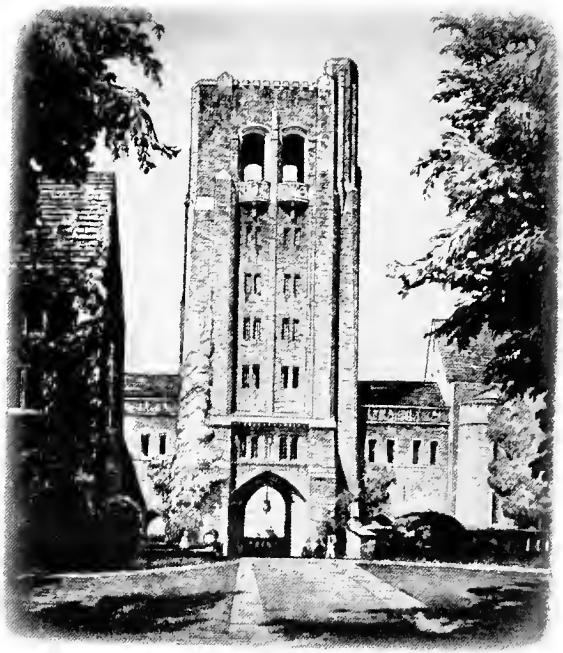

To

Mrs. Ingram Taylor
with the cordial best
wishes of the author
C. H. Sherrill

Chaplain of the "Berengaria."

A STAINED GLASS TOUR IN ITALY

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

STAINED GLASS TOURS IN FRANCE

STAINED GLASS TOURS IN ENGLAND

WINDOW OF 1560, CARTOSA IN THE VAL D'EMA.
Reputed to be by da Udine. Note how the lead lines, instead of marring the ensemble, are mostly lost in the design; also how artistically the border is broken to avoid monotony of parallel lines.

A STAINED GLASS TOUR IN ITALY

By Charles Hitchcock Sherrill

With Thirty-three Illustrations

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TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

ROQUE SAENZ PEÑA

PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

FOR MANY YEARS ARGENTINE

MINISTER TO ITALY

FOREWORD

DO you love a glowing sunset? Of course you do—and why? Is it not because the charm that reaches out to you from its mass of colour is shot through with light? That same charm, produced by the same blending of light with colour, lies imprisoned in windows of stained glass, and best in those which have come down to us from the Middle Ages, mellowed by the centuries through which their rich beauty has been preserved. If you will come with us to see the old windows of Italy we will take you up and down the land, and to most of the famous cities of that historical peninsula. You shall visit impregnable hill-towns, great cities built upon the plain, Venice, Queen of the Adriatic, and Rome, the Immortal. We shall often wander from the beaten track, indeed we shall deliberately seek to withdraw ourselves as much as we may into the far-away Middle Ages, hoping thus to obtain a living sense of

the time and the surroundings of the men who made these wonderful windows. We shall consort with statesmen, monks, warriors, jurists, despots, diplomats, artists—all sorts and conditions of mediæval manhood. The Italy that we shall see will not be the Italy of most tourists, for our vision of it will be softened and warmed by the many hues of its glorious glass.

CHARLES HITCHCOCK SHERRILL

20, East 65th Street
New York City
December 1st, 1912

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INTRODUCTION

ALTHOUGH our tour will not take us outside the Italian peninsula it is an open question whether it will be confined to one country. And why not, say you?—because we purpose, so far as possible, to transport ourselves back into a time when each city of Italy was a separate fatherland, when to the Florentine the German was no more of a foreigner than the Roman, when the Pisan fought the Florentine with the same patriotism and fervour that he fought the Turk. Even to this day many are the traces that survive of these almost national differences between city and city. Consider how unlike they are one to another, especially in their sites; what could differ more widely than high-perched towns like Perugia and Orvieto, remote

each upon its rocky eminence, and Lucca and Pisa on their flat plains nestling for protection, the former within her earthworks and the latter her machicolated walls. Compare Florence comfortably ensconced within encircling hills, with Arezzo and Assisi straggling up steep slopes. What two countries in the world can show such a contrast as exists between Venice in its lagoons and Rome on her seven hills? Let us sally forth, therefore, not with a mind to visit happily united and strongly patriotic Italy, but on a tour among many strangely differing Italian fatherlands. Let us abandon the century in which we live, and journey back into the times when artistic creation of unparalleled brilliance, and life of keenest vitality were at fever pitch. Although stained glass, the main incentive for our wanderings, is a beauty whose chief characteristic is calm splendour, nevertheless that same calm splendour came into being in turbulent times. Perhaps its very beauty is due to the fact that in those ringing days the blood of all ran high, and urged to utmost endeavour the artist as well as the warrior and statesman.

Many of those who decide to join us in our

stained glass pilgrimage will prefer to travel by rail between the cities which they select as centres. These pilgrims will be glad to learn that motors can be hired in every town of any importance, and at reasonable rates. To those who elect to desert the railway in favour of the high-road, we have to say that, on the whole, Italian roads are good. The marked exceptions are in the immediate neighbourhood of the larger cities, where repairs seem never able to keep up with the ravages of heavy market carts. But this is true of the environs of cities everywhere, except those of London, whose blissfully smooth exits are beloved of all motorists. In Italy you will not encounter the straight "routes nationales" of France, disdainful of grade in their devotion to "the shortest line between two given points." Neither will you find the frequent windings which in England incline one to surmise that the roads must be put up in papers o'nights, else the dampness of the climate would take out their superabundance of curl. Speaking broadly, the Italian roads are neither so good as the English (which, by the way, are constantly improving), nor so bad as the French ones are rapidly becoming.

A Stained Glass Tour in Italy

In the author's books of French and English glass ("Stained Glass Tours in France," "Stained Glass Tours in England"), one or more tours were marked out for each epoch, but in Italy we will not attempt that. The examples are not sufficiently numerous, so we have only the geographical convenience of the pilgrim to consult. He will be led from Rome on the south up through all the varied beauties of the hill towns of Umbria, the cities of Tuscany and the Lombard plain, as far north as Venice and Milan. He will see the best of Italy, which means that his memory will be stored with a series of artistic memories, which will rejoice him long after his glass hunting days in Italy have come to an end.

Let us point out that they who go glass hunting do not have to depend on fine weather. Indeed, we may honestly claim that ours is a rainy day sport! Glass is best seen when clouds obscure the sun, for it is then that you get an even light all round a church, and do not run the risk of having some good window spoiled for you by a blaze of light coming through it, making its colours look thin and paltry. So a fig for the weather! and off we start.

Introduction

A brief but comprehensive comment upon Italian glass can be made in two sentences: first, that it began later and finished earlier than in most European countries; and second, that it never yielded itself to the craze for the stiff conventions and light-admitting possibilities of the so-called "canopy glass" which throughout the rest of Europe ran to such an extreme, and was so long popular. What is meant by canopy glass will be presently explained in as untechnical a manner as possible. It is the purpose of this book to persuade its readers to see and therefore to enjoy the beauty of stained glass, and not to oppress them with the technique of its construction.

"Mosaic" glass.

The earliest sort of stained glass which we shall observe is of a kind known all over Europe, and generally called "mosaic," because the designs are similar to those used in all early mosaics, and because it too was constructed by putting together small fragments of coloured glass. It is only fair to make special mention of these early windows because our craft was really an offshoot from mosaic making; instead of affixing to the wall a mosaic picture the new craft purposed so placing it in a window embrasure that the light

could shine through it, and thereby double the value of the colour. We cannot lay too much stress upon this last idea. After all possible has been said about the design of a window, its success, in the last analysis, depends almost exclusively on its colour value. Nor must it be forgotten that this is the only one of the arts from which we receive not only the enjoyment which colour can afford, but also the added pleasure of light streaming through it. Together, they yield a glowing harmony, each glorifying the other.

In the early days of stained glass there also existed a contemporary practice of filling an embrasure with some such translucent substance as alabaster. Of this other form of glazing we shall see several examples during our travels, and shall learn to love the mysterious shifting of soft tints, so especially delightful at San Miniato and Orvieto.

Alabaster windows.

Let us put ourselves in the place of a very early stained glass maker. Granted that the mosaicist provided him with the design for his picture to be

composed of bits of coloured glass, how was he going to support in his window frame something which had hitherto been fastened to the wall? Some device must be invented to bind these bits of glass together. In some cases a form of stucco was used, but to hold the panes securely the stucco lines had to be too wide, so the glazier hit upon using strips of lead with long slender channels cut in each side. These could be wound around between the bits of glass as demanded by the design, and the edges of the glass would fit into the slits on each side of the lead. The lead lines did not injure the picture, but on the contrary, assisted the drawing by providing the outlines, etc. The leaden strips were easy to handle, held the glass securely, and so helped in the design that they were more or less lost to view in the picture. Nothing could have been better. The finished product was lifted from the flat board on which the bits of glass had been assembled and leaded together; it was fastened into the window embrasure, and there was the early stained glass window! In its primitive charm it yielded a beauty which many believe was never afterwards surpassed, even during the epoch of the utmost refinement of the craft. Fortunately, it was

not necessary specially to educate window designers, for so wide-spread was the art of mosaic and therefore so numerous were the artists engaged in its manufacture that by borrowing designers of them, stained glass was in its very beginnings as fully equipped as was Minerva when she sprang from the forehead of Jove. This explains why in even the earliest windows the art seems well advanced and far from crude. Because designers already existed in plenty, eager to lend their gifts to this new beauty, stained glass spread rapidly. The art of mosaic making came into Italy and Europe from the east, and its early designs naturally are of the rigid Byzantine type. This same eastern influence evidences itself in all the early windows, and affords proof—if proof be necessary—that the master of mosaic welcomed this additional field for the expression of his artistic spirit.

Mosaicists became glaziers.

It is the custom not only to call this early type mosaic, but also to speak of its windows as "mosaic medallions";—a glance at them makes obvious the reason for this name. Their general effect is that of a series of medallion-like enclosures breaking up the whole surface

"Mosaic medallion" glass.

into little framed scenes, and thus preventing what might otherwise be a monotonous array of diminutive persons. In Italy, the shapes of the medallion frames are more varied and fantastic than the sedate circles, ovals, and squares, so customary in France and England. The diminutive denizens of these medallion frames are generally depicted in such quaint detail as to repay close examination. They reveal that the artist was painstaking, and did not spare time or trouble in completing his picture, for the winding in and about of his slender leaden strips was very laborious. As is frequently the case in art, this very labour had its reward, for it is undeniable that the greater the care shown by the glazier in drawing his figures with lead lines, the more effective the completed picture. The later the glass the less was the attention paid to this fact. In most late Renaissance windows the lead lines were allowed to run about at random, thus becoming a blemish instead of being lost in the beauty to which they should have contributed.

Mosaic style abandoned.

It is clear that the larger the pieces of glass used in composing the picture the less of this laborious lead winding would be required, and for this reason the glazier gradually developed

away from the use of small glass morsels, learned by him from the mosaicist. This abandonment of the mosaic patterns opened the field to other designers who were not schooled in the limitations of those designs, but knew better than the mosaicists how to paint in broad colours. The Italian painters were quick to avail themselves of this new medium of expression, and from this time on Italy can boast that her greatest artists helped to advance our craft by preparing for the glazier his designs, or, as they were generally called, "cartoons." Far oftener in Italy than elsewhere did the leading painters thus lend their genius to stained glass, while in the northern countries the glazier tended to monopolise his craft by designing as well as constructing his windows. Nor is it at all surprising that the Italian painters succeeded as glass designers, for they possessed, perhaps to a greater extent than any men of any other time, a versatility which knew no bounds. They peculiarly exemplified Huneker's definition—"versatility is seldom given its real name, which is protracted labour." None of them seemed satisfied to be a specialist, but strove for equal honours in painting, sculpture, architecture, and

Italian versatility.

every other manifestation of artistic talent. In Florence many of the splendid windows of the cathedral owe their beauty to men who had also attained distinction in other arts, like Lorenzo Ghiberti, Donatello, etc. In our travels, we shall encounter Michael Angelo as a designer of windows as well as a painter, architect, warrior, and sculptor. Lorenzo Ghiberti was not content to be one of the architects of the Florentine Duomo, but also contributed much of her stained glass, and had already won immortal fame at eighteen with his bronze doors of the Baptistery opposite. When Leonardo da Vinci was seeking to enter the service of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, he wrote a letter in which he urged his case on the ground that he was not only a painter and sculptor but also an architect and a military, as well as a hydraulic, engineer !—we also know that he won wide praise for his success in organizing state pageants, and drew what is probably the earliest plan for an aeroplane.

So much for the period known as "mosaic medallion." It began later in Italy than in the north, but it also lasted longer. We shall first see it at Assisi, dating from the end of the 13th century, nearly two hundred years later than it is to be found in France and England, and when, in these two countries, its vogue was waning. On the other hand, in Italy the mosaic medallions persisted until the third quarter of the 14th century, for the windows at the Lower Church of Assisi and in the Cathedrals at Orvieto and Siena date from about 1370. This is much later than they continued in France and England, where they had long given place to the craze for canopy windows.

"Canopy" windows.

This brings us to the next step in the development of windows and at the same time to the parting of the ways between Italian glass and that of all other European countries. In the north, the so-called canopy window had begun a sway which was to last nearly two centuries, but not so in Italy. A canopy window is one in which a coloured figure or group appears installed within a more or less elaborate shrine or niche, which latter is always (out of Italy) glazed in lightly tinted panes showing little or no colour.

It may be laid down as a general rule that the Italian never really accepted the light-tinted, conventional canopy of the north. But it is also true that about his figures he often placed a bit of architectural detail, though with him this architecture was as rich in colour as the garments of his saint. Thus in Italy, the canopy is part of the picture, and does not degenerate into a mere frame as it did in the north. Now there was a reason for this difference, to understand which let us first consider what happened in northern Europe. The early mosaic windows required in their construction such a multiplicity of lead lines, and their glass was of such deep hues, that together they greatly diminished the light of the interiors. In some places, as at Amiens and Chartres, the monks deliberately knocked out enough of the coloured glass to admit sufficient light to enable them to read the music of the Mass. This need for light was brought home to the glazier, and he solved the problem in an ingenious manner. Even on the earliest windows there sometimes appeared small yellow tabernacles enclosing the figures, and he began his campaign for more illumination by enlarging the space allotted

Problem of illumination.

to these tabernacles which he glazed in delicate tints. Although this expedient proved successful, he carried his success to an extreme. Lucky chance aided him, for early in the 14th century it was accidentally discovered that if a solution of silver were dropped or smeared on white glass and then exposed to the fire it produced a permanent golden stain on the surface. This greatly facilitated the construction of canopies about the figures, because it was no longer necessary to lead together bits of yellow glass to represent architecture, for yellow could be stained on white panes wherever desired. To such an extreme was this style carried that in some French windows fully four-fifths of the whole surface is given over to canopy framing and only one-fifth left to the saint, located in the midst of all this shimmering magnificence. In the cloudy northern lands this freer admission of light was expedient and valuable, but in sunny Italy it was not necessary. No demands were made upon the Italian glazier for more light, and perhaps for this reason, if for no other, he never went canopy mad. A few of these light-admitting sentry boxes are to be seen in Italy, but only a few, and they are confined to the closing

Few light-admitting canopies in Italy.

years of the 14th century. In northern Europe the simulated architecture of these shrine-like enclosures was of course Gothic during the Gothic period, but changed to Classical when the Renaissance won over the architect to the re-contemplation and copying of early Greek and Latin edifices. It is only fair to admit on behalf of the northerner that not being blessed with the constant Italian sunshine, he needed this light-admitting device so that his interiors should not be too much obscured by the coloured windows. When, in 1632, Henry Sherfield, the Recorder of Salisbury, destroyed the Creation window in St. Edmund's Church, he alleged as his reason for so doing that it was "very darksome whereby such as sit near the same cannot read in their books." It is satisfactory to record that he was imprisoned, fined £500, and made to apologise to the Bishop of Salisbury! Before leaving this subject of church illumination, we may remark that during the mosaic period there was a marked difference between the French preference for coloured glass and the more frequent use in cloudy England of uncoloured pattern windows called "grisaille." Italian churches demanded less light than French ones, but England needed even more

light than France, and therefore the English glazier intelligently or intuitively (who shall say which?) inclined as much to grisaille as did the Italian to rich colour.

There is another convincing explanation for the rich hues of the Italian canopies' architecture. To eyes accustomed to the dull grey stone of northern cathedrals there comes as a surprise the kaleidoscope of coloured marbles to be seen throughout Italy, and especially in Florence, Orvieto, and Siena;—what is more natural than that the glazier should reproduce their warm tones in the edifices depicted on his windows? But whatever be the reason, the result is undeniably delightful. Certain examples in Bologna, Lucca, and Florence must be seen to enable one to realize the deep, rich brilliancy of the canopy as developed under Italian skies by men quick to grasp the possibilities of the medium in which they were working. We will remember therefore that the Gothic canopy of yellow and grey appeared but briefly in Italy, and was then squeezed in between a late lingering survival of the mosaic medallion, and an early appearance of a long-persisting classical canopy done, not in yellow stain, but in rich

Rich colour of Italian canopies.

pot-metal colour. So justly successful in popular esteem was this strong-toned canopy that it lasted all through the 15th century, and practically concluded the course of the Italian spirit in glass.

We say "Italian spirit," for the last period of glass making in the peninsula was but a brief revival at the beginning of the 16th century effected by the transplanted Frenchman, William de Marcillat and his school, and thus received its impetus rather from without than from within. Although he learned his rich colouring in Italy, his style was undoubtedly French. It must, however, be admitted that nothing so fine in Renaissance glass is to be seen out of Italy as William's windows at Arezzo. Now let us consider this ultimate stage of the evolution of our art, when the glazier frankly becomes secondary to the painter, which development in Italy took place during the first years of the 16th century. His embrasures have gradually become wider, and are now filled with broad pictures made up of

16th century glass.

larger pieces of glass than were formerly used. Perspective begins to appear and at once enhances the general effect. Nor does the artist now hesitate to paint his picture on these larger pieces, rather than have it made up for him of different bits of glass already coloured and assembled in accordance with his designs. This painting, or rather enamelling, was effected by disposing colour on white glass which when fired retained the tones and tints thus lent it. Sometimes this method proved unfortunate; at Bologna we shall see some windows whose effect has been seriously damaged by the peeling off of portions of the enamelled colour.

Colouring methods.

This reference to the changed method of colouring that came into vogue in Italy with the arrival of the 16th century will perhaps excuse a modest infraction of our rule to avoid technicalities. Let us explain in a few words the successive manners by which the glazier imparted colour to his glass. In the earliest days dye was put into the pot in which

the liquid glass was being made, and the product was called "pot-metal" glass; it was obviously coloured all through its mass. "Pot-metal colour."

The surface of the windows were not as yet obscured by paint, and it is to this fact that they owe their delightful brilliancy. The use of a little pigment was permitted to delineate the faces, and sometimes to mark the folds of garments, etc. Another reason for the brilliancy of pot-metal windows is the uneven diffusion of the colouring matter throughout each piece of glass so treated. This made impossible the dull even tone which so often mars modern work. The early glazier was keenly alive to the value of this unevenness of tint, and availed himself of it both in his shading and to strengthen his masses. One of the great charms of Italian glass is that it clung to the use of pot-metal colouring much longer than was the fashion elsewhere in Europe. There was thus prolonged in it the life of the rich, deep tone, undimmed by surface daubing, which, although it assisted the designer, robbed the glazier of his richest effects. Several coats of colour.

Before leaving pot-metal colouring it is interesting to note a device by means of which

the glazier learned to enrich his palette. Suppose he wanted a warm purple, he first dipped his blow-pipe into red pot-metal fluid, and next into blue. When the bubble was blown, cut, and flattened out, the glass would prove to be blue on one side and red on the other, but held up to the light, the combination would yield the desired purple. In the same manner blue and yellow gave a fine green, red and yellow a deep orange, etc. To such an extent was this re-dipping carried that in France there are to be seen examples with as many as five different layers. This, of course, was still within the province of pot-metal colouring. Now for something new. We have already mentioned that in the early part of the 14th century it was accidentally discovered that if oxide of silver were dropped on glass it would, when fired, give a rich, gold tint called "stain." This at once sprang into great favour, and was useful for tinting the hair of angels, decorating garments, etc., and particularly assisted the development of the canopy. It was a great convenience to be able to stain any desired portion of the piece of glass instead of having

Yellow stain.

laboriously to lead in some yellow glass at that particular point. We shall observe this yellow stain much used in Italian borders. The honour of discovering this stain is claimed for many glaziers, and although the Italians stoutly insisted that its discoverer was St. James of Ulm, so long a resident at Bologna, it is undoubtedly true that it was in use fully a century before he was born. No matter who deserves the glory of this useful discovery, it had a marked effect on the development of the craft, because it made easy many of its details. Even art is sometimes guilty of proceeding in the line of least resistance!

