Little Cities of Italy

André Maurel

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By André Maurel

Translated by Helen Gerard

Little Cities of Italy

2 vols. Beautifully Illustrated

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Photo by Henry H. Burton

"Milan hides such marvels of beauty under her dusty intimacy as the Piazza dei Mercanti"

Little Cities of Italy

By

André Maurel

Translated by

Helen Gerard

Author of "The Story of the Thirteen Colonies"

With Portrait and Biographical Sketch of the Author

Milan—Pavia—Piacenza—Parma—Modena—Bologna—Ferrare—Ravenna—Rimini—Pesaro—Urbino—Perugia—Assisi—Spello—Montefalco—Spoleto—Orvieto—Viterbo, etc.

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To

MADAME PIERRE MAUREL

IN TOKEN OF

BROTHERLY ATTACHMENT

A. M.

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ANDRÉ MAUREL

S a novelist and journalist, as a literary critic and connoisseur in painting, sculpture, and architecture and as a keen and charming writer on what may be called the world's Italy, Monsieur Maurel stands among the most distinguished of the classical-bred, yet altogether modern, French men of letters.

The first work from his pen to be presented in English, the volume to which the present book is a companion, won an international reputation because of its universal appeal. Monsieur Maurel is not a man who as he writes keeps in mind the possible translator, as is said of some Continental authors. He is too great an artist to desire anything but a well deserved popularity in his own land, and he is not aiming for praise from foreign readers; but he is, nevertheless, far from indifferent to the appreciation that has greeted the English

version of his *Little Cities of Italy.* Yet, with all the cordiality of his attitude toward those who have been inspired to reproduce his work in English, his answer to a request for material for a biographical sketch to accompany this second volume from his pen to appear in an English version, was hardly satisfying, though decidedly characteristic:

"I was born in Paris in 1863, and made my debut in journalism on the *Figaro,* with which I was connected for over fifteen years. I have written several novels [naming less than half his list] and some other books, but I have had no history. My life has been filled with work and by my family."

Thus far Maurel has written nine novels, one of which has been crowned by the French Academy. In 1890, the *Little Cities of Italy* began to appear, the first volume being crowned by the Academy, winning the Marcelin Guérin prize and cordial appreciation from a critical public. The volumes embraced under the title, *Little Cities of Italy*, are soon to be supplemented by two other books, bearing the title of *Paysages d'Italie,* while the larger cities are dealt with in the same fresh, all-

round vein in *Un Mois à Rome* and *Quinze Jours à Florence, Venice, Naples*, etc.

But if Monsieur Maurel will not speak for himself, his contemporaries speak for him. One of them says in a leading French journal:

André Maurel is one of the most deservedly notable men of letters in France. As a novelist, he has tasted the admiration which falls to the lot of women and artists. Such books as *Mémoires d'un Mari*, *Le Vieillard et les Deux Suzannes*, and the exquisite *Poème d'Amour* will ever be applauded by lovers of the French language. When this psychologist, this historian of the human race, this man of intellect and of feeling is in need of rest from the work of portraying contemporaneous life, he takes a laborious holiday in his beloved Italy, coming back with a volume of "impressions" as well digested as a thesis under their apparently light treatment. Then he again becomes the alert and imaginative chronicler, whose penetrating glance at society, at the life about him finds daily expression in sparkling pages, sympathetic, caustic, erudite, but never pedantic.

A good talker, welcome in brilliant salons, friend of the leading spirits of our time, he numbers such men as Anatole France and Clemenceau among his intimates; penetrating art critic, genial comrade, always ready to do a kind action, esteemed by his adversaries and admired by his friends, such is André Maurel, who looks out upon life through a gold-rimmed mono-

cle, one of the writers who to-day most honours our profession.

Such a man, once known, cannot fail to have a large audience among the more intelligent English-speaking people in every part of the world. None of us who know our Italy would like to admit that she is better understood or better loved by any other people than by ourselves. We must acknowledge, however, that the French are nearer to her, have more in common with her than have we. Our love for her, even at its most ardent stage, is but the love of an alien; the Frenchman's is that of consanguinity. Generations of Italian women have been the mothers of kings and commoners in France, even as French wives have been taken by Italians of high and low estate. The great artists of the Golden Age of Italy worked in France as in no other country except their own—and it was from this association that came the glorious Italian Gothic in architecture. Few of the innumerable internal struggles of Italy have been undertaken without one side or the other depending upon the aid of the French, and Napoleon in appointing kings in Italy found many precedents among the rulers of France. Although in large

part of different race, the French never lost the impress of the Roman conquest. The French language, like the Italian, is still close to the mother Latin of Rome. Both countries have adopted the early form of the Christian religion, that of Rome. Both have passed through, each in its own way, the mortal struggle for national autonomy and for freedom from all claim to sovereignty on the part of the organisation maintaining that same religion. This struggle with the Church as a political authority has, by the way, had results of far greater significance to us alien races than we are always ready to appreciate, a fact which makes the real theme of this present volume especially pertinent to us.

Surely it must be an insular Johnny Bull, a bumptious Provincial, or an American of very restricted interests indeed, to whom a French critic and historian with all this heritage below the sparkle of his chatty *camaraderie*, would not be the most delightful of travelling companions in this still Enchanted Land.

HELEN GERARD.

SAN DONATO IN COLLINA,
FLORENCE, April, 1912

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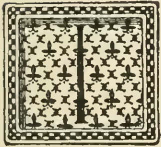
Little Cities of Italy

I

ON THE ROAD TO ROME

T is raining. According to Stendhal, nothing is more magnificent than the lacework of the Duomo under the rays of the midnight moon. As for myself, I am bound to take his word for it, and a host of witnesses testify that the world in general is under the same necessity. Four times, now, at intervals of several years, I have trodden with joyous and impatient feet up the echoing pavement of this feverish city. Four times, my arrogant boots have received a muddy rebuke. Stendhal loved Milan too well to view her without partiality; in the heroic days of Stendhalian times, the sun and moon shone bright in the Milanese heavens.

What else is left to us of the spectacle for which the lover of Louason spread contagious regret across Europe? A musical frenzy, an amorous passion, the taste of the *fronde* in the Chamber,

for puerile intrigue, and the political pettinesses of which the quintessence is offered us in *La Chartreuse de Parme.*

I know very well that, even if the stars shine, brilliant as ever, above the little marble steeples, the Milan of to-day can no longer even murmur what she used to sing to the youthful Fabrice del Dongo when he accompanied the Duchesse de Sanseverina to the Scala. The theatre is still open, but to peaceful shopkeepers whose material prosperity does not incline them to make any present application of William Tell's cries for vengeance against the abhorred Austrian. Milan no longer thinks of Austria. Milan is the great beneficiary of the unity of Italy, and, in this business age, her wealth and her activity make her the real capital of Italy. However, Milan still possesses treasures which have nothing of the commercial or of the industrial. It is these which I have come to see, and my reproach to Stendhal may rebound upon myself. Neither he nor I look at what should be looked at. We do not enjoy the same things, and the things which we do enjoy, each of us, are not perhaps those which merit appreciation. Stendhal says nothing, or, at least, what he says

is lost in childish enthusiasm, of the masterpieces which Milan conceals. And I, in pursuing these shut my eyes to that other masterpiece created by the work and good cheer of this loitering and frugal country of Italy.

What a happy diversity there is among travellers! Montaigne and his nephritis, the President de Brosses and his baggage, Stendhal and his loves! There are three Italys! Every pilgrim fashions one after his own likeness, and, however often he may return to a place, his view of it will be always different from before, often quite opposite. What will mine be to day?

It is raining. What do I care? Milan is only a place for me to take breath. Her present development makes her the equal of the greatest among cities, especially of those which have built upon their past and again live it over. And, if I consider talking about her some day, it can only be in company with Rome, Florence, Naples, and Venice. Milan, so alive and so modern, cannot figure in my little museum on my obituary list. She is the most eloquent testimony to vitality. Interesting as may be some of the churches, as are San Maurizio and Santa Maria della Grazie, moving as may

be the Brera and the Ambrosiana, they are so only to the tourist. The man who reflects for a moment upon cause and effect, who does not seek after impressions, but abandons himself to those which are spontaneous, whatever they may be, that man cannot look at Milan, nor think of her apart from her contemporaneous strength, her material radiance, and the ultra-modern symbol of which she is particularly suggestive. What an admirable Milan I see to paint on the panel of a triptych where I should picture the donor on his knees in admiration! As the companion piece, I should use Genoa. The two fruitful cities should watch over the relics scattered over all Italy, for whose dead beauties, offered to us as they are in their splendour, we owe our thanks in part, at least, to the laborious energy, and to the constantly growing prosperity of these two cities.

Everywhere in Italy, except perhaps, in some corners completely cut off from the present, modern life stands side by side with the past. The latter still dominates. But at Milan its domination is abolished. The museums are but museums—that is to say, asylums for that which no longer has its own place in the world. The works

in them shine only by intrinsic merit. Nothing now binds these museums and the masterpieces in them to the city, which triumphs over them, as does Paris above and around the Louvre. The Milan of to-day is the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, not the Castello; it is the Gothic Duomo, which has been finished scarcely a century, and not the portal of San Lorenzo.

Yet, on the other hand, Milan is nothing less than a "little city." As much and more than some others, she hides under her dusty intimacy such wonders as the Piazza dei Mercanti and the Piazza Fontana. But pure enjoyment of them is interfered with by the tumult which reaches them from the square of the Duomo. Old things should be surrounded by silence. Stendhal should have been a Milanese in 1900. Was not that tall, angular boy whom I have just seen running in light pumps across the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, our dear commissary of the wars come to life? With face drawn, he must have rushed like this nervous and hurried youth to the door of Angeline's house, or to the lobby of the Scala! Stendhal was always in advance of his time. He appreciated in 1830 what was not generally under-

stood until 1880. He lived fifty years too soon.

Let us, then, for the fourth time, leave Milan to her modern glory, to her work, irreconcilable with the thoughts in our minds and our purposes on this journey. I only stopped to rest a moment, and also, in spite of the word of a venerated master, to breathe again a little Italian air.

Milan! he says; that is not Italy!

Never was better illustrated the admirable thought of Sainte-Beuve: "a truth is less true expressed than conceived," than by this example. But now Milan is Italy. Only *now*, however. And I must keep wandering in the familiar Brera in order to keep my thoughts upon the task which I have come here to accomplish and upon the desires I am pursuing. The Tuscan galleries and the Venetian galleries recall my earlier journeys. The works of the schools of Ferrara, Umbria, Bologna, and Parma, and those of the great masters whose genius made them cosmopolitan, open before me the horizon which I myself have severely outlined.

Two years ago, on approaching the shore of Lecco, I, like Goethe, wrote: "If they had dragged

Photo by Henry H. Burton

The old Piazza Fontana of Milan

me to Rome on the wheels of Ixion, I should not have complained." Goethe, however, had not experienced railway travelling. *Ixionic* as they are, the wheels of the Italian railway carriages would no more have daunted his zeal than they diminish my own ardour. On the contrary, willing to prolong their delicious torment, I am going to Rome by the long way, by the school-boy's road, as they say in France. Much maligned road! The school-boy learns as much in playing truant as in attending class. He sees the principle in operation. That is just how I understand my truancy. Rome owes all her splendour to artists whom she has not produced. Should I go, then, by the way of Greece and Asia? For the moment, I do not wish to enter Rome before having demanded from the cities and the country places by which she has benefited all the testimony they can furnish. Already I have been over the land of the Michel Angelos, of the Titians, that of the Giottos, and that of the Bramantes. To-day, I am going over that of Raphael, of Pinturicchio, of Correggio, of Francia and of Signorelli. So it seems to me, I shall be better able to enjoy Rome and all that makes her what she is. When my eyes have

beheld the early growth of the objects of my quest, then shall I better understand their maturity. Like a truant school-boy, I shall roam through the fields, prying into the mysteries of the budding in order more fully to appreciate the blossoming. Rome is at the end of my road, with the nonchalance of the indolent urchin! I approach her. Nothing hurries me. Eager as I am, I run no risk of disillusion by restraining my steps. For whom one can wait Rome is a beauty.

Confident in this security, I lay out my route, or rather it forces itself upon me. The little cities of the Emilia, of the Marches, and of Umbria are stages in the progress of my acquaintance with Rome. The jewels and the costumes of a woman bespeak her morality. The decorations of Rome indicate her mentality. In passing over the Emilian road and then over the Flaminian road I shall count all the jewels of the Roman crown. And, even now as I set forth, I find the social significance of those jewels gleaming in a strong light, quite as radiant in fact as the artistic significance. The country to which I commit myself and where, at first, I thought only of following in the shining path trodden by her painters and

her architects, herself completes and perfects my plan as I think of the events of which she was the scene. What a magnificent avenue! On the right the Raphaelesque branches, on the left the Pontifical branches. Different forests, but bordering the road so closely that they soon will intermingle. From Pavia to Orvieto I shall hear the voices of the great men whose masterpieces are in the possession of Rome; I shall hear also the voice of the people whose head was bowed low by the papacy.

It would be a pleasant task to write the history of the Pontifical State by the cities of that State. It is not the task of a traveller. His duty is to note scrupulously all its impressions. If, by the mere unity of geographical accident and the artistic choice offered him, he may give to his recital more cohesion than is usual in such cases; if, thanks to his itinerary, he can subordinate his work to a general idea, to make a book, in a word, and not merely put pages together, he would be stupid not to make the most of such an opportunity. And, as each city of the country through which I am going to pass has had its share in the domain of the Church, let us not refuse to stake

them out as landmarks in the history of that domain. Pavia was the birthplace; Spoleto was the seat of the anarchy against it; Perugia saw its eclipse; Orvieto was the scene of its resurrection; Pesaro made the noblest effort to create the realm; Urbino made the greatest of its pageants; Bologna stands for the apotheosis; Ancona bore its mortal illness, and Modena its death. Having seen what Rome has done, I can better understand what she was and what she has become. Nothing so explains a man's work as his own life, and it is not an unhealthy curiosity which makes us desire so strongly to know the intimate history of great men. So it is with Rome, prodigious personage, of such genius, author of one incomparable work!

The field is vast. There are but two guides, if I am not lost myself. First, never to wander from the route laid down, to seize the blossoms which offer themselves upon the trailing branches, without trying to bend down the highest ones, even though they are charged with the most beautiful clusters. Men are no more to be forced than things. Second, never to forget that Rome must not figure in the notes of this journey other than as a State; never as a Church. Just now, at

San Maurizio, among the Luinis which cover all the walls, I saw the portrait of Bentivoglio and of his wife Ippolita Sforza. Driven out of Bologna, in 1532, they took refuge in Milan, and were the donors of these imperishable frescoes. They did not make the Divinity responsible for the hard lot they owed to His representative on earth. Let us imitate their wisdom; upon this pontifical soil the Divinity is the pledge of our impartiality; let that answer for our justice.

II

THE NETTLE

Pavia

FTER leaving Milan, the valley of the Po grows wider, thanks to the Ticino and other little tributaries, and spreads out an imposing wealth. Men who know nothing of literature utilise the lavishness of the sky, and the thirsty soil repudiates the optimism of Stendhal on this flat and even ground where the clouds empty their hoardings and the railway seems to be running over a lagoon, but a fertile lagoon where the trees sail and the waters bloom. Large rectangles, methodically cut in the middle of the fields, are bordered by willows and young elms, which bend over to mirror their freshness in the apparently bottomless lakes of the rice fields. In this backward spring, the little points of the Asiatic cereal

are scarcely yet in sight, but soon the Lombard plain will be nothing but a verdant carpet, and the grain of rice also will look for its image in the peaceful, shallow waters under which it sprouts. Already, at moments, the plant appears calling up to our French eyes pleasant visions of beds of cress.

The train rolls along the embankment and, in the distance, I watch the lantern and the steeples of the Certosa. That proud sepulchre of a covetous race which eloquently united the offspring of bishop and of condottiere, that sepulchre, midway on the first stage of my journey, will be the bridge to grade somewhat my passage from the living Milan to the dead Pavia. Slowly it appears from behind the curtain of poplars, the open brickwork throwing into relief its colonnades, and the square towers of the apse which carry their little steeples with ease, with too much ease perhaps. The ruddy church stands alone in this plain, in the midst of these marshes. One looks for the city whose prosperity it sheltered, whose poverty it embellished. The wall, in the middle of whose enclosure rises the tawny giant, has never been the boundary of anything but a sepulchre; it has

cut off from the world none but silent guardians. Above the stones, are seen the roofs of the cells, the twenty-four little cells where, day and night, are expiated the crimes of the Galeazzos and the Marias; those crimes to which the Divine insight will not be blinded by the pomp of the tomb, however potently it may recommend them to the indulgence of humanity.

An inordinately strong carriage bears visitors along a muddy road to the entrance of the humble and magnificent enclosure, and once through the arch nothing remains in one's heart but tenderness and gratitude. When the miraculous portico came into sight, I remembered the words of Goethe: "Many disasters have afflicted the world, but not, one has given so much pleasure to posterity as the destruction of Pompeii."

The ambition of the Sforza let loose upon Italy the last scourge of covetousness, under which she gave way; but to them we owe this monument, where, for five hundred years, the world has drunk deep of magnificence, and renewed the strength of its æsthetic virtues. What prodigality and what discretion! It is all in good taste; even its contradictions are reconciled in the unity of the whole.

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The lantern and steeples of the ruddy Certosa . . . behind its curtain of poplars . . . proud sepulchre of a covetous race . . . offspring of bishop and of condottiere"

Suddenly the Colleoni Chapel at Bergamo comes back to my memory. It is here, but no longer in repose; the smile of an artist who amuses himself in turning a little figure into stone. Here is the real master-work, that which, once out of the hands of the sculptor or the painter, is seized by the museums or the millionaires. Never has decorative art attained such richness in harmony, proportion, and delicacy. At Venice, the façade of San Zaccaria and the façade of Santa Maria dei Miracoli give the same impression of completeness and finish. They do not triumph by profusion. Their moderation shows the desire to be pure; but here is purity even in excessive elaboration. These windows of diverse and transparent marbles cut in thin open-work, these medallions, and these low reliefs, which time has polished until they are like ivories, make the most dazzling frame for the door they flank. The pillars, standing forward between each opening, spring toward the frieze, but their massiveness has disappeared in the niches hollowed out for the statues sheltered in them. They are not pillars but shafts, from whose heights saints preside over sanctuary. Raising my head, I follow their line to where above a little

gallery they carry the mass of the second storey, which is decorated with lunettes but is without lacework, and upon which rests the pediment. Even as the Certosa stands to-day, so logically smooth that the eye sees nothing of it but the whole, upon scrutiny this second storey crushes the first, laughing at its own severity. Like the Sforza themselves, their tomb did not complete its career. Amadeo has left for the joy of posterity but an interrupted masterpiece. He has left it so fresh and charming that one soon forgets the pleasures of the melancholy of the tomb, and is wholly given up to happiness, to the pride of being a man and of living, of being of those whose fathers accomplished this miracle—and of seeing it.

Is it because the design is more familiar to my French eyes? The nave and the apse arouse no delight. But I do enjoy the richness of the chapels and the frescoes of Pordenone, whom now, I despise somewhat (this before seeing him to-morrow in his glory at Piacenza), and I enjoy also the tombs, which are as magnificent as the façade and even richer. I am exceedingly respectful to the group into the midst of which the guide has pushed me, and go into ecstasies before the marble

angels peppered with precious stones; the bronze rood-loft, so heavy in its cut-out work, receives my deference. It is difficult to choose what to admire, and what to pass by, proof to which we are too often subjected by monuments and museums. Under the peremptory word of a gold-laced conductor or under the prestige of a majestic assemblage, the state of perpetual revolt, made necessary by a determination to be impartial, becomes repugnant to our natural laziness, requiring too many sacrifices. To have come so far only to despise something! At least one should have a reason, and often one is so tired. . . . The crowd is wise to balk at chapels which are cold, and to laugh at the painted monk in a painted window, who lends to this noble interior the appearance of a Punch and Judy show. Nevertheless, I still have patience enough to stop before the tomb of Gian Galeazzo Visconti. Under the low vaulting which forms this little sepulchre, lies, upon his sarcophagus, the greedy profile of him who exalted to a dizzy height the glory of the Valois, and who, to the misfortune of their posterity, took from them Isabella, and gave them Valentine. I offer a last salutation to good Amadeo whose

imagination conceived this tomb as a little room. The furniture of the French renaissance comes directly from this mausoleum, even to the sphinx torch-bearers and nude statuettes set up there on the summit like bronzes on a chest. By what injustice is there nothing here to-day but the debris of the tombs of the victims of this Galeazzo, Lodovico il Moro, who died in our country, and his wife Beatrice d'Este? Rejected by Milan, two statues, stranded in the transept, perpetuate their knavish and gracious memory. I am amused for a moment at the last, by coming face to face, between these, with the seven duchesses who offer themselves like a Pompeian sign-board above one of the doors, and I hasten toward the fountain cloister where I know is waiting for me the most savoury dish of all: an expression of finished art.

This, to my mind, most delicate and fresh of all cloisters draws the line of its arcades around a garden, set off by clumps of low bushes and watched over by a little god from the top of the basin of his fountain. Upon a low wall stand rows of marble columns which are both fine and uniform. They stand out in their warm white tint against the blinding rough-cast of the background. But their

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The most delicate and fresh of all cloisters. . . . The many-sided dome . . . and its lantern so cleverly placed above one of the angles"

wonder is not in their lightness nor their warmth. It is their capitals, their arches, and their frieze, their figures and their garlands, which though almost as sunken as a rococo ceiling lose nothing of their grace or of their freedom. The magnificence of the façade and the majesty of the nave, the abundance of marbles, all so rich and so solemn, had made me forget my first vision. Now, standing in this cloister, red with every tone, from the red of the bricks to that of the tiles washed by hundreds of years of rains, I see again the ruddy Certosa emerging from behind the curtain of poplars, and I am utterly captivated by this charming art, the art of the earth hardened by fire, the art of architectural brick and ornamental terra-cotta.

Four receding storeys, all blossoming with the finest sort of decoration, measure off to this garden its share of sky, and yet do not stifle it. It is clear that the heaviness usual in prodigality of ornament is lost when the subject is treated in terra-cotta. Some pinnacles above the first, cut the sharpness of the second roof, and break the line of a gallery surmounted by a third roof to carry once more, in a third offset, yet another gallery! The many-sided dome of the church and

its lantern, so cleverly placed above one of the angles, together with the steeples of the transept, all serve, no doubt, to lighten the bold mass and these arches wrought like a coffre. The half-circle, a sort of tribune, perched in such bizarre fashion at the level of the third storey, enlivens any cold monotony of line. But the beauty is not in the profiles. It is entirely in the colour, in this gamut which runs from bright red to dull red, in the ornamentation, so alive yet without sharpness and, moreover, without shadow. The grace and charm of it are at once soft and rich. The union of brick and terra-cotta, the earth in which a sympathetic eye sees the trace of the finger which moulded it, is the happiest that the artistic mind has been able to think of. It is not grand perhaps. It has not the severity necessary to grandeur, it is not majestic. But what a wonderful fading riot of flame, what an ineffably gentle caress to eyes dazzled by the marbles with which Florence and Venice never fail to overpower you! Under this grey sky, the eye is pleased with this tender decoration; and not the least of its fascination is the feeling that one is sharing in the Lombard genius which knew so well how to build for its own enjoy-

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"Pavia is seen from the height of the covered bridge over the Ticino"

ment and how to embellish this country flooded with the radiance of sunshine.

Those who built the sumptuous tomb placed it well for their pride and their domination. Only two steps from the old and already defunct Pavia, they triumphed over her every day, each coffin assuring their glory and promising its duration, a joy they wrathfully denied to the race of Alboino. From what debris is Pavia, the Italian Pavia, built? Only the mossy ramparts which the years have covered, and cover still, recall the old capital of Luitprand. What a fragile thread to bind me to it! From the height of the covered bridge over the Ticino, I have spent a long time delving with my eyes into these walls which impartial nature alone sustains. From the wretched houses and the belfries upon them no voice speaks to me in the language I wish to hear. Everything belonging to former times is destroyed. Two churches were pulled down to build the cathedral. San Michele Maggiore is a patched up basilica. The University dates from the Moors. The Castello is the work of Galeazzo II., a classic monument of the military and seigniorial style. The Canepan-

ova is Bramante's. In the people's square, the only memory which Pavia has to be proud of, is that of the Cairoli, heroes, like Garibaldi, who, on the castle square, defies the old servitude. Happily our own times are content with this sort of defiance. We do not ruin the testimony of victory. Francis I. and Napoleon were able to fight around these walls. They did not overturn the souvenirs of the Sforza. But the Sforza pulled down everything. Italy has spared none of the work of the hordes who came down from the banks of the Oder to colonise this fertile land and live at ease there. A name, Lombardy, is all that remains, all that recalls a strength which was not without justice nor without good-will.

Leaving the covered bridge, I went along by the hovels and around the churches to wrest their secrets from them. Not one is distinguished by any particular beauty. The façade of San Francesco is excessive. Even my liking for the art of brickwork cannot reconcile me to thinking it right. It seems as if Amadeo and Bramante, who made over the cathedral, had their hands crippled because of the sacrilege. The Torre Maggiore, enormous as it is, tries in vain to be impressive.

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The Castello is the work of Galeazzo II., Visconti, a classic monument of the military and seigniorial style . . . and on the square Garibaldi defies the old servitude"

The gallery of San Michele astonishes without moving me, and the Carmine makes useless attempts to attract one to her shining bricks. At Pavia there is far too much destruction.

The Lombards did not come here as conquerors. They came as rescuers. Why did Italy call them a first time against the Goths, a second time against the exarch? Alboino, conqueror of the Gepides, had carried the Italian sun into their icy deserts, and when he offered to drive out Longin, he was answered by a shout of joy from all Italy. All the cities, from the Tyrol to Ravenna and to Rome, opened their gates to him without resistance. He installed himself and his people with him. Both prospered in their descendants. They were humane, their government was not despotic; the laws of Luitprand still exist as a monument of wisdom. And, later, when, thanks to the Franks, the Lombard dynasty was driven out of a country of which it was master, there was nothing to do but to let its fixed citizens, those who were married and proprietors, perpetuate their race on the banks of the Po, on the banks of the Tiber, and even in the Campania.

