintance of the German priest Unterbacher, who was my confessor. Schmalzl told him [71] and another Tyrolean, Peter von Giovanelli from Bozen, who then lived as a lawyer in Venice, about my sad lodgings. The latter, an excellent young man, immediately handed over for me a Napoleonsd'or. Peter von Giovannelli, whom I met first, became my friend and still helped rescue me from unprofitable situations on occasion. [?] Through the contact with him, I profited much, because he gave me books and does good teaching for interacting with people. With the gold-piece of the Mister Giovanelli, I secretly managed myself some essentials and material for drawing, yes even colors and brushes. I bought the colors for me in the raw condition and rubbed them with a glass grater on a fat glass-plate. Also Lipparini gave me once discarded old brushes, that however served me well. I copied two grey heads in gray. The great cold had slackened and I could also paint diligently at home. But how often Andrea disfigured my heads with stiff string [?] and in other ways, so that I would have been able to become prematurely old with rage at him. With diabolical laughter, he told me once: "I want to make you furious once again." "Then," I replied, "position yourself before me, I recommend that to you." It did not last for very long, and after his arm was healed, he continued his visits after midnight and like earlier tortured me. But during these visits I stayed up and I could sleep through some days unhindered. Like probably did me this silence. [72]

As I betook myself one evening to the silence again and fell asleep, I was awakened by a terrible roar, hiss and noises. I believed it was a dream about Hell, because my room was in brightly in flames. Rockets flew on and at the walls, smoke threatened to suffocate me, and in the middle of the room the flames blazed upwards and threatened to ignite the bed. I jumped out of the bed however immediately, and in order to rescue me an indomitable fury overpowered me. I seized a fat stick that leaned beside the door, and left the room, and went to visit the villain Andrea, who had done that to me. I know no longer how fast I went into his room, I hit and under the bed, heard and saw nothing, then I went into the room of his startled

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sister and as these asked, probably what I was doing, I said, that I will kill Andrea; since I didn't find him here either, I went into the room of the parents and awakened them from their sleep. Mister Corvi startled horribly, as he saw me in fury, the woman had lain in unconsciousness maybe. I fully yelled fury like a tiger: Where the villain is, I must kill him. Corvi believed me to have become crazy and asked me trembling, to calm down. "No," I replied, "I want to avenge his actions, to publish him, he is hidden here for certain. I looked everywhere and didn't find him. Meanwhile Mister Corvi got up from the bed, in his pajamas, and tried to calm me down with lifted hands, until he came to the tower, in order to call his servant, who slept on the upper floor. I went according to him, took him with the hand, that he wanted to withdraw vainly, and said to him with a loud voice: "Come along in order to see what kind of a devil your son is." He didn't want to do it and trembled at hands and feet. "It is essential, Mister Corvi," I called, "you must be witness to the evil deed; I have not turned into the fool, as you believe; I have only gotten through the cruelty, that your son already has committed against me for many, into such a state of mind; You must come. And so I led him and the servant, who had come meanwhile and carried a light, accompanies with power into my room. Already on the stairway a powder-smoke came towards us and in the room, it was soffocating, until the servant opened the windows. Corvi now saw himself how papers and several of my works, that hung at the wall, were half burned. Andrea had filled a grain-sack with newspapers and other paper, inserted gunpowder and rockets, put the sack into my room and ignited it. Mister Corvi now became, when he saw this, extraordinarily calm. My dear, dear Carlo, you have patience, he called with lifted hands, I will punish Andrea, you tell nobody of it, I want to write to Uncle everything; I want, I must go away from this misery. He repeated his discussions, but he had to hear the history of the wickedness, that Andrea had done to me for so long a time. The occupants followed into my room, including the housewife, all with pale faces, and became witnesses of my sufferings. They finally entreated me through requests and discussions to be silent. [74]

I didn't see Andrea for three days, until Mister Corvi finally came with him to me and forced him to apologize to me and agree to never to bother me again. I was treated for the first time somewhat more humanly, I had silence and leisure, and could carry on my studies, since the long day and the warmer air also favored me, not only in the academy but also at home unhindered. Mister Corvi spoke kindly with me and Andrea on occasion was shyly like a sly fox. This friendliness seemed to me immensely forced, but I was having a good time, because I had silence. This happened in March 1833. But the recovery from my sufferings was not yet full, until I was finally freed on good or bad terms from this home.

There came to Venice a Tyrolean mechanic named Tfchugmal. He had machines, two shoe-high figures he invented and so artfully constructed that if he had pulled them open and put them down on a rope, they would imitate all the movements of a tightrope walker by themselves. As I was introduced to him by Mister Schmalzl, he gave me a free ticket and invited me to visit his machines. The show was in the evening in the Redouten Hall near San Moise. Also Mister Schmalzl, his niece and his nephews, two students, came with me, as we wanted to procure this enjoyment for ourselves together. Probably I expressed my fear of Corvi to spend the evening outside of the school, but Schmalzl calmed down me and thought, Mister Corvi, who is an enemy of the Germans, was unlikely to watch this entertainment. I quietly thought about it, went into the Machine-theater and sat down like the others in the first row of seats. But [75] I had a sickening feeling however; If Corvi saw me, I thought, he would have a reason to accuse me with my uncle. In this thought, I looked about and saw two flaming eyes staring at me. It was Corvi. I saw and heard nothing more and only thought of a terrible future. Sorrowfully I left my

compatriots, who vainly tried to comfort me. The whole night, I didn't sleep and did all possible plans, because I knew that something terrible was in store for me. The next day, as I had sat at table, Mister Corvi said: "I find you a very bold young man, you go diligently into the academy, yes with H.... into the theater. I now know you completely, Andrea and I have seen you on occasion, you already know, yes, yes, the hard-working painter, I will write that to the uncle." I wanted to defend myself and Tschugmal, and explain how the matter came about; but he screamed at me furiously: "Quiet, you cursed one!" And as I now replied: "Now, in God's name," he threw me a soup spoon into my face; I got up and left. There the whole plate flew me after, so that I felt hot soup on my skin. I went with my single, now dirtied shirt into my room, slammed the door and cried bitterly. After a while, the servant brought me the meal, which I didn't open however. In the evening I took paper and enough candles in order to write the whole night a long detailed letter, in which I told my uncle the whole sorry story without sparing anybody. Finally I had help to free me. Two days passed in which I spoke to [76] no one in the house. I was painting my own portrait from a triangular piece of mirrors now, no longer than four inches surface-area had, because a mirror that I had bought myself once, had been smashed by Andrea in his playfulness. In that I painted so busily, I listened on the third day to the sound of steps, and Mister Corvi stepped pale with fury into my room. He remained standing before me, while I turned me without fear with the same stick, that served me as paint brush. "You have written something to Excellenz," he called, the letter to my uncle still in his hand, "you bad fellow." I walked toward him and wanted to throw him down the staircase because nothing any longer mattered; but cowardly and without a word, he fled. I barricaded the door and painted some more in my excitement. After approximately three quarters of an hour, I heard heavy steps on my stairway again. Mister Rögla knocked at the door and said: "Mister Blaas, make yourself ready. I come to pick you up." The hour of my deliverance had come. Rögla told me, while I took my drawings off the wall and packed my matters into the needy suitcase, that Mister President had written to him, to pick me up immediately, to take me to his house and to take care of all my needs. A porter was already ready and very gladly I went from this detestable home, with the sensation, as I go at the side of an angel, that taken me before the devil in protection.

I beat Mister Corvi with my letter to my uncle, because he must not have suspected that [77] I would have the gumption. As I later learned, my Uncle had among other things written to him: "And if only the half of that which my nephew [Blaas] wrote to me was true, so you and your son are like thugs in my eyes."

In the house of the good Mister Rögla, I was lifted heartily by his good housewife. At table, I could almost eat nothing because of my excitement and I had so much to tell, since the good people proved so warmly sypathetic. The other day, Corvi traveled to Verona, in order to extract himself from his awkward situation, because he felt very uncomfortable. In his fury and badness, he acted very clumsily however, because he slandered me and accused me of dreadful things altogether, that I went to the theatre with bad women instead of the academy, and that everything, which I written, is false. My uncle immediately wrote to Professor Lipparini however, asking whether this and that, which Corve him, was true. Lipparini immediately wrote, that I would be his best and most excellent student, that never he in his study-years never saw so hard-working a classmate and now, as long as he had been a professor, never had a more skillful and more hard-working boy as I. Then my uncle wrote to him, to let me immediately depart for Verona, in order that I should defend myself in Corvi's presence. But Lipparini asked him not to now do this, because the contests were about to begin and he hopes confidently that I will win first prizes, that otherwise would elude me in my

absence, two at least. My uncle showed this letter of the professor to [78] Corvi and prohibited him from entering his [the Uncle's] house in the future. At the same time, the strict uncle also wrote in order to have full certainty to a notary, whose name I remember no longer, so that he examines me. I must tell the man everything which I had experienced and suffered with Corvi. I also told him the whole truth and he wrote everything to my uncle, which agreed with my letter.

The vacations were approaching. I had gotten two first prizes in silvery big medals with the national trophy allocation, and traveled to Verona to fulfill my duty with glad consciousness, where I was excised after a short examination by my uncle on the most fatherly and most cordial terms. I learned now to know the family of my uncle, for whom I had so big reverence. My Aunt, a very good mild woman, who held back from her shy and taciturn children: three sons, Heinrich, Adolph, and Karl, a child of five years, and her daughter Antoinette, a girl of fifteen years. I felt very privately that the children probably wanted to get to know me, particularly Adolph, that was a very talented good-hearted boy. They took much compassion on my suffering and sometimes expressed their revenge-feeling with my narrative through threats against father and son Corvi.

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IV. Better times, 1834-1837

As the family of my uncle went in August to Meran, I returned to Venice. I visited the art exhibit and found my own portrait there. It was my first attempt to paint after life; I had only practiced earlier to paint after plaster-casts and studies of my master. The small likeness done by a boy of seventeen years received general approval and connoisseurs doubted, that it was from the hand of a student. Mister Rögla read a newspaper article in the evening which contained much praise of the portrait. It was the first public praise over my artwork and I still have the newspaper-page stored today. In the house of Mr. Rögla, who was a Tyrolean and an official with the tribunal, things went well for me and his wife was always polite and ready to help. He had two sons: the older was already doctor and one very high-minded person, who associated much with me; the second was another boy, that behaved somewhat badly owing to the great leniency of the mother, but never became annoying to me. [80]

My small portrait had made the first good reputation for me and I got several orders to paint portraits for ten Thalers each. The first was the President Abram. Since I did not paint just for money but also for my study, I did it only on the condition that he give me as many sessions as I needed. By this means I won time to work thoroughly, and so the portrait pleased broadly and I received enough to be satisfied. In this way, I didn't miss my academic studies and one saw me daily with my painter's box under my arm through the alleyways by the academy and from there striding in great haste to the houses, where I painted portraits. I now lived nearby San Marco al Ponte dei Dai, in a roof-room, that was not suitable unfortunately for painting, since it had only a small window. Therefore I must always work outside of home. I painted the family of the Appellations President Drefici and other official-families, by which I studied much and things went better for me. I now earned decent money and helped to support my old father. Since I reported to my uncle on occasion my going out and my studies, he found that he no longer had to pay two twenties for me daily; he wrote me that he would give only half as much, and I myself should pay the other half to Mister Rögla. I also got permission now to move more freely. And although I left unwillingly from Mr. Rögla, I was however able to rent a studio with a room not far from the Academy. I lived in the Palazzo Giustiniani on the Grand Canal at the Piazzetta Squelini on the second level. I had a good studio, with a bedroom [81] beside it. The money of my uncle, approximately fifteen twenties in the month, was enough for my expenses now. My host was an old priest and his housekeeper, Signora Bettina, a good portly woman, who served me. She made coffee every morning for me. For the meal, I went to the Traiteur. In the spring, the model-study began early at the Academy, about 6 o'clock, where I missed no minute and until painted eagerly after nature until after 8 o'clock. When the day was over I painted portraits and drew or painted in the gallery. Also my professor, whom I provided with backgrounds for pictures and portraits, already used me. Some envied me on account of the opportunity I had to be able to study and imitate the manner of the professor, who was much applauded then. But I looked at nature in a completely different way than Lipparini did with his flirtatious strokes and color-staining. Usually the student assumes the bad ways of the teacher; with me, the case was exactly the opposite, I now saw in it line and missed [?] routine expression of the nature-truth with study and effort, just as a clear characteristic drawing. I often told myself, Titian has painted quite otherwise, and if I went to the gallery Manfrin or another gallery, I looked at how Titian painted people and nature. But although I always strove to paint

me quite differently than Master Lipparini, I became more his darling daily however. Also I loved him, since he had defended me with the uncle so very much, we remained friends and up to his death constantly praised him. [82]

My friend and Patron Peter Giovanelli wanted to give his brother in Bozen a gift of a picture; he would consult himself with me and accepted my suggestion to copy the sacred Magdalena of Titian in the Barbarigo Gallery. I painted it, but could find no satisfaction in my art compared to the original, my colors were leathery, heavy and dense, although drawing and expression were very exact. There Cornelius on his travels to Rome visited this gallery in the company of a painter. Cornelius knew me and introduced the big master, before whom I had a high reverence. He asked him to tell me my mistakes in the copy, because I complained that I could not reach this silver tone together with the depth and passion in the color of the marvelous original. "Yes," he said, "that is not easy; my dear frient. One must start quite otherwise. Look," he continued and led me to a half-finished picture of Titian, with a background by Titian and with the flesh modeled almost, almost with white and black; then he painted thin color with more brilliant over it however, so that the gray tone and the modeling appear very lucidly and combine together in harmony most warmly. The picture, which Cornelius me showed, was an Ecce Homo. Head, breast and arm were colored very beautifully, the hand, that pressed on the breast, however was still provided with a gray background and therefore not ready. That was enough, in order for me to comprehend it completely. After I had dreamed in the night of the gray underpainting, the next day I immediately painted on my copy the head of the Magdalena gray, then all remaining flesh tones and, when it [83] had dried enough, I over-painted it like Cornelius suggested; with that, I succeeded to the admiration of my classmates and to the contentment of the professor who in fact had criticized this new method. I painted all my portraits in this manner afterwards and found a big relief in it, because I divided the difficulty into two parts, namely into those of the form and those of the color. It is strange that Cornelius, a great compositionist and poet in the art of painting, but a bad colorist, first alerted me to Titian's technique or manner of the Venetian school.

In the academy, I was attached with diligence to my study, particularly the naked human body and didn't miss drawing after antiquity, the pleats of the garments, together with the very necessary study of the outer anatomy. Since I must take care of my upkeep and drew portraits by day and painted them, so only the evening remained to me in the winter and, to visit the Academy in the early morning hours in the summer. I drove the study of the anatomy very eagerly, because one only understands the human body through it and so learns to represent it. The professor for anatomy always introduced preparations to the students in the cold months, real parts of the human body, that he took in the hospital from corpses, for example poor, legs, heads, a torso, from which he removed the skin, so that one could see the muscles clearly and could draw after them. He put these preparations on a chain in the middle of the Anatomy-Hall that hung down from the vault, so that the students draw the leg of that the head of all sides and could study it. Beside [84] this human flesh stood the skeleton, so that one could still draw the bones in the same position. Since I usually came first to this study in the evening, so it happened that I was with this dim work quite alone on occasion. One day at the beginning of November, I went in about 4 o'clock. In front of the door, I met a few comrades and they claimed that I would run away today if I wanted to draw alone; they wanted to bet on it, because the head was so horrible. Without listening to them further, I went in the long hallway up to the Anatomy Hall. Although it was already twilight, I marched into the hall with solid steps, which brought me closer to the hideous preparation, sat myself down with my book on my lap and drew. But the

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head was truly gruesome. The half was mistreated, the eye stared at me awfully, the other half looked even more horrible, because the hook moved the skin into the height, so that the expression of the face was horrible. I must confess, that I became uneasy; it became darker and darker and nobody lit the lamp, since all the students were ready; but I drew with red and black chalk on gray paper however and made the lights with whiter on it. Because it became night, I hastened, but I became fearful; the silence, the smell, the dreadful duplicate-face of the dead person drove me to the rush, until the head tore off all at once and fell with a dull bang to the earth. I with my drawing fell and ran away. In the model-hall, where all students drew, I showed the comrade to my skull as evidence of my long presence with the dead person. Then I still lived with Rögla and I put the drawing on the wall of my room. The house-maid ran at the sight of it crying and didn't want to make up the room until I put the drawing into the folder. Before the falling asleep I studied history and the German classics, then I learned from a Italian grammar, but I usually fell asleep on good German however.

In this year, I would get two first prizes again, which were also the highest, for composition, although I was the youngest prize winner. The task was: "Tullia, how she drives over the body of her father." When the professor read this history in Italian, I could not understand it and asked him if he might tell it to me in the Venetian dialect, that I understood better, because I learned more from practicing Italian. My composition was the most alive, clearest and, also preferable to all others in lines and the grouping, therefore I also won the first prize. Professor Zandomenichi, and sculptors praised me greatly for it, which was making me quite vain. Because I won this prize, I was not allowed to compete for the prize next year.

It was the end of the year 1834 and the vacation began; I wrote to my uncle about my successes and asked permission to travel to Verona and to my father in Nauders, which he immediately granted to me. This time I already came shyly into the house of my uncle and was joy was increased. The family traveled some days to Meran and I still remained two days with another nephew of my uncle, who was [86] also supported by him: Cassian Burtscher from Graun. He was my Cicerone in Verona and I made him aware of the beauty of the paintings and churches. S. Zeno, the old church, which the last Lombardian [?] king had built, made an exalted and unforgettable impression on me. Then I departed and stayed in Bozen, where I was introduced to Baron Joseph Giovanelli, where the copy of the sacred Magdalena already adorned the parlor along with other pictures. I was brought in by this patron of artists and scholars through friendship and ate twice in the house, where they wanted to keep me for a longer time. I felt drawn however home. In Meran, I stayed with my uncle and made trips to Tyrol and Schönna with the sons after palace, then it went with a country-coachman through the Etschthal uphill to Nauders. Besides the joy of the reunion with my father and two sisters, I mention, that I painted the portrait of my father twice then: one copy my still living sister Therese possesses, who is married happily in Lana with Meran, and I the other. In Nauders, I went on the hunt much, because everyone shoots in Tyrol however, so no game was almost to be found, besides some Auderhähnens, with which I had no luck however. I did some target practice and made some sketches of Nauders and Martinsbruck in my sketchbook. The Land Magistrate and Actuary Lindner, whom I visited, had big joy at me and showed my diplomas and prizes at the district court, then arranged for me to be exempted from military service. I met some [87] schoolmates, who were students at home, and we spent beautiful glad hours on town parties.

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^{* [}Reference to Tullia, daughter of Servius Tullius, king of Rome. Famous for her Lady-Macbeth-like ferocity of ambition. Connived at murder of her husband and her father.]

After I had spent five weeks in Nauders, I came back to Venice with joy and big resolutions. In Verona, my uncle gave me the information that I must pay my own way now, because I earn money with my art. Since I had given my saved money to my father, I arrived with no money, but friend Peter de Giovanelli didn't leave me in the lurch. He gave me a Napoleonsd'or and wanted me to pay him back later. I immediately painted two portraits, that of an Appellate Judge and his wife, and then for a man a beautiful luxuriant lady who was paying for a Magdalena, which is how he wanted it. The aged man was not the spouse of the beautiful lady and was always present, if I painted. She exposed herself so far, that I had her arm and a part of her luxuriant breast before me; at first I painted the bare part after nature, and I only got annoyed, that they were not sufficiently beautiful, because the Medici Venus and other female statues were not so full and round. My customer was very content with the work and I with the honorarium, because he paid the double what I demanded. For my Uncle I copied I after Sassoferrato* a Madonna with child, which I sent to Verona as New Year's Day gift. For the German priest, Fr. Unterbacher in Venice, I copied a very beautiful, small Madonna after Paolo Veronese from the church San Sebastian; for myself, I drew and painted several studies after Carpaccio, Titian and Bonifacio. In the evening however I turned compositions into pictures, because I now wanted [88] get by on my own. Since I supported my old father, I always had too little money and must earn. I lithographed a portrait of the singer Unger and a picture on stone of Cain and his family according to Professor Lipparini, which however made me little pleasure because of the anatomical untruth and because of the faulty expression. Also I gave a hideous Jewess drawing lessons, but I had no enjoyment with it, because she had no talent and I had to look for a higher-paying job after several months. I painted a fisher from Chioggia, half-figure, and as counterpart a Vigolatne (water-bearer) which was ordered by a man of Caris. I still had no idea of the style and painted the two pictures with great naiveté and fidelity after nature, that I would probably like to see; I don't know however what has become of the paintings.