The last manner of colouring glass was that of enamelling the surface, to which process we have already referred. When this was carefully done, it undoubtedly produced pleasing effects, but unfortunately it was too often employed carelessly; so much so that frequently one has cause to regret that enamelling ever came into vogue at all.

Enamelling colour on glass.

To recapitulate, the story of how glass was coloured begins with pot-metal dyes, and goes on to the re-dipping of the same, then to the

painting on the surface of pot-metal glass, and closes with enamelling of the surface. Fortunately for Italy the earliest and best method persisted long and died hard.

Purposely, we have not, up to this point, attempted to divide Italian glass into periods or epochs. This division into periods is one which must be effected very differently in the different countries of Europe, for glass not only developed by diverging paths, but also at different moments in the lives of the nations. In England, it is usual to subdivide it under the headings generally employed for English architecture, viz. :—Early English, Decorated, Perpendicular, and lastly Renaissance or 16th century. German glass derived its epochs from the differing styles of the design—Romanesque, Geometric, Interpenetrated, and Renaissance (16th century). In France, it happens that the epochs are so nearly co-extensive with the centuries that it is more convenient to call their examples 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th century windows. In Italy also we shall be able to

Division into periods.

employ the same subdivision by centuries, but it will only be necessary to provide for three epochs, naming them respectively after the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries. We must be careful to notice that in Italy the two periods called 14th century and 15th century, show a very different product from the same subdivisions in France. Italian glass began later than French, ripened much faster, and finished earlier. The Italian 14th century glass will be found to be almost exclusively of the mosaic medallion type, similar to that which flourished in France up to about the middle of the 13th century. This comparison at once shows how much later was the Italian than the French development of the craft. Italian 15th century glass is quite different from anything produced at any time in France. Instead of the light-tinted canopy windows that, in France, flourished throughout both the 14th and 15th centuries, we have in Italy, during the 15th century, a vigorous and long-continued old age of rich pot-metal glass, sometimes employed in storied windows of many figures, but chiefly in single figure subjects whose architectural background, although frequently in the form of a Renaissance

Comparison by countries.

canopy, is always composed of such deep tones as to be part of the picture itself instead of merely a frame thereof. We shall find this Renaissance architecture firmly established in Italy early in the 15th century, although it did not reach France until the 16th. We must not forget that the Renaissance originated in Italy and thence spread into Europe, being carried into France by the art trophies taken thither by the soldiers of Louis XII and Francis I. This means that a window which in France would be unhesitatingly dated 16th century, because of its Classical or Renaissance design, would in an Italian church undoubtedly be of the 15th Century. So rapid was this development in Italy that the change from Gothic to Renaissance was effected much more quickly than further north, while for some time they existed side by side. In the predella below one of Benozzo Gozzoli's pictures in the Vatican Gallery, one scene shows a Gothic interior, and another a purely Classical one. By the end of the 15th century, Italian glass had shot its bolt. Indeed, when Pope Julius II wished to glaze the windows of the Vatican and certain Roman churches, he had to send to France for glaziers.

Renaissance began in Italy.

The genius of William de Marcillat, one of those who came in obedience to the papal summons, caused the ashes of Italian glass-making to glow, but even he could not rekindle it into the glorious fire of the previous century. William and his school may be described as the splendid sunset of Italian glazing.

So runs the tale of Italian glass—a late beginning and prolonged existence of mosaic glass, a brief appearance but never a vogue of yellow Gothic canopies, followed by a long and happy reign of the Classical canopy, done in such rich pot-metal colours as to incorporate it in the picture instead of isolating it as a frame. Then seemingly comes the end of all things in glass, when lo ! William de Marcillat and his men snatch up the fallen torch, but, although it burns brightly in their hands, it is soon extinguished.

And now to consider where we shall see the windows of the three great Italian periods. Mosaic medallion glass begins at Assisi during the closing years of the 13th century and is best studied at

that place. It lasted until the third quarter of the 14th century, and its concluding glories (of about 1370) are to be seen not only at Assisi but also at Orvieto and Siena. At that time, by way of concluding the 14th century, there appeared a few examples of canopy windows done in the manner of northern Europe, but so few are they that they do not deserve to be dignified by giving their name to an epoch. These intrusions of a northern style are exemplified in the nave of the Duomo at Florence, in San Petronio at Bologna, and at the Certosa in the Val d'Ema. The 15th century produced windows of two varieties, those which told stories, and those of the pot-metal canopies. The Storied Windows are to be seen chiefly at Milan and Pisa, although there are also examples in Florence, Venice, etc. The pot-metal canopy can best be studied in Florence, Bologna and Lucca. Lastly, we come to the 16th century windows, the work of William de Marcillat and his school ; these begin with him, and end with the work of his favourite pupil, Pastorino, whose masterpiece is in the cathedral at Siena. These 16th century windows are best at Arezzo,

Where-abouts of Italian glass.

but can also be enjoyed in Rome, Perugia, Siena, and Milan.

Now for a word about some unique and purely Italian manifestations of our craft. We have already mentioned one of them when we told how the Italian preferred to make his canopies rich with pot-metal tones instead of obsequiously adopting the pale, light-admitting canopies of his northern neighbours. This produced at once a marked contrast between northern and southern windows, as all who have seen them will testify.

Peculiarities of Italian glass.

Even more special is his acceptance and treatment of round embrasures. In the north we saw and admired the development of the rose window and the wheel window, and could not fail to observe that in them the architect and the glazier always worked hand in hand, the former providing the traceries or spokes, and the latter filling the open spaces between them. In Italy the glazier had the round aperture all to himself. He seemed actually to prefer it left a simple bull's eye, so that he might fill it with one great picture. In Italian it is

commonly called an "occhio" or "eye." Sometimes, as in the cathedral at Florence, the architect has provided the stone spokes so usual in the north, but has set them so far out from the surface of the glass that they are not noticeable from the interior. Thus they help to decorate the exterior of the building without intruding upon the surface of the glass picture viewed from within. In Florence alone there are thirteen of these splendid blossoms of Italian glazing. They are generally to be found high up in the western front of churches. There are also a number of instances, notably at Bologna, of small bull's eye windows used to light chapels, etc. The Italian occhio is a charming manifestation, unfortunately rare in other countries, and yet from the standpoint of both the architect and the glazier so simple and graceful that one comes to wonder that it was not adopted elsewhere.

Another method of admitting the light while keeping out the weather was that of using translucent slabs of different hued alabaster. This was fairly common in Italy, but is almost never seen elsewhere. The peculiar charm of these windows is due to the way in which their colour shifts and changes with the varying light.

TYPICAL OCCHIO, OR EYE WINDOW

Designed by Paolo Uccello. One of a series of seven below the dome of Florence Cathedral. Note the absence of stone spokes or rose traceries usual in northern Europe. The Italians showed peculiar skill in adjusting their groups to a circular space. *(See page 80)*

Italian glass is fortunate in the simplicity that generally characterizes its designs. It rejoices in a "happy emptiness"—to borrow a felicitous phrase anent Giotto from Bernard Berenson, deft with his English as any of his beloved painters with their brushes. Simple also are the shapes of Italian embrasures, but this time simplicity does not evoke our approval, for we cannot help thinking with wistful longing of the elaborate stone traceries and pleasing groups of lancets so familiar to us in northern Europe.

After seeing many Italian windows it suddenly strikes the observer that almost none of them bear the images of their donors, a regular practice elsewhere in Europe, which in France during the 16th century became almost obnoxious, so conspicuous were the kneeling figures of the generous individuals. Indeed, in some instances, as at Brou or at Montmorency, it is difficult to conclude which is the more important, the donor or the religious subject of the window! No explanation is offered for this modesty on the part of the patrons of Italian glass. All we have to do is to record the fact, and that too with a sigh of relief.

Another peculiarity of the craft in Italy is the

almost entire absence of that type of uncoloured but patterned windows so common elsewhere, and generally called "grisaille." There is a little of this to be seen in the upper church at Assisi, but that is about all. The reason for this absence of grisaille is not far to seek—the problem of sufficient illumination never plagued the glazier of sunny Italy, and as he had no need for the light-admitting grisaille, he left it to his brothers in the cloudy northlands, and went happily on revelling in his gorgeous pot-metal dyes.

Destruction of glass.

In view of the high standard reached by Italian glass, and its undoubted popularity, it seems inexplicable at first blush, that there is not more of it to be seen to-day. The first explanation that occurs to one is that great quantities must have fallen victim to the stress of war and time. Ample encouragement is found for this theory when we read of the ravages of artillery salvos at Bologna, or of the seizure of the lead from Roman windows to manufacture bullets, or of the varied onslaughts suffered at Assisi from such

widely differing destructive agencies as earthquakes and stone-throwing neighbours. But a further investigation of how much harm was thus actually done reveals that, although the destruction at Rome was undoubtedly wholesale, both at Bologna and Assisi, thanks to a system of constant repairing, we have been deprived of only a surprisingly small proportion of the original total. No, in the matter of destroyed windows, Italy has suffered far less than the rest of Europe. War has seemed reverently to avoid the fragile beauty of her windows, and she has never been afflicted with those periods of boorish indifference to, or ignorance of matters artistic, which from time to time did such irreparable damage north of the Alps. The real reason for the comparative paucity of stained glass in Italy is the greater interest there displayed in painting church interiors in fresco. Coloured glass, by reducing the amount of light, tended to obscure the sacred stories pictured on the walls, and as Italy is par excellence the home of fresco painting, stained glass was never so widely used there as in countries where the walls were decorated less with colour than with sculpture.

If any of our readers care to go more deeply

into the technicalities of window construction, we would recommend Lewis Day's "Windows of Stained Glass," as the best book in English, and "Vitraux," by Olivier Merson, as the best in French. We trust that the reader has survived our brief lecture upon the subject, and we faithfully promise to abstain from technicalities in the remaining pages of this book.

ITINERARY

SETTING forth from Rome we shall first proceed northerly over the rolling campagna and into the hills 140 kilometres to Orvieto, and from thence branch off in a north-easterly direction, 160 kilometres to Perugia. This lofty town should be made the centre from which to visit Assisi, 46 kilometres to the east, because the latter place does not possess a first-class hostelry. From Perugia we start north-west up the Umbrian plain, stopping after 120 kilometres at steep Cortona, then going on in a more northerly direction 54 kilometres to Arezzo. If we are in a leisurely mood an agreeable side trip may be taken from Cortona by visiting Monte San Savino, 25 kilometres to the west, then 7 kilometres south to Lucignano, and lastly back 20 kilometres to Cortona. Siécina may also be visited, lying about 10 kilometres north-west from Arezzo. From Arezzo we drop down into the valley of the Arno,

and follow the curve of this river 87 kilometres north-west to Florence. This city will be our headquarters for visiting San Miniato (one of its suburbs), the Certosa in the Val d'Ema, 5 kilometres distant, and Prato, 19 kilometres to the north-west. Leaving Florence we sweep off to the west 77 kilometres to Lucca, then down 22 kilometres to Pisa, and next 100 kilometres to Siena, lying south-east. From Siena one can go 85 kilometres south to Grosetto, but this trip is only mentioned and not advised. Siena lies 67 kilometres south of Florence and to go from Siena to Bologna (170 kilometres) we must pass through Florence on the way. This fact may influence some automobilists to retain Florence as a headquarters for visiting Lucca, Pisa, and Siena. If this be done it is possible to see the glass of Lucca and Pisa in one day, although it will make a round trip of 182 kilometres, and one's view of both Lucca and Pisa will perforce be unfortunately curtailed. Siena is 67 kilometres from Florence, and from Florence on to Bologna is 103 kilometres. After visiting Bologna one can either go north-east, 165 kilometres to Venice and thence west 214 kilometres to Milan, or Milan can be visited first

and Venice reserved for the last. From Milan the Certosa of Pavia is distant 30 kilometres south, and Saronno, 25 kilometres to the north-west.

At the back of this book will be found an index of towns showing the epochs of their windows.

ROME

THE most impressive and inspiring spectacle that has come down to us out of history is the Roman Forum. In it there stood the Golden Milestone from which were measured distances upon all the roads that led from this central point out to the boundaries of the Empire, which is but another way of saying—to the confines of the then known world. Since "all roads lead to Rome," there is no more obvious point at which to give tryst to our stained glass pilgrims, and it is in Rome therefore that we will await the assembling of our company. They will be sworn to see, and thus brought to love the glass we shall show them, but at the same time all shall be free, nay, encouraged, to drink deep draughts of those other artistic delights which this fascinating land of Italy offers to those who wander through it. The shimmering beauty of our windows shall be as a string of pearls

for each traveller, but he may, at his pleasure, hang upon it as pendants such other jewelled memories as his fancy seizes during our travels. Certain it is that at the end of our journey his memory will be festooned with the pearls that we have promised—a series of never-to-be-forgotten glimpses into the beauty of blended colour and sunlight that stained glass, and nothing else can give him.

Roman history reeks with "war and rumours of war," but no group of its students has been so despoiled of its special prey as that which loves old glass. Once there were many splendid windows throughout this ancient city, but when it was besieged in 1527 and the munitions of war ran low, the stained glass contained so much lead—vitally precious for the manufacture of bullets—that utility outweighed beauty, and the windows were broken up. Before we consider the few remains yet to be seen of its ancient windows, let us, as is but fitting and proper in so historical a city, turn our attention to the history of our craft, for nowhere else will the records tell so continuous or so interesting a story of its development. We know that the early designers of glass were borrowed from the parent art of mosaic. From its earliest

chapels up to its architectural apotheosis, St. Peter's, Rome possesses an unbroken exhibit of the development of mosaic, whose designs show a steady march forward from the crude early Christian symbolism until they finally blossom out into the imperishable reproduction at St. Peter's of the genius of Raphael and a score of Italy's greatest painters. From this very art of mosaic there branched forth at an early date the decoration of window spaces in colour. All that was needed to emulate the success of the mosaicist was to do for a window what the mosaicist had done for his wall—adorn it with a picture made up of bits of parti-coloured glass. It was Emperor Constantine that brought this craft to Rome from Constantinople, where it had long been practised in Santa Sofia and other churches. From his time down all the ages the records of Rome show that the coloured glazing of windows was understood, and was steadily developing as an art. In the catacombs there have been found fragments of painted glass showing the Good Shepherd and other symbols so dear to the primitive Christians. Several early Christian writers speak of stained glass pictures as not uncommon at the end of the 5th century. When the capital of the Empire was transferred to

MOSAICS AT ST. PAUL'S, ROME

The quaint drawing of the figures bears striking testimony to how much the mosaic period of glass owed to the designers of mosaic.

Byzantium, art languished in Italy, and the great church of Santa Sofia became the world's magnet for artists, and the glories of its glass have been told by many writers. Then came the fall of the Empire and the inrush of the barbarians. Under Leo III, at the beginning of the 9th century, the art of the glazier greatly advanced. In the middle of that century we read that Benedict III decorated with coloured glass the apse of the "church across the Tiber."

An important step was taken when, in 1058, Abbot Desiderio summoned glaziers from Constantinople to decorate (among others) the church of Monte Cassino. It would seem, however, that no roots were struck in Italian soil by these Byzantines. We read that they remained in that neighbourhood, but neither they nor their craft ventured to branch out. Now came the moment when the painting of walls in fresco seized upon the popular imagination, and so engrossed it that we hear of no revival of stained glass until the latter part of the 13th century, when it shows itself in the Upper Church at Assisi. Italian architecture had meanwhile been taking a step very favourable to the craft, in that the Cistercians

brought Gothic to that country in the first quarter of the 13th century, and we know the favouring influence that Gothic everywhere exerted on behalf of stained glass. All of the Italian glass earlier than that to be seen at Assisi is lost to us. It is at Rome that we must study its history, and yet strangely enough, Rome is the city which has lost the most glass, and the one in which its absence is most to be lamented. Storehouse as it is of the world's art, it is for us singularly painful that the necessities of war should have been so peculiarly blasting to the art in which we are interested. We have a right to protest against this evil fortune, for we know that all France and all Italy have been fought over time and time again, and yet elsewhere than in Rome the destruction of war has proved miraculously indulgent to stained glass, notwithstanding that it is the most fragile of art products. In Rome alone this grace was denied.

It was just before the calamitous year of 1527, when war's necessities requisitioned the lead in Rome's windows, that these very windows had reached their crowning glory, for it was in the first years of the 16th century that the monk, William de Marcillat, whom we shall learn to

revere at Arezzo, carried his art to a perfection in Rome that it never reached elsewhere. Bramante was authorized by Pope Julius II to send to France for the most skilful glass artists obtainable in order to awake the traditions of an art then utterly dead in Italy. In obedience to this august summons there came a certain master, Claude, and in his train came William. Hardly had Claude arrived in Rome when he fell a victim to over-indulgence at a banquet, and William stood alone at the open door of opportunity. Alas, to-day we must be content with reading of his splendid triumphs at Rome, and it is to Arezzo that we must go to judge what his Roman glass must have been. The glory of these Roman windows was short-lived, for they went the way of all the others during the siege of 1527 — two years before William's death. Thus perished in the preparation for war what had hitherto survived war's fiercest outburst. Two examples alone of his Roman work survive, and their preservation is probably due to their obscure position behind the high altar in Santa Maria del Popolo. These charming windows are wide and low, and from the centre of each a semi-circle arises accommodating the insignia of

that great patron of art, Julius II. Each is divided into six scenes from biblical history, arranged in two tiers. Although these remains are not extensive they show the artist at his best, not only in the adjustment of his scenes, but also in the masterly combination of strong colours with deliciously soft greens and neutral tints. His small landscapes, whether depicted in the open or shown through doorways, are so alluring as to make you feel inclined to defer your studies and walk abroad in them.

In the chapel of the Caetani family at Santa Pudenziana is another window worth seeing, if only to show that the Italian glazier continued to be painstaking at a time when his French contemporary, to avoid the labour demanded by careful leading, was turning more and more to the easier method of painting his glass. The subject is Christ crucified, against a background of colourless panes surrounded by a rich yellow stain border. At the foot of the cross the housetops of distant Jerusalem are carefully delineated in lead lines. In France they would have been painted only, as one sees in the 16th century landscapes at Conches and elsewhere. The same trouble is taken with the

SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO, ROME

The obscure position of the window in the left back-ground, almost hidden behind the high altar, perhaps explains why these masterpieces of William of Marcillat escaped the general destruction of Rome's glass in 1527. *(See page 39)*

small cherubs who hold lighted tapers at each side, and also with the blue garland at the top—very agreeable and equally significant.

When we wrench ourselves from the fascination that Rome has and always has had for all the world, it will be but the memory of the history of glass and few reminiscences of windows that we can take with us; but after all, is not history the most potent spell that Rome exerts? If you doubt it, stand for a while looking down on the mutely eloquent ruins of the Forum, and there will come pouring in a flood of memories from every point of geography and every episode of history, returning as in duty bound to the Golden Milestone from which their distances have all been measured. For the writer, Rome has always seemed the seated figure of an aged man about whose knees climb children of to-day, their prattlings in no wise disturbing his absent-minded musings upon the destinies of nation after nation which have passed before his eyes. The Moses of Michael Angelo is the type of man we mean, but the Moses is an incomplete expression of our thought in that his brawny knees support no symbols that link antiquity with the happy, careless life of the Rome of to-day.

afforded by these walls, and the distance above and away from the world is forgotten. One is transferred into an Italian city not unlike many of its sisters, and entirely devoid of that sense of aloofness which a peep downward from its walls is sure to give. The name "Orvieto," corrupted as it is from the Latin *urbs vetus* (the ancient city), carries in itself the tale of its antiquity. Indeed, the obvious security of this unusual eminence of tawny tufa must have commended it from the earliest times to those who needed security first, and "the pursuit of happiness" afterwards. Here there was built a great cathedral in memory of the miracle of Bolsena, when a doubting priest was convinced by the bleeding of the Communion Wafer of the doctrine of transubstantiation. A rarely beautiful cathedral it is too, with a beauty that changes with the hour of the day. Under the brilliant noonday sun the magnificent western façade fairly sparkles in the glories of its rich mosaics. When the twilight time comes on it brings with it into the old marbles a delicious honey brown. The shadows it then lends to the web of sculptured Bible legends that hang like lace across the lower reaches of the façade, endow them with a life that they lack

during the brighter hours of the day. Nor has the interior less to invite our notice, our admiration, and our study. From the right transept we enter a chapel whose frescoes were begun by Fra Angelico and finished by the masterpieces of Signorelli. No one who has seen these latter will ever forget the haunting face of the Anti-Christ preaching his false doctrine under the whispered prompting at his ear of the embodiment of evil thought—a horrible and persistent memory, one which has preached its silent sermon to worshippers in this chapel for over five hundred years.

