

ordinary behaviour. Rank and birth were nothing to him, and he always fought against common conventionalities. One day, when playing to a party of aristocratic people, he flew into a violent passion because some did not cease talking, and declared he "would play no more to such hogs."

Beethoven was unlike Mozart in every way. To begin with he made no public appearance of any note until he was 25, when he played at a concert given by Mozart's widow. It was not until he was nearly 30 that he produced his first Symphony, and even then the style of his later works was not fully developed. Mozart produced works of all kinds at a tremendous rate, and sometimes wrote while joining in the conversation of those around him. But Beethoven liked to roam about the countryside, note-book in hand, where he seemed as one inspired, and the ideas he received were noted down and elaborated and polished later, sometimes not until years afterwards. When he was in this condition he became much excited and would stamp about, shouting short passages that passed through his brain, would lose all count of time, and eventually come to himself to find his hair dishevelled, clothes disarranged, and his meals and engagements forgotten. Beethoven considered his art as a divine gift, and would never, even in the hour of actual want, dishonour it by writing anything less than his best to please the public or to gain money.

He worked extremely hard, especially when he realised that eventually he was to be afflicted with deafness, but he spent infinite care on the minutest details and would sometimes re-write a single passage as often as twenty times. It is strange to find a person so scrupulous about his work and yet so utterly careless about everything else. Sometimes he would forget to eat his dinner, forget to wash, forget he had engaged rooms to live in, that he had a horse which, of course, would need to be fed, his engagements, his friends—everything but his music, to which he devoted all his energies.

At first Beethoven was not entirely successful in opera,

first, because his works were too long; second, because his music was much beyond the comprehension of any but a chosen few. He would not follow the example of composers before him who were satisfied with words, however foolish, but always combined sound words with good music. He gave a new tone to church music, which had become frivolous and unworthy, and produced finer masses than any composer before him.

We cannot think of Beethoven's affliction, surely the greatest any man with his gift could be called upon to bear, without feeling the deepest admiration for the courageous manner in which he strove to rise above it. He still spent much of his time composing and reading both music and literature, but what torture he must have suffered never to hear either his own works or those of others! The end of his life was extremely sad. He had gone with his nephew, whom he had adopted and loved as his own son, to stay with a brother, but not being kindly treated, he decided to return to Vienna. It was impossible to procure a closed vehicle, and as the weather was cold, he caught a chill, which developed into inflammation of the lungs.

This was the beginning of a long and weary illness, which ended on March 26th, 1827. The funeral took place on the 29th, attended by enormous crowds of people mourning in earnest, and every possible token was given to show how much he was admired.