In the summer I never missed the model-study in the Academy, which began early, at 6 o'clock. Since we had much freedom, as it happens among young people much mischief arose in the absence of the professor and at the quiet-time and during practice. There was a small but Herculean-built lad, who was also no longer young, a certain Lode from Ferrara, who challenged everyone and claimed to throw everyone to the ground in a fight. Now the fun started; a beautiful big Milanese and three others kids he threw without effort and with much skill to the ground. I carefully observed the advantages that he would apply, by which he defeated men of 20-25 years, who were bigger by about two heads. He went back up to the wall namely and he approached in a fast sprint, bent down to his victim, [89] who stood up and was in no solid position, he grasped his legs at the knee-joints, lifted him and with a side-movement lay the big Milanese on the earth. F. Baffi, a Wälsch [?] Tyrolean, didn't dare take on the lad, and left the fight to me, saying that I should make honor for the Tyroleans and humiliate the small fat varmint, uomo romano, as we named him. Since others also asked me to fight, I took it on and said: "Because I am the most recent loser, the disgrace will be not so big." My opponent now went back to the wall again and when he took his run toward me, I did not stand comfortably as my predecessors but spread my legs far apart, leaned forward and put my hand in readiness, and bent down to receive *uomo romano*. Immediately he wanted to grab my legs with his short arms, but they stood solidly and far apart. Meanwhile as he wriggled and could not grab my legs in an

^{* [}Salvi Il Sassoferrato, Giovanni Battista (1609-1685)].

[†] [Probably Vittore Carpaccio, c. 1465-1525/6, or Benedetto Carpaccio, 16th c. (dates uncertain)].

organized way, I bent down over him, grasped his legs with all my strength from behind, tore him off from the ground and lifted his legs into the air, so that his head came down on the ground and he was now thrown to the ground instead of me. The applause wanted to take no end. The beautiful big Milanese, who hated the Germans, was envious of my victory and tried to reveal his hate on all possible manner. In the antiquity-hall there was a drapery-figure, a female manikin with a long trailing velvet dress, that I used for painting in my course of studies. The Milanese, who incidentally had little talent, but great desire to tell ridiculous anecdotes about the Germans, was tirelessly trying to provoked me with this work. [90] I quietly let him carry on and painted away assiduously; as he came behind me however and asked me mockingly if I had painted a tobacco pipe for the head of this lady, I fully took my palette from fury and beat them into his face, so that all colors remained on his face and the blood streamed down him from that rage. The professor, who heard the noise and the laughter in an adjoining room, came over and saw the Milanese and one told him about the episode, he himself had to laugh. I received a benign reproof however, that I must control my violent temper and the matter should recite him to the conciliation henceforth. My big Milanese now became gentle as a lamb, and departed afterward soon however, since he made himself look ridiculous was described as cowardly.

My life-element was art, and an invisible strength pulled me to it. Although a thousand obstacles obstructed my way, and although I had to fight with bitter pain [?] and misery of all type, my sense was turned only towards it and I strove without rest and silence onward. One day, as my purse was empty again, and I already asked a friend to lend me some guilders, Professor Lipparini made a proposition to me, to go to Baron Treves in Padua and there to paint the baron-coat of arms on his carriages. There was nothing to learn with this work, but it was welcome to me, since I was without money. On the trip, I thought, still I sincerely remember it: it would be nice to be well-to-do and come from a better house, instead of being a poor boy hurled into the world, so as to be able to yield completely to the muse to become a real artist, and not to have to work like a [91] pauper doing every sad work. It was a boring activity, and took me much effort because I had to paint the coat of arms eight times. Incidentally I lived with the family of the rich Treves, was honored well and returned back to Venice.

He [Lipparini] pushed me to paint a genre-picture, that a Mr. Kiesele had ordered in Bozen on the recommendation of Peter di Giovanelli, a sea-storm. I thought myself a fisherman from Chioggia, that with his daughter, a young woman with a small girl and the house-dog with a vehement storm at the shore stands and looks out with fear like everybody into the roaring high-foamy waves, not seeing the boat on which the fisherman, the husband of the young woman, is in danger. The picture received much approval and is still with the heirs of Mr. Kiesele. This was my first attempt to execute my own composition; I had studied strictly after the nature and had also found very suitable models.

About this time, a young man of my age from Munich came to Venice, named Heinrich Betz. He also studied in the Academy and we painted in the dawn after the model together. He was born Hungarian, a beautiful blond-haired dear person, to whom I feel pull myself, not because of his art, because he was no genius, but he had what I lacked: a general education. He was very proficient with language, very well-read and a good fencer. Little by little we became very good friends. Since I made the proposition to him to help with his drawing, he concerned himself with me much, taught me fencing and he learned painting from me. As I have already mentioned, [92] I lived in the second floor of the old Giustiniani palace. Under me in the first floor, there was a tape factory where many women and girls work. It was on a hot summer-day and I just painted a portrait of my friend Betz, while he read Faust to me. Since our windows

and the windows of the first floor were both open, we heard the noisy chant from hundreds of throats, through which reading was not possible. Since that became tiresome to us, I hit upon an idea to remedy the noise. I took a dead person's skull out of the box, that I had gotten because of my anatomical studies and bound it to a long string with cross-ribbons so that it hung down straightly with the face visible. My friend Betz now took the skull and I took a full water-bottle quietly to the balcony window of the big hall, where the girls work, and swung it down and back and forth. After the first swing the noise and chant had fallen silent, but we heard a general fear-shouting and some heads soon appeared at the window. The girls threatened and complained, but Betz, who stood with the water-bottle ready, poured it on them, as they up-looked, like a waterfall into the face. No one else dared to look out of the window, but we heard how they armed themselves with sticks, and therefore bolted our door therefore. The girls came up, pushed with sticks and hammers at the door and wanted to chastise us, but we calmed them down with jokes and laughter and the young girls withdrew, and took away the old women and furies and calmed them down.

In the painting-collection of Baron Treves in Venice there was a picture by my master Lipparini. In it Socrates comes to [93] Alcibiades comes, who is with his girlfriends, and reproaches him. Mr. Caris ordered a copy of the picture in the smaller standard with me. The counterpart at the other wall was painted by the painter Hanez. Although Hanez was never a big colorist, and his figures didn't sufficiently characterize the subject and indeed often remained the slave of the model, he had a most wonderful basic drawing and modeling ability however and a most tasteful execution in the brush, that I had fallen in love completely with his art, and I confess that today I still am in love with it. That picture introduced Hector and how he comes to Paris who has the beautiful Helen in his arms, and asks to go into the battle. I often stared at the picture for hours; I found much to criticize, but his unsurpassable drawing and modeling pleased me. I have almost drawn myself the whole picture into my sketchbook and when I returned, I found the figure of the Lipparini like from painted wood. I took the copy including the fisherman and the watchers with me to Verona, since the vacations were started, where Mr. Caris then was.

In Verona, my brother Jacob was employed as Postmaster at this time, married, with a little boy, and I lived with him. At midday, I was always with my uncle at dinner and stayed the whole day with the family, because I had a study there and taught his two sons in the landscape drawing. Then I also painted the portrait of my uncle. During the sittings, he told me his lifestory, that greatly interested me, and which had much in common with mine; he was also a shepherd-boy and without means, and by means of talent [94] and diligence ascended to the president of the senate and became a baron, what was difficult in those times. I also painted his wife and drew all his children with pencil. At the same time I copied a small picture of Hanez that I did later for money and two landscapes after Canella, that had very much nature-truth in them. Also I painted the portrait of my brother and his wife. I became the darling of the children of my uncle and Adolph, a very cheerful, funny boy, especially liked me.

After six weeks, I came back to Venice and continued my studies. I could profit greatly from some painters, whom I learned to know, particularly from Malatesta,* who is now a director in Modena; he had beautiful color and a wide agreeable manner. In that time I copied the St. Barbara, the masterpiece of the Palmavecchio† in the church of Santa Maria Formosa in full size, and it was necessary for me to stand on the altar itself with my easel next to the picture, which

^{*[}Adeodato Malatesta (1806-1891)]

[†] Palma vecchio (Jacomo Palma or Nigriti) c. 1480 - 1528

was not illuminated sufficiently for the distance, to be able to see it close-up. The picture belongs to the most beautiful creations ever produced, because Raphael never drew more beautifully and Titian never painted better.* With truthful heavenly comfort stands the most beautiful virgin, the most beautiful woman there, with the palm in her hand. I painted the picture with true idolatry of the master, that something similar never created again, and have also studied very much with it. My copy was used for a mosaic for one for a Polish count, whom I never met, since I painted the work for Lipparini. [95]

At this time I also admired a big genre-picture of the Frenchman Leopold Robert[†], who has even killed itself after perfection of the same. It represented the parting of the fishermen of Chioggia and their family. It filled me with enthusiasm and I painted the same subject later, but in a quite other version, with fewer figures and in smaller form. It was also bought by Caris. This Caris was the son of a Viennese banker, a beautiful man and a spendthrift; later he did wrong money changes, and fled to Switzerland, where he was interned and died. Where my four pictures are now, I do not know. I painted another small picture, that show a fisherman and how he sells his fish. I now see this work whenever I visit with Baron Härdtl and my aunt Spurni, a sister of the wife of my uncle. From my lithographic works whose I drew several things; I want to mention only my own portrait, that I drew on stone and let print me on stationery in place of a Monogram.

The vacations came and since I had saved myself a little money, I wanted to see Munich, about which friend Betz had told me so much. Also I had a friend Drefelli in Munich, who studied with me in Venice, and whose father became a Lithographer. I believe it was at the beginning of September 1835 that I traveled with the Diligence over Treviso to Ceneda and from there I marched on foot on the new road, which leads across Ampezzo into the Busterthal, with my knapsack [?] on my back. At night, I came into a lonesome, eerie Inn on the Lago di S. Croce. It looked like a theives' cottage [96]; from the alley, one stepped into a big area, at the end of which stood a stove, on which a log burned. An old woman stirred the Polenta in a kettle and looked like a witch. In the middle of the area there was a big table, on which a small lamp burned and around it farmers and farmhands sat and smoked their pipes. The landlady finally prepared me a roast and after I had eaten and drunk, I immediately paid my bill and went into my chamber, on the first floor. The bed-linen was pure, but I could not sleep because of the many vermin. Since the full moon shone, I left and hiked away on the road beside the lake. The moonlight gleamed on the water, and a refreshing air blew from the mountains; I have never forgotten the wonderful night. At daybreak, I came into a village, then into a second place, where I had breakfast in a coffeehouse. I went even further, until I laid down myself tired and weak in a forest; there, I slept for several hours, my knapsack under my head. In the evening I came to Benas, but I very tired, since I had covered 38 Italian miles [Migliens] this day. The next day, I slept in Cortina and hiked through the Höllenthal between the craggy Dolomitfelsen into the Busterthal. I drew myself sketches into my book, but the pencil-lines didn't please me, because they didn't correspond to the truth; also I still had too little practice in landscape drawing. In Brundeken, I remained one day, because my boot was torn, but the silence benefited me and the landlady with her two pretty daughters gave me agreeable company. [97] I went over the Brenner Pass and came to Innsbruck, where I remained eight days. I found many families I

† [Léopold Robert (1794-1835)]

^{* [}It is said that this Saint Barbara, like the Saint Catherine and the Flora, by Titian, in the Uffizi, are all portraits of Palma's daughter Violante, famous not only for her beauty, but as having been the first love of the great artist (Titian), who represented her as the Roman goddess of spring and flowers.]

knew and many friends, also my oldest brother Franz, the Postmaster. I had not seen him for several years, because he was in Vienna earlier and had left and transferred to Innsbruck. In Innsbruck, I only painted three portraits, all on one day, admittedly sketchily, but I earned myself a Zehrpfennig for the remaining journey. In Rattenberg, I visited Mr. Lindner, who was now a country-judge here and greeted me with joy and emotion. He was the first to have recognized my talent and had spurred me to become a painter. He had read accounts of my award in Venetian Academy in the Tyrolean newspapers. His wife showed just as much joy and I had to tell them so much in the evening, that it became midnight. Next day I drew the palace of Rattenberg and there I remained a third night with them. Three days later I came first to Jenbach. In the inn, I found a friend in the beautiful waitress, a neighbor's daughter from Nauders, who attended school with me and had often played with me. She serves me admirably; and when she had a free moment, she joined me and we chatted about the good times from our childhood. She accompanied me to my room then, put water and a light on the table and gave me a kiss as she ran blushing from it. I have never seen her again; but in 1860, when I was a professor at the Academy in Venice, I got a letter, in which she asked me to recommend her son, who served with the navy, and later [98] wrote to me thanking me, because he had advanced on my recommendation.

On other mornings, I went through the Achenthal, admired the beautiful colors of the lake and marched with the most splendid weather, and also thought back on the beautiful Felicitas, as I went on and on. In a restaurant, where I stopped midday, I found two students from Munich, whom I befriended, since they were going the same way to Munich. In the evening, as it was already dark, we came into a market, whose name I no longer remember. Since it was Sunday, we met many tippling farmers in the Inn, where we wanted to stay. We sat down at a small table, which the landlady had made ready in a corner, as a big fat man sat down, rested his elbows and asked: "Then who have we here!" "Painters are we." "Painters, Painters eh! You're rag-bags, all painters are rag-bags, and just don't try to paint me, sirs!" [?] Then he laughed and repeated his "sirs". my traveling companions became uneasy, so we paid our bill and went into another inn; the landlady brought us beer and meals; we were at ease, but then the rascal from over there again came and to us intoxicated and laughted and called us "rag-bags" again. The landlady led him to the oven-bank then, where he stretched out and with his "just don't try to paint me" fell asleep. The brute was the Innkeeper in this house and had driven away us from the former restaurant, in order to force us, to lodge with him and to sleep there. We also gave thanks to the good landlady. At Lake Tegern, I left my trip-companions, because I wanted to go over the Kreuzalpe and over [99] Schliersee to Munich. Through a deep valley, I came to a path that led me on the height of the Alps, where I enjoyed a splendid view: before me, I had the Bavarian lowland, Munich and many other places, behind me the Tyrolean Alps and glaciers. I now went down the mountain that falls steeply to the Schliersee and came into the inn at the lake very hungry, where the sign was one painter-pallet. After a productive noon meal, I still hiked up to the next place. Since the hiking became boring in the lower Bavarian level, I took a horse and buggy and drove to the city of Munich.

The first visit was to my friend Dreselli, who found a room I liked me in his neighborhood. I viewed the art-collections, Glyptothek and Pinakothek, the Königsbau, the new churches and all up-to-dateness of the "new Athens". King Ludwig, whose art-sense and true understandings Munich has to thank for its upswing, was still in the most beautiful years then and continued unremittingly to enrich the city with new art-works. He chose himself the artists, gave them jobs, visited them, as their friend would advise them, to say what so and in the fullest

sense of the word was the biggest Sun and sponsors of art in our century. His example awakened imitators, like the courtyard in St. Petersburg, where a big art-sense is now taken root, the courtyard of Berlin, that likewise didn't want to remain behind, just like other small German courtyards. They remained only imitators without the understanding of King Ludwig of Bavaria however. His activity was very fortunate for art, particularly for monumental art. The masters Cornelius,* [100] Schwanthaler,† Schnorr,‡ Hess and many others became big, because King Ludwig gave them the opportunity to be able to develop their talent. From Cornelius, the paintings were from the *Iliad*. I had heard many glorious things, but felt very disappointed however. In his composition, I probably found much exalted, wonderful, but the sheer hardness and colorlessness of the pictures displeased me. My eye was accustomed to other colors of Giorgione and more truth by Titian, Veronese, also my study was severely on the real until now, directed to nature, therefore the pictures of Cornelius, that were foreign and incomprehensible as well as idealistic, could not be enchanting to me. I was also accustomed to see the Greekness from the representations of the reliefs of Parthenon rather than as represented by Cornelius. More pleasing to me were the figures of the Nibelungens, also that of Schnorr. There this harshness didn't displease me, just the opposite, it could be even more powerful, but searchingafter [?], untruth and hardness always displeased me. My friend Dreselli was occupied with this art very much and fought with me, because I had so little enthusiasm for it. Also a few other excellent young painters were with me in this discord over the new art, so that I must fight on the defensive and even started to doubt, and, to become uneasy about it. Some years later in Rome I was excited Rome for this strict art completely.

In the Pinakothek, I was enchanted by the old Netherlands school and by the Dutchmen: Rembrandt, Teniers, van Dyk and particularly by Ruben's Amazon-battle. This picture has made a great impression on me, above [101] all others, because I had not yet understood Raphael.§ Also the Dürer's large Evangelist left an unforgettable impression on me. In Schwanthaler's studio was just modeled the giant-statue of the Bavaria, he himself was sick. From the newer constructions, the Alterheiligencapelle pleased me very much, because it reminded me of the St. Mark's; the Fresco paintings in it are by Heinrich Hess. I felt to the first paints, that dis should be naturalistic religious art than blos else. The representation awakened prayer and piety and I in me started to comprehend, that one could not manage such pictures with nature-imitation alone without higher study and devout feeling. In Munich, I remained almost the whole month of October (1836) and took part the Oktoberfest. Through my friend Dreselli, that I had portrayed, received an order to paint two Swiss priests. Since they wanted to depart in three days, I took on it to paint the two men in a day, so that the pictures dry up the second day and could be packed then. The pictures were probably sketched more and not thoroughly painted like my usual works, but they were pleasing and did a good job for the available time. I earned myself in four hours forty guilders and now had my trip-money together again. Because of snowy weather and cold, I drove with the mail over Partenkirchen and the Scharnitz to Innsbruck, where again I remained six days and painted the portrait of a very popular woman, the mother of many children. In flurries and cold, I came on fourth November to Nauders and stayed eight days with my father, whom I painted for my siblings again. He was still [102] the best archer in the whole Oberinnthal and Etschthal; in target practice, he always met in the black and the fourth shot the

^{* [}Probably Cornelius Müller]

^{† [}Probably Xavier Schwanthaler (1799-1854)]

[‡] [Probably Franz Adam Schnorr (1794-1859)]

^{§ [}Possibly a misprint for "Rubens"].

center beat out. Also I tried to shoot with the heavy stopping short, met the edge of the black only once however. I won nothing, my father however had shot a ram and money and kept his good reputation as archer.

From Nauders, I traveled with the Diligence to Bozen, stayed two days as guest of Baron Joseph Giovanelli and returned via Verona to Venice. My uncle wrote me, that I might send a historic picture to the Viennese art-exhibition, in order to get a trip-stipend through it and, to be able to travel as a pensioner to Rome. I chose a sketch, that I had done, on the advice of my professors: Moses, how he prayed to God on Mt. Sinai and is supported by Aron and Kur, during which a battle is fought between the Ismaelites and the Israelites. It was my first historic picture and I it painted without following the professors' advice. An old monk sat for me as the head of the Moses and an Armenian for Aaron. For it, I modeled from wax the three figures of a small size and draped them with to get the fall of the folds. I became sick, painted the picture up to 11 March 1837 and sent it including an application for a trip-stipend to Vienna. The academy voted for me and Prince Metternich, the protector of the Academy and my uncle were kindly oriented, wrote the joyful message to Verona and my uncle immediately told me. One evening somewhat later than usual I came home, found the letter of the uncle, that [103] with the words started: "Now thank God on your knees" etc. My joy was so great, that I could not sleep the whole night, because the longing to visit Rome already lived in me since my childhood years; I had a feeling, that the luck was almost too great. In the morning at 6 o'clock, I was already with my friend Betz and awakened him from his sleep. The decree, which granted me as pensioner four years per 800 guilders, came some days later and because I was still a student, was delivered through the Academy to me.