Is it because of these last offspring that I have

been so moved by the spectacle just presented me in the cathedral, which I entered without any imperious desire, more prompted by conscience than by enthusiasm?

Even before I had pushed open the door, the twittering of an aviary struck my ears. St. Mark's of Venice shelters the pigeons under its porticoes. Does the Duomo of Pavia cherish nesting sparrows under its vaultings? I go in and am overwhelmed by the hullabaloo. From every capital, from every arch, from all the walls and all the chapels come twitterings full of freshness and innocence. Did the gentle Francis of Umbria swarm his congregation as far as this? Do the finches and warblers of Lombardy, like those of Assisi, wish to hear the Divine Word? The church is black. I cannot distinguish any form, and the chattering life in this tomb seems the clamour of resurrection. It seems a hymn to the joy of life swelling from throats which defy the night! I go forward cautiously and am aroused from my reveries by the most charming and tender of celebrations. These voices are not pouring out the songs of birds, but the prayers and canticles of children. All the youngsters of Pavia are here, not in the least

united, but gathered together, and shouting and yelling at the foot of every column; on the right, on the left, down at the end, before each altar, they huddle, talking, shouting, singing, all at the same time. One baby, scarcely two years old, balances his little bare legs on his bench. Another, of five years, throws his cap in the air and bursts into a laugh every time he catches it. A third, very good little fellow, repeats the words which he does not in the least understand, but whose mystery he respects. Farther off two are having a fight. A little girl knots her mantilla as she sings. Here, near me, another, with her foot raised, is pulling up her stocking. All reciting the lesson. The hubbub is indescribable and captivating. What radiant youth! And what a moving conflict! It is going on everywhere. They call me from every corner. A moment, I stop; I am afraid to crush their tender feet.

Little by little, however, my eyes become accustomed to the poor light which falls from the parsimonious windows and I understand. I have come, innocently enough, to be present at a catechism lesson. But a catechism which our childhood has never known. With us, the church is a

severe place where our ordered and disciplined minds feel the respect due to the divine palace. Here, the church is the common house where every one is at home. No one is any less at his ease in it than on the public square, and the *bambini* are taught to think of it familiarly. They are seated on the benches, at least when they are not climbing over them or tumbling off them with shrieks. They are seated around a peaceful, resigned lady, whose mantilla frames an indulgent face. The charitable lady of the middle-class Pavian consecrates her Sundays to the education of little folks of the people. She speaks the consoling words which all repeat, whether they understand them or not. What does it matter? The prayer rising under these sombre vaultings is too great for words; the little Lombards glorify the Divinity by their innocence and their playfulness.

This poor Pavia, so abandoned, a useless widow, with no beauty, what might not she have been if her first masters had retained their conquest? Much better than Milan she commanded the Po. Her kings, among whom one will find counts and dukes at Spoleto, at Viterbo, and up to the very

gates of Rome, did everything to make themselves acceptable. Luitprand pushed flattery to the point of bringing the remains of the son of Monica from Sardinia to the church of San Pietro, where to this day they lie under a marble, surpassed in magnificence alone by the Arca di Bologna. Italy accepted the relic, and repulsed the hand which offered it. When the Pope called upon the Franks to drive out Aistulf, then Desiderio, he spoke in the name of all Italy; but Augustine remained pitiless toward the indulgent Arian, and the children of Luitprand received no help from those "repatriated" ashes.

In the hour when Luitprand prospered, says Gibbon, Rome had fallen to its last stage of humiliation. What could she do against an enemy, against that Luitprand who said of her, "The name Roman comprises all that is vile, all that is perfidious, all the vices which prostitute the dignity of human nature," and who justified his words by planting his tents under the very walls of the wicked city?

Out of that chaos, however, came the temporal dominion. At the moment when the Lombard realm, which extended from the Alps to Calabria,

was on the point of creating the Italian unity for its own profit, at the moment when the Bishop Eutychianus fled to Naples and Aistulf marched upon Rome, Stephen[1] arose and reclaimed for the Roman Republic all the territory which could be seized without difficulty from the Emperor of Byzantium. Let us not think of this as presumption or dizzy ambition. If Stephen talked so loud, it was because he had all Italy behind him, the federal and democratic Italy, which I have seen develop and struggle in Tuscany and in Venetia. Italy did not want the foreign yoke, even the Lombard yoke, paternal as it was, padded with thoughtfulness. Stephen arose as soon as he was freed from the Roman duke, the lay sovereign who commanded at Rome beside him, and who also represented the foreign domination, since he governed the city in the name of Byzantium. Stephen was carried along by the Italian aspirations toward liberty. Moreover, he was sustained by the several dukes, Imperial or Lombard, who, with an eye on the Byzantine spoils, allied themselves to him. Then he turned toward the Franks and said to Pepin their King: "The Emperor of Constanti-

[1] Pope Stephen IV.

nople is incapable of governing Italy. Must the Roman Republic, then, the country of the Gracchi and of Augustus Cæsar, fall into the hands of these Lombard savages? There is but one power capable of galvanising the old Italy and of succeeding to Cæsar, that power is mine, emanating from God. Give all the Roman domain to the Church, heir of pagan Rome over which she has triumphed!"

The argument was admitted by Pepin, and adopted by Italy. Deceived perhaps by the exhibition of the false donation of Constantine, won over no doubt by the title of Roman patrician which Stephen gave him to protect himself against the alway possible return of the Emperor from Byzantium, surely carried along by the voice of Italy which roared with Stephen, Pepin crossed the Alps. He came and laid siege to Pavia, ordering Aistulf to deliver up to the Pope his conquest of Ravenna. Ravenna, ground of the Roman Empire, should return—since the Empire could not keep it—to the Roman Republic of which the Pope was the head.

Aistulf promised all that Pepin wanted, then retreated and, under the pressure of the French lances, confirmed the donation of Ravenna which

Pepin had just made "to the Apostle, to the Vicar, and to his successors."

Behold the Holy See provided and set up! But is that enough? The Roman Republic was not constituted simply by Ravenna and the city of Rome with its environs. It was all Italy. It is all that one can take at first—while one is merely waiting for the opportunity to take all. The Pope is on the watch. He lies in wait and seizes upon every occasion to bag his prizes. Aistulf is dead. Two competitors aspire to succeed him. Desiderio, or Didier, Duke of Tuscany, promises more territories than his competitor if the Pope will recommend him to the Frank, his friend. Didier is elected King. He promptly forgets his promises. The Pope does not take offence, however. Byzantium is stirring, and the Pope, looking for favours himself, has need of the King to protect the spoils which every one has looted.

In the meantime, Pepin has gone to meet Stephen at the feet of God. Charlemagne succeeds him. The Byzantine danger past, Pope Hadrian I. asks the great Carlovingian to compel the Lombard perjurer and infidel to deliver the promised territories, and make good his word.

Charles comes down in his turn, and confirms the donation of his father.

This donation had prospered while resting in the archives. On making the peace between Aistulf and Stephen, Pepin had adjudged to the latter the country abandoned by the Roman Empire, but he had not attempted to give what had not been asked of him, that is to say, the land of the Lombards. But see how, under the eye of Charlemagne, the exarch's grant extends over that of which Aistulf had been King. The reasoning of the papacy is implacable: the Roman Republic is Italy! And see how by Charles's hand, while Hadrian is waiting and hoping for better things, the Pentapole, Spoleto, Benevento, and Tuscany, Venetia, Istria, and the Emilia fall into the pontifical purse. Nothing remains but to conquer them. Hadrian may well be sure that Charles will see to that.

Charles hesitates. He goes back to his own affairs contenting himself with giving to the Pope five out of all the cities he has promised him. Hadrian pockets that much and puts off the day of settlement until he can be master of the balance. The Dukes dispute his young realm with him, piece by piece. They keep up such a row that

Charles comes back and, out of patience with the disputes, puts all the disputers in good humour by proclaiming himself King of the Lombards.[1] But his next step is to compel Hadrian to crown his son Pepin, King of Rome, and he lets it be understood that he intends to take seriously his title of Roman Patrician.

It is a hard blow to Hadrian, who dies from it. At this juncture, it seems as if the heroic effort of the Pope to carve out for himself a piece from the Byzantine spoils accomplished nothing but the substitution of the Franks for the Lombards. However little of a prophet one might be, it is not difficult to foresee that the rôle of the invading Lombards is going to be taken up by the Franks. In the name of Charlemagne, the Othos, the Hohenstaufens, and the Hapsburgs will come down into Italy during the next five centuries. Did Leo III. divine this sequel? If he was so clairvoyant, how can one fail to admire his action at Christmas of the year 800? How can one fail to pause in amazement before that new-born prince, at the mercy of

[1] Having his own quarrel with Didier, whose daughter he married and repudiated, and who had sheltered Charlemagne's rebellious nephews, the Emperor besieged Pavia and deposed him.—H. G.

the formidable Emperor, who, by a stroke of genius with a consciousness of his prestige and his moral strength as admirable as his unctuous condescension, placed the crown upon the head of the astounded Charles, exclaiming: "To Charles Augustus, crowned by God!"

Charles, at that moment, was dreaming of making himself emperor of the universe by the most human means, that is to say, by marrying Irene of Byzantium. Leo's proposition made him jump. Then, in a flash, he saw what strength this crown given by God would bring to him. He knelt, thinking, no doubt, I shall make of this only what I choose to make of it. He did not consider that one cannot limit the future to suit his taste. This move of Leo III. was to become the obsession of the children and the successors of Charlemagne, weaker than he, pusillanimous or wonderstruck. The donations of Constantine and Pepin might be disputed, their posterior execution might even be demonstrated; the act of Leo, sustained by Charlemagne, would remain. It would engender centuries of carnage. Future Emperors would come to demand of future Popes this empire given by the Pope, in the name of God and, even if they

also asked it by reason of the conquest of Lombardy, or at the price of new donations, they would not obtain it until the day when Charles V. should impose the partition resolved upon with all his powerful strength, and receive, at Bologna, this imperial crown made from the débris of Byzantium and Pavia.

Between this and then we shall see, as we have already begun to see in Tuscany and Venetia, all the phases of the dispute. What we must not forget is that the Pope, who was, at the beginning, the organ of the Italian cities which demanded their autonomy against the Lombards, will in spite of his backslidings and his treasons, long speak in the name of Italy, of the old federal Roman Republic. He will be the interpreter and the bond of the children of those who drew together around him to march upon Luitprand and against Didier. The Papacy, grown like a nettle upon the ruins of the Roman Empire, will continue, even through all passing contradictory crises, to play its democratic and Italian part. If, under Alexander VI., it may be forced to crown the issue of parasite princes, sprung up in the midst of the democratic and Italian fields, such coronations

will be repudiated by Julius II. and by Paul III.

During this time, Pavia gradually sinks. The Visconti, of Guelph and ecclesiastic blood, set upon her corpse and destroy everything to the last vestige of her Lombard glory. To this day, Pavia forswears these souvenirs. She has not a single thought either for Didier or for Aistulf. If she throws a glance toward her days of splendour, it is to go away back to the Goths, whom the Lombards supplanted within these walls. The bust of Boethius is seen on a hovel where, they say, Theodoric caused his faithful but importunate servitor to be shut up. Also it is to honour by a similar monument the prophet of the federation, Petrarch the visionary, who, a moment here at the court of Galeazzo II., forgot, like Pavia, his Italian dreams and like Pavia renounced his virtue.

III

THE LABYRINTH

Piacenza

HO has not played the game of Labyrinth? The symmetrical little squares open at certain points so invitingly that it seems easy to pass from one to another and make your way out at once. But you soon find that the openings are arranged, with malice aforethought, to lead you into any number of blind alleys, all of which you must learn to avoid before you can find the exit.

I have often asked myself who invented this game, so typical of the life upon which we set forth with many illusions, sure that it is easy to manage but which, we soon find, offers us nothing but difficulties. The inventor can have been no other than a man of Piacenza.[1]

[1] The play upon the French name for Piacenza, which is *Plaisance*, necessarily lost in the translation, will be appreciated

This city is a veritable labyrinth. On leaving my hotel this morning, I wished to go to the Piazza dei Cavalli, close by. I had not taken three steps before I lost my way, and, wandering through the streets, which are cut into right angles every thirty or forty yards, I went round and round the elusive square. Twenty Arians, under the appearances of thoughtful housekeepers or brazen-faced street boys, kindly offered me their services; but piqued at first by my own blundering, I refused the interested offers and foreseeing amusement in the quest I resolved not to ask one of the daughters of Minos to give me her thread. Two of the charms of Italy are the good humour of the inhabitants and their extreme willingness to be obliging. The traveller who has carefully arranged his changes of trains according to the time-card of the railways may be exasperated at the easy-going ways and indifference to exactitude of the people upon whom he is dependent to reach his destination, but, once arrived, he finds these qualities the most charming of defects. The

by those who can read Monsieur Maurel's own line: *Son inventeur ne peut être qu'un Plaisantin: c'est ainsi ou à peu près que se nomment les habitants de Plaisance.*—H. G.

moment you speak to a person passing you on the street, he exerts himself at first to understand you, then to make you understand him, and at length to take you himself to the place for which you are looking. His features brighten, his own affairs are ignored, and his steps precede your own.

To-day, however, I repulse this aid. I give myself up to chance, enjoying the self-imposed vagabondage. Am I not going to make it useful also, in becoming acquainted with the external character of the city? It has been said that words have an odour and letters a colour. Italian cities are too often like words, they are always like letters. Piacenza unquestionably is red. When the red is not furnished by the nature of the building materials themselves, the builders make haste to coat over the stone. All the houses are painted red. I can hear you remind me of such and such palace which still has the patina of its marble, or such a hovel with its white rough-cast, even such a street with no paint on any part of its face. Nevertheless, when the mind wishes to formulate the general impression which the eyes have received, it is the tone red which synthesises it.

Was it to put itself in harmony with the Muni-

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The municipal palace, Palazzo del Comune, on the Piazza dei Cavalli of Piacenza, is celebrated in the pageantry of Gothic civil architecture. It is even called the type"

cipio, before which I arrive at length, that the city so dressed herself in the ancient purple? I am still in the country of the architectural brick and ornamental terra-cotta. And here I am going to see more particularly the profane productions in these materials. This municipal palace is celebrated in the pageantry of Gothic civil architecture. It is even called the type. The base is a vestibule with sharp angles, entered by five ogee arches formed by similar segments of a circle, and which rest upon six marble pillars. These white pillars make the shadowy vestibule still darker and help to carry up the storey which it supports: six semicircular arcades contracted by windows that are sustained by some little columns. But here it is no longer marble which shines; it is brick and terra-cotta which caress. Just as in the streets, all that is not red disappears, the eye only sees this clear and singing storey which the flat and lace worked embrasures surmount and relieve.

Why have these models been followed so little by us in France; not in design, but in material? Certain châteaux of the Renaissance were inspired by it. The style has not become general, it seems, as it should be on our ground where marble is

rare and stone costly. The reproach of fragility made against brick is completely wiped away by the Municipio of Piacenza. What charming and delicate effect! The years of a powerful sun have blazed upon this hardened earth, and the patina of it is incomparable. And what diversity in the decoration! Not one of these windows is like another. One has five little columns, another four. This one shows a design of two small circles between one great circle and some little columns. That on the left has taller columns, and under the circle a Moorish ornamentation seems to laugh at its own fantasies. At the left is another small window; another still is set toward the middle under the cornice. Here is really the characteristic of art in Italy throughout all time and in all schools: almost unlimited variety in distribution kept in harmony by the general character of the work, by respect paid to the important lines and by the unity of the fundamental material.

After this pure song of the Municipio, it is a little difficult for one to listen to the two-step struck up by the statue of Alessandro and Ranuccio Farnese. One might call it a mountebank's show in the church square. Bernini, who was

the contemporary, although a little younger than Mocchi of Tuscany, author of these bronzes, seems full of moderation by comparison. These Berninesque excesses before Bernini's day teach us some consideration for the man we are often tempted to call an evil-doer. He has given life to a school for which he will never be forgiven. Let us be thankful at least that he did what he could to maintain the dignity of sculpture. Mocchi, his precursor, jumped the ditch at the first spring. It has been said of these Farnese—who do not lack a hair either in beard or on their heads, who are so carefully combed, whose caparisoned horses have not a button missing on their gaiters, if one could say that horses wore gaiters!—it has been said that the sculptor modelled these Farnese under the delusion that he was painting them. They are two paintings, by Delacroix and Meissonier.

I soon fled these puerilities, and, Theseus once more, I immediately lost myself again in the maze. But I had a full spool in my pocket, put there by Ariadne Joanne, and that guide led me to the door of the Landi Palace. A portal of terra-cotta, masterpiece of the Renaissance, rounds its arch against a brick wall. Two columns, whose lines

are broken midway by angels' heads separating two storeys of little figures enveloped in acanthus, support a frieze of child musicians sheltered by a pediment which is surmounted by three statues of knights. Recessed by two columns, the arch of the door, with its weights upon two Corinthian capitals, is flanked from above by two medallions. Words are cold to tell the charm of these pale red tones, of these almost imperceptible shadows, and of these designs so light and pure, so full of grace and delicacy. No doubt the delight of this controlled richness is heightened by the ruined houses surrounding the little square on which it stands. The charm is real, nevertheless, and if I did not know that along my route through the Emilia, I should meet a hundred other models of this art at once elegant and full of dignified reserve, I could not tear myself away from its atmosphere.

How different a showing is made by the Farnese Palace, that enormous mass whose only characteristic is its immensity. This work of Vignola, the pupil of Michel Angelo, certainly has its originality. The wise tell us that it is one of the first buildings in which all is sacrificed to proportion, and, in which consequently and logically, detail is reduced

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The terra-cotta portal of the Landi Palace is a masterpiece of the Renaissance . . . a frieze of child musicians supports a pediment which is surmounted by three statues of knights"

to the most extreme simplicity. Is not this only saying, at a little greater length, that its beauty is that of a giant? Sforza at Pavia and at Milan, Farnese at Piacenza, and others elsewhere, gigantic unfinished palaces, speak to me only of the unbalanced ambitions and restlessness of their builders. Those who erected them must have been aware of their own instability. In trying to make use of such masses to deceive their subjects, they deceived themselves. How, they reasoned, could the world fail to believe in the duration of a power which built like this? Yet, think of the Pitti at Florence, the Pilotta at Parma, the Ducal Palace at Modena, and compare them with the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. To-day they are museums, barracks, or libraries, the melancholy remains of an ephemeral grandeur; as nothing beside a modest but durable town hall.

My unmethodical steps lead me at length toward the object of my unhurried search, toward the churches from whose vaultings the thought of the traveller always hangs suspended. Does not one of them, above all, attract me imperiously? I have been thinking of its walls ever since I have been in Pavia. I shall finish my day

there. Do not the frescoes under the cupola of the Duomo painted by Guercino, who here has risen almost to a Venetian radiance, prepare me for the fat amplitudes of Pordenone? Do not Ludovico Caracci's angels sowing roses near by prepare me, by contrast, for the appreciation of Pordenone's strong nudes?

In Venetia, at Verona, I have already found that which is so painful to me in this Italian land; that is the invasion of Roman art. Again, before these churches of the Emilia, I feel the same displeasure. Nevertheless, is not my eye becoming accustomed to it? May it not be that the more distant Art is from the Alps, the purer and freer it becomes, the less subject to imported forms, the more Italian in fact? Terra-cotta helps toward this appearance, but it also has its share in the fact. And, in the treatment of masses, I see clearly the trace of a real enough personality. After having paid my respects to the lions of the porch, as is right to propitiate them, I reach the side entrance of the Duomo.

At once a second church rises, supported by the first, but mingling with it, one merging into the

other by the galleries, the roofs, the columns in common, the steeple of one dominating the whole. Undeniably here is an attempt to go out of the beaten path, certainly not to create a style but at least to elaborate every possible diversity from the one type.

San Antonio has been built with the same desire to do something different, its only transept being placed at the end of the nave. You go in by the transept, and the church stretches out at your left, a line of the columns marking the aisles. The transept, too, is a fantastic thing, attempting to free itself from classic models. There, where the interior "takes hold," eight great columns form the rotunda and support the bell-tower. This, indeed, is the effort at a new expression of a given theme. It is like the polyphonic development of a melodious phrase, the scherzo or the andante of a symphony inspired by a popular air.

The land of Emilia received the kiss of Theodoric, in her turn, like Verona. The Lombards also took her in their arms, and from that embrace was born a little being, which lived but a short time, but whose grace, whose roguishness, if one may call it that, or at any rate, whose intellectual vivacity

have left ineffaceable traces in the memory of men. The coffer which contains the treasure of Pordenone, the Madonna di Campagna, has no share in the effort to leave the beaten track. Of the most classic type of the Renaissance, the Campagna owes a great part of its beauty to its freedom from surrounding objects, to say nothing of what it owes to the purity of its lines. The majesty of spaces! Our Paris, if it lacks many other things, at least has that beauty, which perhaps is the highest, which certainly is the noblest.

The painter, beloved of Charles V., Giovanni Antonio Licinio Regillo, called Pordenone, from the name of his native place in the country of the Friuli Mountains, is one of the most lasting glories of the Venetian school. The frescoes of the Campagna give the truest idea of this great artist, even to one who has seen the frescoes of San Stefano at Venice. Two chapels represent two years, from 1529 to 1531, of free and joyous work. Titian, it is said, had no patience with the successes and the glory of Pordenone. That severe master must have suffered from this exuberance. The adjective "theatrical" would have translated his unjust thoughts, if in those times the

theatre had awakened in men's minds that idea of excessive expression to which it gives rise to-day. His pupil Tintoretto did not fail to make him render justice to his rival. There is fire, *fougue*, in Pordenone. His figures have a magnificent glow, and if they do not attain the prodigious movement of the *Martyr of St. Mark*, they keep closely to the piety of those who love the gravity of the Venetian school, the glory of Palma and of Titian. No one more than Pordenone, except Tintoretto, had the sense of movement. And no one, even and above all Tintoretto, had more than he the sense of the measure of the movement, and knew where to stop in order not to become offensive. To the left of the Virgin kneeling before her son, Saint Joseph goes to meet the shepherds, and the not too wide flow of his robe indicates precisely the benevolent moderation of his welcome. On the right are the two shepherds. The first, holding his sheep, flings himself on his knees, his tunic flying open. The second offers his cake of honey, while behind him another sheep comes running up, leg extended in a precipitous gallop. In these different attitudes there is a sense of movement extremely

scientific, and in excellent taste in spite of the *fougue.*

In another place, see the *Birth of the Virgin.* What calm and what serenity! While some of the women gather with anxiety about Anne, two servants on their knees attend to the first needs of the new-born infant, and plunge it nude into the basin. Tintoretto has nothing to envy in these women's figures. I do not mean the Tintoretto of San Rocco, but he of the *Golden Calf* whose woman in blue will always remain one of the most magnificent pieces that art has ever produced. Those stuffs! They are so ample and so heavy that they are alive! The picture is of a power equalled, certainly, but not surpassed by the virtuosity of Pordenone. One might draw comparisons between Pordenone and the sincerity of the Tuscan soul, but he was of the time when the masters were no longer sustained by faith, yet whose wonderful skill to this day excuses their scepticism. Pordenone was superficial perhaps, as were nearly all artists in that epoch of the return to pagan times. At least, they believed in their art and no one of them more than Pordenone. So plump his figures, so caressing his round,

firm flesh, he was the master whose greatest disciple was born forty years after his death. Did Rubens know the frescoes of Pordenone? Did he come here, did he go in the Friuli where the churches are full of Licinio Regillos? Biographies ought to tell us. I have already seen what Rubens learned at Mantua. Not less clearly do I see at Piacenza the education that he received directly or indirectly. It was through Pordenone, even if he did not know it, that Rubens communed with Venice, understood her and assimilated her.

Ariberto, Archbishop of Milan, is the most powerful prince of Italy. When Conrad II. crosses the Alps, Ariberto receives him with great pomp and puts the diadem upon his forehead. And in Rome, when Conrad mounts his horse to ride to Saint Peter's, it is Ariberto who holds his stirrup. The Archbishop of Ravenna indeed disputes that privilege, but Ariberto makes him renounce his pretension with heavy blows of his fist in the face.

His luxury and display are but expressions of his power. He enriches the churches continually. His court, the most brilliant and magnificent in Italy, is dominated by his wife Uxeria, whose

beauty holds in subjection many clever men who otherwise might find the Christian purity of the atmosphere too rare for them. To support all this, Ariberto is often obliged to show himself rather a hard master to the world of the poor shop-keepers and farmers. But glory costs, and the Lombards of Ariberto understand that they must pay for their prestige as Milanese subjects. Gradually, however, their understanding becomes less sympathetic. They begin to grumble and to follow the bad example set them on all sides. One fine morning, they throw Ariberto out. Conrad, who, in part, owes his crown to the Archbishop, rushes to the scene, and re-establishes his vassal. He repents when he finds out the power of the man of which he had no suspicion. Now Conrad has found it convenient to favour the Imperial nobles at the expense of the bishops, issues of the Frankish conquest; and, in that connection, after a time, he summons Ariberto to render up the property and the honours which he has usurped.

"Whatever I have found or acquired," answers Ariberto, "as property of Saint Ambrose, I will not cede to the command or the prayer of any one in the world."

"Except of course the Emperor."

"Except no one."

The effect in Milan is tremendous. Ariberto's glory again seems worth the price. The people who blessed the Emperor for entering into the struggle with their arrogant Archbishop, now return their allegiance to the latter. Later this will be called the struggle of the Guelphs and the Gibellines, and in the course of it, the same city will be Guelph when the Emperor is master there, and Gibelline when the Pope, her liberator, has taken possession of her. Conrad is serious. Must he make war on his Italian subjects? He hastens to confide Ariberto to his cousin of Carinzia who is charged to conduct the prisoner to a safe place. Ariberto is led away from Milan, down the valley of the Po, and toward evening he arrives under the walls of Piacenza. Strictly watched, in the midst of the camp, of which his tent is the centre, he has no difficulty apparently in making his presence known to a neighbouring abbess whom he begs to have a kindly thought for his escort, composed of adversaries but of loyal Germans. The abbess at once sends a large stock of food and the best of wines. A few hours later Ariberto's

escort is dead drunk. Ariberto puts his servant in his own bed, jumps upon his horse, and returns to Milan and a deliriously happy people. He marches against Conrad, beats him shamefully, and forces him to recross the Alps. At one blow, the power of the bishops is rejuvenated—for a time. The son of Conrad, Henry III. the Black, will recognise it and promptly swallow it up.