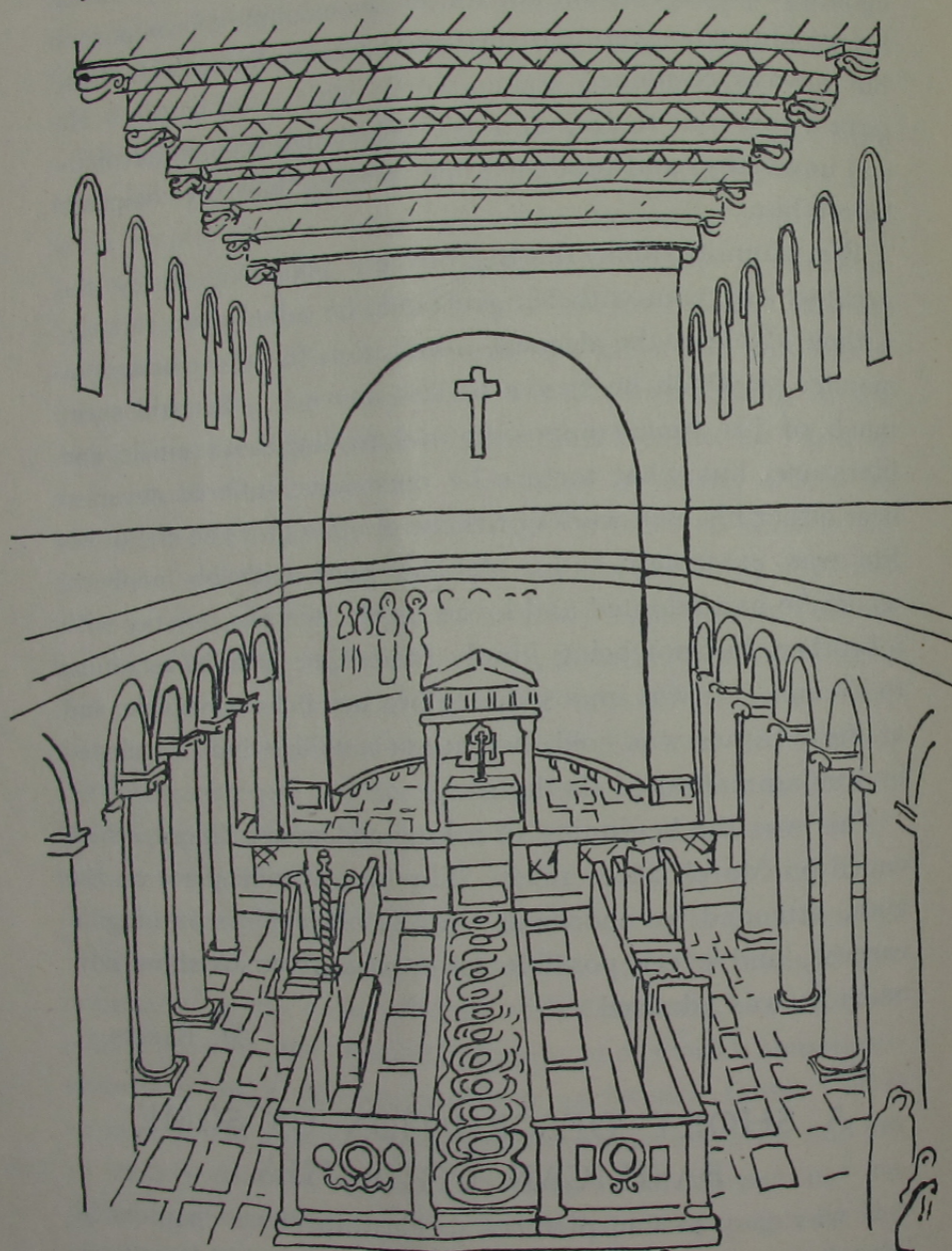
M. BAINES.

### A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF SOME BASILICAN CHURCHES.

It was easy to find pictures to illustrate those chapters in Waterhouse's "Architecture" which dealt with Egyptian, Greek, and Roman buildings, temples, tombs, etc., but I found it very difficult to procure drawings of the early Basilican churches which are mentioned in this term's work.



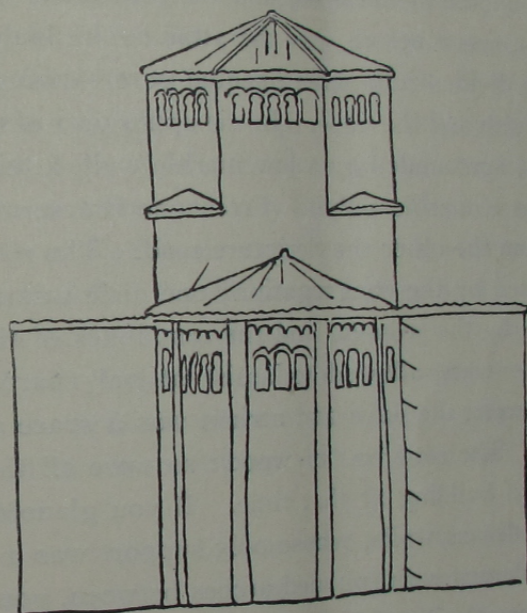
In case anyone has been less fortunate than I have, I shall try to describe some of those early places of Christian worship,



San Clemente - Rome

but my knowledge is limited to the books I have read and the pictures I have seen.