About us in the church proper is spread a two-fold reward for our visit—two-fold, because not only have we in the nave a glorious series of alabaster windows, but in the square-ended apse there is stained glass in the two fine rosaces, and a lofty eastern embrasure of the mosaic period that can vie with the many splendid examples of its form to be seen in England. In addition to these there is a handsome wheel window high up in the western front, which, for Italy, is unusual in having the spaces between the spokes glazed as in northern Europe, instead of having the glass set well back from the stone-work of the wheel so as to give an

unbroken round surface for a picture. Perhaps the reason for the different treatment here is that no picture is attempted, its place being taken by a kaleidoscopic pattern in low blues and soft greens. The rosaces pierced in the northern and southern choir walls are also unusual, seven round openings filled with busts being preferred to the usual large bull's eye devoted to one picture. The explanation for this divergence from the expected may be that because these high-placed rosaces cannot be seen from a great distance, but only from across the width of the choir, this broken-up treatment of the embrasure serves better than would a large picture. Be that as it may, the result is pleasing, and that is what most concerns you and me.

Not only does the great east window appeal to us by reason of its wealth of mosaic medallions (alas ! too rare in Italy), but also and chiefly because of its great beauty. Its four tall lancets contain forty-four small mosaic pictures, the medallion border which encloses each being of the same design, somewhat resembling the top of a billiard table with pockets at the ends and in the middle of the long sides. The deft interweaving of the strap-like borders of these medallions repays

attention, and is so reminiscent of some in the lower church at Assisi, and of the great east window at Siena, that we are not surprised to learn that the same glaziers worked at all three places. Each of the four lancets has a rich narrow border, and above are singularly graceful tracery lights, finally tapering to a point at the top. Much clear blue is used throughout the composition, even serving as a background to fifteen of the small scenes, but monotony of tone is avoided and warmth imparted by ten other backgrounds being red, and ten more red with gold fleur-de-lis. This red is even now deep and rich, but it is still too early to find the correspondingly deep blue so generally used after the opening of the 15th century. One notices the absence of green, what little there is being light in tint. Whenever an interior scene is depicted the architecture is only suggested. In the same spirit of suggestion a single diminutive tree serves to locate other scenes out-of-doors.

But we must resist the temptation to devote all our time and appreciation even to so effective an example of the mosaic period as the great east window. Returning to the nave we shall find spread out before us a magnificent row of

INTERIOR OF ORVIETO CATHEDRAL

In the bodyground is the great 14th century window, described on page 49. Note the odd protrusions on the right and left of the nave—in these, as well as in the nave's side windows and over its doors, is a fine array of golden-brown alabaster.

twenty-four embrasures filled with alabaster, a substance of which such delightful use was made in Italy. Nor is it, as one might fear, a monotonous beauty, for in no two localities shall we find it of the same colour. Here it is a mellow yellowish or orange brown, sufficiently fluctuating in its shading as to lend a sense of movement to the colouring. The windows are mostly to be found in the small bowed recesses which line the sides of the nave, sometimes two lancets together, sometimes singly. They are also placed above the two small side portals, and over the three entrances that pierce the west front, the central one being a particularly graceful interlacing of eight divisions ending in a point at the top. We may remark in passing that it is a pity that they filled in the upper parts of the nave lights with modern glass.

I wonder what it is that causes one to linger so long over alabaster windows, lacking as they do the story and the variety of tints to be seen in stained glass. Is it the change constantly produced in them by shifting light which excites our curiosity and delays our departure? Strange as it may seem in the telling, the more the afternoon sun fails the richer seems to glow the light in

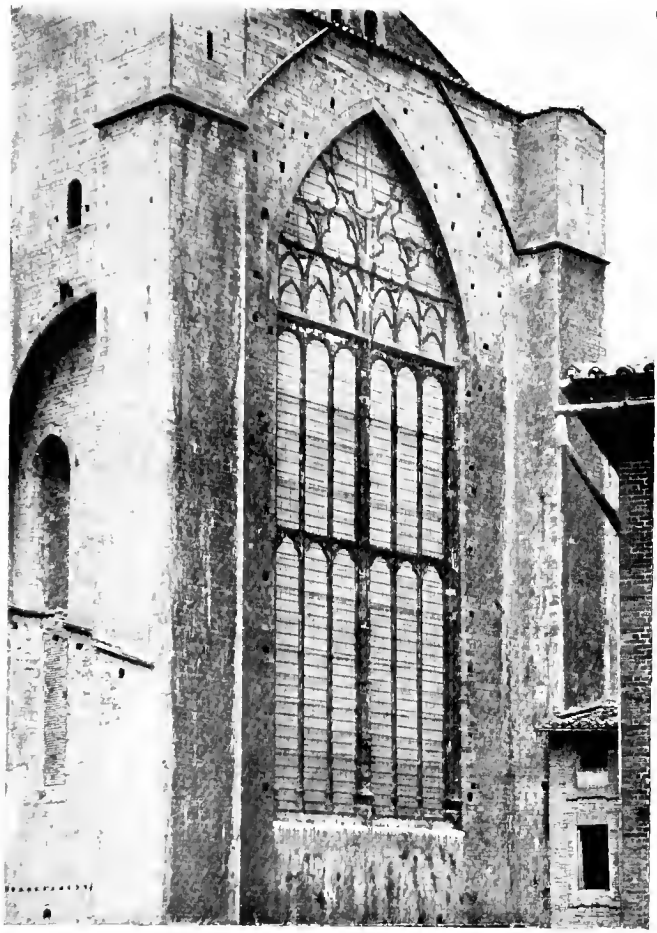
and through the alabaster. The writer will never forget a certain afternoon in April when he watched the twilight deepen in Orvieto Cathedral, and saw the light slowly diminish until all architectural detail and all sound seemed to fade away, and to leave behind them only the faint glow and harmony of the windows.

PERUGIA

FROM that perch far aloft—the little square before the Prefecture, what a wide sweep the eye covers, far beyond and far below!

The green slopes drop away and still drop away until they are lost in the spacious plain across which we spy a grey patch upon the distant Apennines—Assisi! The eye wandering on happens upon a slender ribbon of silver, the beginnings of the Tiber—"Father Tiber, to whom all Romans pray." Below us on every side lies undulating greenness, rising every now and again into the small knob-like hillocks so often seen in the backgrounds of Perugino, the great painter who took his name from the apex of the landscape he knew and loved so well. The steepness of the incline which one has to mount to reach this lofty city is continued and sweeping rather than abrupt as at Orvieto, or irregular as at Siena. But Perugia is loftier, and more remote from its surrounding landscape, than any of the other hill

towns. Of Perugino, it must be said that those wishing to know him well must not rest content with his easel pictures hung in so many galleries, nor even with his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, where his personality is subordinated to a general scheme of decoration;—one must mount up to his eyrie-like city and see what he has done to make the charming, nest-like hall of its Chamber of Commerce unique among mercantile council rooms. The ceiling and walls of this modest-sized chamber are covered with frescoes of such excellence as to prove that here his genius and his local pride worked hand in hand. The studied calm of Perugino's pictures becomes all the more striking when one learns of the riotous scenes amidst which the painter lived and worked, for Perugia has the bloodiest history of the bloody Italian Middle Ages. The Baglioni family were not content to drive out all rival nobles from the city, but they must needs fall upon each other in a manner so blood-thirsty and so callously planned as to exceed even the ruthless traditions of the local nobility. Fortunately for those interested in the gentle sport of murder, the Baglioni was such a numerous family as to provide in themselves ample material for indulging in



EAST WINDOW OF ST. DOMINIC, PERUGIA

The glass in this huge embrasure has been so much restored as to lose most of its value. It is, however, typical of early 15th century window construction, and also shows the undecorated condition in which Italian exteriors were often left.

extended fratricide. In the midst of all this tumult and blood spilling, Perugino calmly continued to paint his peaceful scenes, and with him studied the great Raphael, who later on shows us that he was not forgetful of his early environment by introducing into his frescoes of the Vatican Stanza Astorre Baglioni, the most beautiful and perhaps the most foully murdered of that murderous race. He appears as Heliodorus being chased from the Temple by angels. In passing, it may be permitted to the author, "doglike to bay the moon,"—the scale of drawing used for Heliodorus is strangely out of harmony with that of his chastisers.

In the Duomo at Perugia, just on the right as you enter, is a window of 1565, showing, against a background of classical architecture, St. Bernardino preaching to the people, but alas! the gaily robed figures seem more interested in looking at the tourist than at the great preacher. Their inattention to the sermon in no way suggests the historic scene which took place in the picturesque square outside, when, from the small pulpit projecting from the church wall, he so wrought upon the populace that men and women stripped off their

jewels and in a spasm of remorse and reform filled basket after basket with discarded finery. The window is far too solemnly beautiful to recall that dramatic scene. The Duomo was deprived of a great work by the hand of William de Marcillat, for he died a few days after signing the contract to glaze the huge round window in the west wall.

In the church of St. Dominic the eastern embrasure is unusually large, 20·80 meters by 7·40 meters. Its six lancets have their twenty-four panels each filled with a saint in canopy, but alas! they are of modern restoration and design. Along the lowest tier are four good groups of figures preserved from the original glazing of 1411, the small people being well drawn, and reminiscent of similar scenes at Milan and Pisa.

The one fine window at the Duomo, and St. Dominic's over-restored reminder of former glory would hardly have taken us to Perugia had it not been necessary to come here in order to visit Assisi, that treasure house of early glass. The delightfully picturesque site and the quaint streets of "bloody Perugia" go far, however, to console us for its poverty of windows.

ASSISI

AT no time in the world's history has the human race been so human as during the Middle Ages—perhaps almost too human in some manifestations of their dark history, but if the passions of man had freer play then than now, so too had the softer sentiments. The hearts of men spoke as much more frankly then, as did their wills and brains. On this gentler side of the picture, over against the Man with the Sword, there stands out no more sympathetic figure than the monk Francis of Assisi, St. Francis, whose followers in the 18th century numbered 150,000 with 9000 monastic establishments in which to perpetuate the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience which he laid down and exemplified throughout a life of good works. The anecdotes of him that have come down to us reveal a human being of astounding and masterful simplicity. With the same unconscious dignity and the same Christian zeal, he pronounced his arguments before a

Mahomedan Sultan, or spoke his simple sermons to the birds and fishes. His strength, and a forceful strength it was !—was his convincing gentleness. He was no Savonarola to thunder against the evil life led by many of the clergy, but nevertheless he accomplished greater reforms by the example of a life which in itself was so potent a reproach to the erring. In our modern days of reason and advanced civilization it is difficult for us to realize the constant difficulties which confronted this monk in his attempt to accomplish what we know he did in the stress of the turbulent life going on all about him. To feel his personality and to understand the force which he and his life wielded during the Middle Ages, one must go to Assisi. The place is eloquent of him, and still possesses the atmosphere of religious mysticism that, although it existed side by side with the constant clash of arms, yet in no wise yielded place.

The town straggles up a hillside so steep that one wonders that the church of San Francesco remains anchored to its site. Above we have a well-lighted, airy edifice, while beneath its pavement the slope of the hill permits an understructure, on three sides of which a series of short windows

THE LOWER CHURCH, ASSISI

On the ceiling are the famous frescoes attributed to Giotto. The long series of low chapels are glazed in early mosaic medallions—two of these windows appear in the background.

temper the gloom of the constant twilight lying about the tomb of the gentle Francis. Both in the lofty lancets of the upper church and the short embrasures of the lower one is to be found a wealth of stained glass of the mosaic medallion type. So rare is the product of this period in Italy that this is the only place where enough examples exist to enable one satisfactorily to compare and study the school. In the lower church we can inspect them at close range and, at our ease, puzzle out the story of the little scenes told in morsels of glass laboriously leaded together. A painstaking craft was that of the early glazier! Here there are surprises in store for those who have studied the mosaic medallions of France and England, and grown accustomed to the circles, squares, etc., there so customary. At Assisi the designer of the medallion shapes ran riot, and his diminutive people are enclosed in frames of every imaginable shape. The 13th century medallions in the upper church are more after the fashion of those which we have seen in the north, but down below every effort would seem to have been made to get away from the conventional circles, etc. For example, in the most easterly chapel on the north side the frame

is provided by a ribbon of many convolutions wound about the tiny figure; in the chapel of St. Martin the glazier has daringly superimposed each saint upon two circles, one above the other, and yet has given us a successful result. Indeed, "successful" is just the word we need to describe this long series, except perhaps in one particular—because of the enforced limitations of space, one cannot get far enough away from the windows to obtain that jewelled glow produced by the breaking up and refraction of the sun's rays by the myriad bits of glass—a glow which we have learned to know and love in France. We miss the splendid glitter yielded by the transept rose windows of Notre Dame in Paris, and in its stead have something that more resembles the close-at-hand beauty seen in the Sainte Chapelle. So dimly lighted is this crypt-like lower church at Assisi that it is only when the sun gets low in the west that its slanting rays enable one to make out the beautiful allegorical frescoes painted by Giotto on the vaulting above the altar more than six hundred years ago.

In sharp contrast to this scene of dim, solemn beauty is the brilliantly lighted upper church to which we ascend by a flight of steps rising from

THE UPPER CHURCH, ASSISI

About the walls, high above the rows of fresco scenes, is the best series of mosaic period windows in Italy. Furthermore, this is one of the rare instances of a satisfactory combination of stained glass windows and frescoed walls.

the Sacristy. Here, above the frescoes that run all around the walls, is a series of tall lancets containing medallion work as well as contemporary panels of geometric decoration, and besides, certain tall personages of such great size that the glazier composed each face of a number of pieces. One sees these tall figures stationed about the clerestories of Chartres, Rheims, and other northern cathedrals. Here, however, we note a difference—the large figures are nearest us, while above their heads are disposed small groups in medallions: one would prefer that the more easily seen personages should have been placed the furthest from us, and that the small scenes, the details of which are so difficult to distinguish, had been brought nearer our eyes. Most of this early glass in the upper church dates from the end of the 13th century, and there are many indications to show that Cimabue had a hand in their designing. One side of the nave has glass of the early 14th century, and among it can be easily recognized some figures in 15th century canopies. These latter were brought from the cathedrals of Perugia and Foligno. Pursuing our study of the glass chronologically we will return from the upper to the lower church, and find there

no glass earlier than the 14th century. Fortunately, however, for its general effect, it is almost all of that period. It will be well to devote particular attention to the chapel of St. Catherine, because the three artists that worked upon it, Bonino di Assisi and Angioletto and Pietro di Gubbio, also took part in the glazing of the cathedrals at Siena and Orvieto.

The story of the glass as told by the archives of the church increases our surprise that its fragile beauty should have survived the many vicissitudes at the mercy of which it has existed for centuries. Not only has it resisted earthquakes and conflagrations, but also certain playful tendencies of the citizens, such as, for instance, are revealed by an edict of the Commune of Assisi in 1330, forbidding the shooting of arrows or the throwing of stones at the church of St. Francis, under a penalty of the payment of five lire as damages!

CORTONA

THOSE who devote their stay in Italy to the study of its art alone are unjustly narrow, for that fair land has much to say to the practical side of modern life. Perhaps some of those ill-balanced students would be surprised—nay, even grieved—to hear that there is as much to learn for an energetic American chamber of commerce in the activities and triumphs of Italian mediæval trade guilds, as there is for the most enthusiastic admirer of ancient pictures, which, parenthetically, he frequently does not understand! Just at present there happens to be a world-wide movement to secure foreign trade through organized effort by mercantile associations, and time spent on studying the successful efforts along these same lines by Italian merchants of the Middle Ages will be well spent. The French system of co-ordinate effort by chambers of commerce and government is thus far the best modern plan, but even it cannot surpass the admirably organized guilds of

Florence and her sister cities during the 14th and 15th centuries. It is carefully thought-out organization which wins results, and in this the early Italians are not yet equalled. Nor were these guilds useful alone for the commercial purpose for which they were primarily constituted. Savonarola was not the only man astute enough to realize this fact. Investigation will reveal that they provided the foundation on which were erected the early Republics. One is moved to query in passing if the failure of the first French attempts at a republic were not due to a lack of a basis of just such organizations of already tested efficiency. These guilds were to be found in all the important Italian cities, and the stronger and better their organization the more powerful the municipal government based thereon. These bodies of workers can be traced far back into the history of the country. An early Roman inscription at Pisa records that a son of a soldier of the 10th Praetorian Cohort bequeathed 4000 sesterces to "the most ancient and worthy guild of shipwrights." That the deceased was canny as well as generous appears from the clause ordaining that if the shipwrights failed to make the required annual sacrifices at

his grave, they must deliver the money to the carpenters who were then to undertake the memorial services. During the second century we find a guild controlling the amount and price of timber to be floated down the Arno destined for Rome. The history of the Florentine wool guilds and their kindred bodies is the history of the early commercial importance and growth in power of that great city. We finally see her associated trades under the superintendence of the silk makers building the Church of Or San Michele and decorating its walls with their patron saints. What an inspiring sight it must have been when, upon the Saint's day of some particular trade, a solemn procession of all its members in brave array marched behind their banners to give thanks in Or San Michele to the patron saint who watched over their industry.

It is, however, to Cortona that we must go to find a church whose construction is actually owed to a company of merchants. We read that in a suburb of the town called Calcinaio, a certain picture of the Virgin began to work so many marvels that the guild of shoemakers, owning a tract of land there, was fired with such pious zeal

as to donate its land, and begin thereon the construction of a church to house the sacred painting. Not only was the work carried through to a triumphant conclusion, but it was actually finished in thirty years (1484–1516) which almost breaks the record for mediæval church construction—a businesslike feat by business men!

Now let us for the moment resist the temptation to delve further into the fascinating lore of the Italian guilds, and resuming our rôle of sight-seeing tourists, set out for this sanctuary of the worthy shoemakers.

As one proceeds from Perugia northward up the Umbrian Plain, whether by the railway, restricted to its steel line (and to some extent by time tables!) or by the individualistic rambling of a motor car, the most striking feature of the landscape will be Lake Trasimene, studded with islands, its waters now beautiful in their calm, now lashed into boisterous waves by the winds that have free access from every side. The bed of this lake is now being made to yield up the treasures buried beneath its waves during the old Etruscan and Roman times, and many a museum boasts of a share in these recovered trophies. It was on the

very road we are travelling, near the northern end of the lake, that Hannibal indulged himself in one of those practical hints on military strategy which he occasionally inflicted upon the Romans. This time he laid particular stress on the need for scouting, and the disadvantage frequently resulting from doing as the enemy would have you do. The Roman General Flaminius held Arezzo, thinking that Hannibal on his march from the valley of the Arno southward to Rome would surely not leave such a strongly garrisoned post behind him. But Hannibal, preferring to choose his own battlefield, marched by Arezzo, entirely ignoring the Romans. Now nobody likes to be ignored, and Flaminius set out hotfoot after him, so intent on catching the Carthaginians that he forgot to notice until too late, that he had hurried into an ambush, Hannibal blocking the road with the main body of his army, while his lighter troops occupied the small hills on both sides of the road and cut off the rear. The Roman army was annihilated, and Flaminius died with his men.

As we proceed on our northerly journey, accompanied at a respectful distance on either side by the flanking line of hills, the next striking object

in the landscape is a rounded height that rises steeply on our right, crowned with fortresslike Cortona. This place should be endeared to our memory as having long been the home of William de Marcillat. Of him there was for a long time but little known, and that little narrated by the agreeable but inaccurate Vasari, the most misleading of gossips. Recently, however, William's journal and account-book have been discovered stored away in the State Archives at Florence among the papers of the Abbey of Camaldoli. They enlighten us completely as to where he worked, for whom, and also as to the pupils whom he encouraged by his genius. The two masterpieces of his which used to adorn the cathedral at Cortona have disappeared, one to dwell in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, and the other to cross the Atlantic and bury itself in seclusion somewhere in America. We shall be consoled, however, if half-way up the road which climbs to Cortona we stop in the suburb called Calcinaio. In its church there are three fine examples of this master, one being a handsome bull's eye window, while the other two are of the usual rectangular shape. The occhio in the façade represents our Mother of Mercy receiving under

CHURCH AT CALCINAIO, CORTONA

Built by the Shoemakers' Guild. Type of structure not unusual in Italy, and similar to the Pazzi Chapel, Florence, and the Madonna delle Carceri, Piato. In the deeply recessed occhio is a fine window of William de Marcillat, especially valuable for its contemporary portraits of notables.

the protection of her mantle (supported by two angels) the Christian people of the world. Among these kneeling figures are Pope Leo X, Emperor Maximilian I, and Cardinal Francesco Soderini. In one transept is the strong figure of St. Paul, and opposite, St. Sebastian. The latter is accredited to William, but it is probably the work of one of his pupils. Notice how gracefully the figures are poised; to secure this grace the artist did not hesitate to allow St. Paul's arm to encroach upon the border, as does also the head of the cherub peeping down from above. William treated such conventions as borders, etc., with respect but not with humility. For centuries it was supposed that William de Marcillat was but the Italian way of recording that he came from Marseilles, but now we know that his father's name appears in the records of La Châtre, France, as de Marcillat also. The life of this little man with the broad head, and the narrow, eager face, reads like an old romance. Born near Bourges in France, his youth was devoted to the quiet pursuit of his art studies. Hardly had he arrived at man's estate before he became involved in a quarrel which resulted in the loss of a life, and William fled to Nevers and sought security by

taking monastic vows. Both at Bourges and Nevers he doubtless benefited by observing their fine windows. His budding talent as a glass painter became so well known that when Pope Julius II summoned the French master, Claude, to Rome, he took William with him as an assistant. Soon after reaching Rome, Claude died and left William to carry on the work alone. His gifted nature proved so receptive to the burst of artistic creation by which Michael Angelo, Raphael, and many another were then glorifying Rome that William became the greatest glass painter of the 16th century. He was a gorgeous colourist; but his most noteworthy contribution to the craft in Italy was the introduction of perspective, in the use of which he was a master. Instead of employing architectural detail as part of the decoration of his design (as had theretofore been customary) he relegated it to its proper duty of assisting his space composition, and the placing of his figures. Vasari comments on the skill he displayed in so lending the brighter colours to his important figures, and leaving only the duller ones for the less important, as if to indicate, by this very tone discrimination, the degrees of interest deserved by the different

parts of the picture. This comment touches a wide and undeveloped field, which deserves further exploration than it has hitherto received. It has alluring possibilities of new and telling effects in stained glass. William left behind him a series of masterpieces surpassing anything produced by his contemporaries in either the land of his birth and youth, or in that of his adoption and his prime. We will see more of his work in Arezzo.