What is the Pope doing in the meantime?

The Pope, elected at the age of eleven years, is thinking of getting married. While waiting for authorisation to do so, he initiates himself to all the joys of marriage, and the Lateran is "the sink of all vices," as, to use the words of Petrarch, Avignon will become later.

What a fine action was accomplished by Leo III., when he placed the crown on the head of Charlemagne! By him, the papacy was joined to the harmony of the realms at the very beginning of this. The danger for the papacy was that it could not keep itself there except by singing in unison with the realms. The Church, becoming temporal, was constrained to act like all the powers which shared the fallen Roman Empire. Now, two centuries after Leo III., the Pope is but a feudal lord

and he submits to the law of all seigneurs. He strains to extend his power and holdings as they do. The papacy, as I shall see at Spoleto, is a fief, the fief of a family disputed by barons and dukes. The attempt to marry being made by Benedict IX., the eleven-year-old Pope, who dreams of founding a family of popes, is the most logical conclusion of the conquests of Stephen, and the action of Leo III.

But this new power, in the midst of all the others, with greater prestige than the others, could not go on, as the adventure of Ariberto has just demonstrated, without arousing the uneasiness of the Emperor. He had received his crown from the hands of the Pontiff, but the Pontiff had received from him the domains over which the Emperor expected, following the example of Charlemagne, to retain his supremacy, since he considered them, often with good reason, as mere fiefs. Besides, is not the Emperor a Roman patrician? He invokes this title to incorporate the Church in the Empire. The Pope is no longer elected; he is named by the Emperor. Are the clergy then accomplices? No doubt, since the clergy are the reflection of the Pope. The bishops

no longer have spiritual jurisdiction. They have become an appanage. They also have followed the feudal law. The bishop is a noble of the same rank, of the same privileges, and of the same morals as a Burgundian or a Bohemian count. He raises troops, he has a wife, and his daughters are sought in marriage.

Ariberto has shown us clearly what a bishop was two hundred years after the constitution of feudal Rome. The Pope, servant of the Emperor, no longer has any authority over the bishops, who are stronger and more independent than himself. He is still more inferior to them in that he cannot perpetuate himself in his descendants, and that he finds himself at the mercy of the Emperor, who names the incumbent on each vacancy.

When the people shall begin their struggle against the feudal bishops, the Aribertos, it will be to the Pope to whom they will turn to ask for the necessary forces; that is to say, to the papacy, victim, like themselves, of the feudal development. At the time of the destruction of the realm of Berengario, it was around the bishop that the people gathered, it was to the bishop they delivered up their destinies. The bishop played his part

as protector conscientiously, and none knew better than Ariberto how to drive the nobles out of Milan and out of his territory. So the Pope was surprised enough to see that nothing was changed but the name of his master.

Ariberto, persecuted, recovers his popularity. But he quickly loses it, and this time the cities begin their last struggle against the bishops or against the Emperor, according to whether the bishop is for the Pope or for the Emperor. What the cities want in both cases is to have an end of these simoniac and concubine bishops, who have to pay the Emperor for their supremacy and their jurisdiction, to negotiate favours and extensions, to bargain for their submission or their tributes. The stake is the cities, and they refuse any longer to be the stake. When the Holy See is disembarrassed of Benedict IX., the cities gather around Gregory VI., who opens the struggle. When Henry III., the Black, shall swallow up both bishops and Holy See, he will nominate creatures to the bishoprics as to the pontifical throne. Then Italy will rise to reclaim the free election of her bishops, and Rome to the election of her own bishop, the Pope. The resistance of the Emperor

will be sustained by all the feudal bishops of Germany and of Italy, since they would be the first victims of this revolution. Around the Henrys, around Henry IV. who will be the synthesis of this revolution, will gather all these feudal ecclesiastics, their personal fate as well as that of their families hanging suspended on the fate of the Empire over the Holy See. If the Pope remains feudatory to the Empire, the bishops will remain so also, and will keep their fiefs. If the Pope is elected, the cities will drive out their ecclesiastical nobles, and choose others for themselves, as Rome will choose her bishop, the Pope.

This movement for free elections was so evident and so strong, that, in the Pontifical States, where the Pope crowned the bishops, it came out against the Pope, who, elsewhere, directed the resistance. Free election was demanded against the two discretionary powers. Neither German pope nor German bishop! Gregory VII. was the result of the free election, and he became its conqueror. That man from Cluny had begun by favouring it from the time that pontifical favour called him to the Lateran. He wished to save and to franchise the Church, which was lost in personal interests,

at least where not chained to the imperial interests. Hildebrand compelled Leo IX., crowned by Henry III., to present himself as a pilgrim to Rome, and to demand that he be elected by the Roman people. What an example! Victor II. was constrained to beg the same ratification. Stephen IX. tried to escape from it. He died of poison. Clement II. suffered the same fate from the same revolt. Benedict X. tried resistance in his turn. Hildebrand deposed him and installed Nicholas II. On the death of Nicholas, Hildebrand saw that Alexander II. was named; and at last, the time being ripe, he seated himself on the throne as Gregory VII.

The quarrel over the investitures which then unrolled was the direct result of this Italian and pontifical autonomy, bitterly and indefatigably reclaimed. Its vicissitudes were many, and when Henry V., avenging Canossa, went down and laid siege to Rome, and compelled the Pope to take refuge in the camp of Robert Guiscard, in whose arms he died, it might have been believed that the papacy was vanquished. As a temporal realm, it was; yet it still retained the domain which had grown by the gift of Matilda. As a

feudal power it was; yet it arose again, popular and mentally vigorous, regenerated and stronger than ever. But for the moment the time had come of which Pierre Damien said:

"The bishoprics and presbyteries are no longer anything but places of debauch, filled with concubines, with sisters, with brothers, with parents. Gallant missives circulate amongst them. Presents abound. The secret interviews are fruitful there, for the results of gallantry are the same there as everywhere."

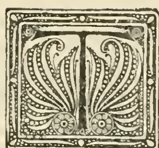
This religious anarchy was better known to Piacenza than to any other place. Her bishop, Riccardo, had been the most faithful supporter of Ariberto. The day after Canossa, Gregory, Riccardo's successor, had seized and thrown into prison two legates sent into Lombardy by the Pope. Rizzardo imitated Riccardo and Gregory. But let us admire the effort, and judge of the definite victory of the papacy, organ of the Italian cities sustained in spite of its own particular ambitions, which alone seem to have led it from the cause of municipal autonomy against all foreign power. In 1095 Urban II. assembled a synod in which Henry was condemned once more, in which simony

and Nicholism were again cursed, and in which the principle of the crusade is proclaimed for the first time. The walls of Piacenza re-echoed these maledictions and this cry of resuscitated faith. The feudal labyrinth threaded at length, the papacy moved like Theseus, toward its native land, toward its destiny.

IV

THE NUPTIAL FLIGHT

Parma



HE English book most commonly found in the sitting-rooms of the hotels in Tuscany and Umbria is *The Hill Towns.* All the English travellers carry it with them. Some apostles make a present of it to the inn-keeper for the edification of the passing Continental. It is an excellent work, and I have often whiled away long evenings in looking at the illustrations. I never have found it, however, in the Emilia. Judging therefore from a book, admired of all England, this province is not appreciated by the Ruskinians. Nothing, in fact, is less Ruskinian than the Emilia. The dogmatic talker, as Ruskin was, can have taken no pleasure in this infinite plain, where the cities never crown a hill.

Parma, along with her sisters, does not aspire

to climb. She seats herself broadly on the two banks of the Parma, the torrent, where washing is drying, where children play, where donkeys graze, and from which horses carry away the pebbles. No eminence rises, no valley dips. The streets, running along good-naturedly, seem the more interminable because of the bands of marble on the houses, and the paving stones which trace their lines along the centre of the rough cobble; an arrangement so admired by Stendhal at Milan that he placed a drawing of it in the midst of his text.

Stendhal, to judge him by the satisfaction these alleys have given me, must have been more sensitive to a good setting for his characters than to harmony with facts. Why, indeed, should he not be reproached for his *chartreuse?* That citadel, which for the needs of his fiction, he perched above the city, is nothing less than Parmesan. He who enters Parma should cast away all literary recollections. For an entire morning I searched for traces of immortal heroes, my memory buzzing with *Fabrice*, *Mosca*, *Marietta*, and *Ranuce-Ernest!* Such a palace on the Emilian road, called to-day the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, a certain palace with

the stairway ornamented by busts, or another one with the court shut off at the end by a garden painted in fresco on the wall, no doubt might have suited *Count Mosca*. That discreet looking palace on the Strada Farini near San Tommaso, notwithstanding its amplitude, might have sheltered and strictly guarded the amorous *Duchess*. It is only until one reaches the Episcopal Palace on the Piazza del Duomo that it is difficult to imagine *Fabrice* under the vaulting. And La Stecca, round and fat, with curving lines and caressing profile, tells us, whether we care about it or not, that Parma must have been the birthplace of *Clélia*. Let us run to San Giovanni! There at least we may plunge without effort into a Stendhalian atmosphere!

You remember the admirable scene. In the third chapel to the right, hidden behind the tomb of the *Archbishop Ascanio del Dongo*, *Fabrice* stands invisible to *Count Mosca* who watches every gesture of *La Fausta*, her burning glances piercing the radiant young man like arrows.

Alas! There is no tomb in the third chapel to the right! In vain I look for a place on which to hang my pity for the *Bey*. Insensible to the slen-

derness of the pillars and to their richness, to the purity of the vaulting and of the whole interior, I wander about the church, a sorry figure, not daring to raise my eyes. Above me, like a reproach, weighs the cupola where Correggio tried his strength after having amused himself with it among the *Putti* of San Paolo. Over beyond, the half-cupola of the choir calls me in vain. I run far away from the lunette where Saint John draws inspiration from his eagle. Must the dream be abandoned so soon, the dearest souvenirs be thrown away, the consolation of the man be renounced as child's play?

But no, here is the tomb! I see it by the door, seemingly so proud of its glory. Placed against the wall, it presents a side view behind a grille which protects it from the unbecoming behaviour of the *Faustas* and the cynicism of the *Fabrices*. I approach, and like *Fabrice* at San Petronia de Bologna, I almost fall to the ground in confusion. The most accommodating literature could not take for *Ascanio del Dongo, Archbishop of Parma* an old lady with a big stomach and corkscrew curls.

Nobil donna contessa Alberta Sanvitale-Montenuovo, daughter of Marie-Louise, 1817–1867, says

the epitaph. Here lies the daughter of Marie-Louise, born two years after Waterloo. Stendhal, my friend, as you linger in those gardens of Ravenna chosen by Dante for his *Paradiso*, in those feverish gardens where you have gone to find your god Napoleon, what do you think of this fall? At Parma, it is not *Fabrice*, it is not the *Duchess of Sanseverina*, nor even *Clélia* who lives. It is the faithless wife, not yet a widow; it is the sensual bride of Compiègne and of the Tuileries, to whom her conqueror, rejuvenated for her, taught the mysteries, from which she demanded perpetual ravishment of the one-eyed man thrust into her bed by a crafty father. No, I cannot believe, Stendhal, that your shade does not often come to wander with curiosity about here at the amorous hour when *Fabrice* knocked at the little door in the street of Saint Paul. In the Stecca, midnight used to strike for the rendezvous with *Clélia*. It strikes yet for your rendezvous with your heroes. And what you see is forgetfulness, perjury, and what you carry back to your idol in the morning is the testimony of a happiness that the knowledge of his sufferings at Longwood never poisoned. Ask Canova, if you meet him under the black

parasols of the Pineta of the *Inferno*, ask him what he thought when he sculpted the figure of Marie Louise for the Museum of Parma. He never had the least degree of malice. But the chisel must have fallen from his hands, the hands which turned the death mask of Napoleon into stone, when he was called upon to model the proud smile of these sensual lips. Go to the Pilotta one of these nights and see Canova's work. Bust or statue, both breathe nothing but the most perfect happiness. And you will no more be able than I am to get out of your memory this amorous mouth, this bosom so eager for caresses, and this fulness of the entire body longing to be kissed and embraced. In the middle of the Atlantic, Napoleon comforted his last days in thinking of the goodness of Marie Louise, and unable to believe in her faithlessness, he incriminated Metternich. At Parma Maria-Luigi was bringing Alberta into the world. The wife of the Emperor was giving a half-sister to the King of Rome, this old lady with the big stomach and the corkscrew curls.

I turn to the *Saint John*, to the *Christ in Glory*, to the *Virgin Crowned and Transported*, to the *Jesus at the Fountain*, to the fervent *Magdalen*, to

the *Pitti*: I beseech Correggio to deliver me from these lamentable memories. Correggio at least is no deceiver, and the joy radiating from his work is indeed the most soothing of all consolations to a troubled soul. Let all those who doubt, let all who weep and curse a hard fate, come to Correggio! Before such entire happiness, such innocent felicity, they will find solace and recover confidence. Other painters are more virile, more resolute, have more strength, I know. Florence and Tuscany, Venice and Venetia are full of works in which matter and thought are united in the most conscious and manly grandeur. No one, however, has realised the wonder of Correggio. I mean to say no one else has possessed this blitheness of a young soul, which gives itself up to its genius and communicates its youthful flame to him who looks at the paintings. One only, perhaps, one single master has enjoyed the happiness with which Correggio shines. He, like Correggio, discovered painting, and gave himself up to it with the ecstatic enthusiasm of a child. Across the centuries, in spite of all the distance which can separate two men, of whom one was ignorant of all the secrets of his art because he was the first

who looked at life, and of whom the other knew all those secrets even though he had learned them at no school, Correggio is united to the painter of Santa Croce, of Assisi, and of Padua. It is of Giotto only, if one wishes to indulge in analogy, that Correggio makes us think. The difference is profound between the untrained artist who painted the Arena, and the skilful painter who created a new *Assumption* unknown to all traditions. There is between these two artists almost all the distance that there could have been between an xoanon and the *Hermes* of Praxiteles. But the flame which burns in these two hearts is of the same fire, the fervour of innocence. Correggio is not even supposed to have known of Cimabue. Antonio Allegri da Correggio, as child and man, stood alone. He formed himself alone, and drew from his own genius the magnificent things which he created with mad prodigality. "I, too, I am a painter," he exclaimed. What humility in that pride! Where he saw but a vocation, we see an ambition, the illumination of temperament. Painter, no one ever was more than he, that is to say more skilful to fix a fugitive form in space and in light. A wonderful phenomenon, a natural and

perfect flower, he sprang from the soil of painters without planting and without cultivation. He resembles no one and no one resembles him. He is Correggio, the very incarnation of painting, with all his voluptuousness and his madness to paint. And although nothing is more uplifting than the intrinsic beauty of his work, even more than that we admire the soul of its creator. This man lived in perpetual transport over contours and shadows. He, like Giotto, had discovered life and living men as his models. The miracle which has charmed us so much, and which will charm us with Giotto and his children, the miracle of the Angelicos, of the Benozzos, of the Filippos, of the Masaccios, and of the Pollajuolos, the miracle of genius, the conqueror of all ignorance, charming us by its own excellence, its ardour, and its faith, in spite of all shortcomings and imperfections that miracle is here renewed, but a hundred times more wonderful, since it was accomplished by the passion for art alone and is as impeccable to-day as on the day when he painted it.

Correggio saw everything as it was seen by the first man, with a tenderness which welled up in him afresh every day. With every dawn he was as

carried away with the sun and with flesh, as if he contemplated them for the first time. Full of their appeal he threw himself into his work. To his exuberant youth, nothing seemed impossible; nor was it, in the infinite expressions of life. "I am a painter!" That confidence rendered him sublime. For to this fresh and candid soul, to be a painter was to have received a mission not only to fix forms in space and in light, but further to seize them in the most unexpected and rapidly changing conditions, and to present them in every daring way. If the human body does not refuse to take the most daring postures, what legitimate scruple could withhold the painter from painting them? There are no secrets for light, which penetrates and plays among all shadows. The painter should be ignorant of none of the thousand human attitudes nor of their reflections. Secure in the title with which he crowned himself, Correggio went among men, making himself master of all their actions, to exalt these. His eyes opened, his soul dilated; he knew no fear in the joy of living and of seeing others live! Once since Giotto, there has been a man who, in the possession of this good fortune, even after understanding its

superhuman splendour, did not draw back. This man was Allegri.

This marvellous enthusiasm, this awakened independence, appeared even as early as in *The Glory of Christ* in San Giovanni. The rude Lombards, barbed and thick-set, whose features Correggio has lent to the apostles Philip and John, are precisely the realisation of human visions. And this Christ, also a rude Lombard, barbed and thick-set, who looks like a frog, Burckhardt says, which is the truth, what does he bring us if it is not the testimony of the naïve audacity by which Correggio was pushed irresistibly to represent the rarest truth? When Christ arose into heaven, the men standing on the earth could only see him rising like this, the four members kicking about a body shrinking out of sight. Some one said one day that Correggio "had nothing but natural charm." Happy limitation! Conscious of his art, of his rigorous mission, he threw himself, with all his innocent hardihood, into making himself the slave of this multiple life.

Still more fortunate was the limitation which inspired his *Assumption*.

In the transport of her flight, she rises in the soli-

tude of the ether and the blue air of morning fills her wings. She rises steadily toward the region whose mystery is not disturbed even by the passing of birds. Still she rises, and already the uneven troupe which follows her diminishes and scatters under her. Only a little indefatigable group now remains in suspense in the infinite opal. She puts her wings to one last effort. . . .

When Maurice Maeterlinck wrote this page of *The Life of the Bees*, which I cite from memory, had he just returned from Parma? It seems to me to ring in my ears beneath the cupola, and I find nothing which better expresses the tempestuous flight of the *Assumption*, the exaltation of the enraptured Virgin, the whirlwind of the angels, a multitude whose nude figures mingle in a wild and amorous interlacing, the distracted quivering of these radiant legs, the soaring of the queen of heaven who trains behind her and wearies all those whom her anguish and her glory have raised to ecstasy and who wish to enter with her into eternal beatitude.

But how, now, express the last miracle of Correggio, the Child of the Virgin? Mary at length reaches the august throne, and here, in the midst of the splendours of paradise, the Son of God

hastens toward her. Jesus of Bethlehem, filled with the emotion of his youth, throws himself forward, his arms open to receive upon his beating man's heart the mother restored to him at last!

Here indeed is something sublime, if the sublime resides in the most audacious but always human humanity; and is it not also in the sweetness and the grace of the two wonders which one sees at the Pilotta, the *Madonna of the Porringer* (*La Madonna della Scodella*), and the *Madonna with Saint Jerome?* The *Magdalen* of this gallery is celebrated throughout the world, and since a hundred others have spoken I will say nothing of its charm of the *abandon* of love. There is a moment, as one comes into the presence of perfect beauty, when words wound even the least vulnerable. There is a purity of exaltation, not so much one's own as that to which one knows others must have been or become, like oneself, the prey. There are emotions which must not be touched even to caress them. The most reverent touch can but wither them. And, although just now I was able to speak of the Correggios of the cupola, here I stop, unable to approach. The nuptial flight of the *Assumption* carries us far from the world,

its soaring permits a weak man to stretch out toward it without fear, he will never reach it. The *Madonna della Scodella* is of a tenderness too human, too strongly she touches our most secret fibres, for words to profane her. Others will speak, have spoken, of the consummate art of this fresco, of the infinite variety of this play of light of which the chiaroscuro is the sole effect. Others will admire the suppleness of this young boy, the sweetness of this mother full of tender protection. Of course others will see, as I have seen, that the arm of Jesus is a man's arm, and will stop at Joseph's pose of a dancer. Yet no one can fail to be moved in his most secret and intimate emotions. You who think that in Paris, at Dresden, in London, even in Vienna, before the radiant Io, you have communed through Correggio with light, with flesh, beauty, and boldness,—all the life which makes it worth being a man and living,—come to Parma! Then only will you know the value of these treasures, then only will you know Allegri.

Yet another day have I promenaded my enthusiasm in a glorified Parma. How is it that a soul so full of delight cannot admire everything?

Correggio lends his splendour to all that surrounds him, and eyes dazzled by him frame everything that they look at with a certain glory. At the Pilotta, Parmeggianino, in his *Marriage of Saint Catherine* renews the exquisite freshness of his master, and, already, idealises it. To reduce Francesco Mazzola simply to the Parmesan of the portraits is to do him an injury. If the Pilotta did nothing but permit this reparation, it would be worth our steps to it. Immense, infinite, it shelters other treasures within its cold walls. Two hundred thousand volumes, antiquities, the Marie Louise collection, a theatre which recalls my freshest memories of Vicenza, the ruin of the *Coronation of the Virgin*, some cimas as caressing as those of Venice, copies certainly faithful, by the Carrachios of the *Coronation*, burned with the choir of San Giovanni in 1584, a series of Farnese and Bourbon portraits of a fertile eloquence—and some soldiers. The Pilotta is a repetition of the palace of Piacenza, sacked, cut up, dismembered, and utilised.

Has the Duomo, where the *Assumption* carried us toward the inaccessible, also profited by my enthusiasm? No, perhaps because its aspect brings

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The Duomo and Baptistery of Parma are Lombard children of the Roman style"

me down to earth at Verona, in the midst of the field where San Zeno lifts its majesty. They are two brothers, easily distinguished from one another, but of whom the most indifferent passer-by could affirm the common origin. Like the Duomo of Piacenza, the Duomo of Parma is the Lombard child of the Roman style. And always intolerant of that art, although I recognise its merits, my affections to-day are decidedly Correggian.

Very pure, however, without foreign influence, seems to me my admiration for the Baptistery of the same style, but also of the style which one might call, if it were not tautology, baptisterial. Except the opulent baptisteries of Pisa and of Florence, I have never seen one which presented itself with so much beauty; and the beauty is more severe here than in the others, both in its curve and its elevation. That is because it is an effort to break the Roman bonds. The Tuscan purity and slenderness may be divined. An octagon in form, it sends up five storeys of colonnades which are crowned by seven spires. Within are sixteen sides, thirteen niches, and two galleries with narrow entablatures. One scanty but pure light comes to awaken the shadows of the stone,

and to animate the Baptist, who, from the height of the cupola, pours down his vivifying dew.

Toward evening I crossed the green bridge under which the Parma spreads the few drops of its water among the pebbles, and I wandered about the groves and flower-beds in the midst of which the Palazzo del Giardino stretches out its yellow façade and its short wings. It is occupied by soldiers, as are all architectural remains in the Emilia, Tuscany, and Umbria, those hollow glories of the factitious royalties who were born of the proud seigniorial avidity and who asserted themselves against the grain of social necessity and popular aspiration. But did I not come here to close, a last act of respect to Correggio, my Allegrian pilgrimage which has been so fed by *allégresse*, by something more than gladness. In spite of a rigorous, "no admittance," I have been able to gain the room where Agostino Caracci lifted himself to the feet of the divine painter. Let us look with respect at this *Peleus* and this *Thetis*, this *Venus*, and this young *Hercules*, so radiant all of them, so happy in their strength and their beauty. Outside of one of the last rejuvenations of abandoned frescoes, of these grand decorations to

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The Palazzo del Giardino stretches its yellow façade and its short wings among groves and flower beds"

which the scant ages to follow could never attain, the Bolognian himself, grown beyond all hope, will show us what a facile brush could do in daily renewed emotions of the noblest spectacles. Nearer to our understanding, if not to our affection, than the whirlwind of these celestial bees, is the Parmian work of Agostino Caracci. If only for his vain but meritorious effort to approach him he will make us dream for the last time of the fascinating master. He will calm our excitement but will make us understand Correggio the better and love him the more.

Under the benevolent eye of Charles V., Paul III. Farnese raised his son, Pier Luigi, to the rank of Duke of Parma and Piacenza, accepting these cities instead of Milan which the Emperor thought to reserve to himself. If the Pope had dreamed of seeking an excuse for providing so handsomely for his child, he could have invoked tradition and necessity. He acted as did his predecessors, Julius II., Leo X., and Clement VII.; he acted according to the law of pontifical development. A man, a hero had been found who felt the danger to Italy from all the parasite princes, issue of the *condottieri* or the

podestà, whose rise and fall I saw at Padua and at Mantua. The papacy could not escape this family movement, nepotism presided at its councils. As I shall see at Pesaro, no doubt Cæsar Borgia never thought of liberating Italy from these tyrannies. He thought exclusively of his own. We need not ask ourselves the little reasons, but weigh the great results. Grandeur, Guizot said, is in the questions involved and in the destinies being prepared. Cæsar dreamed of his monarchy; but that Borgian monarchy would have been the deliverance of Italy. The death of Alexander VI. retarded the national unity three hundred and fifty years. The princes had understood whither Alexander and his son led them. When Julius II. was elected Pope his first care was to strangle the ambitious advocate of unity. Julius II. della Rovere procured for his nephew, Francesco Maria, the duchy of Urbino which Guido Ubaldo of Montefeltro gave up to the son of his sister Joanna—that same Francesco Maria.

With sails spread, the papacy entered into the seigniorial movement which Cæsar was to arrest, and which almost finished Italy. The papacy again became a family matter, as before, when it

was the prey of the dukes of Spoleto and Marozia; but with this difference, that the Holy See, instead of obstinately insisting upon Rome, looked about and made choice. Napoleon I., distributing the country he had conquered among his brothers, was, without knowing it, the moral heir of the popes. The idea is the same, to provide for the clan in the fortune of one of its members. Five hundred years after Benedict IX., Cæsar Borgia revealed the danger of an hereditary papacy. More prudent and more successful he sowed the seed of the papal race on fallow ground. There was an understanding with the Emperor or among the princes—the Pope is but a prince—and one was installed. Sixtus IV. and Julius II. took Urbino. The Medicis married everywhere. Paul III. took Parma. The popes having renounced the leadership of democratic movements which, against the Lombards and against the Emperors, had carried them to the first rank, followed the road of the *podestà*. They were *podestà*. They aspired to become proprietary nobles, and became such, according to the softened manners of their time, by alliances or by imperial grace.