Since I had earned myself through portraits some trip-money, I again traveled to Nauders, and found my father and sister healthy. I myself however became sick with an intestine-catarrh, but departed again, arrived in Bozen in a very weak condition and had to put myself to bed. When I sent my card to B. G. Schickte, he immediately looked for me in the inn and took me into his house, where I received the best care. The chamber-spinster Anna, a distant relative, served me very well. The physician, Dr. Mazegger, a glaring homeopath, came daily and gave me small pills, which dissolved like sugar in alcohol, and tasted good. As he said: "See, with these three pearls, I can turn the whole Etsch into medicine," that came to me similes from the Bible: "It is easier, for a camel to slip through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter heaven." I had no great trust of his medicine, but the strict diet, the silence and my good Nature helped me out, and I became better day by day. I was now introduced to the family and [104] had to eat in their company. The sons were at this time with their studies abroad, but the four daughters lived at home. The mother was Baroness B., born in Vienna. Catholicism was practiced in this family. The father was a friend of theologians, religious authors and artists. He esteemed religious art in rhymes above all else, as in pictures. He read each evening from Stolberg's religion-history to his daughters, who enjoyed a very mental education, which however must be combined with domestic works. It was a very beautiful family, a great panoramic race, the girls were healthy and fresh youngsters, who could not develop under the pressure of the religion however and must suffocate completely. The father was a man in his late fifties, large in stature, a strict face, big beautiful eyes, never idle, sitting at a table where he usually looked through the newspaper, and where he sometimes let go a sharp judgment over the freethinkers and threw down the newspaper. Since my picture, the copy of the sacred Magdalena after Titian, hung in the parlor, so he had joy to be able to entertain me, and spoke much with me about art, that is about religious art, that I might devote myself to God's

honor and to the welfare of the people alone. He questioned me over my opinions of Cornelius, Hess, Schnorr's works, that I had seen in Munich, and didn't seem in agreement with my opinion completely; I did not yet feel the religious spirit, how he wanted it. He impressed me through his knowledge of art history, in which he was more than I versed. At table, the third daughter Line sat across from me, a girl of 15 years, exactly now [105] a young rose from the bud develops, and fully blossomed. Her big, black eyelashes shadowed eyes that I followed on occasion, when I was speaking and answering the questions her father directed to me. If I looked at her, she/it didn't endure my gaze and a mild redness came upon her face. This bliss-game ignited so considerably in me, that I failed to hear the art-learning of her father, and it seemed to me frankly that I saw heaven in those eyes. An uncertain, unknown feeling always steered her beautiful eyes to me, so that I was often embarrassed. If they speak or should answer, she was never collected, always scattered. I always left the table in company of the four daughters. To the left of the main hallway was my room. The eldest daughter said on the third day: "We want to visit you in your room once and see you doing something." I showed them a small Madonna-picture, that I had decided on for their mother. The girls had the fire of youth, and spoke from casual pleasantry and garrulously. I said that if I had the honor to remain there longer as a guest, I would gladly paint their portraits, which was received with great joy; only Lina was silent and only looked at me with a gaze, that promised me paradise. My silence was there. The longing and love burned day and night in me. Then the message came that cholera has broken out very severely in Venice, and the host said at table: Dear Mr. Blaas, you may not now depart; the epidemic is already spread throughout. I will write your Uncle. Who was happier than I? I didn't think of the reproaches of my uncle, because the [106] urge to go to Rome was muffled by the power of love. I painted the eldest young woman first and the others in order, the sessions were always shifting, since the pictures must dry in between; I was with one or two sisters mostly, but on occasion I also remained with the sitter alone. The sessions with the portrait of the beautiful Lina lasted longer, but they passed much more quickly, only the work didn't want to succeed so. I had to gather all my strength in order to come onward. If we were alone, she avoided looking into my eyes. We spoke only indifferent, but how we looked into our hearts! When going away after the second session, I grasped her soft hand; she let he hold it quietly and so I believed to perceive a quiet reply of my pressure and pulled it to my mouth. Her face grew red, and quietly she said: "It is better that I go." She left me and ran hastily through the long walk into her room. So often one of the girls passed by my door and knocked, but everyone had another palpitation, and I recognized it little by little, if they immediately vanished also. All liked to see me, but one loved me and I loved her inexpressibly. With the third session Lina's picture succeeded me it, to do her very similarly. I was so glad over it and when she was leaving, I placed myself in front of the door. She gave me her hand, that I kissed and said I, how very much I love her and that I not at all think of one scabbard of here without liking the cruelest pains. She looked at our hands put in each other and said quite quietly: Also I love you, will always love you and never will forget. With that I embraced her and kissed her on her [107] beautiful mouth. She freed herself and vanished. With the dinner, she didn't look at me, even avoided my gazes. Had I dared too much and was she evilly on me? No, it was in her realization, she now knew, that her unknown yearnings were those indescribable feelings of love.

The spinster Anna, who supervised all servants in the house, was a fairly refined person in fact and pleasant company, but she was a churchy person [?], although just 26 years old. In the first days as I still had to remain in bed due to my sickness, she was with me often and for a long time, also later she brought my breakfast and sat with me, until I had consumed it. I could

not properly understand her devotion and her languishing nature, because she only spoke about piety and aimed to do me on it religiously. She named me "Dear Karl", [?] and became more obtrusive with her devout love however. One morning, she could not contain herself, in that she directed her gaze to the heavens earlier, to distract me; she put her face on my shoulder and clung to me with heavy breast [?]; Had I not thought about my paradise, it would have been easy to go on and bite the apple that this burning Eve presented to me. "What do you feel, good Nanni", I said, "Don't you now feel that fascinating power of love, about which you preach to me daily, in order to keep away me?" Then as she realized that there was no mutual feeling in me, she jumped up and removed herself ashamed. The next morning after this strange scene, she brought me like usual my coffee and wanted to go immediately. I asked her, why she did not remain [108] until I finished my breakfast. "Oh," she said, with her hands in front of her face, "I am a foolish woman, I should be ashamed to appear before you; I was excited yesterday very much, but now I am more sane." "What do you mean?" I said. "Yes, I have already observed, how you have fallen in love with Miss Lina, the child. Who doesn't know, how she looks you in the eyes? I have seen everything, but you would be a bigger fool, if you wanted to imagine that you could possess Lina once." These were very irritated words and I, realizing how serious they were, and also knowing her influence on the mother and the girls, now that I strengthened her opinion of me through neglect and jealousy, saw that she could become very damaging. I looked to comfort her and told her that I love the young woman without interest completely, at a distance, and will be able to forget her. After much back-and-forth discussion we became friends again and although her languishing dwindled, it needed only a friendly gaze or a handshake and the flame ascended in her again.

I must confess, that my conduct to Nanni was a kind of hypocrisy so that she might say good things about me, because only through her could the way to love be crossed, through the brokerage (passing) of letters to Lina. She was even more sly however, she feigned discreetness and promised to procure the letters, yes she encouraged me often to write me uprightly. In the presence of Nanni, I spoke with Lina herself about our correspondence. She gave me the most beautiful signs of her pure true love. Although I knew the jealousy of Nanni and Lina also told me about it, that I [109] had doubts about her [Nanni's] sincerity. I had persuaded myself however [that all was well], because Lina had the fullest trust in her, through we both fell into the trap. Since the time of my departure approached and the portraits of the four girls were finished, I still drew Lina secretly. I told her that I would redouble my efforts and my diligence on the hundredfold, to become a proficient artist; solid and deeper than my promise with respect to Lina was the thought and the hope in me, to return after four years again, to entreat her father, and, to ask for her hand as my wife. Until then love should lead me through the labyrinth of art onto a certain height [?]. In the morning, after I had thanked and had commended [my hosts], I traveled with the Diligence to Verona. I left my heart behind in Bozen. In Verona, I had only time to visit with my uncle, from whom I got reproaches over my long lingering in Bozen, and traveled on without stopping to Venice. There the cholera lived anew; I had no fruit, but as one house-maid, who was still healthy when I spoke with her at breakfast, was carried away as a corpse at midday, a horror attacked me. I hastened my departure and after six days I was in Verona again. My uncle now had friends for me and organized a trip to the Gardasee honoring with his family to honor me. His sons and I rowed out on the lake, ate in Desenzano and then came back to Verona.

V. Life and Studies in Rome, 1837-1839

Days later, I drove with the Diligence to Mantua, where I had two hours time to view the Palazzo Del Te, to admire the paintings, and the pictures of the Psnche particularly, which Giulio Romano painted for the Gonzaga family. The same evening, I traveled via Modena to Bologna. I sank in the car with deep thoughts, and if I closed my eyes, I dreamed of Lina, heard her soft voice and saw her big, mild eyes before me. Those weeks in Bozen were a blissfull dream, so that I kept dreaming away even longer.

In Bologna, my guide for five days was a man recommended to me by Professor Lipparini, who knew the art history of the city perfectly. He led me not only into the gallery and the churches but also to private collections and to the two most proficient professors of the academy. In the gallery, we stood facing Raphael's Cäcilia and my companion spoke for a long time with enthusiasm, but mostly about the techniques and the inessential matters of the picture, while I deeply admired the mental part of these shapes in quiet and heard only a little of his [111] remarks. In the next days, I learned the works of Annibale Caracci, Guido Reni [1575-1642] and Guercino [1591-1666], who are represented here the best. Annibale was certain the most proficient of the three Caraccis, although he had more talent than genius. I was especially pleased by a picture of his: a Madonna, who stands with the child in a glory; below is some saint. The shapes have something original, though the picture itself reminded me of the Malweise of Paulo Veronese. The graceful shape, the beautiful eyes bound me, and my imagination in love recognized in them a big similarity with the nature of my Lina. I sketched the shape into my book. Annibale is represented eclectically in Rome eclectically; he is at his best with his fresco paintings in the Palazzo Farnese. Guido Reni, and his big School, pleased me even more because of his alive beauty-sense. He is represented here in his first manners by big pictures: a Pietà, the Slaughter of the Innocents of Bethlehem, a holy bishop; single figures remained with me unforgettably. Guido and especially Guercino are big in the churches of Bologna as Fresco painters. I admired the splendid color of the latter, that is not recognized so easily in his Delgemälden because of the black shadows. I was particularly enchanted by the beautiful angelheads in his paintings.

With all admiration of these painters, I still felt the difference between them and the Venetian school. The warm color-glimmer of the Venetians is missing, the black shadows, the discordant coloration, the affectirten movements bothered me. Only Tintoretto [1518-1594] and later painters are akin to the Bolognese; indeed, in the last pictures of the Tintoretto [112] there are no standing figures, they all seem to have gotten drunk, as one can see in the School of S. Rocco and in the Doge's Palace. After I had myself drawn the head of that *Cäcilia* and had given a farewell to my leader, I traveled with a coach to Florence. Besides my thoughts of Lina and admiration of the beautiful landscapes in the Apennine mountains, I did not notice anything from the trip, since a merchant in the car entertained me with stories of his trips.

In Florence, I stayed in the Hotel de Londra. Above all else I visited the two maingalleries in the Uffizi and in the Palazzo Pitti and became weary from admiration and viewing. Some pictures made an unforgettable impression on me. The unearthly beauty and ideals that enchanted me in the Raphael's *Madonna della Sedia* and *Madonna Del Granduca* let me forget all nature-truth; if I came to Titian however, I felt that all was as persons with flesh and blood again, as how he represents his people. Who is the greater? If I stood with Raphael, he was the

first; then I came back to Titian's *Venus*, so he was the greater and in his type unattainable. Then the beautiful *Fornarina* of Raphael, which resembles the pictures of Titian and Giorgione, enchanted me again and I thought: Raphael can also paint so, if he wants. The *Internment of Christ* by Pietro Perugino [1445-1523] made a big impression on me because of the soul-expression.

In Florence, I made the acquaintance of the Swiss painter Paul Deschwanden.* He was ten years older than I, but small and looked like a boy; his face was unsightly, the mouth ugly; but he possessed a noble [113] character, full of meekness and kindliness, with it a great talent and unswaying diligence. He was the son of a prosperous merchant from Stans in the Canton Unterwalden. In his family, there was a Catholic piety and the old good manners. He painted a picture that was in its type original and was immediately sold. The argument was from Klopstod's Messiade, and the picture showed several white-clad e to boy-shaping in groups and deepens into heavenly Vertrachtung hovering upward. The heads were delightfully beautifully and had something heavenly, that I thought, this person must have a pure soul all the, to feel. After some days, I felt friendship and big touch for him/it. He/it knew, that he/it could win in other manner of me, because he/it never had an academy or painter-school visits neatly and has only an usual pedantic painter in Zurich to the teacher; he/it painted more from itself out. In the drawing and in painting, something pedantic was him/it, weak remained, but he/it always chose for his/its compositions transfigured heavenly spirits in noble boy-shaping and represented her/it/them like angels without wings, the Madonna or Christ adoring or umschwebend, and that with so much beauty-sense, that I was enchanted completely. Themselves in the angels Raphaels could not find the heavenly expression I like in that his/its. I visited the many handsome tabernacle and palaces, where I paint the art-treasures of the old Florentine school to the first saw. Through Deschwanden, I learned the severely religious exalted sense and spirit in the old paintings despite the stiff childish forms discovers; yes without his/its mental preparation would become I myself that [114] devout pictures of the Fra Angelico not so has understood, much less that of the Giotto, Cimabue, etc the paintings Masaccio's in ai carmini made me an unforgettable impression. I drew much for me according to these old masters. After twelve days, I left Florence, and Deschwanden promised to follow me to Rome soon.

In Rome, I first climbed to the inn of Ciacinta Gesari on the Piazza Minerva, and after eating, I immediately went to St. Peter's. The nearer I came, the bigger everything became. The enormous size of all and everyone pressed me, and I was amazed and stared for a long time. I knelt before the grave of St. Peter and said the goal of my longing, my sighs, to the Allmighty, that led me into the Eternal City. I also had the luck to see Pope Gregory XVI, in that he went with a Cardinal through the church. On a later day I went to the Austrian legation in the Palazzo di Venezia, where I was introduced to the Count Lützow, to whom I handed over my decree and some recommendation-letters, and he received me very kindly. In the Gestandschafts Palace there were studios for painters and sculptors, and since one was unoccupied, Count Lützow consigned it to me, and after I had gotten myself a bed and the necessary furnitures, I moved in. The apartment consisted of the spacious studio together with four large rooms in the highest floor of the big tower, that stood with the old palaces in Berbingdung and looked more like two high one on the other built palaces [?]. Besides the big apartment of the ambassador, the apartments of the official and the chancelleries, immense halls were still, but everything seemed to be in [115] decay. Also my apartment was unattended. I must ascend 188 high steps. Count

* [Melchior Paul von Deschwanden (1811-1881).]

^{† [}Pope Gregory XVI (1765-1846), pope from 1830-1846]

Lützow told me: You can climb, you are a young, strong Tyrolean and at have lived your life climbing. I was very gladly over this apartment however; I enjoyed pure air, was secluded from the world and had a view in all four directions over the city and the near mountains. The seven-hill-city lay like a panorama before me. My studio had three big windows; two were closed by stores, but the third was directed against north, giving a splendid light big pictures, and I looked through the same at the Piazza di Venezia, the Pallazo Torlonia, the Quirinal and ai Monti with the Tower of Nero. From one room that I didn't use, I could see the Campidoglio, the Coliseum, the peace-temple and the Via Sacra with the Arch of Titus.

I visited the coffee shop Greco, where artists come together. Andressen invited me and immediately I made the acquaintance of a Danish sculptor, Jericho, who had arrived on the same day as I in Rome. We became good friends, and he lives and still works as an excellent sculptor in Copenhagen. Through Giovanelli, I had gotten a recommendation-letter for Overbeck* from Görres from Munich. I didn't know that the reception-day with him is only Sunday between 12 and 1 o'clock and Cenci went Thursday between two and three to the Palazzo, where Overbeck lived. My ringing was in vain at first, but as I rang the third time strongly, a female shape opened the door half and asked me rudely why I don't come Sunday, said that I was [116] impertinent and obtrusive, and slammed the door on me. That this Xanthippe was Overbeck's devout wife, I learned later. For now went I my way, but on Sunday I came back, and at Overbeck's I found many visitors admiring his works and had to give my letter to have the opportunity to make the acquaintance of this venerable man.

Since I got to know Deschwanden, and since I saw the old Florentine school (and also the Allerheiligen Capelle of the Hess in Munich reminded me of it), a change took place in me, that left me completely bewildered. The fight between realism, that I had followed until now, and idealism had flamed up in me, and how it went for me in the art with my inner nature, with my religious opinions. These had probably been memorized by me in my father's home, but I learned to think more freely in foreign lands and already roved at an easy Indifferentismus. The first pressure was now given this by the example of Deschwanden, and it appeared in me therefore so considerably, because religiously I recognized Deschwanden as truthful and without hypocrisy. His ideal art could only originate from the heavenly expression in his angelbeheading from a noble, pure and faithful heart and was grasped by my changeable heart again. Initially the same resisted in the art and in the belief, because my interaction with Deschwanden in Florence was too short and I had still not grasped any solid root. However as I admired Overbeck's works, and as I stood before him, I was pulled by his appearance, his humble simple explanation, the good soulful expression of his countenance and [117] the devout touching nature of his shape. In me, the mighty feeling renewed itself, which I felt with Deschwanden, mixed only with more reverence, because Overbeck's mild words fell on me like a higher power an obedient finding silence.

With this visit, I found some German young painters from Koblenz, Düsseldorf and from the Catholic Rhine-area, that all were his supporters in the belief and in the art [of the Nazarenes]. Also a Viennese cleric, priest in the Austrian Church dell'Anima, P. Sartori, was present. To all this, I was introduced and they offered me their friendship. P. Sartori was especially warm to me, and as I accompanied him/it up to the Anima, I must promise to visit him on occasion, and I would find some compatriots there. On the next Sunday, I heard his sermon and found a big devout German cohort there, usually artists, with Overbeck in the middle.

^{* [}Johann Friedrich Overbeck (1789-1869), prominent member of the Nazarene school of art, which stressed realistic religious painting].

Sartori preached very pleasantly and convincingly, by which I was already moved a step more highly. I got books of devout content, for example the life of St. Elisabeth of Montalembert, the legend of that St. Katharina of Görres and the *Imitation of Christ* by Thomas à Kempis.

These books and the new acquaintances from my weekly visit to the German sermon, awakened in me all piety, as it did to the enthusiast. I visited many churches little by little and passed before no one without stepping inside to direct a rueful prayer in a corner to God. In the evening and early morning I even knelt with stretched out arms like Moses on the mountain Sinai for a half hour in penitent prayer. [118] Every Sunday after the sermon went I to view one or the other gallery with five to six such devout artists, and I felt initially very happy to be accepted into this association. Their judgment in art didn't meet with my conviction however; they often skipped the most beautiful works of Tizian, Velasquez, and van Dyke, and looked at only the pictures from the 14 century, in which they recognized the true religious spirit; but those works appeared to me stiff and wooden however. Little by little I also began to like it; but if I visited the galleries or the Vatican alone however, I always came away with discordant thoughts. Gradually my artistic opinion became clear; I thought that one could unify the devout spirit with the beautiful forms and the coloration without imitating that stiffness, hard and unfriendly, of the old Italian art, as my German colleagues asserted. My remarks against the older artists were rejected with Catholic sternness: Christian art should be no eye-pasture but should attune the heart to piety, and raise the spirit to God. I visited my friends in their studios, saw many a property in their compositions, but just as much clumsiness and stiffness before which I was a big enemy. I lived in a dreadful fight with me, in the belief and in the art. Then I got to know the old painter Koch,* a countryman of mine, for whom Cornelius and Thorwaldsen had reverence and said that they had profited from him in the art the most. Unfortunately Koch became ill soon after my first visit and died. The whole [119] German art contingent mourned him; he was one of the most scholarly, thoughtful artists who ever lived. So long as German art continues, his name will live on.