Cortona provides a centre from which to visit sundry isolated examples of William's genius. There is a fine occhio glazed by him at Monte San Savino, 25 kilometres to the west, and 7 kilometres south thereof, in the church of Pieve Vecchio at Lucignano, there are also interesting proofs of his skill. Lucignano lies 20 kilometres west of Cortona. While these are not of sufficient importance to delay all of our company, there may be some who, won by the charm of this Umbrian country, will welcome these hints as an excuse for lingering longer in it.

AREZZO

THE lofty Umbrian plain sweeps northward between its flanking lines of hills, and at its northern end on a tilted rocky uplift is stationed Arezzo, looking for all the world like a slowly rising, half roused guardian lion. Beyond again to the north this plateau falls rapidly away, its waters gradually increasing the mountain streams until they together form the river Arno, whose course but briefly checked by the weirs at Florence, turns westward and finally bids us adieu at Pisa just before it disappears into the Mediterranean. Stationed thus, between the Umbrian plain and all that part of Tuscany known as the Val d'Arno, Arezzo has attained a greater importance than its population would seem to warrant. Its railway station lies in that lower part of the city which is on the plain, and above it the streets sweep upward until, when the height is reached on which is built the cathedral, we find ourselves afforded a delightful prospect over

the smiling country below. If you are fortunate enough to enjoy this view in the springtime, do not fail to notice the strange green produced on the plain below by the combination of the foliage of the frequent olive-trees against the new grass. Remember this colour when you enter the cathedral and it may help you to understand whence come the soft greens that you will see in its windows. Unusual too is the structure of the church,—no windows at all on its northern side ; but turn about and look to the south, and ample amends will be made to you. Along the wall of the aisle on that side is ranged a series of five large embrasures, and nowhere in the world will you find more splendid examples of 16th century glazing than here delight your eyes—"splendid" is the only word one can use to describe them, for notwithstanding the perfection of the drawing, the skill of the space composition, and the complete realization of everything to be made out of glass, it is after all the daring splendour of the colouring that amazes and captivates. Here, William de Marcillat is at his best. In the usual 16th century fashion, he uses Classical architecture as a background for his figures and also to aid in disposing them throughout the

composition. But what edifices he builds !—not at all the usual type so well known in the popular Renaissance windows of the north. Here, columns of green malachite, of red porphyry, and of polychrome marble vie in brightness with parti-coloured pavements of rich hues. Frequently we notice in this radiant architecture as well as in the brave attire of his richly-clad personages the subtle soft greens peculiar to him, and of which we have already spoken. Nor is the brightness nor the combination of his tones and tints the only proof of his skill, for where in glass is there to be found a better drawing of the nude than Lazarus rising from the tomb ? Neither does he hesitate which part of his palette to use—what could be more daring or more successful than the salmon pink clouds above the Baptism of Christ ! Magnificent as are these great pictures, in no way inferior is the admirable Descent of the Holy Ghost up in the large bull's eye of the west front. As if to complete the proof of his versatility he turned from these large effects to the adroit glazing of the small lancet in the east wall just north of the apse. Here a skilfully unconventional use of architectural detail balances the two carefully drawn figures. Up in

the clerestory along the south side are five large bull's eyes, of which the two most westerly are glazed in colour, but obviously of the 15th century —a rather stiff adaption of four upright figures to each round embrasure. One would suspect that we have here the intervention of a foreign hand, for the Italians were never at fault in adjusting their pictures to a circular frame. Upon the vaults of the ceiling above are a further proof of William's versatility, for here is spread out a series of excellent frescoes, upon which he was engaged at the time of his death.

Nor did William confine his efforts to the cathedral alone, for at the churches of San Francesco and the Annunziata he left behind him enough to have called us to Arezzo even had there been no cathedral. At San Francesco a large occhio in the west front gave him an ample opportunity to display his skill as designer and colourist in the portrayal of St. Francis of Assisi and his monks before Pope Honorius III. Here again we see the warm-tinted marbles against the background of blue sky. What could be finer than the manner in which the simple, pale garb of the kneeling St. Francis and his followers in the centre is contrasted

with the gorgeous company of the Pope and his attendant Cardinals ?

At the Annunziata, our admiration is not confined to one window. A small occhio on the right as we enter has a pleasing scene of the espousal of the Virgin, the calm group in the centre contrasting with the vigorous action of the disappointed suitors at the sides breaking their wands. Along the sides of the nave are a number of rectangular windows showing coloured figures on a field of white lozenges, surrounded by yellow stain borders. There are other satisfactory windows of the usual type in the transepts. William's most important effort is high up in the semi-circular apse, while below it are three windows showing conventional saints in Renaissance canopies. This large round window of his displays in its lower part his usual dexterity in setting forth an agreeable landscape peopled with well-drawn coloured figures. Above, in a strongly accentuated oval enclosure, is the Virgin, and very ingenious is the way in which he has made her the focus of his picture, both by splashes of red and other colour devices. William reveals himself at Arezzo as a colourist, a draughtsman, and a deft manipulator of the possibilities of stained glass

such as the craft never produced in any other country.

Before leaving Arezzo one should visit the ancient church of the Pieve. The promise held out by the gallery-on-gallery of columns which adorn its façade is borne out by the interesting early architecture within, but the special purpose of our visit will be to note in the south wall a small deeply-set round embrasure, whose seven circular apertures are filled with translucent light grey alabaster. It is from such quaint beginnings that there developed the craft which adorned the cathedral with the splendid triumphs of William de Marcillat.

North-west of Arezzo, across the Arno, and about 10 kilometres away, is the town of Siécina, lying close by Capolana. There is but little glass here, but there is enough to afford some leisurely pilgrim an excuse for another day in Umbria.

FLORENCE

WHATEVER be the purpose of one's investigation of the centuries when our glass was made, sooner or later there is sure to be encountered traces of the warm appreciation then enjoyed by the profession of the diplomat. Nowhere in the whole peninsula can this fact more appropriately give us pause than in Florence, for in the annals of mediæval Italian diplomacy no State attained a higher rank than she. How widely this fact was recognized and utilized is strikingly evidenced by the astonishment of Pope Boniface VIII on remarking that all the ambassadors sent to represent the Christian Powers at the Jubilee of 1300 were Florentines. No diplomat of the old school bore so famous a name as that of her subtle and unscrupulous citizen, Machiavelli, indeed so typical of it was he that an illustrative adjective has been derived from his name. Much as we may to-day object to his point of view, there is no gainsaying his pre-eminence among his

contemporaries, nor doubt of the diplomatic successes gained for Florence through his teachings. Fortunately, the world is coming to know that greater and more permanent results are obtainable from what John Hay, when Secretary of State, called the diplomacy of the Golden Rule—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." But, in its day, it is undeniable that the Machiavellian system proved effective against others of similar kind, and it will be of interest to us, as students of those times, to see what were the ends it most sought to serve. In what cause did Florentine diplomacy win its triumphs? Many of us will be surprised to learn that it was along the lines of what has been recently named "dollar diplomacy,"—that is, by striving to assist abroad the commercial interests of the State. No sooner had the merchant guilds established their industries on a firm basis at home than Florentine diplomacy sprang to their assistance, and bent all its energies to secure them an outlet abroad. "Dollar diplomacy" was well understood and successfully practised in Florence centuries before that phrase was coined in America. Just glance through the pages of Florentine history and what do you

find? Isn't it clear that the reason for the persistent policy of the Medicis in assisting Milan against the Venetians is found in the former's willingness to keep open the northern mountain passes so that the Florentine merchants could push their trade in northern Europe, while Venice, on the contrary, was for stifling Florentine exporters by closing those avenues of commerce? Again, when the goldsmiths of Florence had succeeded in producing a coin of marked excellence, did not Florentine diplomacy materially assist to popularize abroad this florin, as it was called?—a coin destined to gain such wide currency that the employment of its name has persisted to this day. If space allowed, instances might be multiplied of the canny Florentine merchant relying on the diplomatic assistance of his State to gain and hold for him trade advantages, whose use none knew better than himself. The long struggle to seize and hold Pisa was actuated by the desire to provide Florentine merchants with an easy outlet to the Mediterranean, and a participation in the profitable carrying trade of that sea. It was but seldom that Florence could find much interest in a war that did not in some way assist her trade, for the aim of her

diplomacy, peaceful or warlike, was commerce rather than conquest. Not territory but trade, and only territory when it furthered trade. Judging from its results, the "florin diplomacy" of the Middle Ages was as successful as the most active "dollar diplomacy" of to-day. Nor did Florence think it needful to employ specially trained diplomats, for so general was her recognition of the utility of diplomacy, that she seemed to breed diplomats in every street. No, when Florence found herself confronted with a task needing diplomatic solution, she selected the man deemed suitable to that piece of work. For example, when it was the moment to fling down the gauntlet to the neighbouring city of San Gemignano, Dante, the imperious-minded and intolerant poet, was chosen to bear the Florentine message of defiance. When, however, an occasion arose requiring conciliatory measures, they selected as their envoy the fair-spoken and smooth-tongued Machiavelli or Guicciardini.

Is it not easy to imagine for oneself the diplomatic policies of the Signoria being discussed by the keen-witted citizens, either on the shop-bordered pathway that leads across the Ponte

Vecchio, or in the airy shade of the Loggia dei Lanzi, or on cool days when the tramontana blew, in the sheltered sunny spaces about the Duomo, or in that dignified square before the Palazzo Vecchio! A growing and a busy city is Florence, and yet among the hurrying throng are faces of the old types among whom the old-world setting of the streets helps us to picture certain of her ancient worthies. See! down that narrow, dark lane, stalks some stern-featured Dante, a poetic survival of the old Florence that existed before the new city burst into that broader life which was symbolized by the surging skywards of the wondrous dome of Brunelleschi and of Santa Croce and Santa Maria Novella, the rival establishments of the Dominicans and the Franciscans. Dante and the men of his time were truculently satisfied with the Florence of their day, and pointed with complacence to the sturdy Baptistery lined with range on range of rich mosaics, and to that union of fairy grace and colour with trim strength, the bell tower that alone would have immortalized Giotto. All these Florentines, be they of the older conservative group, or of their successors who looked forward with wider horizon, each and

INTERIOR OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA

Bare walls are not uncommon in Florentine churches. The glass in the distance will be seen nearer at hand in the next picture.

several possessed that eager confidence which was the hall-mark of Florentine patriotism. Whatever there was to be done would of course, said they, be accomplished, and the only useful thought was that expended on how to do it! Men could always be found, and easily, too. Had not a Cimabue come forward to break the chains of Byzantine formalism that were felt to be fettering art, and, when further progress was needed, had he not discovered a shepherd's lad named Giotto, drawing sheep in a lifelike manner, theretofore unknown! When the Baptistery had to be adorned with finer bronze doors than any rival city could show, did not there appear a youth of eighteen, Lorenzo Ghiberti, of such mature genius as to defeat many distinguished competitors! With a constant recurrence of such miracles of artistic productivity, would any doubt of the city's power to produce men for every emergency be aught else but sheer disloyalty to the lily-broidered banner!

There are so many angles and points of view from which one may regard the life and people of this fascinating town, that the Florence of one reader may be quite different from the one upon which another loves to muse. And some

of these vignettes will show a modern aspect—for example, the Florence of Browning, for she is peculiarly haunted with memories of him. Go to the square in front of the Innocenti, and there astride his bronze horse is the Duke forever regarding the window where so long, to watch him passing, sat the disconsolate inamorata of "The Statue and the Bust." The "Ring and the Book" is about you everywhere, for although it ends in Rome, it begins here with the purchase of "the Book" in the square of San Lorenzo. Across from the Pitti Palace Browning and his gifted wife lived for many years, and there she wrote "Casa Guidi Windows" and other poems.

There are many who believe that the history of great individuals provides the most trustworthy exposition of the life of their times. Certainly, the lives of the great Florentines would seem peculiarly to justify this belief. So strongly are they stamped with the cachet of their city that even the briefest study of their careers inevitably weaves us back into the history of the town. Always is this true, from the most ambitiously grasping of the Medicis to that meek soul, Fra Angelico, declining the Pope's offer of the Bishop's

mitre—from the broad genius of Michael Angelo to the narrow outlook of Machiavelli—from Cimabue, the pioneer, through Giotto the natural, to the most finished exponent of Florentine art. Ever and always these master minds will be found indelibly marked with the characteristics of their strenuous commonwealth, and you can no more understand them apart from it than you can imagine ivy standing aloof from its supporting wall.

But enough! we must resist the fascination of Florence in general, and betake ourselves to her windows. Not only has she a gratifying quantity of ancient stained glass, but it is mostly of the best Italian period, the 15th century, and, furthermore, unsurpassed of its kind. It is chiefly to be seen in the Duomo, the two large churches of Santa Maria Novella and Santa Croce, the smaller sanctuary of Or San Michele, and the Laurentian Library. Across the Arno, in Santo Spirito, there is also a fine round window or occhio, attributed to Perugino. It represents the "Descent of the Holy Ghost," and is the only example in Italy of brusquely horizontal grouping in an occhio, with no attempt to adjust the picture to the

circular space. The border which encloses it is of the richest Renaissance colouring and detail. Fine as is this window, it is but one of thirteen splendid occhi of which the city can rightly boast. The Duomo alone contains ten of these peculiarly Italian windows, three in the western façade, and seven ranged around below Brunelleschi's dome. The eighth embrasure in the dome, the one to the west, is glazed in white, the better to light the altar, standing below and to the east of it. Each one of these seven deserves a special account, so delightful are they in design and colour, but we must content ourselves with saying that they set forth admirably drawn scenes from the life of the Saviour. The borders deserve particular notice for their wealth of decoration, especially the one to the east, composed of angel's heads each surrounded by a halo. The drawings for this series of seven were provided by Lorenzo Ghiberti, Donatello, Paolo Uccello, and Perugino. Ghiberti also drew the cartoons for the splendid round lights that pierce the west front, one huge one high up in the middle, flanked by two of more modest size, lower down and just above the side portals. These smaller ones both evidence the

customary Italian skill in adjusting the figures to a circular embrasure, the golden backs of the seats lending the required breadth to the grouping. The great central occhio is a really splendid effect in glass, showing the "Assumption of the Virgin" in a blaze of colour and amidst a swirl of angels' wings that is altogether admirable.

Most foreigners who visit the Duomo will go away without discovering the trick that the architects have played upon them in the matter of the nave windows. From the inside there seem to be four tall lancets on each side, but outside there are six in both the north and the south wall. How is it done! Return to the interior, look more carefully, and you will find that the westerly pair on each side are filled with mosaic instead of glass, and that those to the east of them have either become so begrimed (or else had their opacity lessened by paint!) as not, by their superior translucence, to betray the trick. The explanation is that the wall plans of the nave were changed before their construction was finished, and this device was employed to avoid the appearance within of too many lancets in the western half of the structure. The easterly pair

of lights on each side are more interesting than beautiful. They date from the closing years of the 14th century (1394–6), and are among the few examples in Italy of the canopy style so common north of the Alps. Each lancet has six saints, each in his own elaborate niche, two on a tier, a border separating them perpendicularly instead of, as usual, only running around outside next the stonework. We have just explained why they are so opaque, and this very loss of translucence has robbed them of almost all the beauty they ever had. Thus are they justly punished for their connivance in the trick upon the unsuspecting stranger!

And now for a treat such as even ancient stained glass cannot often offer. Come with us beneath the dome, and look out into the apse or into either of the transepts. Alike in dimensions, they are glazed in absolutely the same manner. Above and below run a series of ample lights filled with stately figures richly robed, and of colour so deep and warm that it is almost pulsating. When gazing on them one recalls Huneker's admirable translation of Huysman's word picture: "the bugle cry of red, the limpid confidence of white,

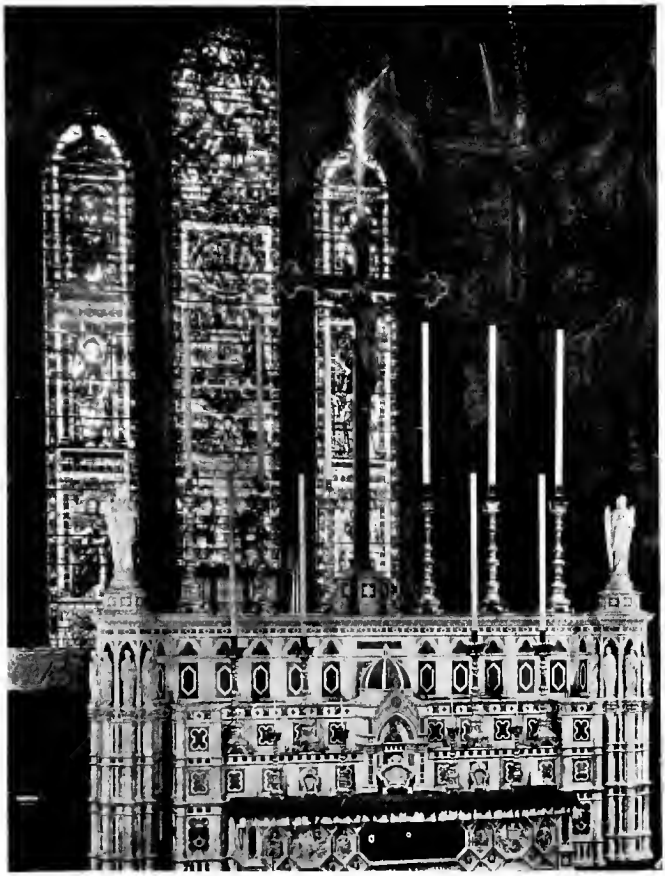
the repeated hallelujah of yellow, the virginal glory of blue, all the quivering crucible of glass." Nowhere are there tones so mellow, so harmonious. Nor is there here any jarring contrast from light panes used for canopies—architecture is shown, but of such radiant hues as to aid the strength of the picture instead of being merely a contrasting frame. Five windows above, and the same number below, a total of ten for each transept and for the apse, in all a magnificent series of thirty. Certain of the north transept lights have white glass in their upper halves, but they are so placed that you do not see them as you look north from below the dome. The scheme of the designs is the same throughout; above, a large single figure, and in the lower lights a pair of them, not, as usual, each rigidly stationed in his own half, but turning slightly toward one another, and rather nearer the centre than the sides—very graceful and agreeable. The writer prefers the ensemble of the south transept, but that is entirely a matter of taste. See them for yourself, and make your own decision. This glorious glazing was done during the absolute high tide of the art, 1432–43. It is known that a German was fetched from Lubeck to take part

in the work, but be that as it may, the result is clearly Italian, and not German. There is so much in it to admire, that it seems invidious to call attention to any detail, but we cannot turn away without giving special praise to the pains spent upon enriching the brocade of the costumes, and also the glorious Italian rendering of the canopies. The warm tones given the stones is a truthful echo of the wondrous rosy hues of the cathedral's exterior.