It was by the latter that Pier Luigi Farnese

obtained Parma. Not absolutely, but in fact. Paul III., his father, was careful not to ask Charles V. directly for the duchy. He was too clever for that. The Farnese were of Lombard origin. They were *condottieri*. What light! Their native place was Farneto, upon the territory of Orvieto, pontifical land. It is known that the fortune of the family, its princely fortune, began under Alexander VI. Paul III. was named cardinal—the cardinal "*della gonnella* (petticoat)"as he was commonly called, because of the influence of his sister Julia, the mistress of Borgia. The Pope, the brother of Julia, in his turn, continued the traditions, so heavily begun by Alexander VI., when he provided for all his sons, those traditions so energetically broken in order to perfect them, by one of the sons, Cæsar. Paul III. begins in 1537, by elevating the cities of Nepi and of Castro into a duchy for the benefit of Pier Luigi, naming him *Gonfaloniere* of the Church. Pier Luigi was ignorant of nothing touching his seigniorial privileges nor of his prestige. He used them so far as to violate the young and good looking Bishop of Fano, who died of shame. Bagatelle! Pier Luigi pursues his course. But how, in 1537, five years

after the fall of Italy into the hands of the Emperor, is he to build without the imperial permission? On the other hand, France may retaliate, the King must be managed. Two marriages furnish the double guarantee. The oldest son of Pier Luigi, Octavio, marries the daughter of Charles V; the second son, Horace, marries the daughter of Henry II. And behold the Farnese without anxieties! Paul III. immediately demands payment for his grace in giving his grandchildren in marriage to the illegitimate offspring of Emperor and King. He must have for it the largest and most beautiful part of Italy—Milan. Charles turns a deaf ear. Paul III. does not insist, but takes Parma and Piacenza. A brief from the Sacred College which orders the exchange of these two places against Nepi and Camerino legitimatizes the trick.

All would have been saved if the beneficiary were not Pier Luigi, the shameless aggressor against the Bishop of Fano. At the end of two years, Piacenza, which succumbs under the cruelties, the debauches, and the avarice of her master, cuts his throat. And Ferdinand of Gonzaga, governor of Milan, takes possession of the city in the name of

the Emperor, the Piacenzians delivering it up to him.

In vain, Octavio implores both his father-in-law and his grandfather, for Paul retakes the city, to keep it out of the hands of the Emperor. Octavio even attempts to re-enter it by force, and it is the lieutenant of Charles who prevents him! That is too heavy a blow for the old Farnese, who dies of it on the 10th of November, 1549, aged eighty-two years. If he had been less senile, he would have been less moved. During his fourteen years in the pontificate, he had had time to prepare for the future. All the cardinals were creatures of the Farnese. The successor of Paul III., Julius III., immediately ordered the restitution of Parma to Octavio, and generally maintained all the Farnese in their dignities. It happened that Julius III. was not ambitious, his affections being centred on a young man of fifteen years whom he named cardinal. As that child wanted nothing but to make himself rich, Julius stuffed him with gold. The Farnese let the matter go on, themselves preferring thrones. But Charles V. was not of the mind to let them have any. So Octavio decided to follow his brother Horace, the son-'n-law of

Henri II., and join the French side. Horace was killed at Hesdin. But before that event, however, thanks to the French, Octavio re-entered Parma. Soon afterwards Philip II. restored Piacenza to him in recognition of the services rendered to Spain by Horace's son Alexander, who was a general in the Spanish Army, against France of course. The son of this Alexander, Ranuccio, succeeded his uncle Octavio.

For a century, the descendants of Paul II. oppressed Parma, tyrannical, stupid or odious, almost always shameless and always infirm, invariably, obese, of diseased blood, stammerers, even idiots, running after marriages for their nephews or even for the children of their wives, for they themselves could give no heirs to the inheritance so painfully acquired. The last, Antonio, resigned to having no survivor, gratified his love of show by heaping up a Parma the treasures which Don Carlos, son of Philip V. and of Elizabeth Farnese, took to Naples in 1734, leaving the duchy to Austria, against which it had been founded by Paul III.

It is clear that the work of Paul III. never prospered. Nor did the papacy succumb to the mad-

ness of nepotism. It was saved by the religious events in Germany. Just when the pontifical throne was at the point of being lost in the corruption of petty ambitions and the lowest personal interests, it was galvanised into new life by the German Reformation. Paul III. had foreseen the danger of the fall of the pontificate, and while assiduously feathering his own nest for many generations to come, he had laboured to bring order and discipline into the Church. But the example of the fanatical father annihilated the efforts of the clear-sighted pontiff. The latter brought back some vigour into the long enfeebled clergy, but the former widened the breach between the Catholics and the Protestants. Suppress heresy! He should have first suppressed the causes of heresy! Neither Paul, nor Julius his successor, was disposed to do that! So, the danger grew until there could no longer be any question either of personal benefits or of nepotism in the Church. "The great body, the Church, must be severely administered," said Ranke, "if its parts are to be kept healthy and faithful." Sixtus V. is near and will take up the work of Gregory VII., and, like him, will save the Church

from melting away,—will start it on a new flight.

For the edification of the centuries, the Pilotta keeps the portraits of these Farnese whose proud, sarcastic bestial faces tell us of their simoniacal and concubinary ancestors—just such men as we saw in the time of Hildebrand. Life repeats itself more than one might believe. With all the changes in appearances effected by manners and customs, with all the diverse necessities presented by circumstances, one finds the same souls time after time. Popes develop like other men, and when the people attain a purer morality, the popes will attain it with them.

V

"DE MA BARQUE LÉGÈRE"[1]

Modena

HARD pavement, broad enough for a regiment abreast, starts from the gates of the city limit and, between two rows of houses, runs to a high building, as long as it is high. Thus enclosed, the street has the appearance of a court, like that of Versailles. It is past midday. I am alone. I feel crushed by these great perpendicular walls, the posterior façade of the Ducal Palace, now a military school. Modena is lunching. The people have not waited for me before sitting down to table. Somehow, I no longer feel hungry. This city is wanting in cordiality. Might it not even refuse me a bed? And the churches do not shelter vagabonds! I feel as if I am intruding. With

[1] Title and opening phrase of an old French song, Literally, "From my light little boat."

bowed head, I walk past the rows of houses brushing against the walls, the map of my guide-book my only support. A letter on a tawny square, there is my star. I feel ready to give the most generous tip for any attention, for half a smile. I go on, however. A few steps more, and, in turning, the Corso via Emilia, with which I am already familiar, will appear to my reassured eyes.

There it is. I stop, mouth open. Am I stupefied, am I dazzled? No one in front of me, behind, round about. If I coughed I should hear an infinite echo and no doubt I should waken the dead. Prince Charming must have felt some such bewilderment when he entered the palace of Sleeping Beauty. Gradually, however, I begin to revive. My eyes open, my lips fall apart, my chest fills out, and this solitude puts strength into my legs instead of weakening them. Was fear getting the better of me? Is joy making me dance? Am I asleep?

If so, unquestionably the dream is delicious; do not wake me! Alone, here? What intoxication! No, it is not I who am intoxicated, it is the city herself, or at least this street which runs on ahead of me. Arcades, nothing but arcades, to the left,

to the right, at the end at angles in a line everywhere; and arcades which seem to be playing "Kiss the one you love the best." Dressed in yellow or red, they twist about, fluttering their skirts, but so modestly that I cannot see their ankles. They turn, right and left about, in such a manner that no one can imagine where they end. The farther one advances, the more they stretch out in volutes and in serpentine rings. At each bend, a new turning presents itself. It is the stretching out of a rosary and the rosary of a nun with twelve tens. I look to the right, to the left, over beyond where new arcades branch out. All are the same. Always turnings, always houses which, instead of keeping in line, seem to be in a quadrille "balancing to corners." Doors and shops hide themselves under their shadows, and the man who is "down on his luck" may keep himself out of sight in these deserted streets. And all this, dazzling with every shade of ochre and crimson, goes, comes, departs again, and returns, offering to the eye only the concaves and convexes of delicately shaped forms, dressed in silk the tint of apricots, of strawberries, and of biffin apples. There is not a straight line, not a white spot.

Searching everywhere, one meets nothing but profiles of fading tints or of flesh colour, pink, purple, scarlet, or *œuf à la coque*. Was some glorious anniversary celebrated here yesterday, perhaps, and now when the inhabitants are dead drunk, the houses, overwhelmed by the fumes of the alcohol, have finished by also becoming a little tipsy?

What if none of this be true? It is hunger which troubles the mind. I am not in a city. There is no street large enough to hold a regiment abreast. There is no palace. And what I take for stone is only painted canvas. I am at the theatre, in one of the theatres built by a demented prince who wants to have everything on a grand scale to persuade himself that he is powerful. The streets which run so far before me are not streets. They are stage settings. Nothing serious is presented here, nothing but comedy is played, and what comedy! That of the *Fanchettes* and the *Rosidors*. This scene has been set for light opera. Favart and Grétry are the masters who direct here. Monsigny, Philidor and Dalayrac used to keep the place up. This is really the most farcical city imaginable. He whose brush created it was possessed of a

gleefu' genius. What a setting for *Acajou*, or for *Ninette à la cour*, for *Zémir et Azor* or for *Aucassin et Nicolette!* In a moment the play will begin. The good André is getting ready, that dear André and his fortunate rival, Monsieur de la France. I hear their suppressed laughter behind the scenes; they are laughing at my thick-headedness. But is it really I who am here? It is my ancestor who, before the raising of the curtain, walks up and down; and to divert his impatience, hums, "*De ma bargue légère, agréez le secours.*"[1] What if I should go and lunch?

I have lunched. The city also. Except for this nothing is changed. The streets have people in them now, but that fact does not alter them. As I left them, I find them again, winding and parti-coloured. But they are real now; a peaceful tram-car passes, children run about, soldiers promenade, and I have bought a cigar which burns normally. The amusing little city is such a surprise! I have seen imposing cities, dead cities, indifferent cities, even I have never seen an utterly farcical city, living simply for the amusement of the thing—a *rigolotte*. There is no other name for

[1] "Kindly accept the aid of my light little boat."

this one. What in the world can she do in our age? And yet she still has an object in life, post-cards are sold here. In spite of this unexceptionable sign of vitality I cannot bring myself to take her seriously. She zigzags too much. She is too painted. The wonder is that she does not look old. She can count something like two thousand birthdays, and she seems to be a young thing. All covered with multicoloured cosmetic as she is, like the face of an old coquette, she appears no more than a hundred years old. No more ridiculous than Beauty in the sleeping wood when she awakened, she is but madly *drolichonne*. Her curtsies are supple; one would think that they were made on legs fifteen years old. She is a pleasant and disquieting mixture. I once knew a grandmother who waltzed like Taglioni. Modena reminds me of that grandmother, and I seem to see nothing but the little feet which fly, fly in their dancing slippers.

This pretty old lady must be difficult to dress. With what finery does she trick herself out? Versailles has built the Hamlet, Chantilly the Sylvia, Potsdam the Sansouci. What sort of head-dress

does Modena wear? Lively as she is, she is no onger young; she has a past, very ancient and not without glory—Antony, the Estes, the Countess Matilda. You would never think it from her dimples. How many contradictions we find in her! Modena is a fine lady. Far from hiding all her family jewels, the Duomo for instance, she takes pains to show herself in them as the caprice seizes her. But, in this after-the-ball city, it is the art of the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries, the baroque, which has taken root and triumphed.

Benvenuto in his Memoirs tells of one of his competitors who proudly showed him a box so cleverly designed that one could not see the lock. To whom Cellini answered, "I show it and carve it." The baroque art is the art of Benvenuto's competing goldsmith. Its object is to hide that which ought to be seen. It sacrifices everything to ornamentation and decoration, and its greatest care is to dissimulate the various parts of the object decorated, to hide the very nature of the work. Its ideal is to make things express that which it is impossible for them to express without distortion. Palladio took pleasure in suggesting

what there was beneath the surface in his work — in showing the lock. His façades bespeak the interiors, his walls the end for which they are raised. He made a church serious, a palace rich, a villa bearing an air of welcome. The baroque gives an appearance of the theatre to its churches, the effect of farm-buildings to its palaces, and the form of strong castles to its villas. Stone is not treated as stone, it is tortured into filigree, cut in facets crumpled, puffed, tricked out like a cushion, and plumed like a hearse. One form is piled upon another. Outlines are jumbled together; they cut one another, they are put in for background, they are superimposed. The entablatures are halfway landings, and they project; pinnacles are cut off, arrow-points are rounded, pilasters hide under columns, and columns, wound in threads, are stuck to walls. Windows are all different, when they are not concealed behind pediments, or blooming with pots, with flames, or with statues. This oscillates, that shivers; this rears, that straddles; everything is confused. The foliage bestrides the vaulting, the paintings lap over on the cornices, or the cornices on the paintings. One does not know where is archi-

tecture, where painting, where sculpture. Nothing serves its purpose, nothing has an independent form, but uses and forms amalgamate, struggle together, and dispute place. They even go so far as to rest an arch upside-down on its own curve. If it were possible, they would stand the ogee on its arris, and we should have belfries with their legs in the air. It is the exasperation of illusion and of ornament.

Yesterday, at Parma, on catching sight of the *campanile* of San Sepolcro I burst out laughing in the middle of the street. It is not a belfry, but a macaroni advertisement. San Antonio, standing near it, is still more amazing, in the interior, however. Two vaultings are placed one upon another. The nearer vaulting is bordered with a dozen holes pierced in it and worked in arabesques. They look like eight or ten picture frames, fastened together. Indeed they really are frames, each holding a painting of virgins, saints, angels, or pretty demons. Only the pictures are painted on the further vaulting, several metres away from the first one. The arrangement must amuse the children.

Those two churches at Parma made me indig-

nant, even when I laughed at them. I neglected to speak of them. Neglected? Rather, I was ashamed of them. They come back to my memory suddenly as I pass before San Vincenzo, and when I go into San Agostino, the pantheon of the Este family. Bibbiena has made of the latter a prolongation of the Ducal Palace. It is not a temple, it is a ball-room. It is magnificent, and possesses everything. Like Roland's mare which had but one fault, that of being dead, this church has but one fault,—it is everything one could desire except a church. The narrow ceiling lies beyond columns with disheartening Corinthian capitals. Upon these columns rest statues which pass chains from one to another, chains of plaster or of stucco or of stone, of everything except iron, as if they played "button-button-who 's-got-the-button." And the astounding part of it all is that the princes who twenty times a day crossed the court of their palace, that intimate and noble court of incomparable dimensions, copied after the basilica of Vicenza, could bear to think that they would one day sleep, and for a long time, under these ornamentations.

This architecture has found its painting; Bo-

logna is near. It also has found its sculpture, and the only excuse that one can raise in favour of Begarelli is that he was a precursor. Posterity, impressed by an exclamation of Michel Angelo on seeing the groups of Begarelli, has kept a certain respect for him and for his master Mazzoni. With conscientiousness and good-will, I have looked at San Giovanni Battista, at San Francesco, at San Pietro, and at the museum, the works of which Modena is still so proud. I confess that in Michel Angelo's exclamation, "If this earth should become marble, woe to the statues of antiquity," I can only see the somersault of a genius which draws back from its own hardihood. The Tè Palace at Mantua shows us to what the art of the Sistine fell in the hands of the pupils of Julio Romano. Here is what it falls to in the hands of the pupils of Bernini, foretold by Begarelli. By endeavouring to stretch out bodies they deform them; by the effort to make them expressive, they render them weak. Sculpture no longer synthesises, it tries to tell a story. It has been forced to speak instead of being allowed to express itself by its own power. The *Day* and the *Dawn* are conditions. They can tell no story.

Line alone riots in them. In Begarelli all is perfect except line, except condition, except the syntheses, which are that absent; that is to say his work lacks all that which constitutes sculpture: which is expression, simple, bare, and strong by reason of its very bareness. This is not sculpture, it is *Sulpician* art. Begarelli preceded Bernini but, at a single bound he surpassed him. He is much nearer M. Poussielgue's shop than the Place Navone. He has created the art of the tombs set up in the Roman Catholic churches for Good Friday, of the Christmas Cribs, the Infant Jesus in the Manger, the Immaculate Conceptions, and the Sacred Hearts of Jesus.

To a Palladian soul and a Donatellesque heart, this church and these pictures in terra-cotta are the most displeasing things that one can run across. They seem to give one a slap in the face. Yet, to my surprise, I am indulgent toward them. Just now, in recalling to mind the San Sepolcro and San Antonio, I gave voice to the impression that they made on me at Parma, not the impression under which I remember them at this instant. I feel that if these Begarellis, instead of being contorted in the Gothic San Francesco or in the charming

San Pietro with its delicate façade of brick and terra-cotta, were in the Este pantheon or in San Vincenzo, I should like them at once. What I should then see would be their dramatic movement, the particular beauty of each one, so varied and so multiplied, their unquestionably picturesque quality, the masterly combination of their effect, their particular arrangement, especially foreseen with respect to such a light, in such a chapel, under such an angle, and in such a frame. That is not sculpture, I know. The *Night* and the *Twilight* would lose little in being displaced; indeed, they are very good, reduced by Colas, upon a chimney-piece. And it is a small matter, for a work of art, to have no value except in the conditions there where it is, to be unable to stand being taken to pieces. Venus has left Mars and her arms at Milo. Just the same, in spite of everything, it is above all by comparison that Begarelli offends me so; just as the baroque churches give me such a rude shock because my mind is dwelling on the Renaissance. If San Mosè and the Gesuiti at Venice shocked me so, it was because I had just been seeing Santa Maria dei Miracoli. And San Agostino is unpleasant to me because just before I saw it, I was

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The charming Duomo Tower of Modena with its delicate façade of brick and terra-cotta"

saying: those who had before their eyes the discreet and pure model of the Duomo of Modena with, for architecture, its arcades and their little columns, its nave with alternating pilasters and columns, its crypt lifting up the choir, and, for sculpture, the bas-relief of Agostino di Duccio—those people have conceived a blustering art, deceiving, declamatory, they have sullied the grace and the nobility of that which taught them.

That is what we cannot forgive the baroque. We dislike it, no doubt, for its falsity. It belies everything, its own element, its parts, its very object. In one point at least the baroque does not deceive: it does not hide the fact that it deceives us! In fact, that which it has set out for, it has obtained: to create, according to the pretty definition of a master, "from one single piece the grandest spaces possible." It aims at vast proportions, richness, sumptuosity. Begarelli also aimed at effect. His *Descents from the Cross*, his *Pietà*, with twelve life-sized figures attains it beyond all expectations. No, that which makes us severe is the parallel and above all the regret. The baroque rarely develops its theme freely, or singly. Everywhere that it has bloomed, it dis-

places an art on which it sets no value at the same time that it turns it to account. From 1600 to 1800 it has accumulated the ruins of the Gothic and of the Renaissance in order to set itself up in business. It has demolished simple works that it might substitute complicated works which have their merit, but a merit inferior to that of the others By what right has it destroyed? It is like the ruined young man who marries an heiress, pays his debts with the ancestral furniture, and buys new. This arm-chair of Beauvais is magnificent, but what a pity! The baroque has a value in itself; it is not very difficult to distinguish its qualities and see whatever there is to like in them. Unhappily, it is not content merely to exist; it must fasten itself upon something else. Innumerable are the ancient churches which it has disfigured in Italy. The debris which it has scattered haunts us; the remains which it has glossed over break our hearts. We weep over its victims more than over its own life. Before admitting its merits we must forgive its murders. Then we suffer the mortal agony of its insults. And, in this Modena of Favart and of Grétry, I build up a dream; at the foot of the tower of San Sepolcro,

I raise the façade of San Mosè; behind that I place the walls of the Gesuiti against which I put the Begarelli; over all I raise the two vaultings of San Antonio, one above the other, and through the holes in the ceiling what one sees is Tiepolo's legs coming from under yellow robes and sticking out in the air.

Am I doing something in the baroque style myself, and giving Modena opportunity to pronounce sentence?

This morning, in the train which brought me here, I was thinking of Francesco of Modena, of Gregory XVI., and of Pius IX., and I said to myself that Modena would be the most favourable place in which to recall the events of 1830 and 1848 which announced and prepared the way for the events of 1859 and 1870. And it occurred to me that I could better make myself understood if I should cite a popular masterpiece, *La Chartreuse de Parme*, with Francesco III., Duke of Modena, in the character of *Ranuce-Ernest*, since, manifestly, it was the Duke whom Stendhal wished to portray. Apart from rudiments of morality and material well-being, Francesco was the most sinister of tyrants. In education he saw his greatest

enemy. The political consequences of popular instruction seemed to him dangerous to his power: the wisest thing, therefore, was to suppress the school—or almost to suppress it. He found liberalism so insinuating! The first duty of a prince, he argued, although it may be painful to him and to his subjects, is to protect society against liberalism and dissolution. "For these reasons," says Bulton King, "he gave his support to the nobles and to the priests, restored the abolished monasteries, scattered distinctions by the handful, for, said he, 'rich proprietors are always grateful to those who bestow titles upon them.'" And more than upon the support of the barons and the instruction of the priests, he depended upon the sword of the magistracy. "In the times of epidemic, dissatisfaction, and insubordination which lead to the loss of eternal salvation and of tranquillity here below," it was a false philanthropy to punish lightly. His laws were arbitrary and mysterious; decrees might transgress them. "Political suspects, against whom there was no proof, could be kept in prison until the truth manifested itself. The censor interdicted the work of Dante. . . ." *Ranuce-Ernest* was Francesco.

This really despicable prince dreamed one fine morning of becoming greater at the expense of Austria, his own cradle. For that end he entered into conspiracy with the Sanfedisti, those "Don Quixotes of militant Catholicism," those pure Guelphs. He asked for the support of Louis Philippe, and taking fright at the last moment, betrayed his allies and had Menotti arrested and shot. Since I have spoken of the government of this prince, I should try to make clear the morality of the republican movement which led Louis Bonaparte, the future Napoleon III., to the gates of Rome with the Republican army. I should relate the abominable repression exercised by Francesco at Modena in the name of this principle, expressed by the *Voce della Verita:* "The most pious prince is he whose prime minister is the headsman." It was a repression not so much sanguinary as pertaining to the police, where all the walls had ears, where one lived in an atmosphere of espionage and information, where every moment was empoisoned by inquisition and denunciation. I should attempt the portrait of the Minister Canossa, who, having carried on the most frightful reaction at Naples after the departure of

Murat, was called to Modena because he had republican ideas. And I should have analysed Canossa in the *Mosca* of "*La Chartreuse*" of which he certainly was the model. I should have shown Francesco IV., dead in 1848, and Francesco V. obliged to flee before the revolt which dragged all Italy against the governments and of which one might say what Gladstone said of Naples: "It is the denial of God!" I should have gone back up the valley of the Po, to Milan, to Turin, and I should have found that enlightened Charles Albert galvanising the reviving Guelphism in order to confiscate it. I should have put myself on the march for Custozza with Solferino in view. I should have looked up the reasons for the change in Rome, until then so favourably disposed toward independence and the change in Pius IX., of the House of Mastai, of which it used to be said, "Everything there is liberal even to the cat," who was on the side of the Carbonari when he arrived at Gaeta; how was it that he returned from there to be the chastiser whom Vaillant and Oudinot were ashamed to take to Rome? I should have demonstrated the implacable historical necessity which, from the day when the papacy became a secular

power, in spite of the services it tendered in that quality to Italy thirsting for nationality, dragged the Holy See to submit to the law of the strongest, like all the others. I should have recalled the cry of Dante: "The Evangelist saw you, pastors, when he saw her who sits on the waters prostitute herself to kings. Ah, Constantine, what evils sprang not from your conversion, but the dot which the first opulent pope received from you!" What would Dante have said if he had known that the donation of Constantine was a forgery? I should have recalled the action of Leo, surprising Charlemagne by putting the crown upon his head, the action audaciously interpreted in the thirteenth century by Innocent III.: "This crown which I have taken from the East to give to the West!" The action upon which the Cardinal Bernetti, minister of Gregory XVI., in 1830 made the declaration: "God has confided a throne to His vicar upon earth to facilitate the supremacy of the pontiff in the entire world." And I should have concluded my inquiries and my moving pictures with the Italian uprisings to drive out the Goths, the Lombards, the emperors, and the tyrants, till at length I had come to the Unity. So I should

have made connection with my first journey, my federation road, as I may call it.

How many tears, prayers, infamies, corpses, and distressing follies all that stands for! The baroque has by no means made so much of all that as I should have. In this little Modena of light opera, this little city of cardboard and patch-work, serious ideas appeared, although inversely, like the Berninesque redressing of an antique order, a pediment of Carlo Fontana upon a portico by Palladio. Even though I should conceive this abomination, I could not execute it here. I am surrounded by gay music and carnival festoons. Modena is beaming with smiles. Francesco made it laugh, too, but with the most discordant laughter, with bitterness at the bottom. I can easily picture a Francesco, under the spell of his light-hearted city, at the point of no longer taking himself seriously and treating the government like a good comedy, fostering catastrophes, of which comedy the denouement, as in the operettas, must assure the alimentary despotism of the gallant prince. But the comedy has become a drama, and the operetta, opera. *The Huguenots* begins so well! At Modena, as with Meyerbeer, things finish too badly

for one to be able to trifle with them. Let us not try to force the cities to say what they cannot say. They have graces enough to please in themselves. And if one has feeling enough, that is a refuge in which without violence, one can always find some reason for one's thoughts.

When Cæsar d'Este, ceding Ferrara to Pope Clement VIII., came to reign at Modena, he brought with him all the artistic and literary treasures amassed by his ancestors. I have passed long hours in the museum, still rich with works originating in Ferrara, which by a fortunate scorn were despised by the city of Dresden, in 1846, at the moment of the purchase of the most celebrated pictures of the Alphonsos and the Herculese from the Duke Renaldo. In the galleries of the museum and the library, my thoughts dwelt a long time on Ferrara, on the Este family—and on France. I shall soon see Ferrara and the Estes again, and although I shall know the school of Ferrara better there after having brought together my memories in the galleries of the two cities and when I shall have seen the frescoes of Cossa, the Palazzo dei Diamanti, and the Castello. But the thoughts of France, in all her melancholy,

which Modena gives me at this moment, are the warmest and the most touching souvenir, the perfume of which is in so many places, in the Louvre and in Touraine.