The exterior of those early churches was extremely plain. The walls were built substantially of thin bricks, neatly laid one on the top of the other with a thin layer of cement between, and not ornamented in any way. The only thing that broke the monotony of the exterior was the door and a row of narrow windows, rounded at the top, which were situated not far below the eaves, and which let in abundance of light. Later we find windows in the apse, and here the



San Teodora  
Pavia.

bricks were often arranged to give the idea of perpendicular lines running from the ground to the roof. The best way to give an idea of the interior is, I think, to take the following churches and describe them.

I have taken the Church of San Clemente first, not that it is the oldest, but because "it resembles most closely the secular Basilica—the Court of Justice and Exchange of the Romans. It is complete in all its parts, as it retains a square



atrium outside and the Basilica Hall within." That part of the building which was used by the judges and formed the Court—that is to say, the rounded recess—is called the apse, or the tribune, from its original destination. The apse, together with a small space in front, was higher than the rest of the building, and railed off by a low banister. In early times all this part was considered specially holy, and no secular person was allowed to enter it. The bishop sat on a chair in the middle of the apse, and the presbyters on either side. In the space before was the altar. The body of the Basilica was divided into three unequal parts—two aisles of different breadth and the nave. In the upper part of the nave sat the choir, surrounded by a low marble wall, at each side of which was a marble pulpit. From one the sermon was preached, from the other the Scripture read. The remaining space was used by the congregation; one aisle was used by the men, one by the women, and the remainder of the nave by those who were allowed to assist at only part of the service. Between the nave and atrium was a space allotted to penitents. The roof was of wood: so were all the roofs of this style of building at that time. If you glanced up at the high, ponderous walls, whose only support was a row of Corinthian columns with rounded arches between, you would see how impossible it would be for them to support a stone roof as well. The walls of San Clemente had no decoration, but the triumphal arch (as the arch is called at the altar end of the building from which the apse is thrown out), and the apse were covered with mosaics, as was also the floor of the whole building. The atrium was joined to the front of the building and was surrounded by an open arcade. It was used by the unbaptised, and by the poor, who were allowed to beg alms as they had done at the Temple gates.

SAN PAOLO FUORI LE MURI. A.D. 386.

St. Paul's stands at the distance of about a mile and a quarter from Rome, and marks the place to which the body of St. Paul was supposed to have been conveyed.

I have before me a picture of the interior of St. Paul's as it was before the fire of 1822, and it is by far the most magnificent of any of the Basilican churches. The first impression conveyed is that of height and length (419 feet); the next, I think, of coolness and restfulness—the result of the two long rows, at each side of the broad aisle, of Corinthian pillars of the finest and rarest marbles—Greek, Phrygian, African—which support, on rounded arches, a high wall adorned with the most beautiful mosaics, frescoes, and marbles, arranged between long, horizontal lines which run the length of the building, and bring to mind the Grecian's love of the continuous straight line. The Triumphal Arch is supported by two lofty columns of Pentalic marble, and on the wall above are some very fine mosaics of the sixth century. The walls of the tribune also are covered with mosaics, which date from 1206. The building is lighted by a row of windows under the eaves, and the roof is of wood with the dark rafters exposed; but, before 801, the beams were covered with gold panels, the brilliant effect of which is mentioned in an old hymn. The floor is covered with what appears to be squares of marble.

The doors were of bronze; they were divided into compartments and enriched with figures representing the life of St. Paul. They came from Constantinople in 1070.

SAN APOLLINARE. A.D. 545.

San Apollinare is said to have preached his first sermon at Ravenna, and was made a tutelar saint of that city. The church, built in his honour, was distinguished by the name San Apollinare ad Classe, because it was situated near what was, at that time, the port in which the fleet was accustomed to winter; but the sea has retired and the church is now three or four miles distant from the sea.