It is quite a change from the spacious, bare interior of the Duomo, to the monastic hive of buildings at Santa Maria Novella or at Santa Croce, where a church is but the centre of a colony of chapels, cloisters, and minor edifices. The open space before Santa Maria Novella has at either end a small obelisk, mute reminders of the days when they were the turning goals for the annual chariot races. It is clear that here truly the race was not to the swift, but rather to dexterous horsemanship ! The popularity of these exciting contests caused them to outlive many another ancient custom. Lady Dorothy Nevill, in her delightful memoirs, speaks of having witnessed them in her youth. The oldest glass in this church is that which fills the

large occhio of the west front. Its division into three concentric circles is certainly an older treatment than that of any other occhio in Florence. Around the central picture is a series of smaller figures in eight groups, while outside of these runs a wide conventional border in the florid Italian manner. Monotony of general tone is avoided by the predominance of yellows in the lower half, yielding to browns above. The exterior iron bars are arranged in an unusual fashion and are worth observing. The chief glory of the interior is the spacious chapel behind the altar, where the glazing of the three ample lancets is in every way worthy to accompany the charming frescoes of Ghirlandajo on the walls about them. These windows date from the historic year 1492, not difficult for an American to remember. They were installed two years after the frescoes were finished. Notice the appetizing borders of fruits mixed with flowers. We see here many Florentine features, viz. deep blue backgrounds, coloured marbles, use of a soft green, importance of borders, etc. The saints which fill the two side lancets are replaced in the larger central one by three groups one above the other, increasing in their proportions as they

descend. The red apples in the small tree at the top look as edible as the fruit in the borders. Notice the rich barrel vaulting with its gold bosses in the central picture. The artist frequently employs an unusual and effective wine colour in the garments of his figures. So important is the glazing of this chapel, that it overshadows the fine window by Filippo Lippi in the adjoining chapel to the south. This is later workmanship (1502) and shows too much surface painting. Dark green is employed instead of the light shade usual in Tuscany, and the general effect is so much heavier than that of the central chapel, that it yields a better effect when seen from the nave than from nearer at hand. The chapel which closes the end of the north transept has an earlier window than those just described. The canopies here are much simpler and enclose two figures, one above the other. The richness of the red robe of the upper one is very pleasing. There should also be noticed three windows in the chapels at the north-east. They show similar treatment throughout, a border of deep yellow stain enclosing Renaissance arabesques, with a coat of arms in the centre of each. In the west wall of a small room to the south-west of the south



CHAPEL, SANTA MARIA NOVELLA

The splendidly warm tones of the glass are worthy of Ghirlandajo's frescoes that surround it. Note the altar, a *chef d'œuvre* in Florentine blending of coloured marbles.

transept are two circular embrasures filled with roundels whose size increases as they go out from the centre; this is unusual in Italy. Cloistered courts and quadrangles lie all about this church, differing in plan and importance, and one is glorified by possessing the so-called Spanish Chapel, whose frescoes have aroused the enthusiasm of a long line of critics. But that has to do with another side of Florence the Artistic, so let us be off to Santa Croce.

Here we shall again find a group of monastic buildings clustered about a church. Entering the cloistered quadrangle to the right, there will be observed opening off its furthest side the Pazzi Chapel, a pure example of a style of building not uncommon in Italy. Upon a short armed Greek cross is superimposed a small dome. The decoration of the interior is confined to grey and a dull blue, harmonizing agreeably with a number of della Robbia medallions. Over the altar is a rectangular window by Baldovinetti, the peculiar drawing of the woolly white beard disclosing the author at a glance. In the small circular opening above is a bust, and again we see the Baldovinetti beard. Although the richness of the glass is in striking contrast to the

low tones of the chapel, a concession is made by a liberal use of light, almost opalescent, blue in various parts of the design.

Entering the large T-shaped church, we at once realize that an ample display of glass awaits our investigation. The writer prefers the large occhio in the western front to any other in Italy. Perhaps it is not the finest, but his reason for preferring it is similar to that of people who prefer early tapestries to the most perfect Gobelins. The Gobelins are copies of oil paintings, while the cartoons of their forerunners were obviously made for tapestries alone, and therefore show a knowledge both of the possibilities and the limitations of weaving, which the Gobelins often disregarded. This window shows the Descent from the Cross, and whoever drew the cartoon for it thoroughly understood how to make the most of glazing in colour. The disposal of the figures over the entire surface is admirable. Nothing could be neater than the adjustment of the trees below, or of the flying angels above. As was to be expected, the background is blue and there is a liberal use of soft greens in the rest of the picture. Unless I am much mistaken you will pay several visits to this

INTERIOR OF SANTA CROCE

This T-shaped church is peculiarly well lighted, and boasts of a wealth of stained glass, mostly of Florence's best period, the 15th century.

occhio before you leave Florence. Down each side of the nave are tall lancets, most of them glazed in colour, generally showing single figures in canopies which, with two exceptions, are Gothic. There are two tiers of these enshrined saints, and two on each tier. The tones are of the usual 15th century richness, but the restorer has frequently let his zeal run away with his reverence for the antique. This is particularly true of the northern lancets, and also of the three tall double ones which light the shallow chapel back of the high altar. One has only to stand off at a distance to detect the thin-toned new panes among the richer and deeper old ones. Above and to the right and left of the chapel aperture, two tall narrow lancets pierce the wall, and these still preserve their old glazing—a triple tier of canopied figures, with a medallion at the very top. They are placed so high as to rob them of much of their value, and this prepares us to appreciate the facility for close inspection afforded by the window of the chapel closing the end of the south transept. The pattern of the border, a winding vine with yellow and green leaves on a blue and red ground, shows this to be early work, as does also the elementary character of the Gothic canopies; the

15th century could not have progressed very far when this glazing was done.

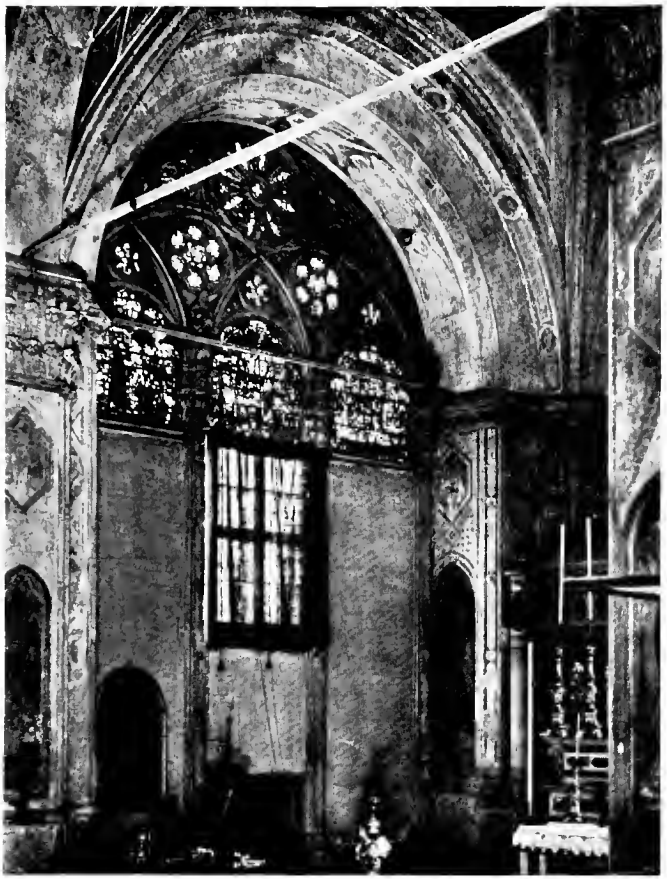
Perhaps the most interesting window in the whole church is the unique one in the west wall of the chapel at the end of the north transept. It looks like mid-14th century, and is unlike any window the writer has ever seen, especially its border. This border is made up of a series of squares bearing heraldic figures, yellow lions on blue, or long-tailed red birds on blue, or green ones on red, etc. The frequent use of white lines in the border forms part of the white note so often struck in this window. Golden fleurs de lis on blue abound, appropriate to the seated figure of Louis IX of France, who, by the way, was an ardent patron of stained glass, as is attested by his erection of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. The only suggestion of a canopy is the pointed arch made by a white line above the figures. Another of the many unique features are the small angels which recline upon the sloping sides of these pointed arches. They sometimes appear in early Italian paintings, but not on glass. Altogether, this window is as charming as it is unusual.

Quite different from the spacious interiors we

have just been frequenting is the small church of Or San Michele, erected by the guilds of Florence under the special superintendence of the silk merchants, and adorned outside by a series of handsomely niched statues of their patron saints. Surprised indeed are we to learn that above the church is a large storehouse built to hold corn, but this is not the only novel feature of this quaint sanctuary. The altar is not in the middle but is placed to the north so as to balance the gorgeous tabernacle of Orcagna stationed to the south. So too the window embrasures are peculiar in shape, and abbreviated. The glass is more archaic in design than that which we have been examining, and it does not take long to notice that the four most easterly windows are earlier than the six to the west of them. The easterly ones tend as strongly to reds and blues as the others do to yellows and greens. On all sides is a multitude of small people grouped in engaging scenes, and nowhere any sign of restraint from conventional canopies. The ray-like slits in the traceries are differently treated—in one place we have small angels arranged like herrings in a barrel, while in another the extended wings of cherubs fill these narrow radiating apertures.

Parts of six of the windows have purposely been left white, but the older four to the east are entirely glazed in colour. Or San Michele affords a delightful proof that during their struggle for commercial supremacy the Florentine guilds raised their artistic standard rather than neglected it.

Thus far we have visited only religious edifices, but now we shall see glass of a secular type, something far rarer. In the long series of rectangular windows in the Laurentian Library there exists one of the many monuments to the Medici family, to whose patronage of art we moderns owe so much. And such a series, all similar, fifteen on one side and twelve on the other! The entire surface of each is given over to arabesques, griffins, etc., outlined in grey and soft browns, the general effect being mellowed by a judicious use of low pinks and blues. Of course the six balls of the Medici arms are given due prominence, and on many of the windows appear dates, 1558, 1567, 1568. Some critics have maintained that the dating of some of them subsequent to the death of da Udine proves that he could not have been the designer, general belief to the contrary notwithstanding. May it not be respectfully submitted to these



WINDOW IN OR SAN MICHELE

This sanctuary of the ancient trade guilds is lighted in a manner all its own. The three lower panels have scenes in late mosaic style, while the graceful traceries above are glazed equally elaborately. *(See page 97)*

gentlemen that as da Udine was alive when the earliest dated window was made, the later dates may refer to their glazing and installation, and not to the original cartoons? It would seem that these critics could make out a stronger case if they would confine themselves to pointing out how inferior this glass is to da Udine's work at the Certosa in the Val d'Ema near Florence. There he used the leads to assist in providing the outlines, but here they are allowed to break up the surface into squares. Nor is the drawing here anything like so delicate as that which charms us at the Certosa. But even in the light of this honest criticism it cannot be denied that the Laurentian glass produces a satisfactory effect. Wherever it has been necessary to fill in with new panes, the old spirit has been carefully maintained, even to the employment of the amusing little turtles whose progression is being assisted by sails hoisted on their backs. It is much to be regretted that so little of ancient domestic glass has survived till our time. It fared far worse than that installed in churches, and more's the pity.

Such is a brief survey of Florentine windows. Because of its wealth in this regard, Florence deserves to rank with York, Rouen, Troyes, and

Nuremberg, and it will be difficult to make our reader resume his pilgrim's staff after once he has tarried on the banks of the Arno. But bestir ye, gentle sirs, there be other sights to see! Store your memories with delightful visions of windows seen, and fare ye forth, bent on further acquisitions.

All pilgrims from across the Atlantic, whether Americanized Anglo-Saxons of the north or Americanized Latins of South America, should reverently repair to the small church of Ognissanti, for there lie entombed the mortal remains of that bold Florentine navigator Amerigo Vespucci, to whom our hemisphere of liberty owes its name. Would that we might bring as much honour to our respective fatherlands as did our illustrious namegiver to Florence!

LAURENTIAN LIBRARY

So rare is secular stained glass that this series of 15 windows so conveniently stationed above the book-shelves as to be easily examined, is among the most important glass in Florence.

SAN MINIATO

OVER against the City of Florence, across the Arno and outside the walls, rises the height called San Miniato. Demurely quiet as it now appears, and peaceful as is the prospect of the ancient city below, it was not always thus. In 1521 the versatile Michael Angelo became for it, first an engineer, and later a warrior, for he fortified and defended it against the Imperial troops during their long siege of Florence. The two very different approaches to it are equally attractive, whether one elects to drive up the flower-bordered zigzag that mounts from the river through the steep park to the open space at the top, or whether in more leisurely fashion we go out from the Porta Romana and follow the longer road slowly sloping up through the trees, and enjoying from time to time charming vistas off to the left. When the open space at the brow of the hill is reached,

one is rewarded by the amazing view of Florence lying below us, and across to the hills about Fiesole on the other side. Far off to the right are the lofty Apennines, and if it chances to be the time of the spring showers, we shall see the mountains crowned with late snow, for a rain at San Miniato will mean snow on the northern hills. What a prospect lies before us, and but little changed since there looked down upon it Michael Angelo or Ghiberti or Benvenuto Cellini, or any other of the great Florentines who lived after that burst of building that thrust into the air Brunelleschi's cathedral dome, Santa Croce, and Santa Maria Novella. Over yonder on those heights of far Fiesole are the very gardens to which Boccaccio's gay and heartless company withdrew from the plague-stricken town below them, and listened and laughed the awful hours away. They still smile at us across the valley of the Arno, but this memory puts a grimness in the smile.

San Miniato holds for us lovers of windows two edifices, both churches, entirely unlike each other. The first to be reached on our upward way is San Salvatore, sometimes called San

SAN MINIATO AL MONTE

Rising above the trees, defended by walls built in 1521 by Michael Angelo, and overlooking Florence, this ancient sanctuary is encrusted within and without with coloured marbles and gay mosaics.

Francesco al Monte. Along the sides of the nave are modest chapels above whose altars is a series of small rectangular windows of interest. Over the doorway in the south side is a pleasant bit of glazing, whose donor is disclosed by the appearance of the Peruzzi arms, the pears with the leafy stems. We will already have noticed those arms in Santa Croce, so enriched by the benefactions of that family.

Continuing upward we arrive at the old fortifications of Michael Angelo, and passing through two gates reach the summit and come out upon a small paved space before the Church of San Miniato al Monte. Its façade is encrusted with white and black marble, and enlivened with mosaics. The pavement upon which we stand is also of coloured marble, and within the church this pavement shows many quaint arabesques and figures worked out in sharply contrasted black and white. The eastern end of the interior is divided into lower and upper portions, not unusual among early churches. The upper half is richly adorned in marble and frescoes, and embellished with conventional Cosmato mosaic. It terminates at the east in a semi-circular apse, and nothing could

be more delightful than the manner in which this apse is lighted. Through its wall of white, grey, and black marble are pierced five ample rectangular embrasures, filled with slabs of translucent alabaster. The thickness of this substance is such that although it readily admits the light when the sun's rays are falling directly upon it, it almost entirely excludes them when the angle becomes too acute. Therefore the fact that these windows are stationed in a semi-circle results in no two of them being lighted to the same extent at the same time. Elsewhere in Italy the colour of the alabaster used in windows is fairly even in tone, but here it is strongly mottled, the effect being almost that of rich pink nuggets in a field of grey. It is fascinating to sit here and watch these great translucent slabs slowly shift in tone as the light upon them varies. One of them will be brilliantly lighted, while the one farthest from it will have faded into an opaque grey. You cannot watch them long without noticing a feature which may have been studied or may be but the fruit of lucky chance. The grey of the slabs, which for the moment are opaque, blends exactly with the grey marble of the apse, while

INTERIOR OF SAN MINIATO

Note the strength of the pattern decoration done in different coloured marbles and mosaics, also the pictured marble pavement. The alabaster windows are ranged round the semicircular apse seen in the upper of the two floors into which the eastern end of the chuch is divided.

in the more translucent windows the light has, by contrast, made some denser parts of the alabaster as black as the black marbles about it. Thus, be the alabaster grey or black, there is always a marble to match it, and so it swings through its harmony of translucence, accompanied by a double bass of grey and black. It is impossible to describe in written words the soft mellow glow yielded by the San Miniato alabaster—to be understood it should not only be seen, but must be watched. We will be content, however, with your promise to go there for, once before it, you will surely fall victim to the alabaster's ever varying spell.

VAL D'EMA

NO pilgrimage into the Middle Ages such as ours is (or should be!) can in any wise be complete if it omits a close-at-hand view and understanding of monastic life—so important a factor in mediæval times. Not only was it a school in which many statesmen were trained, but the seclusion of its cloisters especially favoured the study of the sciences and the arts, something difficult or impossible in the turbulent world outside. The monastic calm in which Fra Angelico painted his heavenly figures helps to explain how he obtained results so far beyond his contemporaries outside the monastery gate. Having laid down this premise let us set forth from Florence bound for the smiling valley of the Ema, only three miles away. In the midst of this valley rises a square eminence, capped with an establishment of Carthusian monks, and here we may to-day observe the life and

environment which during the 14th and 15th centuries must have provided such a striking contrast to the restless struggles punctuated with open strife, which characterized the everyday life of nearby Florence.

We enter through the courtyard where the lay brothers lived, and pass on through the small church, the centre of the community's life. At the further end of this group of buildings lies the largest of the four cloistered quadrangles. It is surrounded by apartments devoted to the brothers of the highest monastic grade. For each monk there is a bedroom, a study, etc., and also his diminutive garden, a few paces in length. Within this large quadrangle flowers and bushes spring from the green grass beneath which sleep the departed Carthusians in their unmarked graves. In the centre is the ancient well, its great depth ensuring a constant supply of water. We see the Refectory in which the community partook of its frugal meals of vegetables and fish, while one of them read aloud from the lives of the saints. Nor was the life of this monkish colony in any wise an idle one, for each man had his occupation, were it the hewing of wood, or the painting of

sacred pictures. Below on either side stretches the quiet landscape of tilled fields rolling down to the stream that wanders quietly through the valley. Here is the "peace that passeth understanding," and the leisure for undisturbed service.

Two epochs of glass are represented here, and each by delightful examples. Leaving the church by the south portal bent on visiting the exquisitely carved tombs of the Acciaiolis below, we come upon a lofty lancet on our left, glazed in the pot-metal canopy manner, brilliant, satisfying. Each of the six panels contains its own enshrined saint, and very skilful is the way in which the colours of their robes are combined and all thrown out by the blue backgrounds within the niches. The amount of brassy yellow used in depicting architecture, the frequent use of leaves in the rich border, etc., incline one to suspect the assistance of a northern glazier. On the other hand, the participation of local talent is to be assumed from the frequent employment of a certain new-grass green, very light, soft and fine, common throughout this district. Not only does it appear in the garments, but also in the architecture, in the book which St. Lawrence holds, in the martyr's palms, etc. This same green

CERTOSA, VAL D'EMA

Secluded upon its eminence, this monastic establishment preserves intact an example of a highly important factor in the life of the long departed Middle Ages.

is used to-day for window blinds all over Tuscany, so its popularity would seem to have been an enduring one! It is worth while examining the details of this glass, so carefully have they been worked out. For example, note the pains the glazier took with the two white-bearded heads. His success in contrasting the brown faces with the hoary beards must have given him as much satisfaction as it does us.