I spent half nights working on religious pictures, but could not find in me the right spirit however; I did wretched languishing stuff without true feeling, but I didn't dare show it to anyone and destroyed it. I became sorrowful with it and melancholical. I accused myself as unworthy, to learn the high written art, often went over the forum into the coliseum and became always more sorrowfully. I thought of Lina, that I had promised, to become better as an artist and soon send in a glorious painting about which her father should learn. Every week I wrote a letter; already five weeks had passed, and I had gotten no answer. In short, everything got me down, feeling that I had turned into a fool. Even prayer, I found no solace. It was my luck, that I got permission through the ambassador to study in the Vatican. I drew in the punches, and the more I learned to comprehend Raphael, the greater he became to me. Through it, I tell myself, there lies an eternity between me and Raphael, and I believed that I possessed no talent for the higher art. If it had not been for my duty, I would rather have come back to Venice or Bozen; yes I reproached myself for having refused the offer of Professor Lipparini, to take on the position of a sign-teacher with the Brinzen [?] of Bordeaux in Görz. [120]

Then a budding painter from Innsbruck, Peter Ortner, came to Rome and seized a recommendation from my brother; on account of his conspicuous talent for compositions, his romantic poetic nature and the honesty of his character he became my friend soon. I got to know also other Austrian artists and pensioners, but besides the architects Van der Nüll and Siccardsburg I found no outstanding talents I. Since they considered me as a beginner, what I

^{* [}Apparently Anton Koch (1768-1839).]

was, they didn't make any effort, to visit me in my spring assessment. The eldest under them was the painter Tunner the painter from Graz,* who held together the pensioners and brought them there. We used to paint and sculpt the long winter-evenings, and to draw after bare models, and after fourteen days, to submit a composition from the Bible or a legend, and to mutually critique each other. I used the time for study, I was always with it, and I profited in this club very much. Also we had the evening's lessons from world-history twice weekly. Already I had my own composition: that of St. Elisabeth, how she wants to distribute bread to the poor and is surprised by their master [Ludwig], who comes back from the hunt, and the bread is changed into roses.† It was my first picture in Rome, and I put in much effort to insert the devout spirit, and how it seemed, it succeeded so quite. I sent it to Vienna, and prince Metternich bought it for his own gallery, where it is still to be seen. However the picture was not sufficiently strict for my devout friends of the pure, the supporters of Overbeck. My second picture in Rome [121] was one of the Holy Family for the prince-bishop of Trient together with a copy of the Pietà of Garofalo in the gallery Borghese. That Holy Family was already more to the contentment of Overbeck, and he let them view it in my room. Also I painted head-studies after male and female models.

This first year I also got to know the sculptor Anton Kriesmayer, who just returned from Tyrol to Rome again, where he had already spent a year earlier. He was a handsome man of 26 years and became my friend like Peter Ortner; in their sociability they exceeded the other Austrians and particularly as the strict Rhinelanders. I became so trusting with these two compatriots that I conveyed to them my worries and ailments. Since I had been in Rome five months, I yearned in vain for a reply from my letters to the Nanni, in which an inclusion was always enclosed for Lina. The matter seemed suspicious to me long ago. Now a letter of the Nanni, that didn't leave me in doubt any longer, finally came. She wrote me that she burned all of my letters instead of handing them over to Lina and told her that I had forgotten her frivolously; she also urged Lina to give up each thought of me, also to forget me, and has accomplished her goal, because Lina loves me no longer and laughs about her childish folly. It is quite properly incidentally so, and if I should continue to love Lina, so she regards it as a luck for me, because I would not fall in love easily so easily with a Roman woman then. The thought [122] of having Lina as my wife was senseless, because she is a baroness, and I of poor dark ancestry and of such a low status, that a marriage is never possible.

It was like my heart had been cut in two by knives. Whoever has ever loved can understand my suffering. Some days, which belonged to the saddest and most inconsolable of my life, passed. Since a sorrow rarely comes alone, so I got a letter dated my brother Franz, that he has had an accident and has come with his family to begging. Through friend Ortner I disbursed to my brother 600 guilders, that I paid off in monthly installments again; but my brother, who with nothing wanted to succeed, took his refuge to me on this occasion. I had already supported my old father since some years; now I almost gave up the whole pension for father and brother and had to strive again, to earn money. I lived very economically, the long winter-evenings I passed in mourning in my lonesome room and came into the company of young artists only on occasion, where we drew diligently after models. In my musing and in my love-pain, I lived dearest completely withdrawn, yes the religious enthusiasm, which was freshened every Sunday by the sermon but granted me no solace however, made me completely glum. Also in art I believed that I still stood on the lowest step and felt my swinging like

* [Joseph Ernst Tunner (1792-1877)].

^{† [}Legend of St. Elizabeth of Hungary (1207-1231)].

paralyzed. Ortner and Kriesmayer loved me and put in much effort to take my inner conflicts from me and to cheer me up. They visited me [123] often, encouraged me to go with them, and I was cheerful in their comfortable company. Kriesmayer often came to P. Sartori, but more to see a young sister about his kind, that had fallen in love with him. Ortner was a very poetic nature, but no Pietist, in the opposite, his belief was that of the fist of Goethe, that he could recite quite by heart. He wrote more than he painted and drew, had much humor in his poems and again very sentimental exalted thoughts. He wrote an epic poem in the style of the Nibelungenlied: The Tyrolean country-storm of 1809. He read me much, and although we had much to argue about religion, I regarded him very dearly, because he promised me more through his open alive conduct, than the quiet Kriesmayer; only he had the hapless habit to rave with night and to sleep with day until twelve or one o'clock. Then he went for a walk to the meal and with his sketchbook into the ruins of Rome, but more, in order to write poetry than to draw. By his irregular life, his strong nature was weakened, and he had to leave Rome, and he died after a year in Innsbruck. His poems, that he wanted to publish under the title: Poems of an Alpine Son, have never been printed to my knowledge, since the his relatives won't heed his wishes as they considered him as a lecher and good-for-nothing, and they [the poems] are perhaps forgotten. He had also done some very witty drawings of a country-storm in the Tyrol; only he had a bad reading of the scenes, since he neglected the art of drawing and painting. [124]

As my friend Deschwanden came to Rome then, I offered him with permission of the ambassador my dwelling place. He procured himself a bed and a storage box and immediately fit into the apartment. A mason-family, that served me, lived two floors under me; later I had a German tailor, who became for me a devout example like Deschwanden. My tendency to piety turned lively again and the influence of Ortner and Kriesmayer diminished. Deschwanden seemed to me like a pattern in diligence and in each virtue. Only he was for me not manly enough. We worked together in the Vatican after the fresco paintings or in my studio, slept in a room and were in company, at the meal, as well as in church and with confession together. He profited from my experience in the art, and I learned much from him again; he was my mental leader. He was the complete opposite of me; I looked at each beautiful girl-face on the alley, he looked at beautiful boys. I often noticed that and I asked him why he never looked at a girl and finds so much favor for boys. It needed all of my obtrusiveness in order to bring him to speak. "Admittedly you will be amazed," he began, "but I want to entrust myself to you, since I recognize you as a true friend; the human feelings and passions have ceased very much, so that I think I would be happy, if I could be converted. My passions pull me to a beautiful boy, but in my [125] mind and my religious principles, thank God, there is always resistance; through my fervent prayer, I have escaped from fault and sin." "So is it possible," I reply, "that you really feel no pleasure in seeing a beautiful woman? Do you also dream of boys?" "Yes," he said, "but my awakening is rare, but dreadful then, and only in prayer do I find solace." I was at the beginning speechless, a feeling of contemplation originated in me, then I admired him again, because I knew him as completely true and virtuously, and he fought like a hero against his unnatural desires. Now I became clear that he liked to paint beautiful boys and knew also to magically put a very pure heavenly expression on their faces. He was not only did painting but also writing and music. He had done lyrical religious poems and played the piano by ear; he could fantasize and could recite everything which he had heard once, with much feeling afterwards. Shortly, I admired him and had reason to love him, since he was also the most peaceful and mild person with all his other good qualities. Only one thing was unfavorable to me, namely that he was from prosperous house from and saved more than I, but I must be thrifty

from need and supported the relatives. If one rang to the fair in the morning early, he went down into St. Mark's. Also I followed his example, but not always, because I often put myself on the other side still, in order to away-doze. My German friends would have made strict reproaches for me, but the mild Deschwanden calmed down me, if he came back from the fair and said: "You are much [126] younger than I, you have more need for sleep, also the prayer is needed more by me than you." During the time I lived with Deschwanden in devout harmony together, I painted my third picture, that is now in the Belvedere Gallery in Vienna, Jacobs trip through the desert with his twelve sons, four women, farmhands and maids, how he leaves Laban in order to come back to Esau and, to make peace with him. The Austrian painters and pensioners, with whom I met all fourteen days, had extolled my composition as the best and me had asked to execute the same picture. While I painted it, my dear friend sickened with typhus, which Dr. Mucchielli treated and he recovered. I have sat up many moonlit nights with him and nursed him, while the chant of an improviser out-sounded in long pulled tones in our apartment.

I spent evenings with my friends in an inn, and occasionally I also visited the balls with our ambassador Count Lützow, but only extremely rarely, because these balls were attended by the high aristocracy of Rome and guests, and I as a poor young painter felt strange and isolated. I was no dancer and also lacked the courage to introduce myself to the highborn ladies. One evening, as I announced my name to the servant in such a ball, he called out loudly into the hall: "Il conte di Blaas!" Count Lützow came towards me smiling and said: Now, it goes admirably, you have already climbed highly in position." The ball was for the high Roman aristocracy and many highborn guests [127] were visiting, including the crown prince Alexander from Russia and Mar from Bavaria. Baron von Ottenfels, then attaché of the Austrian legation and legation advisor from Ohm introduced me to the ladies, who shone forth through beauty, position and appearance. Above all, shone the princess Torlonia, a highborn princess Colonna, through beauty, youth, gracefulness, and the richest jewelry; She/it became songs according to the first child madly [?] and the rich Torlonia through it saddened a poor man. As well the two sisters, daughters of the Lord Shrewsbury, jutted out through beauty and splendor: The princess Borghese and princess Doria. In later years, I had the luck to be in many balls of the Bornehmen and the courts in Vienna, but more beautiful and more richly attired ladies as those in Rome I have never again seen.

There was often in Rome the German artists evening-conversations, but tippling was not good for my health, and I used the time for reading, or spent the evenings with Deschwanden or with Ortner and Kriesmayer comfortably. With the German artist-company in the inn "al Fiano" it became humorous party, the Ponte beer-Feste often repeats. Whoever wanted to be accepted into this company must pass the "Ponte beer" test, i.e. for the party-evening all Vienna pays and sets aside a humor test for the president and all artists, in which the president the Bajocch-Orden, a chain of copper-minting (Bajocchi) a funny addresses enveloped and held. The again lifted became from two Cohortenführerns through a trellis then [128] all present artists, whose any Wachskerzchen pricking that held in the hand, led, and the choir sang: Prince Eugenius, the noble knight, I and the sculptor Jericho solved our task to the contentment of all. My task was, the bridge Ponte minor, to draw, in fact, how the president noticed, in the strict style, because I devote myself the Christian art; I drew a Foglietta on the blackboard and surrounded the head of the bottle with a halo. Much was laughed, and I had passed the test well, because the content of the Foglietta, good Frascatiner wine, enlivened the Ponte beer-Fest. I got my Bajocch-Orden and was led into the triumph by the artist-trellis.

Together with the German artist-cooperative organized festival of al Fiano, annually on the first of May was the famous Cervara-Fest, i.e. a funny ride on horse or donkeys, in which all participants were costumed. The president chose himself his noble-boys and knights, the general-meeting also nominated one colonel of the Cavallery to horse or to donkeys, some Cohort leader, the uppermost kitchen-master, the cupbearer or Ganymede and to maintain order some Carabinieri as police-people. All were very grotesque and comically costumed, as only artists could do. They gathered early, at six o'clock, by the Porta Maggiore. The president carried a red royal coat and the Bajocch-Orden and drove with his pages in a two-wheeled car, drawn by four oxen and decorated like an antique triumph-coach, before the Thor into that [129] Campagna. The cars of the uppermost kitchen-master, the cupbearer, who was disguised as Bacchus, followed him in a car with the tools to the Olympic games, on the side the knights and noble-farmhands appeared on horses or donkeys, all into rich beautiful aspirations clothed, and behind a group of riding and vagrants followed. Here, a crusader romped about his steed in shiny armament, there, a Bedouin or a wild rothhäutiger [?] appeared along with Indians; between them rode Leonardo da Vinci, Friedrich the Great of Prussia, Albrecht Durer, and many spectators, men and women there, had affiliated in their car the train. With the Torre di Quinto, a ruined bath, at the street after Tivoli, where one has a delightful outlook on the Campagna, the procession stopped. All stored in wedding on the green meadows, and there could not be a more beautiful, more picturesque sight easily. It was eaten, drunk, the president held revue over the different groups, and the choir sang German songs. The party was established by German artists and was escorted. Probably artists had affiliated other nations, but the German language was the prevalent with all speeches, chants and lectures. After a hour, the train continued to the so-called Cervara-Grotto in the Campagna, old quarries and excavations of Puzzolanerde from the Romantime. Because it became hot, all went into the shadows of the rock-slopes or in dry spacious grottos. Here they became hungry [?]. The stones in the grotto were like altars put together or [130] formed the seats, the tablecloth consisted of fresh grass and field-flowers. Carabinieris did order, and the cooks and waiters served cold meat, hams, salami, Käfe and fruits in the Ueberflusse [?]. Finally the black Kaffe of the popular Marqueur was served Greco Pietro from the coffee, the single Richtkünstler, that disguises as devils, was admitted. The picture in these caves with the shifting lights and shadows, with the rocks and plants, with the hundreds of costumed figures was truly fairylike. Unfortunately no painter has sketched a picture of it. The then idealism hindered the splendid nature-impression. The so-called Nazarenes, to which I also belonged as a neophyte, wanted to glorify only religion; the history-painter found it beneath his dignity, and the genre-painters didn't want to paint a picture from it. Nowadays, where the coloration and the realism stand again more highly, one would reach with desire for it, but the parties have stopped, and everything is past. During and after the meal, talks were held and were driven funs of all type. So the Paduan J. Caneva, an old schoolmate of me, who was disguised as Bedouin, gave a speech, seemingly Arabic, but he spoke everything in confusion. Finally he threw his turban into the heap, everyone laughed, as they saw his head shaved quite smoothly. Then the train followed into the high wide grotto of the Sibylle, from which much kunkle Bertiefungene into the deeper soil, goes out maybe up to the catacombs. About end of the grotto, an altar was erected by stone. From the appearance of the bluish flame which burned on it, illuminates, the president held one [131] comical speech over the Begangenheit [?] and present of the artist-world and beschwor then Sibylle, to appear. On his repeated spell, ghosts, a gigantic crocodile, which removed itself after the curse of the president again however, first appeared and first after the third saying appeared from the darkness of the grotto the Sibylle itself and

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prophesied the future in rhymes. Everyone laughed, clapped and called "Hurrah!" Now began the Olympic games, and a sculptor engraved the twelfth Olympic with the year date into the wall with succinct-writing. All these inscriptions are still likely there, to read. After the starter-bar, a race and a solemn prize awarding followed, and gradually made the pedestrians and riders for itself on the way back up to the Torre dei schiavi, where they expected the President's carriage and Knights again. With the appearance of the declining sun drew universe of the eternal city, and the nearer the train came, the more spectators stood on the street. The last stragglers came home about midnight and brought their braid, that had blamed them the good wine, home.

We Austrian artists and pensioners had appeared at the party all in the Austrian colors, white clothes, straw hats and carried silken-sashes. Since I had not sat for ten years on a horse, I wanted myself, like so many others, to ride a donkey. As the painter Tunner, oldest among the Austrians, had ordered a courageous black stallion, became afraid however, because the horse jumped with his first touch, I left the [132] donkeys with the groom, climbed the horse and took off in a gallop according to riders. The comfort that I felt on the back of this fiery but controllable steed, I can not describe; I was myself, as I have always been with horses; the horse also understood each quiet sweep of the hand and exploded over the meadows there joyfully and quickly. I should achieve even much applause with the beautiful horse, because I won the first prize with the race with him, although many proficient riders on English horses participated in the same. The race course was a mile long, and it must be ridden around a pole that was put up in the end; the first that came back to the president was the winner. Twenty riders were present and rode off on the given sign. I was in the middle, only the straight goal of the pole stopped when traveling in front of eyes however and let my horse go more slowly in the Rähe of the same, about fast and, to turn back barely behind the pole, during the Andern with the swift ride apart got and the pole far in the vicinity überritten. Through this cunning, I received a projection, spornte then the nag and leave approach me no more rider comes, until the goal was reached. The prize consisted of a genuine small Etruscan vase.

It was a happy first day of May, but on the way home, gloomy thoughts came over me, and then I found a letter I with complaints over the bad luck of my oldest brother, who had been ruined again together with his family. In my religious enthusiasm [133] I took the letter as a punishment from God, because I had lived so extravagantly and rashly. Not until four years later, the first year that I was married, did I participate in this party as adjutant of the president again; I rode an English horse and won the first prize through the same cunning once again.

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Part VI, Italian Journey, 1839-1840

In the summer of 1839, as the heat became oppressive, I recommended to Deschwanden that we travel to Umbria, in order to enjoy nature and the fresh air. I had gotten to know in Rome a young Count Danzetta from Perugia, who had told me much about the lovely area of his father's town and its art treasures, and who had offered me his friendship. Around evening of 10 July, we were in light summer clothes, carrying a few pieces of luggage on our way to Bitebo, when a thunderstorm arose. It became very pleasant at dawn. In Perugia Count Danzetta received me with full cordiality. Standing before me was his mother, who said that I must dine Deschwanden and I however stayed in a hotel with breakfast only, where the accommodations were good and cost little. Now in the house of Count Contestable there was a small picture by Raphael [1483-1520], a Madonna and Child (now in the Berlin museum), a youthful work of the master, but of indescribable loveliness and delicacy. Danzetta obtained for me the authorization to copy it, and because the Count's family were at their country estate, I was basking undisturbed in the sunshine and with ardor and love of painting. The heat in Perugia was bearable, the people courteous, and for our study of religious art there are superb materials in churches, art collections, and palaces. Pictures [or figures or tableaus] of Pietro Bannucci or Perugino [1445-1523] I found in overwhelming quantities. He repeatedly does a few drapery studies, sometimes in a masculine, sometimes in a feminine figure, the heads are all similar to each other and excess sentimentality and religiousity [or sanctimony] rather than true seriousness and internal devoutness. For anyone who knows his masterpiece, the Internment of Christ, in the Pitti Palace in Florence, no one should consider any work of his in Perugia apart from a head of Mary in the Birth of Christ, painted in fresco. The most unforgettable piece of art in Perugia is a fresco in the so-called Cambio, Christ in his Glory surrounded with Angels and Saints, over Him God the Father", also also an early work of Raphael. The image already manifests a resemblance to his Disputà del sacramento.*

During the time I was painting the small Madonna, my friend Deschwanden sketched portraits with pencil, because he had not taken his paints along, often three a day, and as he himself admitted, for two Paoli, that is, for about sixty Kreuzer. "Shame on you" I said to him, "when it should be at least two Napoleond'ors. He wanted to prove to me that he earned his money easily and does not dare to ask me; but I demanded of him that he should make no portrait for less than five Napoleond'or, if he would prefer to do portraits of the whole town free of charge. So eccentric [addlebrained] was he in art [136] that despite his 35 years of age, he cannot count. In many things he was like a child. Since he had taken along but a few traveler's coins [Thaler, trip money], I always had to pay for both of us. In Rome he repaid me well for the out of pocket expenses. Everyone took him for my pupil, because he followed me meekly; small and beardless like a boy, he walked alongside me. Because the portraits stopped with the price increase, he now followed my example and drew after the old masters. For entertainment, he required neither theatre nor parties nor company; he stayed rather at the house and read Thomas à Kempis or the Bible, which he always carried with him. As Count Danzetta did everything possible to make our sojourn in Perugia enjoyable, when he organized a party by Lake Trasimeno, Deschwanden almost had to be forced to attend it. Danzetta had a house by the lake, and from his balcony we had the nicest view oven the famous lake. We went to one of the most

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^{* [}Raphael was an apprentice to Perugino for four years. His large fresco *Disputà del sacramento* is in the Stenza della Segnatura, in the Vatican, where his famous *School of Athens* is also found.]

beautiful islands in the lake and enjoyed ourselves with wine and good fruit, but on the return journey a tempest and a strong storm assaulted us, so that we went back drenched and the water had to be scooped out of our shoes. Deschwanden knelt down and prayed with raised hands to God for rescue. I worked with two rowers with all my strength, until we reached the shore. With drenched clothes we came back to the Villa, disrobed and rested in our beds, until our clothes dried out, and then went back at night gaily to Perugia.