This is another very beautiful church. It does not convey the same idea of height or length, but there is the same



principle of the restful, continuous, straight line given by the row of dark marble, Corinthian columns on each side of the nave, and the broad entablature of rich mosaics borne by the arches between, and continuing the whole length of the building. The high clerestory walls above are perfectly plain except for the usual windows not far from the roof. Another band of mosaics runs along the walls of the aisles not far from the top. As usual, there is abundance of light everywhere. I must mention one innovation—in the apse are four large windows. The walls of the apse are entirely covered with mosaics. In the upper part San Apollinare stands with six quaint sheep trotting daintily along on either hand. Above him is a beautiful cross with Moses on one side and Elias on the other. Between the windows are Gabriel and Michael, and two bishops. The twelve sheep come again into the Triumphal Arch; they are emblematic of the twelve Apostles.

In many Basilican churches the chancel was approached by steps to give height to the crypt beneath. It was here that baptism took place, and as time went on the crypt often became more elaborate, until, in the eleventh century, we find in the Basilican Church of San Miniato, Florence, a magnificent crypt with many rows of pillars bearing the floor of the church above on rounded arches of stone.

I. TAYLOR.

### WATTS.

You are going to live with Watts for this term, are you not, children? That is what I have been doing for ten days, so that I might introduce him to you.

But it is not only his pictures that I want you to know and love—it is himself; and I want you to see him, as he invariably was, surrounded by little children, big boys and girls, men and women, all loving him and resting themselves in the feeling that he only saw the good that was in them—loving him so much that they never *could* call him by his own name

—the grown-ups called him "Signor," and the children had dear little names of their own.

Wrote a young French girl of him: "He was the first person who made me want to be good!" We wonder how did he make her feel like that. It was because he only saw the Christ-life in each life with whom he came in contact, and every picture he painted he painted with the desire of drawing people's thoughts up to where his own constantly dwelt—in the very presence of God; and every portrait he painted was beautiful because, when he was near, people only thought their "best thoughts," and those "best thoughts" came into their faces and upon his canvas.

He was so fond of music that sometimes he was sorry he had not chosen it for a profession; and how he loved horses you can see for yourselves by the way in which he painted them; and as to Nature—ah, listen, and I will tell you something, children.

"To those who lived as he lived, in the very presence of God, Nature and art speak and tell secrets, and comfort and soothe and make joyous." It is like the opening of a gate into a new world. And in this new world are new joys, poetry, and pictures, and music, and flowers, and trees, and animals, and even the faces and lives of our fellow-men have a new beauty to us: all is different, all brings contentment to us. I wonder if you, my children, have opened this gate.

There are five pictures by Watts for you to study this term, but I do not feel inclined to describe the colourings, etc., to you. You will see that for yourselves later in the real ones, but what I want you to do is to get into the mind and spirit of Watts, and when you are there I want you to look at them until they speak to you, and silently give you their message.

The other day I went with a friend to the National Gallery. We were there for over two hours, and we looked at four pictures; and when we were there, in front of Turner's "Norham Castle," these lines of Wordsworth came into my



mind—you know them, of course, but I just send them to you again.

“ These beauteous forms  
Through a long absence have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;  
And passing even into my purer mind  
With tranquil restoration.”

Now, as I am so anxious for you to get to know Watts himself, could you ask your parents to get out from the library the last life of him, written by his wife, and perhaps read bits out of it to you? I could tell you so much about him and his pictures, but space does not allow it. Then, if you live in London, of course you will go often this term to the Tate Gallery, and perhaps you could manage a trip to Compton, and if you live near Manchester go and see his chalk drawings which are in the gallery at the Whitworth Park, and if you have a 6d. do buy the little book “ Masterpieces of G. F. Watts,” published by Gowans and Gray.