The cloister walk alongside the northern church wall is enclosed from the weather by eight windows, two of which, however, were left unfinished by the artist who achieved such a charming result in the remaining six. They are accredited to da Udine, who died before his task was completed. Considered as windows to be observed close at hand, and therefore subjected to unusually critical scrutiny, they are almost unequalled. We have already seen some of the same type in the Laurentian Library at Florence, but of nothing like so choice a quality. Three designs are used for the six embrasures, they being treated in pairs. In the centre of each is a small picture of the late enamelled variety, very low in tint and daintily drawn. The rest of the surface is given over to arabesques enclosed within

PRATO

SOMETIMES a stranger will observe in the streets of a town some manifestation of its life which lingers in his memory as peculiarly symbolic of the local history. Perhaps we shall not be too fanciful if the history of quiet, monotonous Prato is thus represented to us of the busy outer world by her women, young and old, sitting in their doorways or walking about plaiting straw into the braids which are later to be wound into hats, baskets, etc. The wisps of straw seem ever starting off at a tangent from the constraint of the braids, but always the rapid fingers weave them back into that monotonous regularity which characterizes alike the braids of straw and the life of peaceful Prato. In one of its quiet streets a turning brings you upon a shrine painted by Filippo Lippi in his best manner. Its only protection from the molestation of weather or man is a flimsy panel, and yet there it has remained secure

for centuries, a relic of a buried past which has calmly persisted, protected perhaps by its very insecurity. Nor is this the only strange expression of mediævalism that has here lingered until our day—a mediævalism as difficult to explain from our modern view point as it would be for Eric the Red to understand an aeroplane. For instance, what would to-day be said of a painter's audacity if he should follow the example of Filippo Lippi when, in his famous frescoes at the cathedral, he shows us the face and figure of the nun that he won away from her holy vows, and who was the mother of his son Filippino Lippi. She there appears both as Salome and Herodias, and yet there seems to have been no objection by the church authorities to this selection of lineaments by the great artist! Truly, "The times change and we change with them." Before we set foot inside the cathedral, we are already feeling its charm by reason of the graceful circular pulpit on its outer corner about whose front dances the delightful chorus of Donatello's cherubs. Attractive too are della Robbia's figures of majolica set high in the western façade. The importance of this sacred structure is due to its possessing the girdle of the Virgin, closely guarded and greatly

PRATO CATHEDRAL

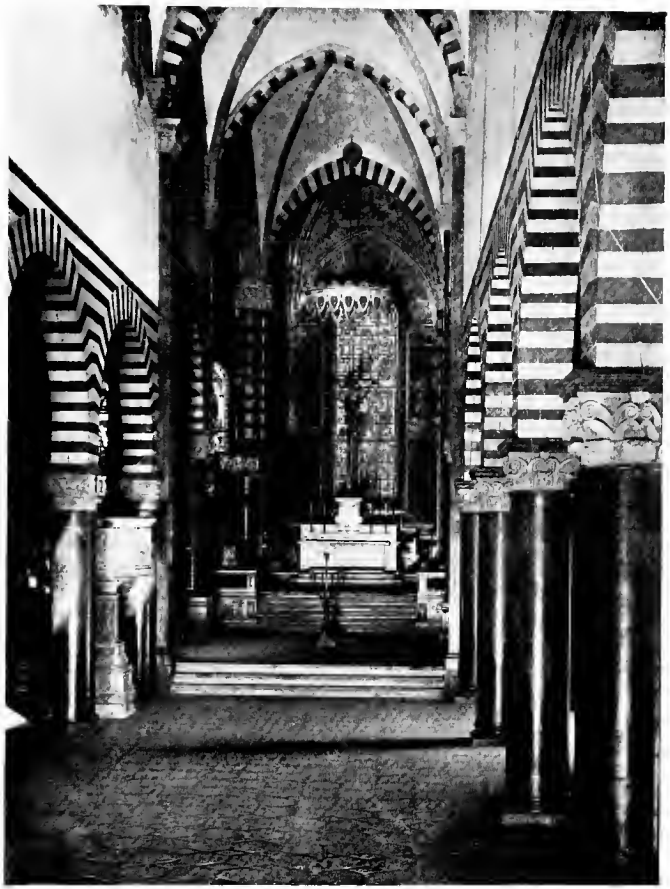
Note the graceful outdoor pulpit affixed to the corner of the façade. Around the pulpit's front dance Donatello's chorus of Cherubs. It is from this pulpit that the Girdle of the Virgin is occasionally displayed to the populace.

honoured, and once every year exhibited to the people from the little pulpit outside. It furnishes the subject of the large eastern window which lights the chapel behind the altar containing Filippo Lippi's frescoes. The upper part of the embrasure is given over to an elaborate picture of the Virgin holding her girdle, surrounded by angels flying above the tree-tops. The space below is divided into nine equal compartments, each containing a saint in canopy; unfortunately the heads of most of them have been renewed. The whole is surrounded by a rich border of red strap work set with golden lilies. Here there appears the same brocading of garments that is to be seen at the Duomo in Florence, some of the patterns being almost identical. Instead, however, of the blue effect so common in Florence, this window leans markedly to green, but always the soft, low-toned Tuscan green. It shows in the Virgin's girdle, and is repeated in the tree-tops, robes of the saints, bases of some of the canopies, etc. The date locally assigned to this work is 1436, and many indications confirm this.

The Church of Madonna delle Carceri also merits a visit; it is of the not unusual type of

blunt Latin cross surmounted by a cupola. Old stained glass fills three ample rectangular embrasures stationed high up, one on the north, another on the west, and the third on the south. The Visitation scene on the north contains too much conventional architecture, and is chiefly interesting for the excellent blue of one of the figures, and the unusually deep purple of the other. The west window, showing the Annunciation, also has too much architecture, but here it is more ingeniously employed, the colonnade running up from left to right serving to centre attention upon the Virgin, seated under a dainty classical pavilion. Far more pleasing is the Birth of Christ, on the south. This is really delightful—as well designed and coloured as any window in Tuscany. Here there is nothing stiff, only a simple picture. The dark blue background serves to throw out in strong relief the Holy Family and kneeling angels, while the whole colour scheme is brightened by the yellow of the thatched roof and of Joseph's garment, both on the left side. Above all shines the Star of Bethlehem. It is a picture to store away in one's memory.

Come back with us to Florence toward sunset. The hills on our left sometimes surge forward



INTERIOR OF PRATO CATHEDRAL

In the background appears the splendid stained glass that softens the light for Fillipo Lippi's famous frescoes. The Zebra markings done in black and white marbles are popular in Italy.

until they are threateningly close upon us, and again they silently withdraw in a strong receding sweep, only to lunge forward again. All the while the slowly dying sun is languidly shifting its tints upon them from gay to grave—heather purple to dull blue, to blue-grey, to grey, then sinking into twilight, cheered by the twinkle of out-popping lights.

LUCCA

PICTURE to yourself a range of mountains running north-east and south-west, and climbing up their slopes, or perched aloft among them, many a picturesque village or sturdy stronghold. At the foot of these hills stretches off to the south a long plain ; upon this plain at a point where other hills so encroach from the south as to make of it a valley, lies Lucca. Lucca, so often fought for, and conquered, and bought, and sold—poor distracted, desirable Lucca! Around about it are thrown high grass-grown ramparts, now altered from frowning battlements into smiling promenades where, as one takes the air, he can gaze upon the city compacted within, or else out across the narrowing plain to the hills, or down the level valley that leads through them to Pisa—22 kilometres to the south-west. Many times up and down that valley road to Pisa have marched and counter-marched bodies of armed

men, more frequently to the discomfort and dismay of Lucca than of her stronger neighbour.

Unfortunate as she generally contrived to be, Lucca enjoyed a short period of glory, for out of the kaleidoscopic hurly-burly of petty strife which constantly plagued the peninsula there emerged her one great leader, Castruccio Castracane, during the fifteen years of whose rule Lucca ruffled it with the best of them. These despots of the Italian cities were the logical outcome of the prevalent custom of hiring professional soldiers to do the fighting while the honest burghers confined themselves to safer and on the whole more remunerative duties. But this trade of the mercenary paid better and better, and it is noteworthy that while in the middle of the 14th century most of these gentry were from beyond the Alps, by the end of that century they were nearly all Italian. An interesting manifestation of favouring home industries! Most of these successful Condottieri enjoyed great local distinction, some became good rulers, few were very nice. Their code of law was simple and easily learned—"let him take that hath the power, and let him hold that can." No picture of Italy in the Middle Ages is complete unless you paint in

sundry of these ruffians, and that, too, well in the foreground. They constituted a force seldom less powerful than the Church, frequently more so. Many were of engaging personality, although somewhat vague on morality, and not squeamish in matters of decency. Looks and personal charm entered into it too; Hewlett sapiently remarks, "the Tuscans always suffered handsome tyrants gladly." Generally these local over-lords contented themselves with maintaining the mastery of one city, although raiding others from time to time by way of indulging their lust of fighting. They were a cold-blooded lot, and cut throats for much the same reason that children cut capers—to avoid ennui, and to pass the time! It would seem as if they studied the laws of morality and decency so as to provide themselves with rules to break—just for the sheer joy of what Terence Mulvaney called "putting your fut through ivry livin' wan av the Tin Commandmints between Revelly and Lights Out." Some were really great men, and founded dynasties of long duration like the Medici of Florence and the Visconti and the Sforzas of Milan. Many were of the type that lived by the sword and died by the sword and

left no trace behind them. Such an one, alas! for Lucca's hope of lasting prominence, was Castruccio Castracane, a hero who rode out of obscurity (escaped from a prison, say some!), seized sundry cities and over three hundred walled towns, overcame the powerful Florentines no less than three times, and surged up to the very walls of Genoa,—and all to what purpose? He died in 1328, all Tuscany at his mercy, and the very next year the Emperor sold his chief city, Lucca, to the highest bidder! But while Castruccio lived he was a match for the best of them. Villani says he was "limber and tall, and of a great appearance," and Hewlett calls him "a bareheaded fighter who never could get enough of it, and hero of innumerable legends." The greatest triumph of his life, the humbling of Florence, had its culminating scene in Lucca's cathedral church of San Martino, whither we are bound for a sight of the glorious windows of the apse. The Florentines had been enraged and stirred to special activity by Castruccio's capture of their neighbour, Pistoja, thereby enfolding them on the north and west and cutting them off from the sea and most of their friends. An army must be raised, and that, too, of the best, for this man must be

humbled, and the peril of which he was the embodiment avoided. Money was expended freely, and mercenaries poured in from allies near and far, many of the knights coming from France and Burgundy. A force of 20,000 men, equipped at all points and especially strong in cavalry, set out under command of Raymond of Cardona, to chastise Castruccio and his Lucchesi. With the soldiers went the famous Martinella, the great bell of Florence, which never failed to accompany a Florentine army. The campaign was a short one—a fortnight sufficed to show Castruccio's superiority both in strategy and honest hard fighting. The victory was overwhelming, and the spoils of war such as never before had Lucca enjoyed. The entry into the city of the conquering army took place on St. Martin's day, and to the great church dedicated to that Saint marched Castruccio and his victors. Before them went, to the joy of the victors, the famous Martinella, mounted on its great car, and dragged by oxen draped with the once proud but now humbled lilies of Florence, while after it walked the prisoners, headed by General Raymond of Cardona, in his hand a lighted candle to be placed on the altar of the cathedral.

SAN MARTINO, LUCCA

The courses of columns flung across the façade are very typical of Lucca. Here was enacted the splendid triumph described on page 120.

No wonder the worthy folk of Lucca nearly went wild with delighted pride, and cheered and cheered until lungs gave out, and a speechless ecstasy perforce supervened. Think on that most glorious day of Lucca as you stand before San Martino's ornate façade. It was seldom that any city enjoyed such a soul-satisfying triumph.

The Cathedral of Saint Martin has its apse entirely glazed in the best style of the pot-metal canopy period. The architecture upon it is of the classical school, but is as rich in its colouring as any other part of the picture. The central embrasure is wider than its two companions, but all three have the usual upper and lower tier of figures. What is far from usual, however, is the brilliance of the hues and the many decorative details, such as the cherubs holding back the draperies, etc. The frequent red lines throughout the groining of the arches are effective as well as characteristic. In the central window the Annunciation scene at the top is a fine one. The manner in which the two figures below stand apart and are slightly turned toward each other is reminiscent of the transept and apse in the Duomo at Florence. The green, here so lavishly and effectively used, is, however, far richer

than any to be observed in Florence, and has much to do with the artistic strength of the ensemble. Observe these windows carefully, for there is no richer colouring in Italian glass.

Across the small square in front of the cathedral lies the Baptistery of St. John, and off its northern transept is a large chapel containing the ancient baptismal font. In the east wall of this chapel is a great round window of uncoloured panes within a wide, rich border, and in the centre is placed a commanding figure of John the Baptist of almost life size. The contrast between the flesh tints and the red cloak thrown about him is excellent. Contrary to the usual Italian custom, it bears a date, 1572.

San Paolino has six of its windows glazed in excellent old glass, three in the west front, one at the end of each transept, and one in the apse behind the altar. This last named shows San Paolino against a light tinted architectural background—about the only instance in Lucca of a failure to use rich pot-metal glass in depicting stone work. The embrasure above contains modern work. The backgrounds of all these San Paolino pictures are of warm blue. The appearance of brilliant red ribs in

INTERIOR OF SAN MARTINO, LUCCA

The old glass here is all concentrated in the apse seen in the background. There are no stronger or richer tones to be found in Italy.

the groining of the canopies makes one surmise that they were by the same hand as those at the Cathedral. The coloured borders are good, but not so strikingly rich as the Cathedral ones. An unusually dark purple robe strikes one's attention in the central window of the west front, as does also a strong red in the garments of the figures in the lights on each side; the palm branches in their hands indicate that we are looking at martyrs.

A visit to Lucca leaves us with the vivid impression of warm pot-metal colour combined most effectively into a fine series of glass pictures. The writer is not surprised that it became rather a habit during the Middle Ages to capture Lucca. He would very much like to have been present on one of those occasions if only to have participated in the loot to the extent of the three large windows of the Cathedral! In those days the transporting from place to place of stained glass windows was not at all unusual. The chapel of a certain English country residence called The Vyne, near Basingstoke, is adorned with splendid French glass, Lord Sandys' share of the booty (so runs the legend) when the English took Boulogne, and brought home by him thereafter to gladden his eyes in his beautiful

Hampshire home. His example is one which deserves to be followed! It would have been singularly satisfactory to have in like manner, "personally conducted" the removal of these three masterpieces from Lucca.

PISA

UPON the plain near where the Arno finishes its long and winding journey to the sea, sits Pisa, encircled by the old machicolated walls, so long her boast, and traversed by the now slow-moving river, no longer needing the restraint of weirs as at Florence, and sedately forgetful of its youthful splashings adown the hilly valleys below Arezzo. The heart of Pisa is the open space where are stationed her four splendid trophies of ancient magnificence, the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo. Other cities may and can rival any one of these four glories, but such a wondrous group is certainly nowhere else to be seen, each by its position respecting the dignity of its neighbours as nobly as it safeguards its own beauty. Whether seen at hot noonday, or in the weird moonlight—no matter the hour or the season—these four lovely sisters of

mediæval architecture seize a place in one's memory from which nothing to be elsewhere seen can displace them. Here the builders have foresworn the temptations of coloured marbles, and have remained constant to white—some black indeed to afford the needed contrast, but stately white marble is the dominant note of the picture that one carries away from Pisa. White marble on a carpet of green grass—a carpet so often spread for architecture in England, but almost never seen in Italy. In one respect Pisa joins the group of cities headed by Bourges, in that the blossoming power of the whole town seems to have been concentrated at one point. There is little of interest to be seen in the city besides its marvellous group about the Cathedral. But was there ever more variety shown by four structures:—the low Campo Santo, the sturdy, solemn dome of the Baptistery, the splendidly adorned Cathedral, and lastly, the daring slant of the gallery-on-galleried Leaning Tower, seemingly defying those sedate rules of architectural poise which have made its more serious neighbours so charming.

Nowadays Pisa is not a place in which one lingers long, and it is somewhat of a surprise to

PIAZZA DEL DUOMO, PISA

The Baptistery (on the left) the low Campo Santo and the Leaning Tower contain no stained glass, but the Duomo's western façade, which faces us, and the side windows of the nave are glazed in a most interesting manner.

learn that Shelley said, "our roots never struck so deeply as at Pisa." It is difficult to realize the former maritime importance of this quiet little city now removed seven miles from the Mediterranean by the gradual rising of the coast, instead of lying as formerly only two miles from the harbour of Porto Pisano, which sent forth victorious fleets from the time of the 2nd Punic war until Pisa's decline in the 14th century. This once famous harbour has been so completely obliterated by silt and sand that its exact site is no longer known. Another erasure which time has here effected is that of the forest of towers that must once have made the city such a striking spectacle, and which is so quaintly depicted on ancient coins and medals. Of course it was not unusual for an early Italian town to contain many towers, for thus were constructed the houses of the nobles. Today this architectural custom is best exemplified at San Gemignano, but nowhere could there be found a total that in any way approached the 16,000 towers with which the ancient chronicles credited Pisa. No wonder one of them describes her appearance as that of a sheaf of wheat, bound together by the girdle of walls! That they were lofty may be

deduced from the municipal regulation limiting their height to ninety-five feet. Their bristling array, soaring aloft above the meaner edifices, must have made the streets of Pisa seem much as do to-day the down-town thoroughfares of New York City, running like cañons between the thirty- and forty-story "skyscrapers" on either side.

For those who are interested in the study of columns, there is here collected a rich store for their delectation. The conquering Pisan, whether his victories were won in Spain or Africa or the Holy Land or the Islands of the Mediterranean, never failed to bring home sundry columns as part of his booty. There are over 450 of them, of every clime, colour, and shape, in the Duomo alone, while many more are scattered through the other churches, and the better sort of houses. As showing the esteem in which columns were held by the citizens, it is interesting to relate that a pair made of red porphyry were presented by them to Florence for protecting the women, children, and old men, the only population left in Pisa when she undertook a crusade to drive the Moslems out of Sardinia. The Florentines camped two miles outside the city, over against the threatening Luccans, and so jealous

were they of the security of the defenceless Pisan women, that no Florentine soldier was allowed to enter the gates under pain of death. It was only once necessary to enforce this penalty! This very pair of columns may to-day be seen fastened to either side of the doorway of the Baptistery at Florence, mute reminders of both civic honour and civic gratitude.

There have been a long series of conquerors of the Mediterranean, and the more one studies them, the more similar do they become. But of the Pisan maritime supremacy during the 11th and 12th centuries there is one outstanding feature that elevates it above the others, viz.: the insistance by the Pisans that they set up their own law courts wherever they gained a foothold. Sometimes they obtained this right by diplomacy, as in the case of their courts in the Moslem cities of Cairo and Alexandria. Sometimes they gained it by gallant fighting, as witness the many grants of this privilege won by them in the Holy Land while battling for the Cross. Their splendid valour during the Crusades cannot be gainsaid, even if one doubts their boast that a Pisan was first over the walls at the taking of Jerusalem. In view of their traditional

respect for law and the dignity of the courts, it is not surprising that when in 1135 they took Amalfi their most cherished trophy and the one to which the citizens paid the greatest honours, was a copy of the Pandects of Justinian! The jurists of Pisa codified the maritime laws on more than one occasion; the one effected in 1075 was approved by both Pope Gregory VII and Emperor Henry IV. Of their "Consolato del Mare" or written code of maritime law, Hallam says, "it has defined the mutual rights of neutral and belligerent vessels, and thus laid the basis of the positive law of nations in its most important and disputed cases." It is obvious that in the midst of such a people there must have existed a sound school of law, and so it was and so it is, for the University of Pisa and its law school is still, after many centuries of honoured and useful existence, recognized as among the best in Italy. A creditable figure was the sturdy Pisan of the city's Golden Age, carrying his sword and his law court to every shore of the Mediterranean Sea, then the equivalent of the Seven Seas of to-day.

But it is time for us pilgrims to remember the purpose of our visit, so let us make our

INTERIOR OF PISA CATHEDRAL

Looking east along the nave. The aisles of this nave are lighted each side by a row of the richest "story windows" in Italy.

way to the Cathedral. There is but little of the old glass left in the unique series of grouped lancets that pierce the west front, a grouping seen nowhere else—four together, then, as the eye descends, three together, two, then single lancets. Along the lower side of the nave aisles there is a treat awaiting us, fourteen rectangular windows, seven on each side, all but three filled with one scene above and another below, no attempt at canopies—nothing but the telling of stories, always so engrossing to every age. Here is delightfully preserved the traditions of the rich warm pot-metal colour which so endears Italian glass to the student. Deeply toned windows of many hues, little paint, and as many figures as you like, regardless of the additional labour required to lead them in. Colour and story, æsthetic sense and love of tale-telling, all are gratified. In these windows there seems to have been perpetuated the story-telling genius which in other countries stopped abruptly at the close of the mosaic medallions. Elsewhere than in Italy the glazier of the 14th and 15th centuries turned his attention to figures in canopy, but at Pisa, fortunately for us, he refused to be bound down by the prim

conventionalities of the canopy, and he also continued to delight us with the rich hues of pot-metal glass instead of the thinner colours used by his contemporaries of the north. As we look upon this entertaining array of Biblical stories we are not surprised to learn that Pisan glaziers were summoned to work at Florence and elsewhere. Not only did the Florentines envy the maritime glory of the Pisans, but they also appreciated, and were glad to employ the artistic ability which the early Pisan successes caused to spring up and flourish in that city near the sea.

SIENA

HOW strange it would seem if one were to read that it had been decided to hold horse races in Gramercy Park, New York, or in the Palace des Vosges, Paris, or in Trafalgar Square, London. "Impossible!" you would exclaim—"there isn't room enough, the track would be too small!" And yet that is just what happens on the second of July and the sixteenth day of August of each year, in the small cup-like open space lying before the Palazzo Pubblico in Siena. Yes indeed, and thrilling races too, the jockeys cracking their whips, the horses galloping madly around the small track, and every inch of available space below or in the windows, or on the housetops packed—literally packed with a shouting, delirious multitude of onlookers! It may not be a fair test of the horses' speed, but it certainly is of horsemanship, and furthermore it vastly pleases all concerned, so

what more can one ask? Lastly, and also of great importance, it preserves an ancient custom, and that is worth much in these iconoclastic times. Therefore, oh! Siena, long live the annual rejoicing which the running of the Palio brings to your ancient municipality!