One Sunday in the Cathedral I saw a beautiful young woman, who made me forget the Mass and the holy environment. Back at the guesthouse I sketched her [137] from recollection, and the landlord said right away, "That is the beautiful Bernabo [girl]!" But she was like the noble Lina, and as a result I drew her with a lot of spirit. In the evening on the Promenade I saw her again, and she attracted me like some invisible power. And as she walked into a narrow street, I asked her mother if I could paint her beautiful daughter. I told her I was an itinerant artist, seeking beauty wherever I found it. The lady was not offended or bad, and let me into her house. For days I visited her and the portrait was painted. The beautiful Laura felt herself flattered, and although I wanted to be steadfast in my feelings, and to concern myself only with art and beautiful forms, she grabbed my heart.

I soon had no other thoughts but those of Laura. As I often came to the house, she waited at the window and greeted me, and it was clearly that she was glad to see me. Her mother, who was a widow and only had one daughter, also noted the mutual affection. We agreed that we would meet each other daily, early at 5:00 AM, by a fresh well where a nice path went by, naturally to the accompaniment of her mother. This happened very often and we drank of the healthy water and chatted. These were marvelous, unforgettable morning hours. Her mother desired that her beautiful but poor daughter be well married, and so spoke one day, when I had completed the portrait, very earnestly with me, whereupon I described my circumstances, and had to express my regrets, because I could make no pledge, due to the fact that I was yet so young and I must establish a livelihood. Laura could not be expected to wait for an indefinite period, [138] when I had achieved that goal. The young woman wept and went sobbing into another room. Her mother praised my honesty and regretted likewise that I was not well-off. During this conversation I had come again to my senses and determined that I had to leave. I bade farewell to mother and daughter and said that it is better so, that I journey on to Assisi and then back to Rome, but I had to promise to return to Perugia again from Assisi. Deschwanden was already very sad, that I was so smitten and so mistaken, and he had already long ago urged the journey to Assisi. So we bade farewell to Perugia, where we stayed fifty days instead of the eight or ten days we had intended to stay.

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Von Blaas, "Laura Bernabo", Private Collection

On the way to Assisi, we saw in the cloister-garden of the Madonna Degli Angeli [Madonna of the Angels] church the rosebush where St. Francis hid in order to escape from temptations, and in the church itself the beautiful picture by Overbeck* of the Madonna in the glory of hovering angels, where she gives the kneeling Francis a wreath of roses. The picture is full of religious feeling and belongs to the best works of Overbeck. In the small town of Assisi, the birthplace of St. Francis, we lived we in a private house and paid only three Paolis for our apartment and food for everyone daily. We toured the cathedral, which consists of three churches one on the other. The middle church is the eldest in Byzantine-Romance style, the upper in high gothic but haphazardly, built later than the lowermost church. The tomb of St. Francis is modern and unsightly. The two upper churches are decorated with paintings and arabesques throughout, [139] the windows with stained glass. Here, Cimabue [c. 1240-1302], Giotto [1266-1337] and his student Simone Memmi[†] and Taddeo Gaddi [1300-1366] have made themselves immortal. Here the German artists, who brought Christian art in upswing again, hiked, because they found the best models in these two churches. These old paintings show the childhood of the technical development and a great clumsiness in the forms, but they are inimitable in religious feeling. Perhaps the intellectual content is so exalted and touching, and triumphs because the artistic technology so is subordinated.

After Guido di Siena and Cimabue came the great Giotto, whom Dante in his *Divina Commedia* sings of. His greatest student was Andrea Orcagna [1308-1368], who painted the first

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^{*[}Johann Friedrich Overbeck (1789-1869)], member of the Nazarene school.

[†]Von Blaas has apparently confused Siennese painter Simone Martini (c. 1284-1344) with his brother-in-law, Lippo Memmi (c. 1290-1347). Both painted in Assisi or its environs, so it is not clear to which he is referring here.

and most recent court [?] in the Campo Santo of Bifa.* The advance in religious art triumphed with Fra Angelico di Fiesole [c. 1387-1455], Masaccio [1401-1428] up to Leonardo da Vinci [1452-1519], Michelangelo [1475-1564], Raphael [1483-1520] and Titian [1485-1576]. The intellectual content, which these four perfected with the most beautiful artistic form, declined more and more with their successors. The eclectic [artists], sought for something that everyone looked at, but it was bought without the same great spirit, and so the art sank up to the highest braid. With the French revolution, where the goddess of freedom was put on the altar, the Jesuit-church art of the braid-time [?] vanished in fact, and dull imitation of antiquity was brought into art and manners however. Everything must be beautified, and nature must trim itself and cut its leaves, each figure should have eight head-lengths, and all noses had to exactly align equally beautifully with [140] the Stirne forms. This was the academic braid of full rules without nature-view, and it became trivial in each relationship until a certain new technique arose.

There the Germans began to reform art in the start of the first decades of this century, under such artists above all as [Peter von] Cornelius [1783-1867], [Johann Friedrich] Overbeck [1789-1869] and Joseph [von] Führich [1800-1878]; and these together with their supporters studied the old Florentine school, and also the old lower Rhine [Dutch?] and old German schools. They went from one church to another, particularly in Tuscany, and studied the spirit of Giotto from his own works and from the devout works of his successors.

The best works of Cornelius and Overbeck are the frescos from the history of Joseph in Egypt in the Casa Bartholdi in Rome. For each figure, they did strict nature-studies and developed the characters of their shapes from it. It is also their best, most important works from the time of their youth-freshness, and never they have made better works, even though they later achieved much fame. They preached more than they painted, Cornelius with brains, Overbeck with beliefs and piety, but they got off the track, because they exalted believe itself over nature. Their sources were the old Germans and the Italians of the 14. Century; they copied them and thought they were able to do better, because they avoided the naivete of the old painters and let the beauty of the lines through, in order to love each truth [?]. They drew merely with colors, because of art and coloration they had no concept. Overbeck painted people, who were not able to live, even less, to err. In brief, they did not understand [141] the Quatrocentisti, because these latter were always proselytes of nature in their true piety, and created a fresh source of art from her as the eternal. That is admittedly art history and doesn't belong here, but maybe I will still explain my opinions about art.

In Assiss I drew two compositions and single figures from the pictures of the Giotto, Memmi and Gaddi, through which I learned to comprehend the seriousness and the exalted moments of religious art quite well. During our stay, there was work on the excavation of a temple of Jupiter under the direction of a French architect who lived with us. Deschwanden and I made a trip to Spello on foot, where there are very well preserved frescos of [Bernardino di Betto] Pinturicchio [c.1454-1513], a student of Perugino, that are preferable to me over those of his master, and from Raphael himself a God the Father with angels in an altarpiece of Perugino. On other days I went back to Perugia on foot again, in order to fill my promise to visit the beautiful Laura, and it was hard for me to be separated from her. But one doesn't hike in Italy like in Tyrol; it is punishing in the hot August sun, and I became sick and had to remain in bed for three weeks.

We returned to Rome via Foligno and Viterbo. Foligno has beautiful old buildings and good paintings in the churches, and in the Convent delle Comtesse a painting of Raphael. In

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^{*[}It is uncertain to which work of Orcagna Von Blaas is referring.]

Viterbo, I got annoyed over the deceit about relics, over a shin of St. Christopher, because it is four feet long, more [142] like a Mammoth bone, and is shown on a pillow embroidered with gold in a glass coffin. In Terni, we visited the big splendid waterfall and returned to Rome again then.

On the trip, I had drawn a composition: the "Rest of the Holy Family on the trip to Bethlehem." I painted a sketch and Deschwanden praised the idea and sketch, but I didn't succeed with the implementation of the picture. I could think but not represent pictorially the blissfull feelings of the parents who found the twelve-year-old Christ with the Pharisees again, and the first poetic remarks of the new Christ. I painted the heads six or seven times, altered the lines of the hands and found again and again that I had worked for nothing, because I had not met the right expression in the faces and movements of the figures. I destroyed the picture, in that I painted a wild landscape on it and was angry over my incapability. I had learned very well that a painter cannot represent words but only dramatic actions. And I became quite hopeless again. If I visited the art-treasures of the Vatican or the known religious German artists, I seemed to myself quite untalented. The quiet seriousness of the religious art strange and not attainable by my lively temperament and my whole nature. While Deschwanden with his religious enthusiasm painted an altarpiece, I hiked in old Rome like a lost soul. In the Forum, with the ruins of the emperor-palaces, with the festivals in Trastevere, the thought on occasion came to me to [143] devote myself to this genre of art. I found enough reproaches and motives there, but these resolutions seemed to me as temptations of the devil and were scared away by my surroundings again soon. So I lived three weeks in a continual fight, until a message from Tyrol yanked me out of my dreaming and idleness. And the letter from the home, which complained about misery and need, animated my diligence and money-earning. The cathedral provost of Bozen, Monsignor Eberle, asked for another copy of the picture of St. Elizabeth in a smaller size, since he had seen the original in the Viennese exhibition. I painted the picture with some improvements. Prince Radziwill, who visited me, also asked for the same picture, what I could paint for him in a half a year's time.

Among the supporters of Overbeck's religious art a small club formed with the purpose of meeting with a member at his house, every Thursday, who had the obligation to donate cold foods and wine for everyone. Twelve German artists joined, who were very serious about religion and art. Compositions were given up and mutually were criticized. It was an excellent practice, but I was never sufficiently strict for them; my figures always had too much earthly and sensual character for them, and often I went back to my room at the tower profoundly saddened with my drawings. Also Deschwanden didn't please them because he was too cloying. He became homesick, traveled back to Switzerland, and painted even many altarpiece and other devout pictures, always in the old manner. In nearly every Catholic church in Switzerland there is a picture by him. In Florence [144] Deschwandens angel-heads had excited me; in Rome, his pictures displeased me: the women were no real women, the men no men but weaklings. The unnaturalness of his nature didn't harmonize with my hot-blooded temper; his letters from Switzerland were sermons that never pleased me. I now lived in my tower alone again, worked by day, read history in the evening, and visited a private-academy in order to draw after bare models improved my art very much. But the effort was too much; my eyes began to bother me, and the doctors gave me the recommendation to spare my eyes and particularly in the evenings to read nothing or to draw. My religious rapture hindered me to go into another artist-company; my friend Kriesmayer was in Tyrol, and so I lived my evenings there sorrowfully and often thought

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of the young lady in Bozen, from whom I had become separately through intrigues and jealousy, probably.

A composition, the Visitation, pleased my club-comrades, because it expressed to them the deep joy of the two Holy Women, with their greeting well expressed. It was my fourth picture in Rome; the customer, Mr. Unterberger in Innsbruck, sold it to the painting-gallery in the Ferdinandeum, where it is still. It was earlier in the Roman art-showing, and since an American lady wanted to buy it, I painted her an improved copy; this picture has travelled to New York.* Also I painted several portraits of men and women whom this lady sent to me. I intentionally avoided the company of Roman families, because [145] a friend mine from Venice long ago, the painter Malatesta, had warned me about falling in love with a beautiful Roman woman. He said that the Romans often force a young man into marriage in a mischievous or dishonest way. So I stuck with the socalled Nazareners (in German = Catholic painters) or with the Austrians, with whom I made the evenings profitable, in that I made the suggestion to establish a literary-club. This helped me very much, because I could spend the winter-evenings profitably and my eyes could get better. In that winter, we read the history of the Romans, and I possess a great quantity notes about it.

In the third summer that I spent in Rome, my friend Kriesmayer came back from Tyrol. We were each evening together and visited the Austrian priest Sartori, whose sister was frequently made very happy by it. Since for a long time Kriesmayer was ailing, he needed to use the warm baths on the island of Ischia at Naples. I decided to accompany him there, and together with us came a painter D. with his young wife, one of the strictest and the most religiously in our Nazarener-Club. One told, that he lived with his beautiful wife like Saint Joseph with the Virgin Mary. He is still alive and has never fathered any children.

With a carriage, we drove over Terracina and Molo di Gaëta to Naples. All luggage was examined in Fondi, at the border. As I mentioned, one frees itself one with a bribe for the inspector, then one can go on; but the devout painter was outraged over such a sinful unreasonable demand [146] and didn't pay it. The consequence was, that his and his wife's luggage were seached thoroughly and everything was thrown with it in confusion, while I and Kriesmayer had freed ourselves with a bribe of two Paolis. Since this incident cost us two hours time, we arrived first about eleven o'clock in the evening in the hotel de Rome in Naples. Also here, there was another dispute with the porters who carried our luggage up, and D. had to give a double tip. He quickly joined in with two other German artists for enjoyment, and we were all glad, and they connected with us Tyroleans that we could speak Italian well.

Naples and its surroundings have been described so often and brilliantly, that I restrict myself here to my experiences and my impressions of the wonderful art-treasures. Above all else I felt drawn into the Museo Borbonico [now the Capodimonte], because I remembered the book about Pompeii, which I read in Nauders. I also found the picture of Achilles soon and stood with before it for a long time, lost in thought, until my comrades put me back into the present. The Greek sculptures, the statues, the household items and the wall paintings from Pompeii enchanted me, particularly the most recent in their simple noble representation and the splendid outlines of the noble shapes. I drew much into my sketchbook, but always I was drawn to these paintings, in which the graces must have taken part. I had learned to know Greek sculpture in the Vatican and Capitol, but of the daily life of the Greeks and Romans, from their taste in the equipment and ornamentation of those [147] apartments [in Pompeii] I got my first

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^{* [}Whereabouts of this painting, and identity of the woman, are unknown].

[†] [It is unclear who this painter "D" might be, other than that he was a member of the Nazarenes].

glimpse here. I admired the permanence of the colors, the whole technology and asked myself: Will I paint in Fresco once again? From this time on the urge lived in me to try my hand at it. In Naples, I remained an admirer of the Greek art, therefore I mention only the beautiful small Madonna of Correggio (la Zingarella) from the painting-gallery [the Capodimonte]), that contrary to the opinion of the devout painters, enchanted me.



Von Blaas, Visitation (1840-42), Ferdinandeum, Innsbruck

I arranged a trip to Pompeii in the first days with some German painters and sculptors, and we also visited Herculaneum and Vesuvius. In Portici, we saw the beautiful garden of the Villa Real, in Resina, some of my companions climbed into the dug-out amphitheater of Herculaneum, but in the cold rooms they got a chill and a fever. In Pompeii, the guard showed us the empty streets of the Necropolis between roofless houses and palaces, then the forum and theaters. From Resina, we still rode with cool air and moonlight up to the hermitage on Vesuvius in the evening. We slept some hours here and left about two o'clock after midnight then, in order to see the sunrise at the summit. While my friends put themselves on the earth above and slept, I climbed the outermost edge of the crater, strode over fire-spraying gaps and jumps and looked into the terrible throat, in which the scorching lava bubbles down, until the dense hot sulphur-steam expelled me again. I awakened my comrades, the morning-redness announced the rising sun, and its first rays gilt [148] the upper part of the crater. The lava at the edge shone in all possible colors, from pale yellow up to the somber orange, from pale red up to the deep enameled red, green, blue, gray, up to the black in a thousand small gradations. It was a

picture without equal. Also in the early morning light was the beautiful, marvelous view over the mountains of Castellamare towards Sorrento, of Naples with the forest of masts, of the beautiful gulf with its islands up to the Misenum promonitory. We came down the steep slope of the old crater easily, I in big sentences, with which I sank knee-deep into the ashes, my comrades somewhat more slowly and more carefully. Through olive groves - and vineyards we returned to Pompeii, that we wanted to see once again, and then in the evening we drove to Castellamare.

My trip-companions hiked from here to Sorrento and Amalfi, but I preferred it to come back to Naples again. In company of some German artists, I visited the best-done churches and public buildings, the Castel S. Elmo and the Ticket-house cloister [?], where we enjoyed the delightful outlook and viewed the paintings of Caravaggio, Spagnoletto and Maratta in the church. We continued the trip through the grotto of the Bosilipp to Buzzuoli and Bajä. Since I knew the language and manners, I achieved my vehicle services well, fired the obtrusive Lazzaronis and rented a willing polite lad as guide. While one learns to know the domestic life of the Roman citizens in Pompeii in a provincial city, one is located here in the luxurious resort of a Tiberius and a Nero. The ground is volcanic and famous through its millennial throughout [149] salvation-streaming. As is well-known, Virgil put the Elysian Fields in this happy Campagna, and also the entrance into the underworld. We saw the cathedral, the ruins of the Serapis temple, the temple of honor, the aqueduct as well as the thirteen arch bridge of Caligula, which still rises from the old harbor; further the Lago d'Averno, the new mountain, that prior to the 16th century was in the earth, the ruins of Cumä and the most beautiful: the remains of Bajä with its delightful surroundings. Two of my companions also climbed with torchlight down into the low walk of the baths of the Nero, but they returned quickly because of the heat. From here, we rode alongside the Misenum promonitory, climbed the rocks of Mt. Mesino and came back at night to Naples.

Kriesmayer was already on the island of Ischia. I visited him there for some days and painted sea-studies and landscapes in company of a landscape-painter. With a German doctor, I climbed Mt Epomeo and enjoyed, after the fog had disappeared, the splendid view of the sea and its beautiful shores. I bathed every morning in the tide of a small golf, but one day, I encountered a great danger. The waves pushed me close to lava-rocks in a whirlpool that immersed me several times, until a rising wave carried me to the shore again.

After fourteen days, I sailed with a fishing boat back to Naples and met there three German artists, two sculptors and an architect, who like I wanted to visit Pästum and Amalfi. First we rode on the small [150] steamers to Capri and visited the blue grotto. A sailor-boy asked us to throw a silver coin into the water, and it was a remarkable sight, as the boy like a silverfish from the light-blue water reappeared. The old fisherman that led us, told us that he once spent three days and nights without food and drink with a Englishman in the grotto, because a violent storm made the return trip impossible. On Capri, we spent several days climbing through the picturesque rocks, which contain so many memories and sagas of antiquity. A sailboat with four rowers still led us beautiful Sorrento and around the Cape of Massa to Amalfi, where we stayed in the extremely picturesque Hotel Garni, a former cloister high above on the rock. One can still see a Moorish-style colonnade in the cloister-yard. My room was a monk's cell and provided a splendid view of the sea and the coast toward Salerno. Before the cloister is the rock-grotto of which from which each landscape-painter drew a sketch or a picture, the two valleys or canyons, which lead into the mountain, the Mill Valley and the Valley of Ravello, which have a row of beautiful views. I would have liked to remain longer, but my money was running out and my trip-companions, who seemed to have little sense for these delightful shores,

wanted to press on. Mountain by mountain, through canyons and valleys, between rosemary, brooms and laurel-shrubs, between oaks and wild cherry-trees, we rode on donkeys the narrow way until we reached Salerno. Here we saw in the cathedral the grave of Gregory VII, the beautiful mosaic [151] taken a temple of Pästum. A carriage took us at night through the swampy regions, where more buffalo lived than people, to Pästum, where with the rising sun we greeted the famous temple of Poseidon and ruins of this sea-God sanctified city. In the evening we came exhausted to Salerno and traveled the next morning over Pietri through the Cava valley at the foot of Vesuvius to Naples. After I had again visited the colorful Caferta palace and the Naples museum, I rode with another company to Molo di Gaëta. I still remember riding through Orange groves to the ruins of that Ciceronian villa and the beautiful girls, who carried water with their jugs, supposedly. I dreamed away half the night in the magical moon-night on the balcony of the inn.