### THE CURLEW.

What was the name of the bird whose call I heard last night about 11 o'clock? Is not that a common question asked by those who have not often roamed on the hills or through the lovely glens trodden principally by the old shepherd with crook in hand and “ warm bit plaidie ” slung over his shoulder and the “ gilly ” who heads the shooting parties during the shooting season?

The curlew is but a swift passenger through inhabited parts, for it comes to the quiet hills to nest and breed, so that, to the barren hill or by the chattering stream in some peaceful

meadow one must come to get acquainted with its pleasant though wild sound.

Curlews fly from the sight of man more almost than any bird I know. On strolling over the Galloway Hills (the “ Southern Highlands,” I might call them, though doubtless the average English person more or less unacquainted with Scottish soil imagines the hills of Scotland to extent from the Grampians northwards. In such case might I recommend them to Crockett's books, “ the Raiders,” or “ The Men of the Moss Hag,” etc.) about the breeding season, the two-syllabled call is much in evidence. The more one hears the weird wail the more fascinating it becomes. But has the bird only this “ two-syllabled whistle ” that Rev. C. A. John's book on British Birds speaks of? I have heard three.

When several birds are on the wing and flying at a considerable altitude, the last syllable is oft repeated, producing the “ weird wail.” If one happens to approach a nest when the eggs are just hatched, the note of distress is so lamentable that the greatest lover of birds and their songs, or the most curious bird hunter could surely not intrude further. The first time I heard it I was lying on the heather full length with my hat on my face to protect me from the glaring sun, and listening to the birds (for that was “ le but de ma promenade ”). The plover kept on “ pee-e-e-witting,” the oyster-catcher uttered his decidedly shrill note down by the stony banks of the Loch, the willow-wren warbled its delightful song, and a reed-warbler chimed in occasionally—but what's that yap-yapping sound as of some woodpecker? or is it a Wryneck? I got up to find it was a curlew, now coming down with a great swoop and making not a little noise with its wings, now hovering right overhead in hawk-like fashion, and practically hounding me away from my delightful haunt. Much as I wanted to see the “ wee birdies,” for many's the time I've looked for the nest with its bent rushes and heath loosely put together, but without success, away I went wend-



ing my way round by the foot of Brennan, the hill that supplied the black granite for the gluttonous mouth of "Mons Meg" at the time of her great hunger. A Scottish history says that Mons Meg burst because an Englishman was "firingher"! I wonder if an English history gives some other tale.

A. M. HENDERSON.

STUDENTS PRESENT AT ANNUAL  
MEETING ON MAY 8TH.

<i>Afternoon.</i>	O. Lowe.	M. Conder.
G. M. Bernau.	M. Lobjoit.	D. Chaplin.
A. G. Biggar.	G. Mew.	E. Denne Denne.
Mrs. Bellerby.	J. Macfarlane.	M. E. Davis.
D. Chaplin.	V. A. Parker.	M. F. Evans.
A. M. Cox.	R. A. Pennethorne.	L. Faunce.
E. L. Crowe.	Mrs. Pringle.	M. E. Franklin.
M. Conder.	E. A. Parish.	M. Gibson.
L. E. Clendinnen.	D. Rhode.	L. Gray.
G. Clendinnen.	F. L. Reid.	R. Hart.
M. E. Davis.	Mrs. Dudley Smith.	C. E. Henderson.
E. Denne Denne.	L. Stainton.	M. W. Kitching.
M. F. Evans.	H. M. Stubbs.	L. Lees.
L. Faunce.	J. R. Smith.	O. Lowe.
M. Gibson.	O. Thorp.	M. MacSheehy.
M. Glenny.	E. Thomassett.	J. Macfarlane.
L. Gray.	M. L. Wilson.	Mrs. Pringle.
Mrs. Hughes-Jones.	F. Young.	L. Stainton.
R. Hart.		H. M. Stubbs.
Mrs. Hall.	<i>Evening.</i>	T. R. Smith.
M. W. Kitching.	G. M. Bernau.	O. Thorp.
L. Lees.	A. G. Biggar.	F. W. Young.