What a city of differing beauties have we here! Of scenic beauty, if one looks down upon the rolling valleys below from the top of the Palazzo Pubblico, or back upon the charming city from the rampart promenades of the Lissa fortress. Of theatrical beauty, if one peeps down some narrow street upon the semi-circular Piazza del Campo, backed by the Palazzo Pubblico while far aloft shoots the Mangia, one of the world's most graceful towers. Especially is this beauty theatrical, if seen in the glamour lent by moonlight, although delightful enough without that added charm. And when we wander up the narrow, winding streets and come out upon the space about the cathedral itself, do we not find yet another, and a very special beauty?—that of judicious elaboration of detail in decoration. No church in Christendom can boast of such painstaking treatment of every square foot of surface

CATHEDRAL OF SIENA

The black and white courses of marble give way when the façade is reached to the gay lines of mosaics and richly chiselled carvings. At the right are seen the walls originally built to enclose a larger edifice, which more ambitious plan was later discarded.

within, or on its western façade without. Different indeed are the varied beauties of this ancient city, but all unite to exert their special fascinations upon the stranger. In this same spirit of contrast Siena differs from her sister hill-cities —not so sweepingly lofty as Perugia, nor so steeply remote as Orvieto. She seems desirous to mask her elevation, for the ascent is at most points gradual, and there is a decided uplift in the country round about. Then, too, the railroad succeeds in mounting to Siena, although it has to employ a switchback to do so, but it does not even attempt that feat at Cortona, or Orvieto, or Perugia, or Assisi. If, to enjoy the view, you have mounted to the top of the Palazzo Pubblico, do not fail to visit its sumptuous halls, frescoed by Sodoma, Simone Martini, Lorenzetti, and many another master of the Sienese school. But the great blossom of the city's architectural wealth must be sought at the cathedral. Most of the open space about it proves, on inspection, to have been intended for the interior of the huge edifice originally projected. Around half the open square we still see the inside walls of the first-planned structure, their courses of white and

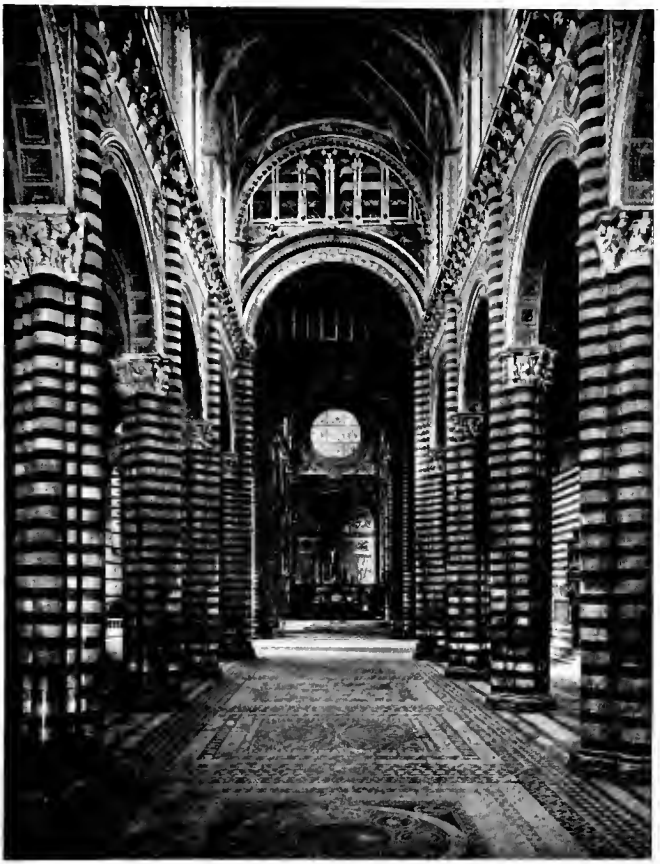
black marble harmonizing with the exterior of the completed church. Fortunately, this over-ambitious plan was never carried into effect, for the church as we see it to-day, although smaller in size, has obviously benefited by the concentration of ornament. The west front is a riot of coloured marbles and Gothic sculpture, while at the eastern end the slope of ground permitted the construction of an under-church, used as a Baptistery, itself boasting of a graceful façade.

It is doubtful if there is anywhere another church possessing such a bewildering array of different sorts of decoration as that which bursts upon us when we enter the interior. Wherever we look something has been sculptured or painted or built—the forest of black and white columns with their finely chiselled capitals, the delicately sculptured tombs, the rich frescoes of Pinturicchio, the army of little figures upon the imposing marble pulpit, the choir stalls gleaming in the sombre beauty of their old wood, the pavement intricately pictured in black and white marbles, while from the cornice far above looks down a long row of benignant papal countenances. So on we go through many a quaint and alluring detail, until

we reach our glass, displayed in two circular embrasures, both of noble proportions, one at the western end, and the other at the eastern. The latter is the earlier, and is of the mosaic period. None of its contemporaries can boast of such careful and well-balanced treatment as is shown in the nine compartments into which its surface is subdivided by the stout iron saddle bars, so-called because of the duty they discharge in supporting so great a weight of glass and lead. Certain details (such as the wavy outline of the medallions enclosing four of the figures) are so reminiscent of some at Orvieto and in the lower church at Assisi, that one is inclined to call the window a contemporary of those others: this would place it just after the middle of the 14th century. We know from the records that Bonino and Angioletto di Gubbio worked upon the windows at all three of these places, which tends to confirm the dating selected.

The general effect of the eastern occhio is the usual clear blue of its period, but warmed up by judicious use of many colours. Note the unusual treatment of the gay borders, each of the nine subdivisions being different, and yet harmonizing so

completely that these differences are not at first observed. The three large panels running down the middle contain scenes, each made up of a number of figures. Below is the death of the Virgin, in the centre her ascension, and above is her coronation. Notice the lilac used for the death bed in the lowest picture, and also the grouping. In the central panel there is a fine toss to the angels' wings, and in them an adroit combination of lilac, red, and other contrasting tints. In the coronation scene, the broad golden bench serves to centralize one's attention upon the two personages seated thereon, while about it are grouped angels of various hues. Some of the halos are red and some yellow, as is also the case in the lowest scene—this shows the work to be early. Very skilful is the handling of the nearly triangular spaces at what may be called the four corners of the window. An Evangelist is seated in the taller portion of each, while the rapidly decreasing remainder of each space is deftly fitted with his appropriate symbol—the lion for St. Mark, etc. On both sides of the central panel are two saints, each within a medallion, whose wavy border recalls those at Assisi and Orvieto. No more interesting



INTERIOR, SIENA CATHEDRAL

In the background is the finest occhio of the mosaic period in Italy. Its nine compartments *(see page 137)* can be clearly distinguished. Note the richly pictured pavement, the cornice of papal heads, etc.

or more beautiful chef-d'œuvre of the Italian mosaic type exists.

Altogether different is the fine occhio at the western end, designed in 1549 by Raphael's scholar, Perino del Vaga. It was executed by Pastorino, the versatile pupil of William de Marcillat, whose skill in glazing was equalled by his remarkable medals and coins, as well as his coloured portraits in wax and stucco. Unfortunately, Pastorino's probity was not so well developed as his artistic nature, for we read that having been paid for the window, he tried to decamp without finishing it, causing the citizens the painful necessity of locking him up in order to ensure the continuance of his residence among them and the completion of his task. In this window we see the full-blown Renaissance with its classical colonnades, garlands, cherubs, etc., all complete. It depicts the Last Supper, but in perhaps too conventional and ornate a fashion. There is certainly too much architectural background, notwithstanding an attempt to relieve it by abundant strands of flowers, festoons of bright ribbons, and gay cherubs disporting themselves in most unexpected places. The border is noteworthy for its simplicity—merely a plain moulding run

around inside the embrasure. The window is undeniably fine, but it suffers by comparison with its older sister at the other end of the church.

Before going out, let us pass from the left side of the nave into the famous Piccolomini Library, which is entirely frescoed by Pinturicchio in his most brilliant manner—a memorial erected by Pope Pius III to his kinsman, Pius II. Its two tall windows are each surcharged with a large blason of the family, their golden crescents on a blue cross being surrounded by an ample green wreath reminiscent of those which hang in our windows at Christmas time. These wreaths are frequently used in Italy to frame coats of arms.

The small church of Fontegiusta has a special claim upon the attention of the American traveller, for over its entrance are suspended some weapons presented by Christopher Columbus, together with the large bone of a whale, the latter perhaps assisting the arms to testify to his having conquered the Atlantic as well as its western shore. Between these interesting trophies is a small round window, of good glazing and noticeably fine drawing. Standing upon a red and gold pavement are the Virgin and Child between St. Catherine of Siena

and St. Dominic. A railing done in the Classical manner gracefully divides the background, and assists the rich blue above it to throw out the figures in bold relief.

Siena, perched on her three connecting hills, is not an easy city to leave, for in addition to her many picturesque attractions there are few places in Italy where one can so easily make a comparative study of the entire course of mediæval art.

Eighty-five kilometres south of Siena lies Grosseto, near the sea, and in its principal church is an interesting 15th century window. This is a long trip to make for one window, and it is only mentioned in case the traveller is purposing to tarry so long in Siena that he will have plenty of time at his disposal to visit all the points of interest in the neighbourhood.

BOLOGNA

THOSE two agreeable adjectives, "old-fashioned" and "mysterious," are somehow pleasantly blended when one thinks of an arcaded street. To these picturesque charms there should be added the practical recommendation of protection from both sun and rain. Thus to combine beauty and utility must satisfy even the most exacting Ruskin of us all. And to enjoy this combination we must repair to Bologna, which, more than any other city in the world, is the "Arcady of Arcades." Nor are her arcades in any way monotonous, for each householder has pleased his own fancy in constructing that portion of the covered sidewalk running below his dwelling, and so you wander, semi-subterraneously, through all parts of the city, careless alike of rain or sunstroke, happy in the protection and quaint beauty of these sheltered ways. Just how Bologna strikes the passing aeroplanist it is still too early to enquire. All he can see is the driveway of

the streets, and his first passage over the city must give him the impression that its citizens are all too opulent or too haughty to travel on foot, since he sees only vehicles or cavaliers. But the time is at hand to adjust our point of view so as to include that of the voyager by aeroplanes, and Baedeker must soon add bird's-eye views to his treasury of impressions at second hand. Perhaps we shall soon read in his pages, "Thanks to the arcaded streets of Bologna which obscure foot passengers from the view of passing aeroplanes, the city is readily recognized by travellers in those vehicles. Care should be taken to avoid striking any of the towers of this town, two of which are leaning ones, and are very useful as a landmark for those planing down from a distance." Bologna peculiarly deserves this reference to the newest manifestation of applied science, for in that field she has always been most progressive. It was here that Marconi, a gifted son of her ancient university, made the first practical demonstration of that crowning wonder of the 19th century, wireless telegraphy. This feat revives the memory of a similar one by Galvani, who here discovered galvanism in 1789. It was in her university that took place that dramatic

scene, the first scientific dissection of the human body.

To reach Bologna the traveller from Florence has spent several hours in climbing and tunnelling the mountain wall by which the Apennines shut off Tuscany from the fertile flatness of Lombardy. The very monotony of the plain on which the city stands makes one all the more receptive of the many picturesque attractions within it.

The stained glass of Bologna proves entirely adequate to the promise of interest which the aspect of the city holds out to the arriving pilgrim. This standard is a high one, for in addition to the labyrinth of arcades, and the leaning towers swaying across each other, there are the high-perched column-borne tombs at the street corners, the theatrically impressive public square set about with great buildings from the storied past, etc. San Petronio, the largest ecclesiastical edifice in the city, is the richest in stained glass, but many of its windows were destroyed, and that too in an unusual fashion. It was here that Charles V was crowned Emperor by Pope Clement VII, and during the public rejoicings which followed this momentous event, the discharge of artillery salutes played havoc with the

SAN PETRONIO, BOLOGNA

This chapel is known to have been glazed by the great St. James of Ulm. This picture reveals the graceful use of Gothic canopies brought by him from the north, but cannot convey the rich colouring learned during his long sojourn in Italy.

cathedral's glass. We are but poorly consoled for this loss by the knowledge that none could more deeply have regretted it than the Emperor himself, so enthusiastic a patron was he of this art. For this disaster to glass which marked the beginning of his reign, ample amends were made by him in grants of special privileges to many glaziers, and in encouragement of the craft by large commissions for windows of both religious and secular buildings. Notwithstanding the smashing just described, ten of the twenty-two chapels retain their original glazing. The church as it stands to-day is but part of the original and over-ambitious design, and consists of one long nave flanked by eleven shallow chapels on each side. There is here afforded an excellent opportunity for comparative study of different periods and methods of glazing, all however fitted to the same sized embrasures, but ranging from the strongest pot-metal colouring to the saddest example of peeled enamel. The third chapel on the right as you enter is known to have been done by St. James of Ulm. The worthy James died in Bologna in 1491, over eighty years of age, and so saintly had been his life, and so numerous were the miracles performed at his tomb that he was

canonized. The festival of this saint fell upon the second Sunday of October, and was for many years religiously observed by the company of glassmakers in Paris. His charming window, made about 1466, shows a delightful Italian adaption of the northern canopy type. It reveals careful attention to detail, while his years spent in Italy show themselves in the richness of every part of the shrines. Note how the intricate Gothic pinnacles that top the small structures are thrown out against the deep blue. One is at a loss whether to bestow greater admiration upon the glowing mosaic borders, or his use of such soft tints as mulberry or sage green. It is doubtful if the northern style can show a finer canopy window, and yet you have only to cross the nave to the fourth chapel from the west to see how incomparably richer is the Renaissance architecture of the Italian, Cossa, lavish in his use of pot-metal blues, greens, and purples. His simulated stone work is as deep in warm colour as his figures. The fifth chapel on the left side was glazed by Lorenzo Costa, but unfortunately he painted the glass too much, unwilling seemingly to rely upon the colouring introduced during its manufacture. It affords a striking argument against painting the surface.

His yellow inclines to brownish orange, and it may be said generally that his effects are thick, rather than beautifully clear like Cossa's. The eighth chapel on the right boasts no less a designer than Michael Angelo, but alas! it was executed by a man who relied upon enamelled colour. This has resulted disastrously, for in more than one place the enamel has peeled off and left glaring white patches in the picture. Even this cannot spoil the design; see how naturally one of the figures in the lower tier is glancing at the flying cherubs above. If only the glazier had proved worthy of the design!

All these windows are of four lancets of two tiers of shrined figures each, except the third chapel on the left, where there are three tiers. All have handsome bold tracery lights above, whose central feature is always a small bull's-eye aperture, the glazing of which repays inspection. Two at least are known to have been designed by the great Francia; their simplicity and low tints make them easy to select. Note them well, for thus you will be able to recognize the same skilful hand in the chapel of the Poltroni in San Martino, and in two small bull's eyes on the right side of the Church of

the Misericordia. These last named have been locally accredited to St. James of Ulm (in the same generous manner in which good German glass is frequently assigned to Albrecht Dürer), but none of our company will hesitate to render unto Francia the things that are Francia's. His slender borders are carefully drawn, particularly the one in San Martino where the pine cones of the Poltroni arms are repeated, but without too much accent upon them. Francia seems to have preferred to paint his figures in low blue and white, with stronger blue and some green in the background.

A famous bull's eye of the larger type is to be seen in the west front of San Giovanni in Monte. It is by Cossa, the artist who glazed the fourth chapel on the left in San Petronio. The seven lamps of St. John's vision are seen ranged across the sky, while the Saint himself (in yellow, red, and green) is seated in a brown mountainous landscape, scattered over which are small green trees, and here and there a tiny village of bright red. The gay border of typical Italian arabesques contains so much of the same blue as that used in the picture as to make the ensemble a very blue one. It is as interesting as you can well imagine,

SAN PETRONIO, BOLOGNA

A chapel glazed by Lorenzo Costa, the great colourist of Bologna. Note that his canopies are Renaissance, and also the small occhio above, one of the many so pleasing in this city.

but undeniably coarser in design and colour than we have a right to expect of its period.

One of the most unusual sights of this ancient town is a huddle of seven churches of different ages, one opening into the other, called St. Stephen's. They come straggling down the ladder of time from the 4th to the 17th century. We shall be chiefly interested in the one dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, for there in the east wall, as well as over the apse, are slender lancets filled with translucent pink alabaster. What a long road it is from these slender lights to the triumphs of Cossa and St. James in San Petronio!

VENICE

EVERYONE of us possesses a private picture gallery called "Memory." Some of its rooms are kept swept and garnished, and are often entered to enjoy anew scenes long ago visited. In others of the rooms the pictures are sadly faded; perhaps there are certain doors of which the keys have been lost! Whoever has seen Venice will agree that its place in the memory gallery is a bright and glowing corner, and one to which we frequently resort. The glories of this amphibious queen of the Adriatic have been so often painted, sung, and written, and from so many angles and points of view, that whoever, at this late day, ventures to write of her should be called upon in advance to justify his temerity. As a guarantee, therefore, of our good faith, let us promptly plead our excuse, which shall be, that for stained glass enthusiasts Venice is of distinct interest because she was the factory from whence came most of the material

for the windows throughout Italy. Furthermore, as the beginnings of this craft owe much to Byzantine art, it is but proper that we visit the city which was the portal through which that art entered the peninsula. The morsels of glass which compose the wealth of mosaic of which Venice rightly boasts have for centuries been manufactured on the islands of the lagoon. It was from Byzantium that Venice learned this art, and it is both to the designers of mosaic, and the Venetian glass blowers that Italian windows owed their beginnings and their early impetus. Such is our excuse for asking you to visit, or re-visit, Venice; an excuse is surely all that you require, for no argument has ever been necessary to turn a pilgrim's footsteps towards the "city of gondolas," the echoes of whose music along the Grand Canal o'nights linger so long in our ears. Is Venice more glorious in the glow of the sunlight, or in the mystery of the moonlight—who shall say? But will we agree, no matter what he says?

Nothing is easier than to conjure up visions of ancient argosies richly laden from the Levant, pushing in from the Adriatic, and dropping anchor off that rosy masterpiece of architecture known as

the Doge's Palace. Nor is it difficult to picture to oneself the sumptuously adorned barges of the Republic sweeping out to sea to solemnize the wedding of the Doge with the Adriatic, thus officially symbolizing to all the world Venice's proud assumption of controlling the gateway to the opulent East. But it will not be easy for the reader to believe that this same Venice was once filled with the filthy smoke of glass furnaces, and yet this will be as true a picture as the others, for toward the end of the 13th century the success of the Venetian glass blowers was such that their furnaces abounded in every quarter of the city. So numerous did they become that the city fathers decided that they were injurious to the public health, and banished them beyond the limits of the municipality. They sought refuge on the Island of Murano and certain others near by, so that Venice abated the smoke nuisance without losing control of this profitable trade. Viewed from a purely modern standpoint this action of the Great Council seems difficult to understand. Suppose, for example, it were to-day suggested that all cigar makers be banished from Havana, or all steel plants from Pittsburgh, or all factories

from Birmingham, such steps, however beneficial to the public health of those cities would, we fear, prove very disastrous to the private health of their advocates. One is moved to wonder whether any artistic motives entered into this official solicitude for the public health. May it not have been that certain of the city fathers received warnings, either by bad dreams or otherwise, of Birminghams and Pittsburghs yet unborn! We have just observed that care was taken that in banishing the furnaces the pockets of the citizens should not lose the profits of their smoky chimneys. Nor was this the only occasion upon which this same "eye for the main chance" characterized the action of the city authorities. From the records of Assisi, Florence, Arezzo, and elsewhere, we learn that not only did the Venetians purvey glass for the windows of other cities, but that the Venetian glaziers were so much in demand that it became the custom for groups of them to travel from place to place, and assemble their glass into windows after the designs of local artists. These bands of artisans so grew in number that the Venetian Council established for them stringent regulations, not only requiring them to obtain permission to undertake contracts,

but even, as in one instance at Assisi, forbidding more work than that for which 100 lire would be a proper compensation. In order to guard the city against the loss of its profitable monopoly these itinerant workmen were prohibited from setting up glass furnaces in any other city. The more one reads the history of Venice and learns such details as these, the easier is it to understand the commercial importance which its merchants acquired. So far from fearing monopolies, every nerve was then being strained to build them up and hold them fast.

We may as well promptly admit that there is but little stained glass now to be seen in Venice. Indeed, there remains none of importance except what was once the splendid window at the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, which unfortunately was allowed to fall into bad condition. It consists of one large subject spread across four lights, a treatment unusual in Italy. It is interesting to observe the manner in which the artist worked up his blues, passing from pale tints in the water to a deeper tone in the sky, and deeper yet in the hills. The drawing of the subject is more unrestrained than one would expect from its date,

MOSAICS IN TORCELLO CATHEDRAL

This typical early mosaic shows clearly that stained glass in its early stages found well-equipped designers among the mosaic makers, who transferred to windows the Byzantine outlines already so familiar in their mosaics.

which is 1473. By way of eking out this one window we would recommend a visit to Torcello, an island in the lagoon. Its cathedral contains some early embrasures filled with slabs of translucent alabaster. No one realizes more than the writer how difficult it is when one has reached Venice and surrendered to its charm, to leave it even for so short a trip as that to the neighbouring islands of Torcello and Murano. It should be attempted, however, for, although they are not so magnificent as their sumptuous sister, they have the merit of preserving their ancient appearance almost intact. The archives in many Italian churches tell of agents being sent to fetch Murano glass for their glaziers. Several early references are made in the Assisi records to such purchases, nor was this trade confined to any one epoch, for it persisted for many centuries. Even as late as 1525, William de Marcillat sent his pupil, Maso Porro, to buy Murano glass for use in the great windows at Arezzo.