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VII. Love and marriage, 1840-1842

When I returned to Rome, I learned through Kriesmayer, who had already arrived before me, that Painter Flatz, whose wife had died in Frascati, was in Rome again. Flatz had been very kind to me in Innsbruck, and I was happy to see him again; but he was changed very much and appeared in his opinions like in his clothes like a worldly Jesuit. He also interacted much with Jesuits, wrote for religious newspapers and tried also to freshen me in the belief again, since I had become somewhat lax through my trip to Naples through the beauty of the nature and antique art. Through Flatz and B. Cartori, we got to know the baron B., earlier in Hanover officer, treasurer with the duke of Lucca, and now a modest teacher-position with the count Butturlin provided. He was already regarded as an adventurer, lived rich, soon poor, vanished from Rome and should have died in a Carthusian Monastery. In Rome, it was very pleasing for me and Kriesmayer. As he became gravely ill, Baron B. recommended him to an English doctor, Dr. Milligen in Albano, where Kriesmayer got an apartment and care indeed. [153]

I later befriended Dr. Millingen and was on good terms with him, so I wanted to communicate with him. He was the son of the famous English Numismatist Millingen, who collected archaeological numismatic treasures in the Orient for the British museum, He had Greek cousins, and died in 1846 in Florence. [His son] August Millingen was born in Paris, studied in Rome, Edinburg and completed his medical studies in Paris. Since his mother was a lady-in-waiting in Lucca, he spent some years at this small Italian town, went as English military-doctor to East India, but had to leave the service because of an illness after three years, and returned to Europe. As he became ill in Rome again, someone recommended Albano to him as country-stay, where he found the most careful care with a widow. After he recovered, he married her and gave her daughter from the first marriage a careful education.

One day in May I traveled to Albano in order to visit my sick friend Kriesmayer. When I arrived at the Millingen home, a splendid young woman opened the door for me into the apartment. It was Agnesina, the daughter de Mrs. Millingen, a Juno of shape and full of grace and beauty. The moment of the first sight knots souls with diamond bonds, Shakespeare says. Never had a girl made such an enchanting impression on me in the first moment, never so delightfully sounding a voice has spoken to me. I was embarrassed and hardly in the setting, to inquire me about my friend. "Are you Mister Flatz?" she asked me, looking into my eyes and somewhat timidly searching. [154] "No, I am Blass." But you have a flower in your hat, therefore I believed I saw Flatz the widower, whom Kriesmayer expects." (I was in mourning in fact in that year 1840 about my deceased uncle von Eschenburg.) I greeted Dr. Millingen, whom I already knew from Rome, and made the acquaintance of Signora Giacomina, a woman of 38 years, but from so noble shape and beautiful face, she would have been able to be regarded as the older sister of her daughter. She was the most beautiful girl in Albano once, where the women are famous because of their beauty, as you know. Dr. Millingen conveyed to me the illness of the poor Kriesmayer as very grave, although he himself believed that he was getting better; he/it could not tell me enough about the care and good-heartedness of the two women. "When Agnesina brings me a meal," he added, "I believe I see an angel before me."

Since it pleased me here and I wanted to remain a while with Kriesmayer, I came to an agreement with Dr. Millingen and his wife to give me a room and food, and brought the necessary luggage and painter's supplies from of Rome and began my summer-stay. It was mid-

May, 1841. In the delightful and classic surroundings of Albano, I did landscape-studies, and when I returned, I made company for my friend in the garden. Later I got to know these excellent people living nearby. The first husband of Signora Giacomina, Mister Faustino Auda, came from Rizza. He was moneyed reputable man and mayor in Albano; but he wasted and gambled away his fortune; he then became ill for [155] many years and died in poverty. The widow was abandoned by the prosperous relatives and was forgotten, until Millingen got to know her and they married. Through a sister-in-law, she was related to the royal family Gaetani and the family of Don Vincenzo, so that Don Philipp of Gaetani, recognized Giacomina as a relative, and as I had married her daughter Agnesina later, the reciprocal visits were continued, until I left with my family for Rome. Also Cardinal Dipietro was an uncle of my mother-in-law. Agnesina was with her father, whom she served through ten years of his illness, as a grown-up nurse; she had few friends and much sorrow and worry. With her good heart and tender nature, she also looked after the poor Kriesmayer lovingly and alertly. From the marriage with Millingen, a boy of seven years came, Luigi, the darling of the house, that I often used as a model angel because of his beauty, with his wonderful eyes and blonde hair. Since Dr. Millingen was not wealthy and only lived on a pension that he received from England, the economy was quite simple. Mother and daughter provided the household; there was only one maid and a temporary worker in the kitchen, an old man, maestro Livio, who was always in the best mood despite his great age and his poverty, and almost belonged to the family for a long time. He was known by us and by the others as "the Count", since once in the Carneval he disguised himself as a count from and earlier time wrote on his back: Sono il conte Creppa, chi mu guarda sciatta. [156]

Dr. Millingen and his family were highly respected and liked in Albano. He didn't have the right to practice in the city as doctor, but he treated poor sick persons for nothing and left them with some money, that they could nurture themselves better. Daily sick persons came to him in the house and annually some Englishmen, whom he treated and who paid him for it amply. He spoke English like a Englishman, French like a Frenchman and Italian just as well. He had experienced much and had gone through much in his life. If he told about his trips and foreign people, I listened to him gladly and alertly. With it, he was a liberal man and his principles from that very much derived; in the evening, if the women had retreated and we still had a glass of wine together. We often argued about religion and beliefs, but it never became heatedly and we always separated in friendship. He counted 41 years and I then had reached 25. We took long walks together and were hunters together. We often went hunting together, and once again, as I did as a boy, I yearned passionately for it.

Through living in the same household, there awakened in me little by little, as in Agnesina, a mutual devotion, that we did not yet admit to ourselves. After some time, it came between us, although we were restrained both, to the confession. I also missed no opportunity to speak to her for a few moments alone. The grace of her whole nature, the clarity of her mind, the love in her arms, the cordiality, with which she fed the poor friend, their more quietly domestic sense, all enchanted me. Hardly [157] had I fallen into this heavenly love that I also fell into very serious thoughts. I thought: Agnesina must become my wife; without her, my life would be hopeless. But as yet I had still not acquired a name for myself as an artist; I could hardly pay my keep and only through the uncommon thrift of the father and the siblings was some money saved. Agnesina also had no fortune, because her family had down-sunk from the affluence into poverty. I became very sorrowful over these thoughts and Agnesina immediately noticed this. As I was in the garden one day under the shady of a day in the garden under the shady vine

leaves, she came to me, in order to ask me about my condition, and I confessed everything to her, without holding back, which my sick heart presses. She comforted me in the most affectionate manner and said: "We want to hold out, my friend, until you have received orders and have acquired a living for yourself, what with your talent and diligence, as I forsee, can happen at the latest in two years; then we will want to marry." Without wanting to put her to the test, because I loved her too much for that, I replied that it is better for her, if a good opportunity comes along, that she shouldn't wait for me to achieve my goals because of the uncertainty, and should marry and have a family. That was a moment that I can not portray. She now gave herself, how you were about the heart, and I saw through her tears into her kind heart. I remained steadfastly and explained to her again, that I loved her, but only then will I offer my hand, if my circumstances have improved and she is still free; she might be patient and [158] believes me completely. My decision to marry Agnesina came on a country-gathering, where I really learned to know her rare charity recently. Some relatives, men and women, Millingen, the mother, Agnesina and I rode on donkeys through the beautiful forest toward Nemi and ate there in a garden, where we had a splendid view onto the lake. The happy train went back over Genzano and Ariccia toward Albano. As we already rode in the twilight through the magnificent tree-avenue towards Albano, I missed Agnesina and rode back, in order to look for her. There I found her, on her donkey, how she had helped a poor sick woman, whom no one from the group had noticed behind the field fence, company, lifted and away-led. I could not contain myself to tell you, that she acts like the merciful Samaritan in the gospel; I didn't admire only her kindliness but as well her lifeabilities, because she had put the woman on the donkey, as one holds a child in one's arms. By her virtuousness, With her modesty, she was always cheerful and witty, by her composure and meekness, she showed, when there was a need, a wonderful boldness and quick-wittedness. It so happened, for example, that when there were some guests in the house, the two house-dogs, a wolf - and a hunting dog, horribly grabbed and tousled a small dog not belonging to the house. The guests got up, but Agnesina grabbed the two big dogs with her hands, she lifted them up, until the small animal had run away; then she sat again then down, as if nothing had happened. I wanted to hug her in front of the astonished party; later it has also happened and the bond of the love became always more solidly [159] between us knotted. "That is no fashion-child, no affected person, no mollycoddled nature," I said to myself; "or no one should become my wife."

My friend Kriesmayer was already forsaken by the doctors in Rome, since his illness was so far advanced. The doctor confessed me that he could live hardly more eight days. I wrote to Flatz and the German priest P. Reichert therefore; the latter came immediately and stayed with his suffering up to his end. As Kriesmayer felt better one day, he asked me to make a country trip with the priest. Millingen, P. Reichert, Agnesina and I rode in the afternoon along the lake from Albano toward the picturesque situated cloister Palazzola. While we were refreshed there with good wine and beautiful fruits, such a longing attacked me about Kriesmayer, that I parted with the company and returned in the fastest trot to Albano. Already from the window the maid called down to me: I must hurry; Mister Kriesmayer asked for me and will die soon. I stepped startled to his bed and already noticed the traits of a dying man. He had only so much strength to say to me: "Karl, where do you remain so long?" Those were his last words. He died soon in my arms. Flatze and some other Austrian artists and friends of the deceased also came to the funeral.

After a time, in mid-July, I took leave of the Millingen family and my beloved Agnesina and traveled to Rome through Toscana, in order to do new studies. In the mail truck, the windows were solidly locked. Three Jesuits sat besides me. Since I became too hot, [160] I

opened the window, slipped out and climbed on the side border of the car. "Per amore de Dio, dove volete andere, Signore? Vado a spasso, I go for a walk," I replied. Outdoors an asleep Jesuit brother was startled horribly and screamed "Ajuto, Ajuto! Help, help!", until I calmed him down. In the fresh air I became well again and I enjoyed the most splendid sight in the moonlight over the Campagna, during the mail truck's ride. Left and right the fireflies twinkled like elves around; on the right the Monte Soracte lifted itself up in beautiful forms above the horizon; on the left the monument of Nero threw a long shadow over street and field, how his name is in the shadows of history. I thought about my beloved Agnesina in Albano again and recalled, since I could not write poetry, a Neapolitan little love-song, which she had often sung. My neighbor coughed and thought: it would be time to sleeping and not to singing; but I replied to him, that it would be better to admire the classic field, about which the history knows to tell so much; and offered him a cigar. We chatted, but my neighbor, however, like so many others, had no understanding for this desolate terrain, which enchants the painter with its beautiful rises and deepenings, with the beautiful lines and the full wealth of the colors. Once the Campagna was covered a blooming country with cities and villages; still Domitian and Hadrian had their magnificent villas here; nowadays it is a wasteland and unhealthy desert.

In Siena I stayed, visiting palaces and churches and mostly the academic gallery of the old Sienense school. Particularly the pictures of the Ansano di Pietro pleased me [161], those of Fra Angelico of Siena; he represented most single saints or Madonna with the child. His works were always graceful and express piety. I drew myself several figures and found much beautysense in the garments particularly. The Gothic cathedral with the Facade of Giovanni Pisano, with the multicolored marble ground and the rich glass-arts is known. Paintings of Pinturicchio, which represent scenes from the life of Pope Pius II, are in the sacristy; with a picture on which Raphael collaborated in his early youth. In the library, I saw the choir-books with the miniatures of Ansano di Pietro [1406-1481]; in San Domenico the old colossal Maesta of Guido da Siena [c. 1250-1300], painted 26 years before the birth of Cimabue [c.1240-1302]. It is painted in Byzantine style, marvelously exalted, and very severe. Also an old Crucifix is there, maybe from the same time and despite being in bad condition is really touching. In San Agostina there are murals of Sodoma [1477-1549] and a picture of Perugino [1450-1523]; in Santa Maria Degli Angeli before the Porta Romano, there is a picture of Raphael and pictures of Ansano. In all churches, and it is not less than fifty, there are pictures from the Sienese school: Sodoma, Pacchiorotto, Spinello Aretino, Mattei di Siena and L. Bartoli. The city lies on hills and the market place is deep and shaped like a mussel; I watched a race there.

In an outlying district, the Facade of a small chapel, which was used by a poor family for their apartment, interested me. As I entered, I noticed a piece of a halo with a fallen piece of plaster; for a coin given to the poor woman [162] I found several lime-small leaves free and uncovered the head of a tender sacred virgin. The governor of the city, to whom I told about the old paintings, accompanied me one day to the old chapel, where I exposed a second head; and it turned out, that the whole chapel was painted with paintings, which were covered by the two or three layers of plaster. The governor promised, to uncover all the paintings of the gallery completely, what, how I heard later, has happened; the chapel is still visited today by strangers and artists.

† [Blaas' chronology cannot possibly be correct].

^{* [}It is unclear if Von Blaas is referring to the famous Fra Angelico (1395-1455), or another painter by that name. Fra Angelico was not from Siena, but Vicchio, and he is not considered a member of the Sienese school].

After a stay of twelve days, during which I wrote my first Italian love-letters to Agnesina, I traveled to Florence. I met several German artists, whom I knew from Rome, at midday in the inn Or San Michele: Mister Setegast from Coblenz, a six shoe two inches long man of quiet, noble striving, a very religious painter and supporter of Overbecks; Karl Müller, my double, a small slight, witty, somewhat fanatical male; distant Itenbach from Düsseldorf and two Maltese, all harsh Catholic and students of Overbeck; then the sculptor Rammelmayer with his wife from Vienna. They greeted me with sincere joy and I immediately took a room in the house, where the small miller and one of the Maltese lived. In the morning everyone went according to his studies, drew in a church or in a gallery, and at midday (one o'clock) we met at the restaurant Or San Michele, where we ate well and cheaply. At the table, an eager art-conversation became always only entertains over the old masters beforeRaphael and Michelangelo in fact, because the later art [163] was scorned and only from mercy was a painter named after Raphael. Of course there were two Austrians disagreements and we often spoke against the strict opinions of the other. Since Rammelmayers and another often made quite funny language-mistakes in the Italian, so there was much laughter. So the one said, if the waiter named the foods, instead of "non lo voglio," "I don't want that," he said stubbornly: "non cè," "it is not there," then one of the waiters always replied: "cè, signor," "it is there." My comrades sat at the meal until five o'clock, while I took my coffee and drew with eagerness in the churches; if then about six o'clock it was pale and therefore-came wearily, I had usually already drawn several pages. They drank water and I drank wine, which got me with the heat newly and vigorously. Gladly I would have my beloved Titian, in fact have copied the "Venus", but I had not taken my painter-box; also it was not possible, because one must itself in the galleries, because so many work, often on years leaves mark down. I studied seriously for it and profoundly the old Florentine school and drew much after Giotto and his students. Andrea Orcagna [1320-1368], that most proficient artist, was an architect, sculptor and painter at the same time. The Loggia de Lanzi, the tabernacles of the main-altar in Or San Michele with the rich beautiful Sculptures gives certificate of his/its art as master builders and sculptors. The wall-pictures into Pisa and the most recent court in Santa Maria Novella together with other paintings and Tempera paintings proves his greatness as a thinking Christian painter. In the cloister San Marco I drew much after Fra Giovanni Angelico Fiesole there, where in the academy there are also many tempera paintings from the life of Jesus [164]. His paintings are prayers, which come from his exalted piety. But the great Masaccio [1421-1428] enchanted me with his paintings in Santa Maria Del Carmine. Raphael studied him, because Masaccio was the first to use Nature realistically, in order to give the devout shapes more lives. His poetic idea-flight, Leibenswürdigkeits, which the majesty would have been not quite welcome Giotto's maybe, show the natural representation a type. After him, came Filippo Lippi, Benozzo Gozzoli and Ghirladaio, that already has more energy and strength than the others. Together with that, that I drew much of these old masters, I looked at old sculptures and arts of this time, that I to my great joy understood and could learn to appreciate.

After approximately six weeks, Karl Müller, Setegast, the two Maltese and I traveled to Prato, Pistoia, and Pisa. In the cathedral to Prato, we drew some after the paintings of Angiolo Gaddi and Filippo Lippi, in the cathedral of Pistoia some after the "Works of the mercy" of Lucca della Robbia. Pisa too is known with its buildings and art-appreciation, as that I should write about it. Since read I in Florence Dante's *Divina Comedia*, I wanted to look for the tower in Pisa, where the Pisans let the Guelfs starve Ugolino with his sons, but nobody could give me any information. I drew much from the paintings of men of Benozzo Gozzoli [1420-1497] in

 $^{^*}$ [Von Blaas is probably referring to Titian's *Venus of Urbino*, in the Uffizi].

Campo Santo. His works lack the majesty of the old church-style, but he is a history-painter, like Carpaccio in Venice. He is a realist and with enjoyments [165] lingers one with the structures of his live-airy world. So and not else like in this figuren reichen scenes must have looked like the public Tuscans of that time. The heads seem to be all portraits; only the central figures like Noah, Abraham and Moses are idealized. In the highest degree touching and jarring are the representations of the Andrea Orcagna, the most recent court and the triumph of the death. A for me unforgettable figure in ersterem is an angel, that startles before God's damning word and crouches low. Christ is fully majesty and strict dignity, the apostles and blissful fully grandeur, yes with the mental expression of the shapes forgets the primitive artistic implementation one. The hell is painted after Dante, awfully, but bizarre and corny. The devils are ridiculous monkey-shaping. In the triumph of the death, the group of mutilated beggars and the group of the Medici are especially characteristic with the hermit, who shows them the decomposed corpse. We visited the big cloister in the surroundings of Pisa the Certosa di Calci, the remains of the Roman baths and the Roman estate San Rossori. A stud farm of camels there lifert all the camels, which the drivers take around Europe with ate and A. in whole. I drew these biblical animals myself and noticed in wedding on their walk and their movements. A Sunday, we did also to keep an eye a trip to Livorno about the harbor and to take a sea resort.

After I finished my studies, I embarked in Livorno toward Civita vecchia and drove from there with the Diligence to Rome. Here, a muggy Scirocco blew, [166] I had no desire to start a new work and much desire from love and longing for Albano. With the so named Fratocchia, where the street begins to climb, I got out, went up the rise quickly and saw Agnesina in the distance with her mother and aunt, who came towards me. What a reunion! It was a moment of joy in my life again. Agnesina and I went ahead, chatted after hug-desire, during which two old ladies followed.

Three weeks passed for me in Albano like three days. I drew some compositions, painted landscapes and portraits of the family, so that I remained not quite idle. But in the first colder October days, where the larks fly in big swarms on the Campagna, Millingen and I went to shoot larks several times. With it, a small owl was put on a pole (Civetta), about the Pedestals from cork was installed small mirrors, and if the larks, through it lured, we could shoot with grapeshot [?] into the swarm, that 150 to 160 larks fell until midday to the earth on occasion. The enjoyment didn't consist with it of shooting alone however, because Agnesina came afternoon, the mother and often five to eight persons into the Campagna. Then wine and fruits were unpacked, between put together stones, built a fire, and while Agnesina looked for good herbs to put on the salad, the larks were put on the skewer and cooked. With macaroni, the meal was begun, with the larks, finished. With it, we stored in wedding and probably left it us with heiterem chitchat, joke and chant ease. Against four o'clock we climbed [167] the donkeys and rode home. These outings in Albano from that summer and October became, in later years, when I was married to Agnesina, among the most agreeable and most joyful memories of my life. Then I must part soon again. Agnesina spilled tears and I that could think keeps back. Once again I told her that I will offer her first my hand, if I could win an outlook on a certain existence; but I hope for it, because now I was painting after my studies in Tuscany a picture soon and would display it.