Under the respectful fingers of a devoted savant, the curator of the Ferrara archives, who cherishes the manuscripts of Muratori and of many other delicate treasures, a little book covered with miniatures is opened before me, a poor little book whose yellow parchment is cracking in places, and which crumbles somewhat. I admire the decoration, so rich and so fine, so elegant and so naïve. I listen while the gentle guardian of these illuminated pages gives me his reasons for attributing to Jehan Fouquet, rather than to Bourdichon, these scenes and these garlands, and I think of her to whom they were once the consolation, of those who, fugitives at Ferrara, received this little book in confidence from the hands of their protectress. In her prison, she was constrained to send it away; when she went again to France, leaving Ferrara to her son Alphonso, to Leonora, and to Torquato Tasso, she scorned it. Calvin had accomplished his work in the obstinate heart of Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara; Calvin, and the gentle Marot.

Renée abandoned her Book of Hours to her children who remained Catholics. The masterpiece of Jehan Fouquet owes its life perhaps to that ingratitude. It has found us here, and that is why my evening at Modena ends with a melancholy that my jovial morning could not foresee; but the one is not inconsistent with the other. Both come together by way of the little book. The comedy ends in a tender scene: the lovers are reunited, and Modena, I feel it in my fingers as they hold Renée's Hours, from a discreet and firm memory, will become an embellished reality, as her well-preserved graces deserve.

VI

THE MUSCLES OF HERCULES

Bologna

FTER a day passed in running about Bologna one feels a strong temptation to make a caricature portrait of this surcharged city. It is more easy than pleasant to see it under the aspect of a fat woman resembling its famous sausage, round, stuffed like a boiled pudding, made for strong appetites, for *blasé* tastes. Certain towns, like certain refreshments, should be sipped leisurely. This one, at the first taste, smacks strongly of the ingredients of which it is composed. To return to our caricature, the Signora Bologna has large and striking features, somewhat hairy face and with deep wrinkles. Her clothes are loud and rather too ample. She is loaded with jewels which have accumulated upon her, as upon an idol. She

wears the hat of a *maréchal* of the First Empire and is covered with decorations. She wears a sabre too, which, like her *sabretache*, glows with rubies. This gives a picture, faithful as an indictment, but like that it lacks the things beneath which are of the soul alone.

This strong person has not much taste. She does not know how to wear her clothes. But the stuffs are rich and beautiful. She wears all her jewels at once, on her neck, on her hands, in her hair; but they are royal. If she meets a friend wearing a string of pearls she quickly buys a dog collar of diamonds. If she hears any one talk about the Duomo of Florence, she brings forward San Petronio which ought to surpass it. When she sees the *campanile* of Pisa, she makes haste to build two which are still more leaning. And when she dreams of an original church, she thinks that she cannot do better than to entangle seven, one within another. After having worked hard and acquired a considerable fortune, she wants to have everything which costs money and puts one into society. She has them. They involve each other a little too much, they encumber one another, they devour one another, they clash

and "swear at" each other, but they are solid, of the real metal, and they rest upon the body of an old hard-working woman of intrepid heart.

Bologna is enormous, huge. But Hercules also looked fat, although muscles were hidden in fat and when one touched them the fingers did not sink in but rebounded. And after all if one wishes to make a charcoal sketch of Bologna, it should not be the pretty woman who sells the sausages whom he takes for his model, but the strong market porter.

The heart of the town is reached by the Via dell' Independanza, a wide street, long and straight, bordered by tall arcaded houses all red and orange. The people moving about are almost as animated as those of Milan. Pretty cafés are open and overflow upon the sidewalk. When one reaches the Piazza del Nettuno the roar of traffic is overwhelming, the haste feverish. Trams rush out of the most unlikely little streets, even from the arcades of the buildings, where it has been necessary to tear out a shop to give passage to a trolley. One feels the sensation of being in a great modern city which is bursting its old walls with its prosperity.

From the centre the streets extend like rays twisted into tortuous volutes; the arcades stretch along, for the most part of a tawny red brick well rubbed down and painted with a little ochre. The storeys rise one above another, ornamented with green or red windows and with prominent balconies and cornices. But all of it, except in some of the new quarters, is so crowded and narrow that the contrast between these overflowing people and their habitat is striking. We may try to remember the sidewalks and the shops hidden under the arcades, but there persists the impression of the trolleys grazing the walls, shaving past the important old buildings, when they are not hanging upon them, whirling around the squares, overburdened with statues, or even tombs, or still occupied by gardens. Every hundred yards the tramway seems to run into black holes framed in red: the houses seem to have been tunnelled to make room for it. Some cities, like Munich, appear to be deserted, to have been built for six hundred thousand souls although containing but two hundred thousand. Bologna, on the contrary, is a city grown big in a day, and bursting out everywhere. One would never believe man so compressible.

Did the palaces have a presentiment, when they were built, that they would see this over-fulness? Their lines is all horizontal, their decoration seems prearranged for an outlet in breadth, never in height. Surfaces stretch out, bands predominate, and when it is a matter of decoration, there are parallelograms. At Genoa the architecture is ascendant; the narrow street imposes the rising line. Here, the line is drawn out in spite of the same conditions. There is nothing in common between the two dimensions. At the time when it was built, when there was no decorative centre, everything was disposed for the one impression of the eye, which saw no outlets. The details are charming: the capitals, the pedestals of the windows, the dormers, the curve of the arches, the cornices, the upper galleries. But all is sacrificed to the one broad effect; it is a prone body, unable to grow. Fava, Bevilacqua, the palaces of the square of San Stefano, Bolignini, Malvezzi, and even Pepoli and the Municipal Palace, all are nothing but breadth. Three times I passed before the entrances of the *Pinacoteca* and the Civil Museum without finding them. The doors are no taller than one of the arches of the arcades under which they stand; the arrange-

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"Bologna is a city grown big in a day and bursting out everywhere"

ment is not central and the development is mean. Nothing is seen, and nothing can be seen, but an unfolding of circles resting upon some capitals. One might say that Bologna was built for people with horizontal vision only. She seems continually striving for more elbow room. *On se tasse mais on s'entasse.*

The very spaces partake of this rage for getting in each other's way. Would the town have a public square? Then there must be two to make one, which make both one and two at the same time, however, united at right angles, one spilling over upon the other, and each with its own centre. The Communal Palace extends the entire length of the Piazza del Nettuno, but it borders on the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. On the right it looks toward the fountain of John of Bologna, straight ahead it looks at the monument of the King of Piedmont and San Petronio. Let us count. In the middle, Neptune and the King; around, the Municipio, the Palazzo del Podestà, the church, the portico of the Banchi, another house with the appearance of a palace. That makes seven important monuments brought together in one single square; where by the way I do not count such

unimportant buildings as modern custom has accumulated.

Farther away, on the Piazza della Porta Ravegnana are two leaning towers, Asinelli and Garisenda. The latter, unfinished, in a rough state, utterly useless, has not even the excuse of being beautiful. The other one is finished and surrounded at the base by a pretty portico. Scarcely six yards separate them. They look as if they wanted to embrace one another, male and female, or still more like two drunken men reeling home, arm in arm. Behind Asinelli is the Church of San Bartolomeo, a delicate and graceful fragment of the Renaissance with its gallery upon pillars. Opposite is the Malaguti house, of richest decoration, Renaissance also. Two steps beyond is the Mercanzia, Gothic construction in brick, evidently built under the influence of the Lanzi, although that is contested. The pillars are formed of clusters of columns, and the canopy in the middle has put back the windows, whose centre—wonderful boldness, comparable to that which planted the overhanging tower on the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence!—does not fall on the ogee point of the two arcades. All this on a bare hundred square yards! If one re-

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The statue of the King of Piedmont facing San Petronio at the southern end of the double square of surcharged Bologna"

members that the two towers were built at the same time, Asinelli only a year before Garisenda, one asks himself of what proud madness were the people of Bologna the prey. Why two towers? For nothing; to have one more than some one else, and more leaning. Garisenda was so far out of the perpendicular that it was necessary to stop building it half-way up.

At length we are at San Stefano, this extraordinary assemblage of seven churches welded together. You see from one to another on opening a door, in winding through a cloister, or even in passing. The labyrinth is bewildering. After having lingered on the square, hesitating by which of the three doors to go in, one chooses the largest. That is the entrance to San Stefano proper. At the left, one penetrates, like a thief, by a low door, into San Sepolcro, a painful rotunda, a sort of dodecagon cistern covered with ornaments in polychrome terra-cotta, the centre of which is occupied by an altar perched so high that the priest must climb a ladder to reach it. From there, one passes to San Pietro Paolo, an old basilica, mysterious and sombre, and filled with deep shadows. The cloister, which one reaches next, leads to a

little chapel, from which one passes to the fifth church, then to another chapel, and at length to the crypt. Another cloister still, and one goes out of that with a head completely turned, with eyes smarting, and happy to see the open sky; a Theseus returned to light.

These people were obsessed with the desire to astonish their neighbours, to crush them, and this desire shows at every step. This is still more apparent when, after our general view, we note the details.

On the square—on the squares (one does not know how to express it) at any rate, there, where Neptune and Victor Emmanuel fraternise, on that grandiose piazza, two buildings rivet one's attention, the Municipio and San Petronio. One day the idea came to Julius II. to offer to Bologna, which he had just conquered, his statue by Michelangelo, and to place it above the door of San Petronio. A short time afterwards, the Bolognians revolted. They pulled down Julius II., and Alphonse d'Este made a cannon out of him. But the memory of that statue overhanging a door was cherished by the Bolognians as a truly desirable thing; and in 1580 they profited by an unexpected opportunity

to gratify the long-cherished desire to have one. Their compatriot, Ugo Buoncompagno, was elected Pope, and they quickly perched his image above the door of the Municipio. It is there to-day. As to San Petronio, like Garisenda, it stopped at its first storey. The Bolognians plunged into everything on a grand scale without asking themselves if it could be finished as it was begun. According to the popular expression, their eyes were bigger than their stomachs. To this day, San Petronio shows us nothing but a façade, stopped at the ground-floor. Undertaken to rival Santa Maria del Fiore, it surpassed it in some respects, since its façade was commenced by Jacopo della Quercia,—Bologna could offer it the best,—and since the nave, although without apse and with unfinished transepts, has a majesty of proportion which the Duomo of Florence does not possess.

The effort—let us be just—is touching. It was a hundred and sixty years after the first work was done that Quercia was called to decorate the façade and he did it with a measure in the movement and in the action which Michelangelo remembered, although his pupils obstinately refused to recognise it. But one of them, Vignola, who kept sane, as

sane as Quercia, Bologna asked to rehandle the Portico dei Banchi. Already the Municipio and the Palazzo del Podestà had been done over in the style of the Renaissance. Bologna wanted to have everything, and wanted it moreover with insistence, and from that very quality this ostentatious exaggeration loses its infantine character. Perseverance, even when it cannot realise all its ambition, attains a sort of grandeur in itself.

In other respects, this zeal was recompensed. Twice Bologna secured perfection: once a masterpiece in sculpture, and again a great painter crowned her persistence.

The masterpiece is the tomb of Saint Dominick, and the wonder of it is twofold. Five artists worked upon it at considerable intervals. Niccola Pisano and Fra Guglielmo raised the sarcophagus upon columns, sculptured the scenes upon the panels and the statues of the corners. That was in 1267. Two hundred years later, Niccolò, who received for this work the surname of del Arca, replaced the wooden cover by fine garlands of fruit held up by children and flanked by eight figures. It is a work altogether beautiful, full of variety, richness, reality, life, and that distinction

which Tuscany teaches all her children. In 1532 Lombardi suppressed the columns and raised a socle in which he dug out the most picturesque and exquisite bas-reliefs that ever came from under his chisel. At length, thirty years later, Michelangelo brought his tribute: the statue of San Petronio and the angel torch-bearer, at the right corner of the socle, to which was then given as a fellow a similar angel by Niccolò. And behold the masterpiece in five parts, of incomparable harmony and entire unity. It is impossible to describe the charm and the sweetness of this work, composite yet without disparity. I know very well that our judgment is somewhat affected by the polish of the marble, that ivory tint which years have given to all parts of it alike, softening the lights and revealing the shadows. But do not the matter and the successive states enter into the composition of the work? A loyal effort is evident in the shining backgrounds, the plates of polished marble, the sumptuous architecture of the chapel in the midst of which rises the Arca and where the delicacy of the workmanship is accentuated. Each artist devoted himself to that effort, steeped himself in it, above all respecting his predecessors

and holding himself in restraint for his successors. No one went beyond his bounds; it is the masterpiece of collaboration and of devotion to an ideal conception, to a faith, to a saint. The Arca is a regular pyramid, no part either crushing or giving a heavy appearance to any other part. Everything is excellent, simply united, without joints telling of different chisels or how the centuries laid the work out in seven parts. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries the makers worked upon it, some of the workers being in advance of their time, some of them behind it, but all united here to make the most delicate and harmonious of tombs.

So much for the masterpiece. Now for the great painter. The great painter did I say? As in the case of the public squares, one must say two. How can one separate Francia de Costa and Costa de Francia? They worked side by side, and when Costa was obliged to leave Bologna with the Bentivogli, Francia soon began to decline. They were two brothers, almost twins, of different character, but strikingly alike. One entire day I paid my devoted respects to them among the churches, asking them to tell me their secret.

They remain closely united to my thoughts as they were in their ideals and their labours. At San Giacomo Maggiore, at Santa Cecilia, at San Giovanni in Monte, at San Martino Maggiore, at San Peronio, everywhere they hold out the hand, and I have never felt the sentiment of injustice more. If there is any reason to perpetuate the title of Bolognian, it should crown the foreheads of these two. Carracci, Albani, Guercino, and Reni have no right to this monopoly, since the civic denomination belongs to those who are the glory of the city. The usurpation is manifest. Bologna, the surcharged and voluntarily excessive Bologna, at least excuses posterity from that. Declamatory and gesticulating, it was by an act of fate that she gave her name to this school distinguished for movement, a school which too well expressed its own origin not to impose itself upon us for our synthesis. Free as we are from contemporary infatuation, let us at least be intelligent enough to give to masters their due, to rank them where they belong.

When Costa arrived from Ferrara, bringing the tradition that Cossa had received from Mantegna and to which the latter had succeeded in the school

of Squarcione, he met a young man, ten years younger than himself, already distinguished in the arts of the goldsmith, the engraver, and the medallist. That young man had acquired a legitimate fame, as we may still see by his niellos and his repoussé work in gold in the Civic Museum. The friendship of Costa encouraged Francia to persevere in the only art that he himself did not cultivate, for he was also sculptor and architect. From that time on, the two companions worked side by side, mutually inspiring one another, lending to one another their talents, which each assimilated and passed through his own sieve. They should be studied together in the frescoes of Saint Cecilia. The spectacle of such a fusion, such personal subordination, is the most edifying that one can see. Each is himself, yet they so mingle their genius that it is impossible for the passer-by to distinguish one from the other. And if one wishes to obtain a clear-cut and particular idea from each one, one must go to the altar pictures to do so.

There, at first glance, Francia triumphs. No one has a more profound sentiment of beauty, nor attains a purer expression of it. I do not know

if Francia knew and studied the Tuscan painters. It seems to me, however, that he owes them something, if he only rubbed against them through Mantegna. In any case, he inherited from the great Paduan the warm modelling of which the *Saint Sebastian* and the *Madonna Enthroned* at San Giacomo are the most finished and the most moving examples and of such serious and ample form. At the Museum, who will ever say the last word about the obedient firmness and the willing submission of the *Annunciation?* Francia is among the greatest masters, and men have rendered to Perugino the favours which were due to him also.

Why speak of Pietro Vannucci here? Ah, because I have seen Costa at the side of Francia. And now that I am far from Francesco Raibolini, called Francia, away from his dazzling influence, Costa appeals still more to my judgment. Already I see coming to light in Francia the characteristics of an entire school in which the charm is going to become insipid, in which all virility will be lost. Let Timoteo della Vite come, the pupil of Francia and the master of Raphael, and the Umbrian school will soon translate this

softness—which has a nobility in Francia and perhaps also in Perugino—into the languors of excessive abandon. Why was not the model taken from Costa? He would not have allowed Umbria to become so insipid. What robust and manly genius! Not grandiose, but firm and healthy. As a painter, the man who puts colours together, he is superior to Francia, although Francia may have a more graceful touch, more of that grace which was so badly employed. The tones are the frank, strong, clear tones of a fresco-painter emeritus. With deep valleys full of shadow or of sunlight, the richness and brilliancy of his landscapes are incomparable. Cima da Conegliano, at Venice, at Modena, and at Parma, never has shown me more radiant backgrounds, more limpid horizons. And what proud and dignified beauty is in the figures! Francia made an effort to attain that; but if he took from his friend colour sometimes, science always, he could not borrow his rugged soul, his eyes which opened in all their tenderness before the antiques of Squarcione. Costa had had an education which nothing could replace. To this day Costa is alive, strongly alive, with a chastened and measured realism which

the more poetic, more idealistic Francia never attempted to reach. Francia, perhaps, flatters the eye more, Costa appeals at once to the understanding. Francia gives out the sweeter sentiments, Costa arouses the more vivid impressions, deeper and more real. Francia had a father, Costa, and an emulator, Perugino, to whom he gradually drew nearer after the death of his friend. We must always regret that under Costa's influence his genius did not attain more virility.

There is a place at Bologna where one can escape the agitations and excesses of the city and regain quiet and balance of mind: that is the Civic Museum. Everything here brought together comes from the city or its inhabitants, or proclaims their glory. Walking among these thousand diverse objects cherished by them, one's respect for the Bolognians gradually rises. Bologna appears what she really is, not at all a parvenu, but in spite of certain vulgar manners, a matron nobly established, upon a veritable and heroic renown; developed through long effort in which she has applied to everything that tenacity, that

artistic selection, that extreme good taste which she showed toward the Arca and San Petronio. A few moments passed in the galleries, where have been brought together the antiquities found in the ground of Bologna, will teach you much of the destiny and the strength of the city. Give a few minutes also to the medals, of which certain ones, like that of Isotta, are famous throughout the world, to all those old and magnificent books of the Corporation, and to all the vases of faience, sculptures in marble, in wood and in glass, stuffs whose varied and abundant richness is a most striking sign of prosperity. Here, among these relics, I formed a fair judgment of a herculean, not a bloated, Bologna. She reigned long and forcibly over the surrounding country. The Bentivogli were for a long time at the head of affairs in Rome, and the history of their struggles to escape the fatal yoke is one of the most honourable of all the Italian struggles, reflecting glory on their city. The University of Bologna is celebrated throughout the world. In fact, those who love history, and take pleasure in interpreting the facts which sum up an epoch, an evolution, or a life, will never forget that it was at Bologna on the 24th of March,

1530, under the canopy one still sees in San Petronio, that Charles V. was crowned Emperor by the Pope. The papacy and the empire had come to an agreement to divide Italy between them. So the papal politics, forsaking the Guelph sentiment, which was national and democratic, led at length to this shallow result, which gave to the stronger, the Emperor, the best of the domain.

Unable to have everything, the Pope cut out his share of the spoils. What was his share? "We shall travel," said the Venetian ambassadors, "across the most admirable of countries. Hillsides and plains are surcharged with grain; for over thirty miles one cannot find a foot of uncultivated ground." The province of the Romagna in fact produced 40,000 steres of grain annually. Rome, formerly subsisting only on foreign grain, now exported 500,000 scudi worth. The hemp of Perugia, the flax of Faenza, the wine of Cesena, the oil of Rimini, the horses of Campania, Ancona, Parma, Pisa, formerly full of Greeks and Libyans and "other monsters of the sea," lakes, salt works, quarries: such were the riches which fell, by the grace of Charles V., into the hands of the popes, the riches of a full-grown domain, whose blood was

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fattened by cities and by republics to-day annihilated or cut up and divided.

How were the popes going to govern, to administrate this demain? By a government and an administration which Gregory XIII., Ugo Buoncompagno of Bologna, and Sixtus V. were to have the glory of organising.

But first let us see where lay the resources of the Papal State? Not, as one might believe, in the gifts of the faithful. For a long time, the collectors had been in the habit of keeping everything. The history of the subscriptions to the Crusades, of which not one ducat arrived in Rome, repeated itself now every day. The resources came almost exclusively from the sale and charges of office. In 1471, according to a register of the Chigi family, there was a movement against six hundred and fifty venal employees whose revenue was valued at a hundred thousand scudi. But how did the titularies of these charges make up their accounts? By taxes on the customs, on papal bulls, on first-fruits, on church building, on everything which yielded an income. They gave the Pope the capital and, in its place, drew an interest of a thousand per cent. The taxes

multiplied. Leo X. founded more than two hundred charges; at one bound he sent them up to the number of two thousand one hundred and fifty, of which he drew three hundred and twenty thousand scudi a year.

These operations, of which one foresees the consequences, rarely conformed to the necessities of religion, and were soon insufficient. In 1526, Clement VII. found new means of augmenting his income. The taxes laid, he borrowed on them, independently of the sale made to the titulary. The latter and the lender arranged between themselves. This operation was called a "*monte.*" The first *monte* was laid on the custom-house. Was it not in fact to suppress the sale of the tax, then to exhaust a source? Yes, if there had not remained the expedient of creating new taxes or accumulating *monti* one upon another. For example: the *monte della farina* or flour *monte*, founded by Julius III., involved an impost on flour. After deducting the sums to pay for the *monte*, the Pope discovered that he still had three thousand scudi out of that impost;—so now to borrow the capital and alienate the thirty thousand scudi.

We see, in a nutshell, to what expedients the

Church was reduced when, forty years after the papacy received its magnificent domain at the hand of the Emperor, Ugo Buoncompagno mounted the pontifical throne. Posterity remembers him especially for his reform of the calendar, called the Gregorian, and France, particularly, for his part in the League which he favoured by his complicity with the Guise family. We should not forget, however, that he prepared the way for his successor, Sixtus V., that he was the first to act upon the necessity to reform the financial system of alienations and creation of imposts. He dreamed of recuperating the seigniorial benefits formerly conceded, and then in escheat. He reclaimed the right of suzerainty, according to the custom of his time, which maintained the temporal power of the Pope on a level with the other lay suzerains. Fertile in results which Gregory had not foreseen, this claim raised revolts which Sixtus V. was obliged to repress, and the crushing of which permitted the organisation of the government of the pontifical domain. Gregory XIII. on his deathbed exclaimed, "Thou wilt awaken, O Lord, and have pity on Zion!" Sixtus V. was an agent in the awakening of Providence.

When Felice Peretti was elected, he found himself face to face with two problems: one, to deliver the cities and the country from bands of plunderers—those of Piccolomini and of Roberto Malatesta—who posed as the defenders of the common people against the avidity of the popes, but who in reality oppressed the people; the other, to remove from the path of the papacy every obstacle in the way of its enjoying the full benefit of its resources. The entire genius of Sixtus, child of the people, was dedicated to solving these problems, and, at the same time, to serving the theocratic monarchy in franchising the cities and villages. From the pontifical point of view there has never been a greater pope than he, no one who knew so well how to turn to the advantage of the state's supremacy the freedom of the citizens, their freedom not only from every monarch, but from all the dangers of arbitrary power. His first care was to order the communes and the nobles to purge the cities and the castles of all the bandits harboured by them. A price was put on the heads of the culprits and that price was to be paid by the family of the plunderer, or by his native commune. A premium on betrayal! But betrayal had become

necessary since Italy found herself strangled by the old feudal remains which sustained the most immediate and the lowest interests. In a year, all the brigands disappeared, sometimes by rather swift means, as in the case of those in the neighbourhood of Urbino, who were poisoned by provisions carried by a pack of mules which providentially lost their way where it was most convenient for the unsuspecting robbers to pounce on them. Anyhow, in a year the domain was purged of its brigands.

The place being cleaned, Sixtus took up the duty begun by Gregory. And his first care was to draw about him all the nobles to whom the brigands were to some extent cousins, brothers, fathers, or sons. His prolific sister, Donna Camilla, soon found herself crowned with sons-in-law and daughters-in-law belonging to the most illustrious houses of Italy. He covered the cities and provinces with favours and with institutions which stopped the growth of debts, of alienations, and exactions. He started works of sanitation, giving occupation to labourers, and promoted industries. He reorganised the administration of the Church. The congregations of the Cardinals, which attained the power of ministers, owe to him, not

their life, but their scope. If there is any man to whom this admirable organiser may be compared, it is Napoleon. Like him, he found a vast domain in anarchy, and by means as bold as efficacious, he raised it to a marked degree of prosperity. Like Napoleon, he lacked supreme balance. In four years, Sixtus had amassed and put by four million scudi, but whence came those millions?

There is the rift. The net revenue of the Holy See figured up to two hundred thousand scudi; the savings amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand. Could the Papal Court live on that and face the wars against the Turks and against the Protestants? So, Sixtus, while re-establishing order, was obliged by the pressure of immediate needs, to keep in the old track. Like the others he sold the taxes. His only reform in that connection was to raise the price. The Treasury of his Chamber had been alienated for fifteen thousand scudi. He sold it to Justiniani for fifty thousand. Then, having named Justiniani Cardinal, he sold the tax to Pepoli for sixty-two thousand scudi. Pepoli's turn to become Cardinal having arrived, he divided the tax, appropriated half of it to a *monte*, and resold the other half for fifty thousand scudi.

Little by little, the taxes augmented, the *monti* accumulated, and the money depreciated. But the Treasury of the Castle of San Angelo grew under the eye. When the hour came, when in the struggle against Protestantism the Church had need of them, it found there its strongest arms.

The papacy became, in reality the prey of an irreducible antinomy. As a temporal state, it was subject to all the vicissitudes of all the states, and was obliged to content itself with a factitious domain, neither ethnical, nor geographical, nor in any point national: it was a realm made up of what the other Powers had an interest in leaving to it, therefore feeble and restricted. As a Catholic state, that is to say universal, it had to face throughout the entire world everything which menaced its dominion and its royalty; to sustain a mondial power, it had but provincial means.

Under Sixtus V., Bellarmini formulated the political theory of the papacy: "The Pope is directly appointed by God as guardian and head of the entire Church; he is infallible; he judges all the world, and no one may pass judgment upon him." How far do the consequences of a pontifical authority reach over realms when the pontiff

has the right to intervene in the name of his spiritual dominion? It is as the mind controls the body, the body unable either to rebel or to judge the mind. Did the temporal power become antagonistic to the interests of religion? "The Pope has the right to intervene for the good of souls and to depose malevolent princes."