Although the primary purpose of our tour is the study of glass, it can in no wise be considered an infidelity to that purpose if we recommend that the mosaics at Venice be carefully observed. They

were designed by men who provided the drawings for the early windows, and it is because of them that the first period is named for their mosaic medallions. Therefore the inspection of the Venetian mosaics will be of distinct service in enabling us to come to an understanding and appreciation of the designs of the early glass of Assisi, Orvieto, and Siena.

MILAN

ONCE upon a time near a small town lying south of Bologna a sturdy peasant lad interrupted his daily task of hewing wood in the forest to regale himself with a sight of one of the many troops of mercenaries which were then overrunning Italy. Bravely were they armed, and excellently mounted, for whether their pay was peacefully drawn from towns employing their services, or forcefully wrenched from the treasury of captured cities, come it did and in abundance. No wonder the boy was interested, for the current tales of the adventures of these condottieri were enough to captivate boyish fancy. It happened that they noticed this strongly built lad leaning upon his axe. Recruits of his physique were always useful, so the leader beckoned to him to approach, and invited him to join the troop. His unusual reply has come down in history,—"I will throw my axe into the branches of that oak and if it stays there

I will go with you." The axe stayed where it was flung, and there joined them the boy afterwards famous as the founder of the House of Sforza, a family that for over three hundred years governed the duchy of Milan, and exercised potent influence beyond the boundary of the fertile plains of Lombardy. He was both a thrifty and an industrious soul, was this same Francesco. Some time after the death of our friend Castruccio Castracane (with whom we marched into the cathedral at Lucca), Francesco went that way on a business trip, politely termed a military campaign. So business-like was he that after he had been paid by Paolo Guinigi, ruler of Lucca, for driving off the besieging Florentines, he accepted 50,000 ducats from the said Florentines to take himself promptly out of Tuscany, which he did, but not before pocketing another 12,000 ducats from the Luccans for driving out the same Guinigi on whose business Francesco had originally left home. Once, when Galeazzo wanted to make a formal entry into Milan on a Saturday, Francesco wrote him to change his plan "for on that day the ladies will be washing their hair, and the troops have their work to do." Pleasure was never allowed to interfere with

business, when Francesco had his say. The history of the city's growth in strength and importance, as well as that of the building of its principal monuments is wrapped up in the history of the Sforzas. Of all the families of despots which, during the Middle Ages, governed the cities of Italy, the Sforzas of Milan and the Medicis of Florence stand out pre-eminent not only for their strong rule but also for the benefits which resulted therefrom to their people.

Foreigners generally remember Milan as the city which lies about the cathedral of Milan! The broad, busy thoroughfares of this modernized metropolis, the fine large shops, and the omni-present tram-cars all combine to obscure from us its storied past. Its commercial importance is but natural, stationed as it is, "the middle city" (for that is the story of its name) between the lands north of the mountains and the oft-embattled cities of the Italian peninsula to the south. Its bustling, successful present contrives to crowd out memories of the time when Emperor Constantine selected it as the capital of the western half of his Empire. But what if all this modernity does so thrust itself forward as to push the ancient city into an obscure

background !—that same submerged antiquity has its revenge in so stamping our memory with the image of the vast cathedral as to efface all other local impressions. And what a cathedral !—the like of it exists nowhere else. Here stands frozen into stone the centuries-long struggle between the builders who wished it to speak in northern Gothic, and they who favoured the Latin basilica—a huge structure that displays both the much-desired height of the north, and the roomy breadth of the southern architect. Nor is the contrast between these two characteristics any more marked than that between the spacious reddish brown interior and the exterior of glittering white, with its upward discharge of volley on volley of sculptured pinnacles. Whimsically appropriate to this thought is it that this army of two thousand carved figures was added during the Napoleonic era. Many as are the criticisms that may be directed at this adaptation by southerners of northern Gothic, it is impossible to deny that the result is impressive. Effective it always is—brilliant in its glitter under the noonday sun, or ghostly in the mysterious pallor it assumes as the twilight is closing into night. Moonlight puts life into the myriad figures that people its

EASTERN END OF MILAN CATHEDRAL

The enormous size of these embrasures, as well as the graceful lines of their stone traceries, is clearly seen. Note the Gothic transom thrown across the middle of these windows to balance their great height.

roof, and changes it to a fairyland of silent folk mutely recalling the past so completely stifled during the day by the modern city on every side.

We have spoken of the reddish brown tone of the interior, and of this effect let us remark that it is as helpful to the great array of stained glass as are the coloured windows to it. Each helps the other to produce as harmonious a bower of light as one can anywhere see. Strangely enough, there is none of the usual jarring contrasts between the 16th century windows and their neighbours of the 15th century. The same warm colour scheme sweeps round the church from one side to the other, even where, as in the apse, it is obvious that modern glass has been used to eke out whole sections of the huge embrasures, the old patterns and colours having been followed in an unusually reverent manner. The result is an harmonious whole—a well-attuned chant in melodious tone and tint that echoes all about us. You will see finer individual windows in many another church, but it is rare to come upon such a gratifying sense of undisturbed continuity of colour scheme, and that too in such amazing quantity. Indeed, the proportions of the edifice are so ample that an ordinary

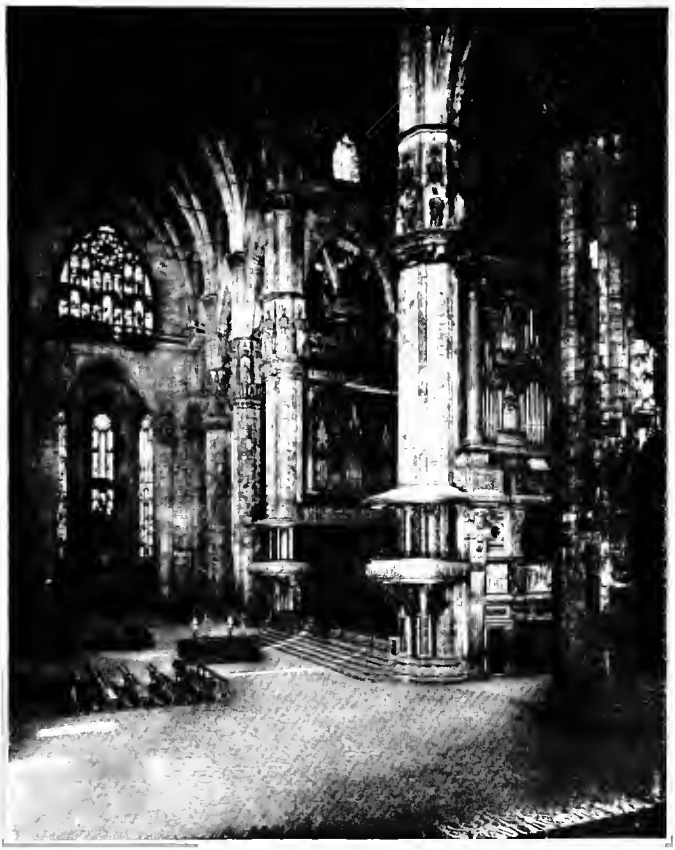
amount of stained glass would have been lost in it. Even the side aisles are lofty enough to have been the naves of most cathedrals, while so broad is the space upon which we enter that we are at first deceived as to the unusual height and breadth of of the embrasures. Large as these are, they are exceeded by the lavish proportions of the huge windows that stand at the east behind the high altar. Of these latter, each has twelve lancets crossed by a graceful Gothic transom. The whole expanse of each window is broken up into a series of small scenes one above the other—eleven in some lancets and ten in others, depending on where the transom happens to cross. These transoms are used to assist the effect of most of the windows in the church, and general also is this system of glazing in small scenes. These little groups are almost exclusively used on the south side of the nave, but opposite, on the north side, some of the pictures are carried right across the embrasure, regardless of the interruption of the mullions dividing it into separate lancets. In order to gain more light at the western end of the nave, close by where one enters, only the lower half of the three most westerly windows on each side are glazed

in colour, the upper halves being given over to uncoloured panes. All these nave embrasures have the Gothic transom running across them that we noticed in the apse. The transepts are as elaborately and appropriately glazed as the other parts of the church. We commence to realize the great height of the interior when we look up at the clerestory lights, and notice that they are so distant that we are unable to distinguish their designs and must needs be content with their satisfying colour.

Upon the long series of lancets that compass us about on all sides there is set forth such a bewildering array of Bible stories that it seems almost invidious to the others to attempt to describe any one. Certain pictures representing mediæval shipping strike the eye at once, and their examination makes clear that ocean navigation has progressed more rapidly than the art of making beautiful windows! The use of deep reds and blues in the nave impresses one, as indeed does the general note of warm and rich tones throughout. The 16th century glass here conspicuously lacks the customary light tints of that period, and this explains why it harmonizes so well with the deeper

tones of its 15th century neighbours. One would almost conclude that the 16th century glaziers were purposely warned to refrain from the excessive use of yellow stain and grey in which they so delighted. We should also note the instances where the designers declined to allow the structure of the window to interfere with their artistic expression. Generally they permitted the mullions and iron bars to restrict them to small pictures, and in that event to frame them, but sometimes they absolutely disregarded these architectural intrusions, and spread their story right across an embrasure regardless of where the stone or iron lines might cross it. However, it is clear to us moderns that these men of the Middle Ages thoroughly understood the medium in which they worked, for their effects possess both charm and excellence.

The Certosa of Pavia, 30 kilometres away to the south, is not the only excursion which lures us out into the country that lies about Milan. Saronna is distant only 25 kilometres to the north-west, and in its pilgrimage church, precious for the masterpiece of Luini, and Gaudenzio's delightful choir of angels, is an interesting 15th century window. While it must be admitted that the



INTERIOR OF THE TRANSEPT, MILAN CATHEDRAL

As profoundly brown within as it is glitteringly white without. Note that the window surfaces are broken up into little scenes, also the extreme loftiness of the clerestory lights.

glass alone is not of sufficient importance to lure us so far afield, nevertheless, taken in combination with the admirable frescoes which adorn the walls about it, reason enough is given for a day out-of-doors in level Lombardy.

CERTOSA DI PAVIA

THERE are few men who are not more interesting than their monuments, and this is unquestionably true in the case of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan from 1385 to 1402, great as the compliment will seem to those who have visited his chief monument, the Certosa of Pavia, located five miles from Pavia on the road to Milan. An odd-shaped, shrewd head is his, as it appears painted on the wall of the semi-circular apse of the south transept, where, on his knees, he is offering a model of the Certosa to the Virgin. And the promise of his head is borne out by the story of his life. Boldly strong when force was needed, and yet at other times as stealthily guileful as any man could be who, like he, lacked physical courage in an age when it was almost the only common virtue. A very chameleon of statecraft, and yet withal a man who read and pondered much, as befitted the revival of learning, which was then becoming so potent

CERTOSA DI PAVIA

This view from the cloister gives only a limit of the elaboration of detail which characterizes this splendid monument of Lombard architecture, and gives a foretaste of the richness of ornament to be seen inside.

a factor in Italian development. One must not let the clash of arms which, during the Middle Ages, so constantly echoed up and down the peninsula, distract us from observing that at the same time men were busy bringing to light the hitherto neglected literary and artistic treasures of the Greeks and Romans, or that Plato, Homer, Virgil, and Aristotle were now being for the first time printed, and eagerly read. Most significant is it that men like Boccaccio were studying Greek after having reached man's estate, so that they might participate in the literary feast newly spread from the store of the long-neglected ancients. Gian Galeazzo was among the first to join in this revival of learning, thus evidencing one of the many traits that stamp him a leader of his time. Nor can he be charged, as can most of his contemporaries, with being possessed of the vices, as well as the virtues, of the Renaissance, for he was temperate and of a clean life. But how did he win his dukedom? for inheritance was not then a sure tenure. It happened in this wise. Upon his father's death his uncle and cousins decided to join in the division of the great heritage, and as our hero found himself too weak to

resist, he made a virtue of that weakness, and a fruitful virtue it proved. He retired to Pavia, his modest share of the patrimony, and left his uncle to lord it in Milan and the other cities of the duchy. Gian encouraged the generally prevailing idea of his weakness, and let it be understood that he was leaning towards religious fanaticism. Meanwhile he quietly assembled a strong bodyguard of German mercenaries, foreigners who had no ties in Italy other than their allegiance to him, their paymaster. When the seeming security of his kinsman's position had had time to ripen into over-confidence, Gian announced his intention one day in 1385 of going on a pilgrimage to Varese. As his route passed near Milan his uncle and the rest of his usurping kin rode out to greet him. When he had them surrounded by his guards, he gave an order in German, the trap was sprung—they were all prisoners! He rode on to Milan, readjusted the *status quo* by quite simply poisoning his uncle that night, and relieved the other members of his family of any further inconvenience from their estates. It was as complete as it was simple. His attention to the duties of government is a lesson to such modern

INTERIOR, CERTOSA DI PAVIA

An apothesis of decoration. In the middle background appears one of the many 15th century windows which contribute so greatly to the richness of the ensemble.

officials as wish to carry out the pledges of the platform upon which they were elected. Symonds says, "His love of order was so precise that he may be said to have applied the method of a banker's office to the conduct of a State. It was he who invented Bureaucracy by creating a special class of paid clerks and secretaries of departments. Their duty consisted in committing to books and ledgers the minutest items of his private expenditure and the outgoings of his public purse; in noting the details of the several taxes, so as to be able to present a survey of the whole State revenue." Chiefly is he known to posterity as the builder of the Certosa, or Carthusian monastery, near Pavia. This must not be taken to mean that his successors did not add to his work, for the Certosa is a history in stone of the entire range of the Renaissance in Lombardy. But his is the credit for having created and endowed this beautiful group of edifices, and it stands as a monument to one of the really great statesmen of the Middle Ages. So elaborate is the structure in every part, without and within, that there are some who claim that it is over-adorned, but not so we. However true it may be that one should

not paint a lily, let us insist that it is impossible to over-decorate anything built of stone, for every judicious stroke of the chisel tends to lighten the appearance of the weighty material, and lightness out of strength is architectural beauty. But even those who, like Des Brosses, writing in 1739, find the façade "a magnificent muddle of every imaginable ornament distributed without selection and without taste," are bound to admit with him that the interior "strikes one on entering by its magnificence, fine proportions, its vaulting—one of the most satisfying things I have ever seen in my life." Were we to attempt to refer to its many fascinating features we would become lost in the maze of detail. The greater part of the stained glass is of the latter half of the 15th century. The finest of the windows are by Cristoforo de Mottis and Stefano da Pandino. The former's best effort is in the old sacristy, representing St. Bernard and the demon, and thus dated, "opus Christofori de Motis 1477," while in the chapel of San Siro the window depicting the Archangel Michael bears the legend, "Antonius de Pandinus me facit." Mottis is also known to have been the glazier of the San Gregorio Magno

window in the transept, which bears many small buckets, the badge of Duke Galeazzo Maria Sforza, showing that it could not have been later than 1476. Another of his windows is that of the Annunciation in the first chapel on the right. Both Mottis and Pandino came to the Certosa after having proved their skill in the cathedral at Milan, where other members of Pandino's family had glazed as well as he. Mottis's brother Jacopo was also engaged upon the stained glass at the Certosa, from 1485 to 1491. The problem of sufficient illumination has been handled just behind Gian's tomb in a pleasantly frank way—the coloured panes are stopped about a third of the way from the top, and white glass used above, reminding one of a custom dear to the Dutch.

There are many memories lingering about Pavia. Our own Columbus studied at its University about 1477, and there too was educated Lanfranc, later Bishop of far-away Canterbury. But the most outstanding episode of all is of course the famous battle of Pavia, where the royal invader Francis the First was defeated and taken prisoner. Tradition tells us that on the

evening of his capture he was taken into the Certosa just as the monks in the choir were chanting

"Coagulatum est, sicut lac cor meum,
Ego vero legem tuam meditatus sum,"

and that the unfortunate joined his voice with theirs when they came to

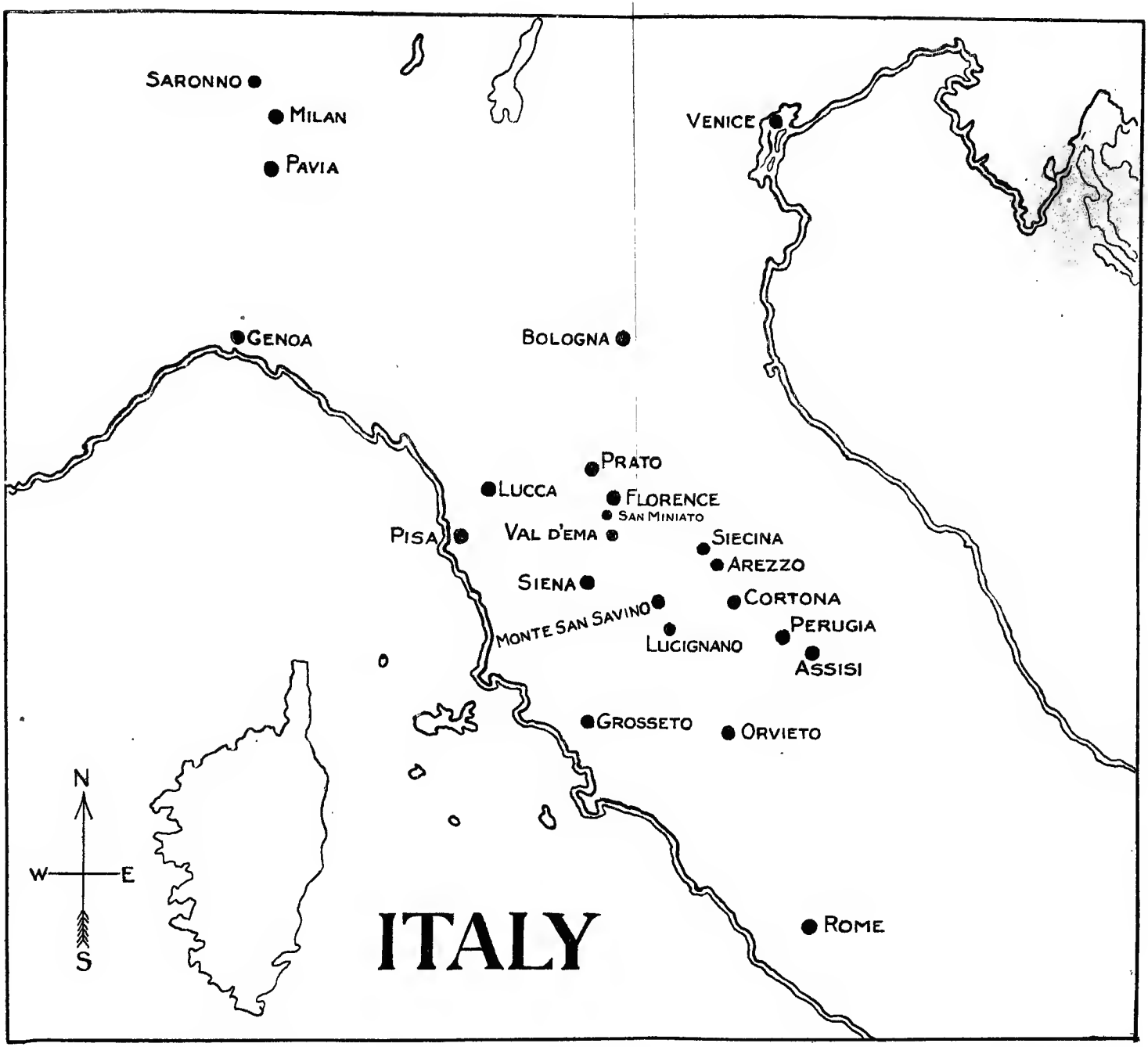
"Bonum mihi quia humiliasti me
Ut discam justificationes tuas."

A REQUEST

If, gentle reader, the author has found favour in your sight, please evidence that gratifying state of mind by advising him (at the address below the Foreword) of any Italian glass, not herein reported, which you may discover in your rambles.

LIST OF TOWNS

Showing the Epochs of their Windows


SARONNO
MILAN
PAVIA
VENICE
GENOA
BOLOGNA
PRATO
LUCCA
FLORENCE
SAN MINIATO
PISA
VAL D'EMA
SIECINA
AREZZO
SIENA
CORTONA
MONTE SAN SAVINO
PERUGIA
LUCIGNANO
ASSISI
GROSSETO
ORVIETO
ROME
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