In Rome, I read the history of St. Catherine of Montalembert in translation. According to the legend, after she had suffered a martyr's death, an angel come and carried the body of the beautiful virgin over the sea to Mt. Sinai; and this legend gave me the material for a picture. I drafted a drawing and showed it to the German artists in the club which pronounced their praise

over it and particularly Overbeck urged me on, to paint the picture. While I painted in the winter-months at it, I was surrounded by my friends again and Flatz and another painter, a convert, that became a year later a Capuchin monk, urged me, to go through the Spiritual Exercises with the Jesuits. It cost me much willpower, but my nature was steerable and I went into it. We drove in the Fiaker into the remote Filialkloster with the Lateran, where everyone was put into a special cell. In it was nothing but a bed, table and two chairs; on the table, a writing-stuff stood and [168] beside it lay the written agenda. I remember no longer this agenda exactly, I know only that, that I didn't come from five o'clock until 10 o'clock of evening to the senses early; Prayer, sermon, meditation, confession, meals, a walk in the garden and again prayer, litany, vespers, and so on shifted for a very long time, until I became whacked, the night rested in order to do the same on the next day from the beginning. I was allowed to speak with no one except the confessor; not at the meal in the refectory, where a young Jesuit read holy legends, nor even in the garden, where a half hour was granted relaxation to us; only the greeting is vowed Jesus Christ might be pronounced with the meeting. A day, I also found in my cell a scourge, in order to chastise me. On the second day, I must set aside a general-confession, in which explored me the father two hours over my life long. I was quite honest and told him, that I had fallen in love and wanted to marry; he congratulated me, but said that because of the marriage he wanted to give me a Christian reflection [?] day after tomorrow. His overdone devout nature one made me somewhat suspicious, but I was devout and wanted to wait, which would come there. About Friday, where we strictly fasted and I was already sore from all the bending of the knees, the father came back to me and said unctuously: the Holy Spirit has told him after his prayer that I might not marry, at least not this girl. Remained me at the beginning of not any time, to think about it, because immediately the bell rang to a new devout practice and to the sermon. The father preached about hell and [169] portrayed the miseries and tortures so horribly, that the devout listeners, approximately forty to fifty at the number, were jarred and low-knelt several things and cried. But in me, the sermon produced the opposite effect; I came back to consciousness and reason claimed her right. After the sermon, a half hour was meditation for everyone in his cell and I meditated, that the Holy Spirit, that told the father of my marriage, could have been none other than my friend Flatz, who knew my circumstances and the Millingen family and probably feared that I could be made unfaithful by my devout life. Maybe the Jesuits wanted to win me, as my countryman Franz Stecher from Nauders. He went with such an Exercise into the trap, became Jesuit, i.e. layman-brother, and must paint loud pictures from sacred obedience, whose the Jesuits always need for their many tabernacles. He even had to go to America and there paint for their churches, until he got so weary of the life that he went back to Tyrol back and died soon. In Vienna, he had gotten the emperor-prize at the academy through a picture, and he was also a talented painter, but with the Jesuits, he went completely as artists to reason. After the hell-sermon, I spared my knees; my eagerness in the devout practices reduced, I wanted to escape, but I endured up to the end. I was very happy to come back to my apartment in my castle again. From this time, I kept a total abhorrence before all overdone false piety, although I was freed by my mental bonds for a long time. [170]

Because I wanted to be more by myself now, I left my previous apartment in the Venetian palace and moved in with the sculptor Hofmann and his wife, because they had bigger quarters, two rooms for apartment and studio. Here, I painted a picture of St. Katharina carried by angels. I displayed it and sold it on the second day after the exhibition of the art-showing to an American; later it was shipped to Philadelphia, and this picture made my artist-name in Rome; I got visits from strangers and order after order soon. As the young Mister Ratisbon, a rich Jew

from Strasbourg, whose conversion-was big news then, built a church in Paris. He ordered five altarpieces for it. The high-altarpiece was the appearance of the Holy Virgin, the other four single saints: Andreas, Bonaventura, Stanislaus and Ignatius originator of the Jesuit order, all in larger-than-life figure. A Jesuit was supposed to oversee the progress of this work and came to me on occasion therefore; he started to criticize my work, in that he points out the paintings in the Jesuit church. I told him that I could not follow the baroque art-taste of the Jesuits but must use the best Christian pictures as models: "But," he said, "the Jesuits have no good taste in the art; themselves Pozzo, the famous Fresco painter, that has imagined the church San Ignatio, was under them; take back, what they have said. "No, from taking back, no speech is," I replied, and said that the church San Ignatio [171] looks like a meat-locker, where the bare thighs of the wellfed angels hang down in immense number of the blanket. As he became furious over it, I looked to calm him down him and thought: the Jesuit order has come in the time of the decay of the Christian art into the height and the Fathers considered this art as big therefore, although it provokes to the sensuality sooner than Auferbahnung; I would have all Respect before the piety of the sacred men of the decoration, but I regret, that they don't refine so far, in order to understand the Werth of a church-picture. "You understand nothing," he answered, took his hat and fully called fury under the door: "You will regret that, what you have said about the Collegium of the Jesuits."

I had not yet completed these pictures when I got new orders. Lord Shrewsbury had built a church in England and needed paintings for the tomb and church. He asked me for angels on a gold ground, which should surround a painted glass-window, two colossal angels, which guard the sacred grave, whole figures, in fact on copperplates, which the lord left come from England, to come furthermore. Also I received to paint some portraits, which was more gainful than the holy-pictures. Already I had put aside for myself a hundred Scudis and thought: now you can dare it to ask to marry Agnesina. The hot season was there, I sought some country-air and drove to Albano. Immediately after the greeting Agnesinas I took her with the hand and led her to Millingen and her mother and we [172] got engaged us before them. Agnesina could find no words, leaned against my shoulder and wept with joy and I felt, that it was the most solemn, most important hour of my life. We were accustomed both to thrift and could dare it. I was powerful, merrily and unremittingly with the work, I didn't know the borders of my strength, didn't also doubt the future and enjoyed the happy present. I spent five beautiful days in Albano again and discussed the future, our love and our luck with Agnesina. I put down the day of the wedding on the 24 October, the day of the sacred archangel Raphael solidly, probably also from love and respect for the great painter Raphael.

Since I had agreed with several painters to make a trip to Subiaco, I departed again, but heavily me also the separation was. We were six painters and rode all on donkeys. A mule carried our luggage and the leader. First we rode to Monticelli toward Tivoli, where we remained two days, then over mountain and valley with oppressive heat toward Subiaco. As we smashed a steep way over a mountain-back, the painter Chopin, a young, love-worthy Frenchman, fainted from thirst and effort. I got, since the others were far in advance, fresh water from the deep valley and gave him some food, so that he recovered again. He was so weak however, that I went beside him and had to support him. After three hours with dark night, we arrived in Subiaco. The city lies in one of the most beautiful mountain valleys of the Sabiner. Gregorvius has it in that [173] beech traveling-years in Italy (II. B.) so brilliantly described, that I refer to it. We lived with the painter Flageron, who had married a beautiful innkeeper's

daughter, very well in fact and very cheaply. There was a thunderstorm almost every afternoon unfortunately, so only the mornings could we use for trips and picturesque studies. This Subiaco is a meeting place of painters, because they find material for each branch of art here. The severely religious painter can study the church-pictures in S. Scholastica and S. Benedetto, the cradle of the Benedictines for decoration, the landscape-painter finds picturesque beautiful people, obediently and pliantly for models, the rich beautiful nature and the genre-painter. I had only one sketchbook with me and drew much from the churches and landscapes and the afternoon's models. After eight days, we rode from Subiaco up toward the old picturesque rocknest Cervaro, and from here through splendid chestnuts - and olive-forests after the Civitella highly situated again, where we found accomodations with the priest. His housekeeper offered us a mutton and a Frittata, which tasted us in the company of the talkative and inquisitive minister delightfully. Since he had only a big bed for three at most however, the camp was cast lots for. I and the French pulled the shorter lot, put us on straw and slept admirably. Early morning, I got up and looked at the splendid view of the sunrise over the small mountain town. Also here, I think of the Latin summers of Gregorovius again, the historian, painters and poets at the same time is, and [174] this country with ts history, with the manners and aspirations of the inhabitants masterfully describes. We hiked through idyllic valleys and over green heights further then; where one sits down, one can paint a picture; the biggest landscape-painters have done their studies in this incomparable nature, and Olevano was so full from painters from all countries of Europe, that we found not any accommodation and must still ride all the way to Genazzano. I would have liked to linger in these areas longer. The buildings now carry the strike of the former affluence and find in the picturesque decay that wolf has the most splendid installations and is so casual and elastically in its movements, that only draws one and would like to paint. There a group of women and half-bare children sits in the shadow under a medieval tower, there, one sees a young woman with languishing big eyes from a bow-window embellished with old columns, everything has color, buildings, people and animals unites harmoniously to pictures. If one moves into the outside on sunny heights or into the dark pleats of the mountains again, one see lift cloisters and cities like playing into the air, and the beautifully drawn, from which restricted blue of the heaven the most purely, lines of the mountains. Shortly, everything invites to drawing and times. Oh, here I must come again! called it in me, but my once grasped direction for the church art and the history, probably also the later fates didn't admit it, me the genre-compartment to dedicate, to which I had nature-friend so much inclination as geborner. Only rarely I painted a small genre-picture or a half Costumed figure. [175]

We hiked further, sometimes along the river, sometimes along the donkey trails, to Palestrina, Valmontone, Velletri and came closer to Genazzano and Ariccia that brought me to my longed-for Albano. My trip-companions drove from here to Rome and I the went up the lonesome alley between gardens and walls to the small rear garden-door of the house, where my fiancé lived. Through the keyhole, I saw Agnesina, how she was deep in thought by the garden door along the foliage-walk. When I called "Agnesina" through the keyhole, in a flash the garden door was opened and we embraced in the heavenly delight. It needed great moral strength on my part to separate after some days of blissful stay again, but my works called me to Rome again.

In the Giraud house, which Millingen had rented out, lived Don Miguel of Braganza, who lingered gladly and often in Albano, because of the autumn-hunts and also because Millingen was his doctor. As exiled king [?] from Portugal, he was always titled "majesty", also in Rome,

where he found refuge with Pope Gregory XVI and lived a withdrawn life in the Mencacci palace. Initially had come seven-umpteen people with him from Portugal; later the retinue grew on three hundred, that all wanted to live off of him. He gave what he had, but that was not enough and they left him. I had a certain reverence before this exile, and since I spent time hunting with Millingen, I got to know him well, even though he was normally a shy man, because with the hunters he became very cheerful and talkative. [176] He was a bold rider and an excellent archer. I saw him riding on a donkey, shooting a quail while trotting. His loyal valet was his body-guard at the same time and to him, it happened, that he was attacked in Rome in front of the Porta Pia once and was robbed. He returned home from a hunt, as a well-dressed man man, who pretended to be a secret police officer, demanded from him the hunting license. The hunter leaned the gun on the fence and looked for the document. During that time, the man took the gun, shot him, robbed him and threw him into the ditch. Francesco Maria could still drag himself to the street, where one brought him help; he died eight days afterward however. Also Don Miguel was once on the road from Porto d'Anzio to Albano, as he returned home with three hunters late in the evening in his wagon, when six robbers attacked. He himself has the story, as he related to me while I was doing his portrait: I sat sleepily in dark rainy night on the slouched on the side while my three companions already slept solidly in the wagon, when all at once two armed men halted the horses halted and from the street right and left shouted: "Stop, don't move, otherwise you are dead." I grabbed for my gun, which Francesco had with himself in the wagon, and saw six robbers, with their guns aimed at us and called, in the light of the lantern: "Get down, face down, and don't move". One of them held a pistol in my face. There was nothing other to do than to obey. I and my drowsy [177] companions had to crouch low and let ourselves be robbed. As I looked at the one man, he gave me a dagger-prick, that injured me only the skin in my neck, fortunately. All were masked so that they could not be recognized. With me, they found only two rolls of 50 Scudis, but they also took the watches, guns and even coats. Francesco had left fall when low-crouching his money and watch into the street-dust and so rescued them. The robbers were from Pelletri, four of it were later executed in Rome and the two others were sentenced to life in the penitentiary. Don Miguel had his old governess, Donna Francesca, whom Agnesina liked very well, with him so that they were daily together. The old good-natured lady spoke only Portuguese, but understood Italian well, and taught Agnesina in their conversations some Portuguese. She presented me to the Donna as her bridegroom and the small old woman, who rested in the armchair, seemed to be pleased very much; she took me and Agnesina by the hand, gave us the blessing and said to me Portuguese: "O mio Carlos, Agnesina è una moito boa rapariga;" "o my Carlos, Agnesina is a very good girl!" She spoke even more Portuguese to me, probably much flattering Agnesina, but I didn't understand it.

From Rome I wrote to my father of my forthcoming wedding and I asked his blessing. He immediately wrote back me and I was satisfied. But soon other letters came, that were painful to me. B.G. that had perhaps heard through Flatz about my marriage, [178] wrote me a reproachful letter from Bozen, telling me that I am now lost to art, that I will become unlucky and will encounter suffering and misery. Also my father wrote about future misery, and that I would now support him no longer. That was heart-rending to me and I immediately sent him three hundred guilders and promised him that so long as he lives, not leave him. With that, I have also succeeded, because my father lived on until another 22 years until he was 92.*

After rented another room from Hofmann in my former apartment and these areas simply, but tastefully had furnished, I drove on 22 October to my wedding to Albano. I had, as

^{* [}This is a mistake. Blaas' father was born in 1760, and lived until 1852. Blaas' wedding was in 1841].

mentioned, decided on the day, but the hour I left to my. Since she lived like her mother, and get up early, she wanted also to be wedded very early. About half past six o'clock of the morning of 24 October at the first mass of the Albano cathedral we were wedded in the presence of our witnesses, some relative and friends of the Archpriest Hieronymus Salustri. My witness was Dr. Millingen, Don Miguel offered himself as father of the bride and witness for Agnesina, which was very flattering for her. Since the morning was very rainy, we took this for a sign that our marriage would be a happy. We drove home, about 11 o'clock there was a reception and the congratulations were accepted. Now I could name Agnesina my wife; I felt utterly happily and Agnesina, that showed the joy with weeping in her eyes, [179] certainly felt the same. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon the wagon stood the car before the door of the house. Agnesina's parting was very poignant, because never had I seen such a love-filled relationship between a mother and a daughter. The trip was very short with us, because after two hours, we were already in Rome, where I introduced her to my apartment.

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VIII. Good Fortune and Happiness, 1842-1847

Our means were very limited, and we had to, since we had no kitchen, to go to Lepre or Falcone for meals. My methods allowed no luxury, and only little by little I could furnish myself more comfortably. I thought, it is better to climb from the donkey onto the horse, rather than the other way around. But later I was able to find an agreeable apartment where I lived eight years with my family. With my wife, I had the greatest fortune from the beginning; she was my single surroundings and company. For hours she lingered with her work in the studio, took interest in my art and became often more useful to me than the so-called art-critics through her healthy judgment and her right feeling. Very often I used her as model for hands and heads, also for Drapery studies she sat, but as she once through the long standing powerless became, I never took advantage of her patience again. Since my wife soon became unwell from other causes, however, I took her for a time after Albano to her mother and visited her every Saturday and [181] Sunday. I painted diligently the other days of the week at the pictures for Lord Shrewsbury, for whom I became a like a son. By him, I was introduced Prince Doria, his son-inlaw. He ordered the portrait of the young princess from me, and I felt happy to be able to paint one of the most beautiful ladies of Rome. Yes I must paint the picture twice, and then also his daughter Theresina, a blond beautiful child of four years as whole figure. Also the grandfather wanted a copy of it. By it, I acquired a reputation as good portrait painter and soon received more jobs, particularly from Englishmen. On the side I painted one *Rebecca at the well* in the moment she gave water to Eleazar. The picture, that I completed during the summer in Albano, is the property of the Jacobo Treves in Venice.

In April, I took up my new apartment in the Via Gregoriana, in the house of Canonicus Pacetti. I had four rooms here in the first floor, a spacious studio, kitchen, cellars and with it a most beautiful view of the city up to the Castel St. Angelo, the Vatican and the Monte Mario. The Monte Vinci with its beautiful paths was nearby, and over the Spanish Steps, I could descend in few minutes into the lower city. Also the studios of German and foreign artists in this area. Afterwards I went with my wife, after she had moved in with me and had brought the new apartment into order, again to Albano and painted the Rebecca diligently. How delightful were my and our walks in the surroundings of Albano toward CastelGandolfo, to Ariccia, through the shady forest to the lake, [182] on Monte Cavo and particularly to the so-called galleries, i.e. the mountain road with its meandering path. Here, there are the most wonderful tree-groups of lindens, plane trees, and German oaks and between it the very diverse commanding views over Lake Albano, with its high plateau, where once Albalonga stood and also the small town Rocca di Papa, which hangs like an eagle's nest on Monte Cavo. What a lovely reminiscence is connected for me at this heavenly nature and at that time in which I stood in the youth and vigor of the life! Now I am a widower, a man of sixty years, and while I write, in the winter 1875/76, chilled from the cold like in Nauders, and I long to return to that climate and into those times.

On 24 July 1843, my son Eugen was born. The godfather was Baron Bussiere from Strasbourg. The minister, who baptized the child, was a big and, how it seemed, raw man. The water poured out amply over the head didn't bring the child to crying, but as the minister with his giant finger stuffed the consecrated salt—too much, in fact—into the child's mouth, he started to scream this

miserably, until I took the salt out of his small mouth. The poor baby was calmed again, and we brought him to his mother, who took him into her arms. She nurtured her child and endured, so far as had also to endure her, everything with love and admiration-full patience. I was happily and contentedly in my small family and earned enough through my art, to can gratify our modest needs. Whenever my Agnesina came with [183] small Lolo to me in my studio, my heart laughed with joy. Then I discarded brushes and palette, took the strong, small fellow into my arms and hugged him so, that once he screamed and his mother again took him in her arms.

From Rome, German artists often came to visit me on occasion and to journey into the Latin Mountain. I led them to Rocca di Papa, over the Campi di Annibale, where Hannibal once had his camp, to Tusculum and Frascate and over Grotta and Marino back to Albano; or on the Monte Cavo, from here the forest path to Lake Remi and over Genzano back. I frequently had these and other parties in the company of friends with my family and Dr. Millingen and always by donkey. From Monte Cavo one enjoys from the windows of the cloister the most beautiful view. Rome lies 25 miles away in fog-mist, from which only St. Peter's Dome clearly towers like an egg; to the right in the distance is the blue mountain Mt. Coracte, to the left is the Campagna and the shining sea up to Mt. Circeo; in the distance far below lies the lakes of Albano and Remi, as in Kesseln, from steep shores surrounds and restricts most luxuriant vegetation from you.

In Albano, I painted portraits of the whole family, including my wife's relatives; but for me that of my wife was never successful. I could never unit her mental nature, the mildness and goodness of her character, with her beautiful fresh appearance. Often I painted her head, without her sitting for me and wanted to insert the expression that I saw, but I spoiled [184] the painting, the coloration, and it became just an ideal head. Too much idealization was the weak side of the so-called stricter artists, through which lazy stuff originated, and then the painter, instead of giving the characteristic of the object more, just painted from himself. Oh, on which wrong tracks my weak talent was led and was hindered by this in its instinct after thoroughness. Like many useless studies I have done and which have tormented me with the need to grab the eternally fresh source, the nature, to create and to learn, rather than myself.

The painter Karl Rahl from Vienna visited me in Albano, and he had already had his studio open in Rome for some time by then. He ate with me, and we did a walk toward Ariccia then. He was a brilliant man, a fantastic memory, a penetrating mind, and was very eloquent; and if he revealed his free fundamental attitude with his agreeable voice, he enchanted everyone, particularly the young artists. He was no drinker, but a great eater and a friend of the women. With my known severely religious artists he was regarded as a rake and a Freemason. In his painting he aimed at the Venetian school, especially Titian and Bonifacio. But he could not attain their clarity and life-freshness. At that time, in Rome he was painting a large history picture, that he named the *Triumph of the Copal-Firnisses*, since he always dipped his brush into this varnish. In Rome, he was most of the time in Koch's company while alive, even as he ran with Cornelius, who esteemed him on a level with [185] the myth-painter Riepenhausen and the landscape painter Reinhart, from whom he learned much. Then on that walk in Albano he philosophized too much and claimed that an artist might not marry. My reply was: "The artist must be a person above all else and this is his first task; he can be a happy family-father but remains an artist however; he lives for art and for the family then. His life will be much richer and worthier than that of a comfort-seeker." He replied nothing to my remark and spoke about other things. He

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didn't please my wife, but I took pleasure in his strong free sense and his robust spirit; I remained a good friend to him and liked him. Als he requested of me, I immediately wrote on his behalf to Baron Treves in Venice about a possible job. I said many good things about him, but Baron Treves had no interest then, and Rahl left Rome soon afterward.