Very well, but this pretension, even if legitimate, must be sustained against those princes, who, already revolted, are not disposed to further efface themselves. The struggle of our Henri IV. against the League synthesises perfectly this revolt of lay independence against the "divine right." With but inferior temporal means at his disposition, Sixtus V. threw himself against the insoluble problem of his universal Catholic supremacy. His skill, the cleverness of the papacy, aided by the prestige of religion, which the Pope knew so well how to turn to account, often reduced the problem, but only to a temporary solution. After a time, he resorted to miserable expedients under which his successors succumbed until Sismondi could say: "All the Romans wear either the tonsure, the livery, or go in rags." The great dream of the Leos, of the Gregorys, and of the

Innocents, led to the events of 1848 and 1859. The temporal power of the papacy, fatally inferior to that of the great states which shared Europe, was obliged to give place to an entirely spiritual papacy. Pius IX. marked the transition. That explains the Church's rebellious rage, her intoxication with the idea of infallibility, her madness for severe measures which should afford compensation for the losses suffered, and that explains her blindness and obstinacy to-day. Ugo Buoncompagno and Sixtus V. could not see so far ahead. They were the first to have the glory of understanding the necessity of order. They would have been the founders of an indestructible monarchy if the papacy had ever been able to solve the most insoluble of problems.

VII

A FRENCH CITY

Ferrara

HEN I was at Bologna, I did wrong to heap all my reproaches against agglomeration upon that city descended from the ancient Felsina. The Italians, who had innate taste and knew every form of artistic expression, have nearly always lacked the appreciation of open spaces. They are ignorant, generally speaking, of that beauty, the majesty of emptiness, which is the attraction of Paris, for instance, and which saves it from its Baroque art, from universal horror. Large squares unencumbered by monuments, and the art of building palaces piled one upon another without allowing them to crowd, are things almost unknown in Italy. Except perhaps at Venice, at Verona, and at Pisa, only modern times have freed the

cities of masses which hid their beauties. Do we owe this to the Baroque? May it then be blessed for that! All the genius of Gabriel was necessary to prevent the Place de la Concorde from crushing us.

No doubt it is unreasonable to ask such grand proportions of little cities, some of which would almost fit into the space around the obelisk of Luxor in the middle of the Place de la Concorde. Often, nevertheless, indeed too often, we are oppressed by the confinement felt so strongly at Bologna, and when by chance we find some city where we can sport our elbows without hurting them, our French and especially Parisian education makes us take a great liking to that city at once. Ferrara is such an one, and in my first astonishment at its spaces, I exclaimed: "When Renée de France, the daughter of Louis XII., came here to marry Ercole d'Este, she could not have felt far from home!"

Within the gate, a broad tree-lined avenue leads to the city. On the left extend the new quarters,—new in the sixteenth century,—where Ariosto lived, and which the Estes took pleasure in developing, building palace and churches there. Its streets are

wide, too wide to-day, when the population only figures up to thirty thousand souls, whereas then it numbered a hundred thousand. There is not a house which has not a garden whose trees sway above the walls, shading the sidewalk—for there are sidewalks. But if, passing by this quarter, where it is interesting to imagine that one sees the influence of the Este family's cordiality toward the French, one goes on directly to the heart of the city, the French atmosphere seems even stronger. Public gardens are not rare n Italy, but to look for them one must go outside the walls, or at any rate as far as the walls. But there stands proudly in the very centre of Ferrara a beautiful square covered with a grove, with hornbeam, and all balanced with plane-trees. In the middle is a basin with spouting water, a fine jet of spreading drops like those at the Tuileries. And what is seen across its rainbow? A strong castle, machicolated and with barbican rising with a most feudal aspect on the very town-square. Ferrara seems like a charming city of Touraine, fresh, shady, perfectly contented, its castle in the midst of its industrious citizens.

The Castello passed, another broad street leads

to the Duomo, on an open piazza, which seems to stand by itself and does not surprise our Northern eyes by its Roman-Lombard style, exceedingly florid as it is, with a striking purity and many characteristics differing from our own cathedrals. Still other churches rise on wide open squares with low houses and thick walls, which recall some street of the Beguines, at Ramorantin, or at Meaux; and there is a military parade besides another garden. It is a city where they are not afraid of the sun, where the fog of the marches of the Po, near by, has made man seek warmth and light; a place indeed where Marot must have found a maternal air.

But why give myself up in this way to an amusement which can have no value if it remain nothing but an amusement? To push this simile any further or to attempt to follow up France in Ferrara, should I not run a double risk of losing myself? It is by no trick of luck, however, that the cathedral bears evident traces of the Gothic. It seems that the architects of the portal, of the lateral façade, and of the *campanile* passed some time with us, and although they drew their plans according to the Lombard ideal they worked out

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"A strong castle rises with a most feudal aspect on the very town square of Ferrara"

some of their own conceptions in the course of the execution. The porch which stands out from the middle of the structure has the classic lions, but the first storey and the tympanum crowning it are all picked out with sharp ogees and Biblical subjects. The two blind doors which flank the porch have three rows of arches, the first of which is a pure ogee, all three different but of the same order. The upper gallery alone brings us back to the Lombard form. In passing down the right side, against which some hovels are leaning, one still has an entirely Gothic sensation, just what we should experience at every step at home if our passion for disengaged buildings and open spaces had not given us a want of taste for proportion, since in ridding our cathedrals of the hovels heaped up in their shelter, we deprived them of that which made them taper toward heaven. This lateral façade is of a very clear Italian Renaissance, but in the treatment of details, the same influence betrays itself as in the three portals of the entrance. As for the *campanile*, built in three equal storeys of similar arcades, it only needs to carry it to the other corner and cap it with a slate hood to make it a most beautiful tower to one of our churches.

A traveller from the North requires some time to grow accustomed to the Italian churches, and to like them,—and this acclimatisation is especially difficult in Tuscany. Ruskin himself lost almost all his insight there. No such effort is necessary before San Giorgio in Ferrara. One is in a friendly country at once in the home of the great "bombardier" of the French, as Alphonso called himself; in the country where Marot was welcomed and hidden, somewhat as was Théophile at Sylvia; where Torquato Tasso finished his *Jerusalem*, begun, it is said, with us, in the heart of one of our forests, in our wet and shady Valois.

No, really, this is not an amusement, and the Castello tells me so clearly. The aspect of this fortress, raised by Ercole I. beside the old palace so purely Italian, but confirms my impression that one influence or one genius purely of Ferrara, born of the climate, if you will, alone inspired the builder of this city. There are four towers at the four angles, each accompanied by two other lower towers, having covered posterns to cross the moat in which this strong castle bathes. When one makes the tour of the whole, the eye is a little troubled by these quite similar towers projecting

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The porch of the Duomo has the classic lions, but the first story and the tympanum are all picked out with sharp ogees and biblical subjects"

above the water, by these same bridges as alike as wind mills. One does not know where he is, on which side he may be, whether on the North or on the South. One must turn his back on the castle to find himself. Little windows, machicoulis, *chemins de ronde*, everything is arranged as in a Coucy or in a Pierrefonds.

There is one characteristic, however, which makes this construction original, and this was given to it by the Renaissance. The towers and the posterns are like ours; the general design is of the *château fort;* but the difference is full of charm and elegance. We might look in vain among our mediæval works for these beautiful rounds, thick and swelled out, which seem to have been made supple by a thousand caresses. The base of the Castello falls perpendicularly, so to speak, into the water, and the great towers join the little ones at absolutely right angles. This has the appearance of having been done according to rule, not designed by a free hand. Everything is precise, cut out with scissors. The line of the shadow is as straight as if drawn by a cord. But on each tower, so solemn and severe, the genius of Bramante inspired the jolliest and most reassuring of head-

dresses, four lanterns, still square, surmounted by a smaller lantern, sort of loggias, which, above the machicoulis, have the air of inviting you not to take in the least seriously all that fierce display below. It is said that the two brothers of Alfonso I. rotted, one thirty-four years, the other fifty-three years, in the cellars of these towers, which stand in the water. Even the sickening thought of the length of time it took them to rot—and yet the second was delivered!—cannot alter the feeling given us by these belvederes, cannot efface our pleasant recollections of a court to which Lucrezia Borgia brought so much gallantry.

Besides, it was not here that Lucrezia lived. The Estes seem to have preferred to live in the old palace, to-day the Municipio, a construction of smooth bricks decorated solely by some pilasters, and whose court gives us a model, almost intact, of the ancient basilica as it was before it was transformed by Christian art. The Estes were not cramped as to living room. They occupied also the Palazzo della Ragione, a monument of the Lombards recalling Piacenza and Pavia. The three castles were connected, and the incongruous collection suited the crowd that swarmed them.

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"Cortile of the Municipio, the old palace where Lucrezia and the Estes preferred to live"

They occupied, as well, the Schifanoja, the Palazzo dei Diamanti, la Palazzina, and other houses scattered about; they went from Versailles to Trianon and to Marly.

The last named *palazzi*, and all those of the city, bring us back at length into Italy. They are brilliant. The Palazzo dei Diamanti all in facets, with pilasters sculptured a little too finely for the walls, with windows of a tempered style. The Scrofa has galleries on the court whose light gracefulness is rarely seen elsewhere. The Roverella has friezes covered with arabesques, and crooked windows amusing to those who can endure them. The Prosperi has a solemn porch with children perched upon the cornice. The Bentivoglio is bedizened with panoplies and blazons. The Bevilacqua has its arcades. The Crispo is covered with devices and phrases which suggest the literature of this clever court, so full of gaiety, variety, and the happiness of living which gathered around the Isabellas, the Elizabettas, the Lucrezias, the Leonoras, in this court smitten of the theatre and of verse, of Moorish dances, and of gallantries.

Yet, agreeable as is all this magnificence, I

prefer a bare, plain house opposite San Francesco, La Casa Romei. A little door gives passage into a court, the classic cortile, surrounded by a portico like a cloister. All around are the rooms which made up the residence of a great lord of former times. The ruin is lamentable. It is hard to think how brilliant and amorous ladies lived in these decayed halls. But lift your eyes; see the elaborate ceiling, these traces of frescoes. Immediately tapestries unroll, cabinets rise, and deep beds stretch out. Pages run about, lovers flutter from one place to another, and the *cortile* is peopled with trifling poets and bantering ladies. Such a ruin is after all nearer to us, we can restore it more easily, than the well preserved majesty of a Diamanti. Why should I prefer to see the court of the Estes at Schifanoja than in the Castello? It is because the first cannot, like the second, shelter *Monsieur le Préfet*, and this death in the second seems more natural, more human; it arouses no such recoil as that we feel in the Diamanti, for instance, when we try to fit the relics of the past in their proper setting. At the Casa Romei we see men, we grieve over their luxuries, which would be considered but poor mediocrity

to-day, we feel tenderly toward them, there is a common bond between us. Brambles grow in the *cortile*, the ceilings crumble, the frescoes disappear! A short time ago in a ruined chapel of the Seminary I saw some agonising frescoes of Garofalo. They touched me more than the pictures of the Diamanti. The living feel much nearer to death than to perpetuity. We ornament it with our dreams, with our tender thoughts, with our admiration; it belongs to us, we make it our life, we resuscitate it with our smiles and with our passion.

I pass through the doorway surmounted by the unicorn of the Estes, and see Schifanoja in all its neglect. The old pleasure house of that great family is to-day the museum of the city, which does not think it necessary to keep up more than three halls for the instruction of the passing visitor. In the largest of them, before the ancestor of the Ferrara school, I made a rendezvous with all the children. They came to me from Parma, from Modena, from Bologna, from the Diamanti, from the Castello, from the Episcopal Palace, from the Duomo, from San Francesco, and from San Benedetto. Before the fresco of

Francesco Cossa, who created the school, from Tura to Fontana, they crowded, bent the knee, and ranged themselves beside me.

"Why," I ask them, "did you disappear so soon, when you were so well started upon what seemed a long and enduring glory? Like the Venetians, you were raised in the school of Squarcione, at the side of the Mantegnas and the Bellinis. Piero della Francesca came to you in this very hall, to-day bereft of his work, to correct what roughness and severity Padua had given you too much of perhaps. You sent Costa to Bologna where he revealed Francia to himself. Why did you not keep him? Why is the best of your glory in Bologna instead of in Ferrara? And yet it seems to me that you have all the qualities of immortality."

Cossa answers me in the name of all:

"Friend, I feel your concern painfully. Father of all these children, I put into their hands the most magnificent and fertile instrument that painter could have: truth. The Paduans showed it to me, Piero taught me to use it. I had nothing to do with anything else; I made myself its most faithful servant. It is before my frescoes that suc-

ceeding generations study the times in which I lived, and not the least of my pride is that my work so tells the truth that no one dares doubt me: no one can confront me with the texts without thinking tenderly of me. My lovers, who embrace one another with open arms, my nobles, assembled under the portico, are models of life portrayed with the most holy simplicity. It is not without pride that I dream of the frescoes of Mantegna at Mantua, of higher sentiment perhaps than mine but so congealed beside them! I have never sought to embellish, to idealise. I have kept myself strictly to the copying of men and their actions, with extreme conscientiousness, without treason or fantasy. I have been a sincere man, and I have preferred the appreciation of that fact to all adulation. Costa, who worked with me here, learned this great lesson which I gave him every day and carried it with him to Bologna. You know what he did with it, and what happened to him. My own pupils, however, stopped at Ferrara. Tura and Stefano, beside my great Costa, of whom they were the heralds, give more precision and solidity to their forms than I myself gave to mine. They made the

most of the passing years to perfect the theory. They were good pupils, who deepened a little the furrow already cut. Mazzolino was the first who added anything, colour more studied and deeper, in which Venice is felt. His *Adoration*, which you saw at the Diamanti, has a splendour without equal. It was said of him that he had poor imagination. There is no higher praise for a Ferrarese, for one of my pupils. From the day my school was formed, there was so to speak a particular ideal at Ferrara, a particular way of understanding art. Truth and colour, that is all my school. There is more than that of course to painting. But it is that at bottom; he who has that is a painter, he who has all the rest without that is not. Our manner is limited but unassailable. Also, I should be almost tempted to reproach Garofalo if he did not please me so much! Why did Benvenuto Tisi wish to supply himself from other sources when we possessed the fundamentals? Instead of cultivating his ground as it was, he preferred artificial dressings. He went to Rome, and Raphael killed him with kindness. See him at Modena and at the Diamanti; see his Ferrara frescoes, and say if there is anything

more ludicrous to look at than this Ferrarese realism reproduced by a Venetian pupil of Raphael. One leaves him ashamed, although one cannot help asking: what personified spirit will ever come to vivify this incomparable mixture! The ruggedness of Dosso Dossi at least brings you to the heart of Ferrara, his ruggedness and his colour. He knew all the secrets, and what I was by nature he was by training. He knew all the rules, all my craft, and he had the glory, as you have been able to judge at the Castello, of placing upon his work his own mark which he borrowed from no one: his own imagination. True, he never succeeded altogether. That was because I was there too near him. An absolute deserter from realism could not be produced at Ferrara. See, however, how really magnificent he is in portraiture! Portraiture is to take life by surprise and present it with a touch of the sublime. His figures are the most at ease of any ever seen. He played with them, the faithful realist! Think of Ercole and Alfonso in the Museum at Modena, Ercole especially, so beautiful in pictorial severity and human fidelity. It was under that Ercole that Ferrara accomplished the poetic contest for which Borso, my Borso, gave

the signal. Go again to Modena and see his firm, sweet smile, the long wavy locks of his hair, his eye, wicked and good at the same time, and you will not know how to admire sufficiently the model whose visage breathes what a century later was called honesty (*l'honnêteté*) in your country: you will be speechless before the painter, so clever, and, at the same time, so respectful of life and of truth. After him came the end. Ortolano exaggerates the triple copy of Garofalo; Girolamo da Carpi, Pagano, and Fontana did nothing but turn the somersaults which closed the show. In a hundred years I produced all my fruits, and my beautiful tree died. Do you not join me in asking why?"

"You have opened my eyes, Cossa," I am obliged to answer. "In enumerating to me the qualities of your Ferrarese art, you have shown me its very defect. You have praised Mazzolino for having given to your school what it lacked somewhat, colour, and therewith attaining perfection. No, Cossa, painting is not realism and colour. It is also the ideal, force, grandeur, flesh, joy, movement. It is above all the soul of man come to interpret this realism of which you made

yourself the slave. You have lacked inspiration, the genius, at Ferrara. You have believed it was enough to render impeccably what you saw, without understanding that it is necessary to vivify and make one's own what one sees. Your originality is the lack of personality. Slaves to realism, you have too often forgotten to look to the bottom of hearts, to see yourselves through men. With the exception of Dosso Dossi in his portraits, you are the scrupulous copyists of nature, you are not her intelligent interpreters. Your qualities move us to-day because they have become essential to history. Science drinks deep at your fountain; art still finds pleasure here, but no longer nourishment. To live! The principle is laudable, on condition that it be understood. Exterior forms dazzle you too much. Michelangelo, Titian, lived also. What they did, they did without servility. You have beaten down, instead of enlarging, the path traced by your father. At that game, you soon came to the end of what you had to say. Your place in our memories is that of excellent painters without magnificence—except Costa who fled in time,—but scrupulous and dignified. You were a little phalanx sworn to the cult of the primi-

tive gods of your art. For your fidelity to it you will ever be blessed among men."

The Estes were feudal Lombards become *podestà* of Ferrara in the twelfth century. From the beginning of the thirteenth century, they made themselves nobles. Ferrara had been included in the bequest of Matilda; the popes always considered it as a pontifical fief. According to the eternal game, the Estes, then, supported the Emperor, who would one day give them Modena and Reggio. With one hand they held on to the Pope, with the other, to the Emperor. After a time, they had to grip a third hold: when, out of joint with their two masters, they became the defenders of the French, receiving the French King's protection in return. Their coat of arms then bore the black eagle of the Empire, given them by Frederick III., beside the lily given them by Charles VII.

It was in 1317 that the Pope, John XXII., officially ascribed Ferrara to them in fief. In 1393 Niccolo III. d'Este succeeded to Adolbrandino. He had four sons, two illegitimate, Leonello and Borso, two legitimate, Ercole and Sigismondo. Having

illegitimate children seems to have been the chief amusement of this house. When Pius II. went to the Congress of Mantua in 1459, eight bastards of the Este family went out to meet him. At the head marched Borso and two illegitimate sons of his brother, who also was illegitimate, and whose wife was the illegitimate daughter of Alfonso of Naples and an African woman.

Borso, who succeeded Leonello, was succeeded by Ercole,—himself legitimate, but who remembered his origin when he forced his son to marry Lucrezia Borgia,—Ercole, the tranquil Ercole of Dosso Dossi, who found himself constrained one day to poison his wife, Eleanora of Aragon, in order not to be poisoned by her. Is this the amiable court which Costa celebrated? Listen to Ariosto weep over Eleanora: "This death gives a blow to Ferrara from which she will not soon recover. . . . Death did not approach her with the bloody scythe with which common humans are menaced, it came kindly (*onesta*) and smiling as if it had nothing terrible about it." Court graces and humanist culture were highly developed at Ferrara, where the *Borseide* was composed, where Guarino da Verona adopted pagan customs taken from the Greek

and Latin manuscripts and which "empoisoned" even as far as Rome, where such graces and such culture went well with the political severity. It was not so very long before that the dukes, instead of laying a tax, promenaded through Ferrara, *andando per ventura*, holding out the hand and reaping a harvest of capon and sausages. Borso himself arrested two of his own counsellors. Ercole, during the last days of Borso, occupied the fortresses with an army of brigands, furrowed the watercourses with boats filled with men-at-arms; and, Borso dead, he invaded Ferrara sword in hand. Later he found himself under the necessity of executing his nephew Niccolo and gently poisoning his wife. The inns of Ferrara were full of spies. The captains of justice tortured delinquents for the least offences. For his own security, Ercole made himself *condottiere;* his son Alfonso was made commander in chief of the army. Alfonso became the greatest artilleryman of his day. At this time, Cieco, called the Blind-man of Ferrara, composed in their honour, after the manner of Pulci, his heroic-comic poem of *Mambriano*. Boiardo, lord of Candiano, was more pathetic in his

Orlando Innamorato. Neither one of these poems presents the political conditions, but both are wonderful reflections of the private manners of the court where Ariosto was growing up, and where Torquato Tasso was to reign.

Alfonso, the gentle and philosophical husband of Lucrezia, was terrible in his dynastic rages. He had three brothers, Ippolito the Cardinal, Giulio, and Ferdinando. Giulio and Ippolito courted the same woman, who said to Ippolito one day that Giulio had fine eyes. The next day Giulio was seized by two equerries who attempted to tear out his seductive eyes. When he recovered, Giulio tried to avenge himself, but on Alfonso. He plotted with Ferdinando. Ippolito denounced them. Giulio fled to Mantua and the Marchese Francesco II., who gave him up. These were the two brothers of Alfonso who rotted, thirty-four and fifty-three years long, in the dungeons of the Castello.

In the midst of all this violence a most civilised court came into existence, that to which came Lucrezia Borgia to display every grace and patronise all the arts, which were cultivated to perfection by her children and grandchildren. On the day

of Alfonso's marriage with Lucrezia not less than five of the plays of Plautus were represented, interspersed with dances. Ferrara had a printery, and a university with forty-five professors. As to poets, they were innumerable, among others, the two Strozzi, Antonio Tebaldeo, Francesco Cieco, Boiardo, Calcagnini, Giraldi. All this talent was but incense burnt at the feet of Lucrezia, who was compared to Juno for her works, to Pallas for her manners, and to Venus for her beauty. Ariosto at length imagined, in the forty-second canto of *Orlando Furioso*, that Lucrezia was carried to the temple of honour by Tebaldeo and Ercole Strozzi. Was the latter Lucrezia's lover? Thirteen days after his marriage, he was found dead at the corner of the Este palace. Suspicion, without proof, still rests on Lucrezia. Her past in Rome, her present at Ferrara did not prevent her from being a "queen," cultivated and vigilant. During the war of the League of Cambrai, she renounced luxury and pawned her jewels. Danger past, the arts resumed first place. Bembo passed into the amorous shadow of Lucrezia, like Strozzi, but he did marry. In 1519 the daughter of the Borgias died in giving birth to a still-born child.

She had been wearing a haircloth shirt for ten years, and confessed herself every day.

Alfonso survived her fifteen years, playing his double game wonderfully between the masters of his two fiefs, the Pope and the Emperor, faithful besides to the French party which protected him against the avidity of both. At Ravenna his chivalrous conduct toward Colonna saved his domain from the hands of the Pope. He lived long enough to bear the gonfalon of the Church at the ceremony of the coronation of Charles V. And, not without having married, with an eye to the future, his son Ercole to Renée of France, did he obtain from Clement VII. the confirmation of Ferrara, and from Charles V. the confirmation of Modena. He died recommending the French alliance to his son. The feudal Lombard had but one thought, like all of his kind, Lombard or Frank lords sprung from *podestà* or *condottieri*,—to keep his domain, and to cross its borders when he could.

The court was less brilliant under Ercole II., the husband of Renée. It felt the presence of that sad, thin little woman, at first preoccupied with religious reform, and afterward persecuted for

her Lutheranism. The policy of the country remained the same—French. Under Alfonso II. splendour shone again. That was the epoch sung by Tasso. The façade was magnificent, and men always grew tender over Alfonso's sister Lucrezia, who left her husband, the Duke of Urbino, to come and console Tasso in his prison. Guarini, the author of *Pastor Fido*, was ambassador from Ferrara to Venice. The theatre, as in the time of Ercole I., was the matter of greatest importance. Lucrezia created the opera there, so to speak. There was nothing but allegorical tournaments,—*il Templo d'Amore, l'Isola affortunata*. Time was ripe in truth to go to Modena.

It was after the death of Alfonso that the Estes started off. In spite of three successive marriages, Alfonso II. had no children. He wished to negotiate for his succession with Sixtus V., through the agency of Donna Camilla, when Sixtus died. He broached the matter with Gregory XIV., and, at last, with Clement VIII., who would hear nothing of it. The hour had come, and it was a good opportunity, to bring back into the pontifical domain a fief which prospered and which in reality had long been independent.

Risking everything, Alfonso named as his successor Cæsar, an illegitimate grandson of his grandfather. Clement paid no attention to the action. On the death of Alfonso, he declared all the ecclesiastical fiefs of the Este family as reverting to the Holy See, and he sent his nephew, the Cardinal Aldobrandino, to take possession. The Emperor promptly recognised Cæsar, Tuscany and Venice also, but coldly, or almost so. Cæsar implored the aid of France, the faithful ally of the house of Este, bound to it by so many ties. Clement was not taken unawares. He had followed the old policy of his master Sixtus V., who had died under the maledictions of the Jesuits because he made terms with Henry IV. Clement had been negotiating for some time with the King of France; the abandonment of Cæsar d'Este was one of the conditions of the recognition, by the papacy, of the Huguenot, to whom Paris was well worth a mass and the betrayal of a friend.

Cæsar was condemned. He understood, and he charged his cousin Lucrezia to arrange the matter for the best with the Pope.

After having been resplendent under the feminine court par excellence, Ferrara perished at the

hand of a woman. In Rome, Lucrezia fell under the power of a young and gifted Cardinal charged to conquer her. She gave up Ferrara to the Holy See, and on her death-bed confided to the young and gifted Cardinal, Aldobrandino, the care of finishing his funereal duty, to bury her own house with her. The 8th of May, 1598, Clement entered Ferrara by the Porta Romana. By the Porta Po, Cæsar went out, carrying the archives, the museum, and the library to Modena. They are there to-day. Two hundred years later, the house of Este disappeared with Beatrice, married to Ferdinand of Austria. The imperial fief returned to the Empire as the ecclesiastical fief had returned to the Pope. It came back to Italy in the great days of 1859. Until then, the popes reigned over deserted Ferrara, of which nothing now remains but the pretty decorations of former times. The popes increased their domain, but death reigned with them.

VIII

IN A HOVEL UNDER A DRUGGET

Ravenna

AVENNA, like Rome and Venice, haunts the fancy of the imaginative traveller more than all the other cities of Italy. To think that one is going to see Ravenna! How it makes one's heart beat! Yet such are the legends of fever told about it, that one feels quite a hero to brave the insidious marches for the love of the beautiful. But it is to approach Byzantium, to realise the dream of the Orient, to touch the end of a world, a dying Rome; it is to feel the breath of the Gothic, to see the barbaric hordes conquered in a few years by the Italian splendour; it is to walk about the once prosperous, maritime, imperial city which has become nothing but a reliquary. Bruges

has come to life again, Ravenna lies in her coffin. The skeleton-like country, the poor canals, the mournful flowers, the warped pines, the watery ground, the crumbling walls, the empty churches: death, in a word, and the bones of Dante, which lie amidst all this wretchedness, all contribute to remind one of the infernal regions. But by the side of the poet of the *Paradiso*, appear those who sung the marvels of Ravenna, Boccaccio, Byron, Musset, himself, and the flood of all the travellers who have sought to people the country with their recollections. Ravenna is the city to which one comes with one's heaviest and most numerous pieces of luggage.

I bring an immense trunk with me. It crushes my shoulders. As the train, taken at Ferrara, bears me to the phantom city, I feel oppressed with all this weight. How can I free myself from it? It is late; the sun goes away exactly as fast as I come on, without throwing a shadow upon the flat country. On my left, I scan the horizon for the line of the sea. It seems to me that I shall be able to pick out place after place as far as the Dalmatian coast, this bare sun so mingles with the sky. Damp perfumes come in through the

window which I have had the temerity, the defiance, to open.

This soft earth must be treacherous. It is not a lagoon, it is a slough. The few trees rising here and there are only to deceive us. A crafty hand has fixed them there, and renews them constantly. On the right, I gaze at the roofs, watching the buildings of the city slowly grow larger; first the towers, then the churches, then the houses. With what difficulty they seem to come out of the earth! Elsewhere the sea submerges the coast. Here it is the sea which is absorbed. The work of man has had to struggle, not only against the wave, but against the mud. And the walls which stand are not of valiant rock, but of vanquished stone. For honour's sake, Ravenna resists to the end. Her strength, however, fails; she has sunk to her knees already. To-morrow she will give way, and after thousands of years, in which the water will not be able to liquify this humus, generations may excavate and one fine morning some one may come upon entire monuments, which will have disappeared, like the stage decoration of a theatre.

But I must be rid of all my literature! To-night at least let me have a Ravenna without the

poets. For I am seized with the desire to enter the city like an ignorant and devout child, I want to go about Ravenna without any feverishness, interested, but not subjugated in advance. I should like to control my masters, so to speak, and to know for myself if Byron has not embellished Ravenna of the Guiccioli, if Dante has not magnified it by reason of the hospitality he received here, if the writers on art, and the historians have not over-praised it. I, who until now have never wished to approach the subjects of my study except with full valise, to-night make myself leave my bag at the station before entering Ravenna, and while the hotel omnibus carries me toward the room used by Byron, I vow that for once at least I will see a city without bias! Perhaps I ought not to risk this experience with all else; at least I promise myself the pleasure of asking Ravenna to speak to me alone, to tell me all that she has to tell me without the intermediary of any interpreter. And I want her ungarnished. Is it because I know she is beautiful? I will love her as I find her, for the texture of her skin, and for the lines of her form, not for her renown.

At break of day, the sun knocks at my window

and wakens me. He smiles at me with his young rays, and I understand at once what he means. He is a good fellow who goes about among busy men, looks at the flowers, and listens to the rustling of the leaves under the evaporating dew. He sings of birth and bloom. He defies decrepitude and death. He is going to be a valuable helper to me in carrying out my plan. I shall see Ravenna without shadows, in the crude. Ah, how important for her to hold herself well, to curve in her loins and hold her breasts firm and round, to raise her arms and join them behind her head! But everything is against her this morning; my heart, and also Nature, who holds herself aloof. If Ravenna is a tomb how many she will poison!

The sun makes the first score; easy victory too. Ravenna is a broad city with wide, open streets, and squares which spread out comfortably. The Piazza del Municipio itself has little character. Lombardi's columns, and the portico with the capitals bearing the initials of Theodoric, offer nothing to hold one. The houses are flat, low, well plastered, stripped of all decoration; and they seem to be tired of vainly watching passers-by for so many years. As for the monuments, they

are the worst of the whole disaster. Barns, farm buildings of different kinds, stables with smooth, straight walls, pierced by bare windows, sometimes with a little porch, but such a poor one that it seems to be ashamed of its poverty. Santa Maria in Porta Fuori is a hay barn. The mausoleum of Galla Placidia is a fire-engine house. San Vitale is a threshing-floor. San Apollinare Nuovo is a stable flanked by a reservoir, if it is not a factory with its chimney. As for the tomb of Theodoric, that s a baker's oven. They were all such every-day things, so entirely a part of the life of the city that at the time of the Gothic or Renaissance restorations of certain churches no effort was made to decorate them according to their respective styles. Under the genial sun of Italy, where men live on the public squares, sleep in the shade of a column when they are not strolling under the porticoes, there has always been an interest in making the public places such as gladden the hearts which know nothing of the intimacies of the home. The façades, the domes, the *campanili* are florid, cut with facets, wrought, coloured in monochrome, and lovingly turned. Ravenna, on the contrary, seems to have been resolved from the first to yield nothing to

the open air. Has she any treasures? She hides them, then, with a surly fury. In old times, our grandmothers used to keep everything they had of value in the back of the cupboard—to which jealous care we are indebted for the beautiful things with which we embellish our houses to-day. Ravenna is one of these grandmothers. She will offer nothing to superficial covetousness. What sullen virtue! And I begin to pity myself, I who was afraid that she would do me some violence! Ravenna sticks upon her body a cloak which is almost sordid, a beggar's cloak. In all the cities of the Emilia which I have just left, the women of the people wear a great shawl of drugget which covers their heads, and falls down till it flaps against their heels. Ravenna dresses like those women. Messalina must have worn some such garment to run about the Suburra, and when she took it off, the animal slayer found splendid flesh to knead. Ravenna, if thou art Messalina, throw off thy mantle, show thy beauty at last!

Messalina! I did not think her so generous, capable of giving such kisses. I am fascinated, lost, my limbs are weak, my head empty, I am exalted and dejected at the same time, staggering

and walking on air. I no longer know anything; my eyes burn, and when I shut them, I see the hundred thousand fires of a kaleidoscope turning round under my eyelids. Is it possible? Was such magnificence ever created? Did men ever exist capable of conceiving such visions, and realising them as fixed things? There are no words to describe them. If I feel anything, it is the powerlessness of our literary art to translate such magnificence. Théophile Gautier himself, the great painter in words, gave it up. When one has found the words: dazzling, shining, flaming, gold, mother-of-pearl, twinkling stars, ruby, topaz, richness, profusion; when one has mingled them all, repeated them a hundred times, gone back and begun over again, taken the adjectives substantively and the substantives adjectively, when one has turned a verb out of a noun and an adverb of a verb, when one has let himself go to the length of making use of the boldest, the most highly coloured style, of what poverty he feels himself the victim! What a fine revenge Ravenna takes upon me for my suspicions, my fear, and my resistance! Words rush in disorder to my lips and from my pen. I can only stammer, make in-

articulate exclamations, under the excitement of a flame which threatens to consume me, my veins are bursting from an embrace which devours me. Shall I recover my scattered senses? But why wish to understand? It is so sweet to feel!

Suddenly a memory comes to me. Like a drop of acid precipitating a salt, a vision from Milan brings my disjointed and scattered ideas together. In a sombre chapel of San Ambrogio I happened to raise my eyes to an exceedingly small cupola arched above me, almost invisible. I divined, more than I saw, a deep hole, conic in shape, a hat hanging below it. My eyes, accustomed to frescoes, were roaming about for something to fasten on. Gradually I distinguished a small gleam of light. A faint radiation reached me, a blue radiation, almost black, but strange in its diffusion. The light did not fall in a sheet. It was not a wave, but tiny rivulets close together. Rays followed one another without mingling. They were separated, each in a frame of its own, confined to one faint, scarcely defined shaft. One would say that the cupola was pierced by a hole through which the light of day was filtering, Gradually, while I stood looking fixedly at it, the

blue cleared. It took divers tints according to the position occupied by the little cubes under the angle of vision. It became iridescent, agitated by a slight wave. At length it broke into a flame. An invisible hand had lighted a thousand lamps, and the vaulting receded, moved upwards, fused into the very heavens. In this blue of night stars suddenly appeared. One by one they came out on all sides. They rose as if taken with vertigo, and became intoxicated bees, going higher and higher into the round dome, and with them a host of butterflies fluttered in a mass of light over a field of cornflowers which moved in the air made by their wings. One of them remained fixed at the highest point; it opened out large, immense, and seemed to illuminate the entire group, whose reflections, shimmering of gold which I had not seen a moment before, in the night, made me shut my eyes.

That little mosaic of Milan I have just found again, ten-fold, a hundred, fold more brilliant. On entering the mausoleum of Galla Placidia, I could distinguish nothing. Some vague rays of light, a bit of a robe, a white form, some bottomless holes, a poor light that the thin windows gave parsimoniously. At the end of five minutes I was

in a furnace. From all sides flaming rays fell upon me and I felt as if a great fire was going to break out before me. Now, after a few minutes, all the flamboyant forms stood out against the changeable blue background. The white mantles, the purple robes, the brown faces, the gilded crowns, the red crosses, the deer, the doves, and the sheep suddenly took fire and vibrated. The most obscure corners lighted up, the most insignificant curves and nerves of the vaulting grew bright. The palms, acanthus leaves, even the simple bare lines, and everywhere the little cut stones, were charged with rays of light. I left the tomb running as if the fuse of a whole bunch of fireworks had gone off above my head.

I only escaped the fuse to fall into the very centre of the bunch. When I entered San Vitale the radiance of an incandescent light bathed the entire church. It came from my right where the sun struck the windows. But on how many prisms did it multiply? I did not hasten to run away that time. What could I see or look at after that? Sedately, I went on among the columns and pillars, forcing my attention to dwell upon this first example of the Oriental circular style, upon these

cushioned capitals, so rich and fine, upon the cupola, which is Baroque and was exaggeratedly respected by the skilful restorers of recent years. But I forced my attention in vain, I thought only of "that." And when my shadow on the stones of the pavement showed me that the right moment had come, brusquely, straight to the sun, I went back. How express that with which my head was then bursting? I understood for the first t me what music is, what is meant by those who call it the language of sensations too rapid, of emotions too strong, to be put into words. If some one could have given me a lyre! Had it but one chord, I should have drawn expression from it!

I have only one memory of that lyric moment, that of what I did. With both arms outstretched in front of me, my body thrown forward, like Lazarus when he arose from the dead, I walked toward the light. I see it now: a brazier of molten gold before me. Upon this liquid metal, the most vivid colours struggle together and so violently that one feels as if he were looking at a furious battle, at the dream of a dying man who sees dead things come to life, mingle, and tear themselves apart. The reds throw themselves on the yellows

and for the moment overcome them. But they soon reappear and gain the victory. Then the blues come on, the greens assail them from behind, while the whites run to quarry. The army of mauves, of violets, of pinks, and of light blues advance in good order to finish the victory. At the end of a few minutes, the enemy is outflanked, falls away, and disappears in the brazier of gold, submerged by the reds, the blues, the greens, which tumble over one another till they make but an eddying stream, and lose themselves in the furnace in their turn. The whole thing flames, blazes, glows, terrifying with its suddenness and its strength. You feel that in a minute you will be spattered with stars, nor astonished thereat either. We are told that in this whirlpool we are to recognise Justinian, Theodora, Abraham, Sarah, Abel, Saint Vital. I recognise many other things there, all that any one might wish to show me. But as to fixed forms, I accept them as a mere pretext for the arrangement of this most splendid festival of the little squares to which I owe an unspeakable joy. What does it matter if the subject be Theodora or the Virgin Mary, if only it shines, sparkles, and flames! The men who invented and practised this art never

could have been seduced by any other attraction than the grinding and fusion of colours. Was it possible to think of Jeremiah in arranging this robe of rubies, this diamond cap, this silver beard; or to be occupied with Moses in drawing this burning bush with the coals brought to white heat? No, no, all that was but pretext, the motif of the symphony, soon submerged by the total polyphony, the unchained tempests of the orchestra. And I can no more fasten my interest on these representations in themselves than could the mosaic-workers. I remember that before putting their stones in place these artisans painted in fresco the wall they were to decorate. That fresco was the sketch of their picture. To me that fresco is the subject of the mosaic, the indications of the outlines, nothing but a programme fertile in variations whose play alone interests me. For the first time before a human work, I plunge into the voluptuousness of enjoyment solely through the eyes, as I have done so many times before the setting sun at sea. At last I have come to fully understand the art of a Turner, who toward the end of his days painted nothing but the sunrise in the fog and on the water, that

Photo by Henry H. Burton

" The most moving of the spectacles of Ravenna, Spirito Santo, pure anicent basilica of the Goths transformed into a Christian church"

is to say without a feature or a line, a simple eddy of light piercing through the mist, an overturned box of pastels—like this wall here.

An entire day I went about among these fires. After the Mausoleum, after San Vitale, I plunged into the flames of San Apollinare Nuovo, of San Apollinare in Classe, of the two Baptistries, of the Archiepiscopal Palace. I was engulfed by it. Never should I have believed that colour could reach such exaltation. Painters who live in this ecstasy are the happiest of men. What disenchantment if now I must particularise! If the chapel of the Archiepiscopal Palace belongs to the Christian period of Ravenna, the Arian Baptistry to the Gothic period, and Classe to the Byzantine period, in my memory they will always shine with one great outburst. If the mosaics of the fifth and sixth centuries are of a freer art, more full of life and reality, than the Byzantine mosaics which already announce that stiffness which persisted until the time of Cimabue, be it so, but one stands out no clearer than another in my glowing recollection. I have but just torn myself from their spell and already all peculiarities have disappeared from my mind.

There is nothing in my brain but fire and rays of light. I could, as well as another, distinguish the unbearded Christ of the Mausoleum and the bearded Christ of the Baptistry of the Orthodox Church. I could follow the legend of the Good Shepherd from the Mausoleum to the Classe, note the difference between the Christian art and the Byzantine art, and foresee the speedy triumph of the latter. I should have liked, fond as I am of architectural art, to stop at Spirito Santo, that pure ancient basilica transformed into a Christian church; then I should have noted the high wall standing upon columns, that full wall which, with so much naïve ignorance, has often been made the reproach of the Doge's Palace, and which, properly speaking, is but this wall boldly reproduced as an exterior wall. And, at last, I should have asked Ravenna to forgive me for my first resistance, understanding at length the sullen modesty which makes her hide her dazzling splendours in a hovel under a drugget.

Why should I? There is by M. Charles Diehl an excellent *Ravenna* which contains all the exact information that can be desired. For the passing visitor as I am, for the artist who comes to Ra-

venna to seek an emotion, nothing equals the luminous festival, one festival with all its diversity, that the little cubes of stone pour out with such indescribable profusion. That conquers everything, commands every detail, dominates everything. Take the trouble to see it well! Seek to distinguish! Apply yourself to differentiate! A flash of lightning in an instant wipes everything from the memory, leaving nothing but ecstasy. Ravenna dead? What blasphemy! The most radiant youth is hidden under her discoloured hair. The most ardent heat burns under her sordid clothes. You are in fairyland; touch her with a light wand and you will see what a queen, what a fresh and generous creature will open her arms to you.

I went to rest my murdered eyes under the verdure of the Pineta. No Beatrice rose before me; no funereal shade troubled my solitude. Among the parasols, between the slimy canals, in the midst of the newly sprouting copse, I allowed the splendours to calm themselves in my mind, those splendours from which I had drawn enough radiance to people my darkness with light if I

should become blind to-morrow. I dreamed of those who had accomplished such a wonder in an effort of three hundred years. The virile figure of a woman came to me, the image of Galla Placidia, daughter, sister, wife, and mother of emperors, the real heir of Augustus, she who began the prosperity of Ravenna, who remains the city's immortal creator. From the depths of her mausoleum she commands even to-day this unfertile yet nevertheless fruitful land. I follow the course of the ages, I see Odoacer drive the Romans from the paternal country, and send Augustulus back to the Orient to attempt to establish his power in the great fatherland, the first attempt and the first of the *condottieri*.

Theodoric, the son of Theodomir, was brought up at Constantinople, at the court of Leon the Isaurian. He received a sufficiently intellectual education, even if he always refused to acquaint himself with the elements of knowledge. Theodoric never knew how to write. Byzantium was always uneasy about Theodomir's barbarians, established at her gates, who might any day invade the Empire. Theodoric's only desire, on returning to command his people, was to make

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The mausoleum of that virile woman Galla Placidia, daughter, sister, wife, and mother of emperors, the immortal creator of Ravenna"

them contented. But how could he do so? "Let me take them into Italy," he cried to Byzantium. And Byzantium was but too happy over the proposition which turned the storm she feared for herself upon a land in which she no longer had any interest. So she let loose the Goths of Theodoric on Odoacer. A people of two hundred thousand soldiers, accompanied by as many women and children, wild with the sight of the sun, and the thought of pillage among treasures, hurled themselves upon Italy. The radiant Lombardy was occupied in a few weeks. Odoacer resisted in Ravenna. Theodoric held out the hand to him, promising to divide with him. Eight days later, Odoacer was assassinated in the midst of a banquet. Theodoric and the Goths were masters of a third part of Italy. What these people were, and who was their king, must be asked of Cassiodore, or of Jordanes. Nothing is more touching than the effort of these northern people to adapt themselves to the burning earth on which they settled, even if one does not wish to see in their rapid civilisation, an admirable and extremely logical influence upon the savage inhabitants of the country of the Tarquins, of Cæsar, and of Augustus.

Theodoric organised his people on the model of the old Republic. He instituted castes, distributed land according to rank in the army, according to family and the number of slaves owned by a proprietor. Here then was a country of soldier-labourers such as was the old Roman colony enjoying their privileges on condition that they be ready to respond to the first call to defend, not only their own property, but that of the natives, whom they must respect together with their belongings and their customs. During a reign of thirty-three years, Theodoric did not give less attention perhaps to his conquests of other countries than to reviving the old prosperity. The mirage of the Orient had caused the loss of Rome; a barbarian from the North tried to resuscitate the Roman Empire. He succumbed under the genius of Belisarius and Narses. The Lombards took up the work; they failed also. It is known that the causes of that failure were purely national, Italian. Theodoric accomplished a magnificent work by which it is impossible not to be profoundly touched. Gibbon calls him "the last of the Romans whom Cato or Cicero would have recognised as a compatriot." His power extended over Gaul, and into Spain.

He laid down his laws from Sicily to the Danube, from Belgrade to the Atlantic. In spite of this, he was always most deferential toward Byzantium, whose supremacy he acknowledged, nominally at least. His palace at Ravenna was ordered after the model of the Byzantine court. He allowed the Italians their civil administration, and two thirds of the country. He was respectful toward the Senate and the Roman nobility, and he distributed the Sicilian grain to the populace as in the best of the old days. When he went to Rome, he remained there six months. He and his soldiers spared the monuments overturned by the vandals of the Middle Ages, furthermore, they raised several of them and reset them in place.

Italy returned to work, happy under a paternal hand so prudent and peaceful. The redemption of captives multiplied the labourers in the fields. The gold and iron mines were exploited and the marshes drained. When the harvests failed, Theodoric opened the granaries, fixed the price, and forbade exportation. Exchange was based on absolute securities. Day and night the gates of Ravenna stood open, and Baronius declares that one could safely leave a purse filled with gold

in a country field. Arian, like Odoacer, as Theodoric was, he respected the Catholic cult. One cannot look without emotion at his little baptistry, so modest and so humble, beside the magnificent baptistry of the Orthodox Church. He took care not to wound the old Italian, not to make him feel the hand of the stranger. His thoughtfulness went so far as to lay an offering on the tomb of Saint Peter. He even became the wise arbiter in the competitions which arose around the papal throne. One day he interfered with the nomination of the Bishop of Rome, and it was to eliminate venality from the election. He surrounded himself with Latin-speaking people, with philosophers and men of letters. And when he sacrificed Symmachus and Boethius to his resentment, he had not tears enough to weep over his anger. In the fever of death, his two friends haunted his delirium. With their names on his despairing lips, he died, at the dawn of the sixth century.

Cassiodorus, minister of Amalasontha and Athalaric, the former the wife, the latter the son of the great Theodoric, has left us incontrovertible testimony of those times of Italy's regeneration. But the children of Theodoric

did not know how to maintain the power which was kept alive only by a daily wonder of wisdom and genius. The clear-sighted and able King being gone, barbaric passions took their course again, and Italy was not long in throwing out of her bosom those whom she accepted so long as they merged themselves in her interests, freeing herself from them when they became nothing better than exploiters of her wealth, parasites, as later were the Lombards, the Franks, the Germans, the bishops, the *podestà*, the nobles, and the accursed Austrians.

Besides, a realisation of the dream for which Justinian waited was to be seen at last. Belisarius disembarked at Rhegium. Procope describes the immortal campaigns, the magnificent career to which that of Napoleon was to be compared, as far as the supreme resistance. Narses succeeded Belisarius and, in 561, the Exarch arrived at Ravenna. We see blinding traces of the passage of the exarchs at San Apollinare in Classe, and at San Vitale. I cannot forget, however, that San Vitale was begun by Theodoric, whose taste was so strongly influenced by his Byzantine education that what he planned was an Oriental church.

Was it not he who raised San Apollinare Nuovo also, that basilica in which the Italo-Christian art combines so happily with the Byzantine art, where the pagan basilica receives the mosaics and carries them by columns to the trapezoid capitals which are such a delight to our Greco-Latin eyes? Was it not he who, in imitation of the Roman emperors, placed the baptistry of the Arians in the old Roman baths, once more uniting his own imperfect corroded civilisation of a barbarian brought up in Byzantium with the Roman civilisation? Spirito Santo, to-day despoiled of all that made it brilliant, is also from his hand.

At nightfall, under a white moon, I went to the tomb of Dante to pay my respects. He, who for so many years was my inseparable companion on all my Italian journeys, lies in the majestic peace of the reliquary of Ravenna. His image rising above the sarcophagus where his remains were placed by Guido da Polenta can only be indulgent, as I am, toward the foreigner come to galvanise the old earth of *la patria*. The Guelphism of Dante, his white Guelphism, almost Gibelline, should be pleased with that domination, because it respected the Italian liberties, the privileges of the Roman

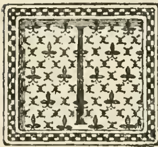
people, because it protected philosophy, letters, art, because in a word it assimilated. What Theodoric attempted was but what the fierce pamphleteer always demanded: a civilised and federal monarchy.

Over there on the Piazza di Anita Garibaldi, the hero of Mentana, among his brothers of Independence, he too must smile at my partiality. The old Roman Republic, federalist, like the poets Dante and Petrarch, "obeyed." They consented almost to this: the reformation of Italy by the Saxon of Savoy. Every night, under the parasols of the Pineta, both of them meet the Goth "whom Cato would not have disowned," and hold out their hands to him as to the first artisan of their ideal, the first artisan of the national resurrection, he who upon the ruins of the Empire attempted, and who would have succeeded if his children had been worthy of him and of their mother Amalasontha, to recreate the old native realm that the mirage of the Orient had left, and leaves, to crumble and die.

IX

THE ELEPHANT À LA ROSE

Rimini


HAVE crossed the Rubicon! Everything comes with time, even to aping Cæsar. We used to play Rubicon, at school, after a storm, and the rivulets in the courtyard seemed to us to be really big. The Rubicon of old must have been an impetuous stream, wide in many places and with steep banks. To-day, I scarcely saw that I had accomplished an act not so memorable as suggestive. On hearing the rumble of the train on the bridge, I rushed to the window, and the Rubicon had already disappeared. Cæsar no doubt took a little more time to cross it. All the same, he did not take much time; and was it a feat which merits immortality? To cross the Rubicon

is too easy to have been done heroically at any time. In truth events of no greater importance in themselves have given rise to many of the dramatic situations of history. The generations knew well that in changing the name of the river, which to-day has become the Piasciatello, they gave it a purely ideal signification. Cæsar's act is nothing now but an effect of style, an admirable tailpiece. It will always keep fresh in the minds of men, as it never would have done were it reduced to its geographical value; it is an intellectual sign, it wears an aureole, which bare fact would have denied it; it has become indeed an enduring impression because it is still but what it always was: a symbol.

The sea, that great professor of internationalism, who spares or engulfs indifferently either Cæsar or Pompey, Venice or the Turks, accentuates this lesson. I hear it in the ripples, I see it in the twilight shimmer of those incessant waves which used to be so bloody. Ancona is not far from the place where the Crusaders used to embark. Nor is Brindisi far from where the cohorts marched aboard the galleys which were to take them to Pharsalia. Rimini is a seaside resort where

tragedy no longer finds asylum except in the villa of the comedian Novelli.

Among all the cities on my itinerary, Rimini has almost first place. Not for the domestic drama given to us by Dante. The double murder committed by Sciancato when he found his wife Francesca da Polenta with his brother Paolo has nothing but a poetic value, purely ideal, quite like that of the Rubicon. Human genius alone perpetuates and saves it from a legitimate indifference. The strong voice with which Rimini calls to me is the cry of a race at the same time sanguinary, amorous, and artistic; the cry of Malatesta, of Pandolfo, of Sigismondo, of Pandolfaccio, besides which rings the fresh voice of Isotta. The Rocca and the Tempio, which I have just seen, are the witnesses, the one glowering, the other sumptuous, of a family which carried villany and magnificence to their extreme limits, of a family in which Sigismondo, between acts of treason, throat-cutting, or abduction and rape, composed little verses in honor of Isotta, called to his court Alberti and Agostino, and brought the ashes of Gemistus Pletho from Greece to bury them where they would lie beside himself when his own time should come.

Sigismondo gave the same care to the two buildings. Equally they received his tender touch, the first one to assure the temporal fortune of the family, the other its spiritual fortune, as it were, its glory and immortality. Posterity has treated them as Fate has done. The first, the Rocca, having fallen to pieces, has been dismantled. The second is living still: the Tempio stands up, intact. Poor Rocca! I have before me an old print which shows what it was, noble, superb, threatening, impregnable. Rising above a great moat, a wall, cut up by little bastions, made the first enclosure and was connected with terra-firma by a wooden bridge. This wall sustained the ground which formed the plateau of the citadel, the artificial island upon which was reared the second enclosure, composed of five towers connected by crenellated walls, in the midst of which stood the square prison tower. Facing toward the mountains, scorning the sea, by its position alone, so surprising in this coast country, the Rocca tells much of the family of *condottieri* which is what the Malatesta family was.