In that summer, I painted the likenesses of the old Prince Corfini and the Prince Conti together with some head studies. At the same time I also did landscape-studies. But I must provide a roof for my family, so I had to make a living from what my brush produced, and could only spend afternoons therefore, if my daily work was accomplished, my free studies. In Genzano, a good hour from Albano, the family of Vincenzo Jacobini was very friendly with my father-in-law. My wife presented me there, and I offered myself to paint the beautiful daughters in a small work. I painted Theresina, the most beautiful, for me in life-size and in an Albanian outfit. When I displayed the picture [186] in Rome, it immediately sold me as a painter and brought in new portrait jobs. This girl had an incomprehensible patience to stand for me as a model and was so jealous of her sisters that she was always present with the session, until she got a turn again. She gave me clearly to recognize that she had fallen in love with me, and had I not been penetrated completely by love and fidelity for Agnesina, it would have been a dangerous situation. Since I agreed with my wife, to stay the night in the case of a thunderstorm with the family, so Theresina often called: "If the Holy Madonna left a proficient thunderstorm only today!" Twice this happened, she didn't leave me and in her childlike mind thought that I would transfer my affection to her. Since the family was prosperous, so married all these girls later, also the younger, that were still children then.

So October, the most agreeable month of the whole year, came. The hunts and the vintage were the occasion of many agreeable and amusing meetings, until we moved to Rome again. This time we were already four: besides my wife and young Eugen, there was a girl Loretta from Ariccia, a good loyal creature, who lived with us fifteen years. My wife took much joy in the agreeable apartment and managed it comfortably. In the eight years that we lived there, we often went to the Monte Pincio; twice annually we saw from our balcony the fireworks on the Castel Sant-Angelo and the illumination of St. Peter's dome, on Easter Monday and at St. Peter and Paul. It [187] often includes more than 4000 rockets. In this winter, I became acquainted with the young prince Salviati Borghese. When he visited me and saw the sketch of St. Elisabeth of Thuringia, he ordered a copy in a smaller size, which I I painted for him with some change of composition. Also I had to paint for him the daughters of his brother, who had lost his beautiful wife had lost through death. She was a sister of Princess Doria and daughter of Lord Shrewsbury. She was famous because of her beauty and all Rome, whose support she was, mourned her. Lady Walpole, one of the most beautiful young English ladies, came to me and let herself be painted. This portrait sent me other jobs, because a so notably beautiful a face makes the artist, if he succeeds with it, equally famous. Many Englishmen visited me, and I got orders for several portraits. I do not remember all of the names, and unfortunately did not keep notes about my work.

Portrait painting is very instructive for the artist, because he must reproduce nature in a true fashion, but at the same time give pleasing results, if the painter is intelligent and has a

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characteristic style. But the opposite can happen, and occurs frequently, if ladies, who are already middle-aged, and were never beautiful and can never become more so, want to be flattered. The painter already recognizes this in the first sitting through his conversation with the lady. If he understands it and has the will to do it, he represents her as beautiful and younger and thus becomes her friend, [188] whe she also says: "You have flattered me." But woe to the painter if he is not used to doing this! So I had the two daughters of Lord Cadogan, the admiral from England, to paint in the second or third year after my wedding. The two ladies were unmarried but past the years of their greatest beauty. That younger of them didn't paint without talent as a dilettantes in watercolor and possessed much love and understanding for the art, so that conversation was very agreeable with her. I succeeded with the portrait well; she had patience and also an agreeable expression in the face. But her sister could not close her mouth because of her big outstanding front-teeth, or do so only with great effort, which gave an extremely unpleasant and unnatural expression. With the first session, I painted her faithfully but unsparingly. But the open mouth and the teeth didn't please her, and I had to close the mouth on the picture and paint again. As her sister rightly found that unnatural, I had to open the mouth again; now I made the mouth smaller and more pleasing, so that the teeth didn't stand so forth, and she was content. Since she wanted to be represented like her sister décolleté, I painted the lean neck and the breast-bones so truly, that it looked like a skeleton from the graveyard. Because that did not please her, she came one morning into another set of clothes, and I was happy to paint her in that brown silken dress over the anatomical study. Then she wanted something changed at the neck and the and the eyes. Another day, she came in a black dress with curls and veils and said: "You see, so I please everyone, I was in [189] the Sistine Chapel to hear the Miserere." I painted her in the third dress, the curls and the veil and hoped to become ready at least, after she had put my patience to the test for weeks. I still changed much in her face; she looked beautiful, young and still similar. As she looked at the picture, she thought: "That is everything charmingly and beautifully, but look here in the light at my eyes exactly; these may only be painted with lapis lazuli, because so beautifully blue are my eyes." Now my anger began to bubble up in me, at like a boiling kettle; my patience was exhausted. I told her politely to sit once again, and I took all colors with a big brush of the palette and stroked her the face with them: "Now I am ready, come and see yourself", I told her and went away from the studio. My wife looked at like me, aware that something unpleasant must have occurred; I stayed some minutes with her and told the story. As I came into the studio back, I still met the lady before the mirror, but with an even much longer face. Now I could overcome no longer, and said to her, that she has tried my patience too much, that she has been mistaken to treat me like a miserable craftsman, and with it, I took the picture from the easel and beat it with such power on the chair, that it lay in two pieces on the ground, and left the studio again. Finally I heard the carriage pull away, and I was relieved. A hour afterward a servant brought the payment for the portrait of her sister, but from then on the English aristocracy stayed away from my studio. For it, an American painter, Mister Terry from New York, procured me other orders, [190]. I painted a man and a woman, both very attractive, in life-size of half figure portraits; and an American lady asked for a copy of the St. Catherine carried by angels, which she had seen in a sketch of mine. Also here, I installed some favorable changes.

For Christmas I drove with my family to Albano and remained ten days. Since then I in company of hunting friends went on a hunt, cheering wildly, "Caciarella!", I want to report some on it. The big wooded areas with Pratica, Ardea, by Nettuno, Astura up to the peninsula Circeo forms

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an immense hunt-precinct for deer and boars; and the most productive hunt-places were Concas, Campo morto (one free place and asylum for robbers and murderers), just like Cinque Scudi and other Mafferien, Meiereien is called there, where the Roman big-landowners hold their herds of buffalo, sheep and goats. The biggest at the Campo morto was part of St. Peter. Although huntfreedom was in the surroundings of Rome everywhere and each respectable person could get a hunt license and an arms-passport, this wild forest was inhabited by gypsies and Albanians and was too dangerous for the individual hunter. Don Miguel had learned through the Mencacci family to know this area, and his successful hunts gave the impetus to the foundation of a huntcompany of approximately 12-14 hunt-friends from Albano, Ariccia, and also from Rome. They maintained a pack of more than thirty dogs in a farmhouse between Ardea and Nettuno. I connected myself with this company went with them [191] on some hunts in for eight years, every late-autumn and winter, as long as I lived in Rome. Such a hunt-trip usually lasted 6-8 days; to Pratica, Ardea, or Ostia, we rode on donkeys or horses; to Nettuno, Astura or Conca, we drive in wagons, because the road is good. We already met 10-12 shepherds who served as drivers, because they were hunters and each cerried a gun. The Capocaccia, the leader of the hunt, was the eldest and best archer of these forest-inhabitants. Such a wild hunt almost has the same regulating like in Germany, only one neither knows in Italy a hunter outfits another special hunt-language, also the created game is healed like the hunt in the end, while it closes the owner with us. With the first hunts, only the worst place was given to me as novice, but in the second year, I already entered between the two best archers. One day, on the 15 December 1845, we broke into the open field early at six o'clock. The group went through meadows between grazing horn-livestock and then into the bush - and high-forest of oaks and pines. We must often bend down and then again go through eight stems high bush. In front the leader went with the gun on his back, an old forest-man, that has bands in his verschossenen jacket, with a yellow sharpened hat, with association-shoes and long-haired goat-furs at thighs and shoulders; he was an extremely picturesque figure. Also the other drivers were not less picturesque in their ragged official dress. As the day started then, and the sun let its golden rays fall into the clearings of this jungle, and on the old and gnarled trees and creepers [192] plants, this gave an enchanting sight. I would have gladly lingered in order to draw. The landscape-painter doesn't know this wild nature, it is also unapproachable in the summer because of the malaria. But doubly happily is the hunter, if he is a painter at the same time, because he has one sense more than other people, that for the picturesque beauty of the nature. What pictures appeared there: Here, one comes to dense creepers overgrowing a monument, to the remnants of an old bridge or street; in the bush-forest, everything is green and dense from the low undergrowth up to the oak, and there in the highforest, one steps under the high trees, whose crowns the ivy embraces and connects, as in a Gothic cathedral. To it the shifting lights and shadows, the ragged drivers and we themselves hastily and excites, often on the steep track only a behind the other. Already in the bush-forest the old man showed us the track of a boar, that soon ran right, then left into the forest; then he put the hunters from fifty to fifty moves and me on the best place, where the track was running before me now and two openings in the dense hedge showed the breakthrough of the game. Would run the forest-male called me into the ear: "in bocca al lupo", "in the pharynx of the wolf ", the congratulation of the hunter, as in Germany that "huntsman-salvation! ". the neighbors let itself look, so that everyone knows the direction, my gun was in order, and I stood under a young oak, awaiting things. After a half hour, I heard dog-bark, the shouting of the drivers and pistol shots, from the distance; the hunt had begun, then the noise moved into the distance, until [193] I barking of a single dog heard. My neighbor now explained to me, that this dog is faced with the

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boar and could corral him alone. An old dog, named Moschino, is only trained on the boars themselves, he keeps no eye on the deer, while the other dogs also hunt hares, foxes and Büssel. Our dog was an old fighter and fully carried the whole body scars of wounds, that the tusks of the boars rent him. Each hunter knew this noble animal, and if he heard its loud bark, he got himself ready to shoot. We now heard clearly, as the other dogs hurried to help, and the boar ran, until that began. He remained standing before the first hunter in the bush, because he had wind however, he turned diagonally and exactly toward my direction. I heard crashing of the branches, saw the tops of the tree itself shaking and then from the opening of the bush a gigantic skull forth shines. I shot, the boar trotted further, and as I jumped over the steep track, took another shot at him, but he had vanished. But I had hit him, because the branches were fully blood, and I broke myself a bush riper than a sign from. My neighbor to the left and applauded me, but warned me to remain standing; he and the hunter to the rights crowded through the bush, in order to cut off the boar's path, to give finish him off. One small tiny dog squeezed itself at the ground through the tight riper away, then the pack of the other dogs came howling and pounced on the boar, that had hidden himself in the dense bush and couldn't go any further. I heard a terrible yap, then a shot and soon also a signal, [194] that the instinct from is. The hunters and drivers collected themselves, ten husbands towed the brute from the thicket on the path. My shot had gone through the neck into the breast and mortally wounded him; the second had hit him in the head; seven dogs were injured, some mortally. While a man hurried into the Meierei, in order to get a hemhorse and during the instinct was continued, I remained with the killed game and drew a sketch, that I have still stored. Five boars were shot on this day, but altogether they weighed no more than my boar, that were heavy 3 ½S without guts Centner. This hunt lasted eight days. Every morning, the group wandered in another direction and shot many things. A heavy car from Büsseln brought the killed game, deer and pigs, to Albano. Although it was the week before Christmas, the weather was beautiful and warm like in April. Since we had a cook with us, a common breakfast was offered about eleven o'clock in the forest; the people, the dogs, and the game hung on the trees, once again formed a beautiful picture, and I didn't miss drawing some of it. In the evening about five o'clock, we headed toward the inn, that was still two or three hours away, but we still walked merrily. I am only a mediocre archer, because I lack the necessary silence and coolness. But I missed everything, that one likes to chatter over a compartment, in which one is least proficient, I here over the hunt so. Yes I could not resist my orange then and painted a hunt-picture, that pleased one Englishman, Mr. [195] Silvertopp, so much that I had to immediately give it to him.

My religious direction in art could not yet tolerate naturalism then, and my German friends, which were all supporters of Overbeck and Cornelius, still had so much influence on me, that my drawing board nearly foundered [?]. My pictures see detail nearby and well through formed, but because of the wrong principles in coloring they had a bad optical effect. In our circle it was considered an artistic crime to paint a picture after a model; one might probably draw after it, but only after making this drawing did one paint the picture; hence the colors became conventional and wrong, all the more so, as necessarily one uses only bad rules and those held antecedently. The Italian painters, who lived at this time in Rome, were still adherents of the academic style of the painter Camuccini² or glaring materialists. They painted any good-for-nothing with long hair as Christ, or an any unworthy woman- as Madonna. Although they colored better than the Germans, they could only make a repulsive impression on me. Also with the direction of the

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French academy, which suited Ingres under management of the excellent Directors then, I could not make friends.

In Albano, that third summer after my wedding, I painted two pictures for Baron Bussiere, a Madonna with two angels and a Visitation at the moment in which Mary looks to heaven [196] speaks the words "Magnificat..."; St. Elisabeth kneels before her, Joseph and Zacharias stands under vines. Then a second son, Julius, was born me, a tender puny child, who has become a big strong man however. In that summer, I met the watercolor-painter Michel Stohl from Vienna, whom the Austrian pensioners, the painter Karl Mayer and the sculptor Joseph Gassen, know. Stohl lived with his wife in our home and was liked because of his jokes and always cheery mood. He liked to copy modern and old pictures, also some of mine in watercolor, that he then sold. Still today is he an old dear friend. Karl Mayer was already an important talent and versatilely formed artist then. He knew all theories and methods of art, their right direction, also tried all sorts of methods; he always remained a friend of nature. He had many orders for altarpieces from Austria. Often, if the picture was half-finished, it pushed him to go outside to the beauty of nature; he came back with new ideas then, put the picture of yesterday on the side and began a new. During the ten years that he spent in Rome, he has made an immense number of quick, extremely valuable notes from nature, and watercolor sketches. He also possessed an honest noble heart, a liberal thinking and was moderate in all and unselfish. Since I was still very inexperienced and in my artistic vision was very one-sided, he had a big influence; he often preached to me that studio-sitting is useless; and that one doesn't venture into nature for painting but also to form his spirit [197]. He criticized my pictures, which I could have torn up; I followed him for a while, but found it better however, to follow my own knowledge and my own convictions. The sculptor Joseph Gasser remained more reserved; his talent and his sense of beauty however were not less, and his contact has taken on a good influence as well. We three became keen friends and have remained so until today, because Mayers and Sasser still live like I in Vienna.

Count Leon Potocki, the Russian ambassador in Naples, for whom I had already painted the portrait of his wife, invited me on his travels from Rome to Naples, in order to paint the portraits of several Russian families. With joy and great anticipation I traveled with my family in May 1847 to Naples, but Count Potocki had traveled into the Crimea, and it told to us that he will not be returning. The next outlook on activity was destroyed thereby; but the Countess Sobanska, Potocki's sister, asked me to copy the Holy Family of Raphael, which was still in the property of the Prince Terranuova then, and nowadays in the gallery of Berlin. The Prince of Terranuova, a big art-friend, allowed the copy and visited me with my work on occasion. His beautiful young wife had herself portrayed by me, and through this successful portrait, I quickly became known among the Neapolitan aristocracy. I painted more portraits, including the two younger sisters of the princess, Princess Lavello and the younger single sister, and also [198] their brother, the young Conte de Filangieri, late Duke of Cardinali. To the Baron Rothschild, I sold one costume picture from Albano, and he invited me into his villa near Castellamare, in order to paint his wife. Also I was at elegant Russian families, particularly those the Apraxin recommended, who lived during the summer over in Castellamare. I now left my delightful apartment in the Chiatamone Street, where we had the beautiful outlook on the sea, and for the first time took my family on the railroad to Castellamare. Since this was the first track in South-Italy, still much disorder prevailed. The Lazzaronis crowded along, in order to earn and, to steal, and I had to

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knock with my stick on some skulls, until I had my children and my luggage together again. We then rode on donkeys up the mountain to Quisisana, where a friend had ordered agreeable quarters in a villa. The view opened onto the sea toward Naples and Ischia, a beautiful garden was with it, the air something refreshing, because not for nothing is this hill called with the royal desire-palace "Quisisana," because here becomes one healthy. I came with only low hopes and was not disappointed. The baroness Rothschild postponed the session for different reasons and apologized, then left. Also the Apraxin had no more time to have portraits done. So I came back to Naples, where the kind princess of Lavello had the kindliness itself from me, to have another portrait done by me. Incidentally my family was probably in Castelamare; my wife used the sea resorts and learned [199] to swim well. Unfortunately she lost a precious ring, that no diving could recover. The family enjoyed the trip to Pompeii and some weeks later to beautiful sweet Sorrento. Already the trip there between the small villages, between vineyards, Myrthen shrubs and olives forests is enjoyable, very much like Sorrento, the paradise from Italy. We lived in a villa, a quarter of an hour from the city and had a view over the sea and its beautiful shores. A stairway led from the rocky slope into a grotto at the sea, that was filled with seawater and granted a refreshing splendid bath. The eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, that took place at that time, offered us an enchanting drama. Thousands of fiery rock-pieces blew up, millions small stones rose like rockets sky-high, illuminated like with light sunshine Naples, the islands and the gulf and mirrored shining Girandolen in the flood. Other rock-pieces rolled from the slope of the crater to the depth down, and the noise of the outbreak was like a prolonged thunder. If we lingered in the evening on the terrace, we could not see ourselves enough and often remained sitting until one o'clock in the night with good wine and refreshing watermelons. The family of the owners lived in a big farmhouse amid a deep orange of garden. The head of the family was a man of 76 years, big and stocky, from mild honorable look; as well his old wife, that obeyed universe. They had twelve children, almost all grown, and the eldest son was married, so that the family consisted of sixteen persons. [200] When evening came, old and young of the family gathered under the big trees arching over the house, and together with the low-hanging vines gave a really patriarchal picture. It was a splendid humanity, all blond, maybe from Norman descent and unspoiled moral dear people. I painted one study-head after the one twelve-year, beautiful, blond-haired boy, and the picturesque farmhouse with the window-dressing of girls, chickens and peacocks. Also in the city of Sorrento I painted and drew some studies. A Neapolitan painter pointed out two beauties to me particularly, a young carpenter-woman and a girl, which went after some days into the cloister. I can probably say, that I have never seen more beautiful woman's head. They had Greek figures like the antiquities, but not in cold marble but in enchanting life-freshness with languishing big eyes and noble bearing, which the forms of the beautiful oval filled. I painted the carpenter and sold the picture to a Russian count. In the total, one finds in Naples and its surroundings however much less beautiful women than in Rome; if one is beautiful however, so she is from more Greek or saracen descent and then all the more very well. Those days in Sorrento belong to the most agreeable of my life, and only unwillingly I part with the memory at it, but I have still to write more.

After three weeks, we came back to Ouisisana via Castellamare, since itself Agnesina's mother, Dr. Millingen, the young Chigi and Dr. Bessanelli from Albano [201] had announced they were coming for a visit. We travelled together to Salerno and then accompanied them to Naples, where we met two relatives of my wife, the lawyer Francesco Raimondi and his younger brother Ercole, who were two excellent, noble people. The latter became a victim of the revolution of

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1848 and has languished in prison. WhileDoctor Millingen and his company made the return trip over Gaëta and Terracina, we went across Ceprano and Monte Casino. In Valmontone, we visited the Bianchini family, that was acquainted with Agnesina, the old venerable parents, several sons, young women, grandsons and granddaughters. The boss of the house was administrator of the Colonna estates and the family Colonna lived in the castle. There were 26 persons at table; all healthy, beautifully, honestly and fully cordial to Agnesina and our children. Since there was no inn in Valmontone, the family Bianchini offered the best hospitality, as frequently one still finds in southern Italy finds, although we had to rest during the siesta. In morning on another day, at the end of October, we headed back to Albano, after I had completed some works and had participated in several hunts in the Campagna, and then on to Rome.

My first activity was the picture of a Madonna after Fra Bartolommeo in the Sciarra Gallery Sciarra, which the countess Sobanska had ordered from me. At the same time I painted a copy of the so-called "Bella di Tiziano ", which picture I sold to a Englishman. I have kept a sketch of it, and it still hangs in my room. Also I repeated the sacred family of Raphael, that I [202] had painted in Naples, for a Dane in Copenhagen. To it, several Portraits still came in the same winter, a family-picture of the children of the Austrian ambassador Count Lützow and the first family, Adam and Eva with the unequal sons, for Mister Silvertopp in England.

1Eugen von Blaas (1843-1932), who became more famous as a painter than his father.

2[Probably Vincenzo Camuccini, 1771-1844].

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