When Sigismondo built it, he believed that he was creating an eternal work. My eyes turn from

the old picture to the object itself. What desolation! There is no longer any moat. There is no longer a bridge. There is no longer the first enclosure. In the place where stood the door of the outer wall, so well crenellated, there is now a theatre. It is but the second enclosure that I see. I recognise the door surmounted by the escutcheon of the Malatestas. As to the towers flanking it, I recognise them also, the one in advance, the others behind; but all of them are decrowned of their battlements, which are replaced by tile roofs. The *chemins de ronde* have been covered in with everything else; the walls have been dug into to make rooms; the prison tower has been thrown down. All of the Rocca is to-day a prison. About all that remains which resembles the *castello* of former times is the character of its inmates—its inmates, and the beautiful country opening upon a fertile valley, bounded by the distant Apennines. Ruin has come upon the Rocca not only from the sea, of which she had no fear, not only from her neighbours on land, whom she dreaded, but from herself, from her monstrous and iniquitous power won by exaction, violence, and oppression.

The Tempio remains just as it was when Sigis-

mondo left it unfinished. Behind a large square, the ancient forum, where a little temple recalls the passage of Saint Antony of Padua, the pantheon of the Malatestas shows itself, thick-set, appropriate to a family whose coat of arms was an elephant. It is, however, a monument of first importance, first in date, and still a model of the Italian art at the epoch of the Renaissance. Sigismondo never vacillated. Wishing, precisely as did the Visconti at Pavia at the same time, to build a tomb which should perpetuate the grandeur of his line, he put the matter into the care of Leo Battista Alberti. The latter, according to his principles, contented himself with drawing the plans of the work, confiding the architectural execution to Matteo dei Pasti, the illustrious medallist, and the sculptural decoration to Agostino di Duccio, the master of San Bernardino at Perugia. We see the result of this collaboration: the work is important socially, historically, and artistically, by reason of the Malatestas, parvenu brigands, of Alberti, the theorist and director of the new art, of Matteo and Agostino, the first practicians of their time.

The Tempio is not absolutely original. Alberti

was not altogether master of his plans; he was obliged to utilise a Gothic church which he did over entirely in the style he had just invented. No trace of the ancient church is seen on the outside, however, except in the upper storey of the façade which is unfinished, there where a circular pediment was to have been placed, where a great bare place leaves the carcass nude. Under this storey are the three portals, two of which are blind, and frankly raised against a low wall, along which runs a garland. Four columns, fluted, and with Corinthian capitals, separate the arcades of the three doorways; and support a frieze of garlands corresponding to those on the base. Each arcade has two lunettes; the arches of the central arcade rest upon engaged columns, those of the other arcades upon the wall itself. And such in its simplicity is the harmonious model which the whole movement of the Renaissance followed—an ancient inspiration rejuvenated and blossoming.

To him who is not able to make the comparison between the Renaissance and the antique at Rome itself, Rimini offers an inestimable opportunity with the two types of the Tempio and the Arch of Augustus, one of the gates of the city, which

Photo by Henry H. Burton
"The Arch of Augustus, a gate of the city commanding the Flaminian way"

commanded the Flaminian Way. There are the same columns rising on a low wall, flanking the same arch with the same cushion at the juncture, and with the same lunettes. The resemblance is striking. Only, in the work of Alberti, we see a little more of lightness, of finesse, and of art, if one understands by this last word a certain studied refinement which does not allow everything to be done according to instinctive taste, however impeccable that man may be. Anyway, closely studied, the two monuments are most instructive. To study them is to know of what the movement of the Renaissance consisted: in taking up the old and pure traditions, and adding its own conception to them, in what it held of originality.

The lateral façades of the Tempio had a special purpose, which was to receive, in a succession of niches, the remains of the illustrious writers and scholars to whom Sigismondo intended to do the honours of his pantheon, all in glorifying himself by their company. Pletho, Valturio, Conti, others also, repose in the wind under the arcades within reach of the hand of the passer-by. This familiarity between the dead and the living is the more surprising, because, for the tombs in the chapels,

Sigismondo adopted the system which prevailed until the Eighteenth century, that of placing the tombs ten metres above the ground. Venice, with the exception of the tomb of Canova, has few monuments placed upon the ground. Sigismondo hung up his ancestors, and Isotta may rouse from her gentle slumbers sometimes to look out of the window by which she lies.

Perfect unity between the exterior and the interior of the Tempio there is not. The external members of the Gothic church have been entirely hidden, but nothing dissimulates the primitive design which strikes one on entering the nave. There are four chapels on each side, whose ogees keep all their character. But with what clothes has this interior been dressed! Its richness is tasteful, elegant, full of gaiety and pride. There is nothing but engaged columns, pillars divided into little pictures of marble, wrought tombs, cornices, capitals, lunettes, and statues. A balustrade of little columns set off by statuettes runs the length of the chapels, and separates them from the nave. The whole is dazzling, and Sigismondo's sumptuous taste was well gratified. It would be tiresome to enumerate and describe each chapel,

and equally so to dwell on the work of each artist. The fine and joyous hand of Agostino is everywhere. Ciuffagni, the Florentine contemporary of Ghiberti, has sometimes betrayed the master who directed him. The statue of Saint Sigismond seated on a throne borne by the elephants of the Malatesta family, the Virtues, the Prophets, the Sibyls on the pilasters of the first chapel on the right, the statue of Saint Michael, the portrait and the sarcophagus of Isotta have a Gothic character which conflicts with the finished art of Agostino; but they are soon made to lose themselves in the harmony of the whole. The meeting with Agostino from chapel to chapel carries one along in a sort of general enthusiasm for everything. Ciuffagni's imperfections are effaced by Sigismondo's tomb, the Virtues on the pilasters of the third chapel on the left, the mythological pilasters of the third on the right, and the children in the reliefs, so fine, so gay, so tenderly modelled.

In the interior also Sigismondo's death stopped the work; the central dome was never raised. No matter. The Malatesta Tempio, in its general conception, its partial execution and marvellous detail, is worthy of the place it occupies in the artistic

consideration of posterity. Its freshness has braved the centuries; its profusion knows how to respect measure; its richness defies comparison. At Venice, in the choir of San Giovanni e Paolo, you have seen the tombs of Morosini and Vendramini. You have been dazed by their splendour. In seeing their Gothic effect brought to the Renaissance of the Tempio, you will be the willing victim to the same delight.

The Renaissance has lavished ornament here as the Baroque lavished it at a later day. It is enough to look at the one and to remember the other, to understand the distance which separates them. Alberti also has aimed to "create a great space with one single piece." But he has done it with supreme taste, without surcharging, stopping at the exact point where he would fall into the grandiose. The Baroque has made a dialect out of the language of the Renaissance. When the art of the Renaissance reclothed the Gothic body, it took care not to alter it, it was contented to ornament it without disfiguring it. The Tempio is a palatial chapel, but it has always been a chapel, and never became a ballroom. Alberti, aided by Matteo and Agostino, raised a monument

to which every successive generation of lovers of splendour and good taste will come to study so long as art and time endure.

Who then were these Malatestas, especially Sigismondo, who left a memory full of horror and of beauty? In theory we know them. They were of those *condottieri* who became *podestà* and the nobles, but *condottieri* with a physiognomy of their own and who in their sovereignty retained all their professional savagery. When almost all the others grew civilised and had no vulgarities other than license and pomp, the Malatestas remained what they had been, a frank mixture of violence, tenderness, and culture. Where did they come from? From the debris of the Lombards no doubt; although they might have been autochthones. For they were Guelphs, that is to say, attached to the pontifical fortunes, faithful supporters of the papacy on the score of revenge.

The first of whom anything is known was Ugo, who, in 1150, received the right of the city of Rimini. He came from Montefeltro in the marshes of Ancona, a neighbour therefore. His son was engaged as *condottiere* by the *podestà* of Rimini,

whom he replaced in 1239. The son of this Giovanni, named Malatesta the Centenarian, succeeded his father in his offices and had himself made a noble in return for driving out the Gibellines from the city. He had four sons, *condottieri* all four of them. Two died before him, the handsome Paolo and the Sciancato. Of the two others, one was Malatestino, "the old Dog who reigns there where his teeth used to drip with blood," he who, at the death of the Centenarian, continued the good Guelph work, and killed the Montagna di Parcitade whom Dante unforgotably avenges. Dying, he left Rimini to his brother Pandolfo. At that moment, the Malatestas showed themselves a little impatient of the pontifical protection thanks to which they had risen in the world. They are seen trying to rid themselves of a suzerainty which the Centenarian recognised when it was advantageous to him to do so. Profiting by the schism of Avignon they entered the Gibelline party, that is to say, declared themselves independent of the Holy See, free to rechristen themselves Guelph if the Emperor became as troublesome as the Pope. Albornoz having taken Pandolfo's son Galeotto, whom

Pandolfo had installed at Pesaro, while another of his sons, Malatesta, kept Rimini, the two brothers submitted, re-entered the Guelph party, were engaged by the Pope as *condottieri*, and settled themselves comfortably at Rimini and at Pesaro. Soon afterwards they exchanged domains, and behold Galeotto at Rimini, while Malatesta goes to Pesaro. It was the son of the latter who, in 1446, sold Pesaro to Alessandro Sforza.

Galeotto da Rimini had two sons, Carlo and Pandolfo III., both of them *condottieri* in the service of the Church. Carlo succeeded his father, and with him came into Rimini the taste for letters and art. His brother Pandolfo was invested with the city of Fano and waged war now in the name of the Church, now in the name of the Sforza. He was beaten by Carmagnola and returned to Fano to die, confiding his two illegitimate sons to his brother Carlo, who reunited Fano to Rimini, and left the two territories to the older of the two sons, Galeotto II., until the time when Sigismondo, then twelve years old, should be of the age to share them. Galeotto II. was a poor wretch trembling with religious fear, to the great wrath of the Pope, who loved a soldier better than a saint for the

defence of the Holy See. Some marauding neighbours began to hover about Rimini. And the Pope said to himself, "If Malatesta is going to be despoiled, the thing might as well be done to the profit of the Church as to another's benefit." Happily Galeotto hastened to rise to heaven where he could pray in peace. His heir was Sigismondo, his brother, the great Sigismondo, son of Pandolfo of history. "Race of Atrides!" says Charles Yriarte, his biographer. The comparison would not have displeased either Carlo or Sigismondo.

In Sigismondo were combined all the good qualities and all the defects of his race. He was a soldier like the Centenarian, of illegitimate blood like Malatestino, artist like Carlo, diplomat like Galeotto I., and by spells penitent like Galeotto II. Like the Sciancato, he assassinated his wives; like Paolo he loved. Sigismondo was the whole family; he was the type of the *condottieri* as of the nobles also,—in the corroded state, but all the more defiant. At Rimini, men had not become effeminate, culture had not stifled nature, which was still to be seen in the rough. Let us look at Sigismondo on all his sides. Like his Tempio,

he is a perfect model. Never was a more striking epitome offered to synthesis. As soldier, at twelve years of age, Carlo being dead, Sigismondo sprang into the saddle to defend his brother's heritage and his own. In a few days he had dispersed the troops of the Holy See, and obliged the Pope to recognise Galeotto II. as the legitimate successor of Carlo, their uncle. Two years later, his brother having succumbed to excess of penitences, he escaped from Rimini, which was surrounded by the armies of the Holy See, of Urbino, and of the Estes, fled to Cesena, raised a troop of horsemen, and scattered the three bands at Lungarino. The Pope immediately treated this child of fifteen as an equal, making a second treaty of alliance with him. Sigismondo felt the need of a prop, sought it at Venice, and pledged himself to the daughter of Carmagnola. The latter was executed soon after, whereupon Sigismondo broke his engagement, and married Ginevra d'Este. So there he was supported by two allies who were a guarantee to him in their enmity toward one another. The Pope was full of amiability toward him, amiability which became deference when this young lord of eighteen re-

ceived the Emperor at Rimini, which become platitudes when he made peace with Urbino and promised his other brother, Malatesta Novello, son of another mistress of Pandolfo III. or by chance of his wedded wife, to the daughter of Guido Antonio de Montefeltro, lord of Urbino. At the age of eighteen Sigismondo was made commander in chief of the army reunited by the Pope to take part in the war between Anjou and Aragon.

After two years passed in the service of the Pope Sigismondo sold his service to Venice, then came back to Rimini for repose, of which he broke the monotony in attacking Urbino, and wielding the sword for Sforza against Visconti; while he engaged his brother Novello to aid the latter, and himself tried to take Pesaro from his cousin, who hastened to sell the city to Alessandro Sforza. By that transaction Sigismondo was well caught. He had his resources. He persuaded the Pope that the Holy See could not admit this cession without his, Sigismondo's, assent. This counsel was much to the Pope's liking, and he charged Sigismondo to take possession of Pesaro in his name. That was done in 1446. Sigismondo was

exactly twenty-six years old. The year before he began the Rocca.

The affair of Pesaro was a matter to inflame all Italy, so many were the interests involved, but the excess of the consequences made it necessary to let the matter rest. Besides there was the struggle between Aragon and the Sforza, to reconcile the worst enemies. Sigismondo passed to the service of Florence, then to Siena, which he betrayed and ran away from to defend Rimini against the siege of Piccinino, flanked by Montefeltro at the instigation of Alfonso of Naples, friend of the Sienese. Sigismondo called on René of Anjou for help, thereby immediately raising the anger of Sforza. So he stood alone, and the Pope was the Sienese Pius II. This time he owned himself vanquished. But not for long. He had scarcely given up to the Pope the places he had taken in the pontifical domain, than he coolly retook them. He was excommunicated, condemned for rapine, incendiarism, carnage, abduction, rape, adultry, incest, heresy, paganism, parricide, sacrilege, felony. Is that all? No. Montefeltro and Sforza lent their aid to Aragon and even to the Turk. He was burned in effigy on the steps

of Saint Peter's at Rome. It only remained now to take him prisoner. Pius II. sent Vitelleschi, to whom Novello, the brother so well looked after, and Montefeltro allied themselves. Overcome, Sigismondo asked for peace, which Pius II. accorded on condition that he abandon all his states except Rimini, in which he was allowed a life interest only. He then sold his services to Venice, and sailed for Morea, leaving the regency of Rimini in the hands of Isotta. He came back from Greece in 1466, bringing the ashes of Gemistus Pletho, and the Pope decorated him with the golden rose upon the very steps where he had been burnt in effigy. As recompense for his meekness, Pope Paul II. asked Sigismondo to send away the Venetians whom Isotta had called for protection. Sigismondo consented. Seeing him in complaisant humour, Paul II. then asked him to exchange Rimini for Foligno and Spoleto. Abandon the Rocca and the Tempio! Mad with rage, Sigismondo started for Rome, resolved to assassinate Paul—at whose feet he fell in tears. He re-entered Rimini, spent, doomed to die before long, he, the proud *condottiere*, for a moment arbiter of Italy, reduced, after his lamentable vicis-

situdes, to command the guard of the Vatican. He died at the age of fifty-one, after having recommended to his heir Sallustio, the son of Isotta, the finishing of the Tempio.

As artist: we have seen at the Tempio how, and to what degree, Sigismondo was that. He had taste in conception, and he knew how to choose among the beautiful things in existence. He despoiled San Apollinare in Classe of its lining of antique marbles that he might garnish the Tempio with them; thirty chariots loaded with slabs of porphyry and serpentine were brought into Rimini from plundered Ravenna; they also passed the Rubicon. Sigismondo imitated Charlemagne, who had carried off to Aix everything which constituted the splendour of Theodoric's palace; he imitated Nicholas V. and Martin V., who built the churches of Rome with the stones of the most beautiful monuments of antiquity. And what is the Renaissance covering of an ancient monument if it is not the basilica of Vicenza? Sigismondo was also eclectic. He took advantage of the opportunity when Matteo dei Pasti was at Rimini to order him to make a medal of Isotta, and to have his own done by Pisanello; which two are the

ornaments of the Civic Museum at Bologna. To Mino da Fiesole he gave the commission to make the bust of Isotta; which Pisa has the glory of possessing and which is offered to our meditations in the Campo Santo: little head, fine and arch, of a woman, prudent and mysterious, faithful and discreet in her love, firm, patient, resolute, and who could be heroic when her hour came. She was worthy to be represented in the Tempio of Rimini, in the character of Saint Michael the Archangel; Sigismondo knew well enough that it was not too severe a task to do that. At length, he called Piero della Francesca to paint one of the most beautiful frescoes in the little chapel of relics.

So much for the plastic arts and now for the literary arts. He knew Latin and Greek, that young man who at twelve years of age vaulted upon his horse to protect his property. Pius II., his enemy and his judge, was obliged to recognise that he "knows all antiquity, is exceedingly advanced in philosophy, and seems born for all that he undertakes." He was orator and poet. His elegiacs to Isotta are inferior in nothing to those of the professional poets of his time. He worshipped

certain writers and scholars. Florence, dreaming of buying his neutrality in the war with Aragon, knew her man so well that she made her overtures to him through Manetti, who carried to Rimini his last translations of ancient works, setting Sigismondo aflame upon Greece and in his hour of elation persuading him to promise Florence all she wanted. Poggio and Platina were his familiars. When he arrived in Morea, the first thing he did was to laud to the echo the great Platonist, Gemistus Pletho. Pletho had just died. Sigismondo secured possession of his ashes, and carried them to Rimini. Pletho, who wrested Italy from Aristotelianism, making possible the success of Marsiglio Ficino, the precursor of the gardens of Carreggi, owes his Italian tomb to Sigismondo. Beside him Basino da Parma, pupil of Vittorino da Feltre, author of the *Issotæ i*, Giusto dei Conti, the poet of the *Bella Mano*, Roberto Valturino, author of the *De re militari*, Traffichetti da Bertinoro, distinguished chirurgeon, Gentile Arnolfo, and Giuliano, biologists, and still others, under the arcades of the Tempio, still crown Sigismondo with poetry, with science, and with philosophy.

As a private man: violent, luxurious, sanguinary, weak, tender, tears in his eyes all the time, sentimental, and *petite fleur bleu.* During the time of his faithful passion for Isotta, he was smitten by a German crossing his states, wished to take her, attacked her in the midst of her guard, and when she fell by his blow, he violated her dead body. Then he thought of Isotta and sent her some of the freshest and most tender verses. Married twice, to Ginevra d'Este and to Polyxena Sforza, he poisoned both his wives. It was in 1438, four years after his marriage with Ginevra, that he met Isotta. She was the daughter of a rich merchant, Francesco dei Atti. After 1440 Ginevra was seen no more. It has been questioned if Sigismondo killed her, and his marriage with Polyxena is cited as proof that he did not. These marriages were altogether political. It was not until several years after his second marriage that Sigismondo saw Isotta's worth. He had to have reverses in which her devotion and sacrifices were those of a devoted wife. He might be unfaithful to her with Polyxena, his legitimate wife, by whom he had a son, Galeotto, with La Vanella, another mistress who gave him a son,

Roberto, and a daughter, Leonora; but at the bottom of his heart there was only Isotta. At all public ceremonies he won only Isotta's colours. The rose of Isotta was every where united to the elephant of the Malatesta. Their two initials are intertwined on the Tempio and it was during Polyxena's lifetime that Ciuffagni raised the tomb of Isotta in the Tempio. All the poets sing her praises, Parcellio, Basino, Trabanio, Tabia.

At length, on the death of Polyxena, in 1450, Isotta received the reward of her devotion, her love, and her constancy. She had known how to overcome this savage child by profound tenderness, evenness of temper, good-heartedness, and patience. She was the one who could always console, the thoughtful and joyous mistress, the cultivated woman who knew how to charm, the intrepid companion who, during absences and reverses, watched with vigilance over the treasures of the master. Thanks to her, when the conqueror returned home, he found his Rimini, his property, and his works taken care of, augmented, carried forward. She knew, too, how to make sacrifices, to sell her jewels to send money to her lover. To her, at his death, Sigismondo confided the defence

of Rimini against his voracious enemies. And when she gave way, it was under the blows of Roberto, the son of La Vanella, who threw Sallustio to the bottom of a well, poisoned Isotta, and having taken possession of Rimini in the name of the Pope, declared that he preferred to keep it for himself. Sixtus IV. hastened to consent to that proposition and named Roberto Generalissimo of the Holy Church.

The Malatestas ended as they began: *condottieri* of the Holy See. The last one, called Pandolfaccio, just as they say Lorenzaccio,[1] combated between Venice and Rome, to which he sold Rimini, turn by turn, and he died in obscurity in Rome in 1534, by the imperial grace, definitely leaving Rimini to the papacy.

To-day, Sigismondo alone interests us. Let us not hasten to condemn him, nor above all, to set him up for a monstrous phenomenon. Whether called Visconti, Sforza, Este, Montefeltro, Gonzaga, Baglione, Bentivoglio, Rovere, Anjou, Aragon, or Malatesta, it is the same personage. It is the chief of a band who, favoured by success,

[1] The suffix *accio* in Italian usually signifies some such disrespect as "mean old" in English, or "horrid."—H. G.

establishes his personal power at the expense of Italy, at the expense of the old federal Roman Empire whose reconstitution has so often aborted. Most of them carry on their work with cleverness; those who succeeded rapidly, like the Montefeltro, or the Gonzaga, or the Este, are full of pacific measures and are repugnant to violence. Sigismondo has a fundamental advantage over all the others. He shows himself such as he is, such as they are. And if they are so enraged against him, it is first of all because he menaces them, it is afterwards because his frankness "spoils the trade." With the difference of personal temperaments, it is the same greedy soul, implacable and fierce, the same soul of the artist, of the man of letters, of the lover. Sigismondo is all that at the same time, and with ingenuity. Thanks to him, we see to the bottom of the hearts of all these brilliant nobles whom we have grown accustomed to consider as having graces especially belonging to Mantua, Ferrara, Urbino, or Pavia. He has an inestimable merit for us, which is to show himself to us unveiled, and his nudity, like that of Venus, makes a light to the bottom of the sea. Because of him and through him, Rimini is perhaps the most suggestive city of

this journey. The Tempio will for ever nourish those who are famished for beauty. The Rocca will give drink to those who thirst to know and to understand.

In the little museum of Rimini, which is decorated only by five pictures, I saw, painted by Cagnacci, pupil of Guido Reni, the picture of a noble in doublet, crucified, the mouth contorted and dripping with blood. Why has that abomination haunted me to such a point that I use it for a symbol of the Malatestas? The martyr is Sigismondo, punished no doubt for the sins of his kind, but whom posterity will know how to pardon because he loved much, life—and Isotta.

X

THE GHOSTS OF MONTE ATTIUS[1]

Pesaro

OUR real traveller is a brave man on principle. Having decided to avoid the great centres, he declares to himself that he is indifferent to well-being: he is not frightened by an uncomfortable room, and is ready to excuse everything when he sits down to a spartan table. For the first few days, he keeps up this brave front with good humour, even forcing his face into a laugh when he stretches out on a bed which reminds him of the guard-house of his youthful military service. He finds compensation for a poor stew in a beautiful town hall. If you should say to him, that it

[1] Monte San Bartolo where the Roman dramatist Attius is said to have been buried.

is better not to travel than to sleep on a bad bed and eat poor food, his answer would be one of pity for you. But wait and see him when he happens to come upon a good hotel. Then, how his face lights up with joy! He will in no wise renounce his stoic resolutions, but you may be sure that it is not to put them into practice that he looks ahead. For, to tell the truth, although nothing in itself is more commonplace than an inn, in the long run nothing assumes greater and more legitimate importance in the traveller's life. It is sweet to sleep well, when one has run well, to be sustained without disgust when one is tired. So, he is soon caught arranging a day's programme to avoid sleeping in a city which is not large enough to promise a good resting place. When necessity forces a halt on unknown ground, what a consolation it is to say, "It is only for one night!" But your real traveller must hold fast to his principle; must never sacrifice on the altar of comfort the desire to see. The next day it will be easy to laugh over a misadventure; but the cowardice which makes one give up some delightful visit for fear of a bad night is regretted forever.

And are there not in store for us even in the

most unlikely places, pleasant surprises enough to make up for annoyances? I came to Pesaro not alone for the sake of Rossini, who was one of the most refined of Parisians, not alone for the Adriatic, which I shall see in its full beauty at Ancona, nor yet for itself which has but little of interest. I came because from here it is easiest to go to Urbino. And to go to Urbino I would pay the price of a night on a bundle of straw. But at Pesaro I find myself in the most extraordinary hotel into which one can fall. It is so large that the so-called "palaces" of the capitals of Europe might envy the vaulting of the entrance and the staircase. In the middle of the ante-chamber stands a table set for twenty people. As to the bed-rooms. . . . ! Mine is vaulted in ogee. This hotel is an old cardinal's palace. My bed—my beds, for they have given me two of them,—stand in the chapel. My eyes, looking into the night, see six meters of ogee vaulting. When I cough thirty-two voices answer me like choir singers.

I ask for the sitting-room where I may write. A careless finger directs me to a ball-room, twenty yards square, where the hotel door-keeper, in braided redingote with keys embroidered on his

collar, is riding a bicycle round and round. And behold me, in turn, setting the record for making the round of the sitting-room on the bicycle. . . .

What compensation! I confess that I have had to force my joy a little over my ogee ceiling—nothing is more glacial I assure you—and over my velodrome sitting-room. All the same, they are interesting, and help me to pass two nights in the native town of Rossini. Urbino is worth these fantastic experiences; Urbino, and, in a measure, Pesaro itself. The Ducal Palace tells us nothing we do not know. Its five colossal windows above the six arches of the ground floor make it an exceedingly noble building, and its design would arouse enthusiasm if it were not so familiar to lovers of Italy who are likely to come here only after knowing the country well. San Domenico, San Giovanni Battista, a little museum, San Francesco, San Agostino do not make one regret the hours the Urbino *diligence* gives him for strolling about.

Among these hours was one which, for itself alone, was worth many disappointments. I had promised it to myself from the first days when I laid out my route. In my dreams the Imperial

Villa, which dominates Pesaro, has always appeared almost the equal of the Medicean villas in the neighbourhood of Florence, to the Villa Maser, to the Villa Valmarana. Nothing is more instructive than country houses to those who wish to learn something of men and life in passing through a foreign land. In them one is more likely to come unexpectedly upon scenes of the past and upon the human traits of historical characters than in the Pitti, the Barberini, or the Ricciardi. Through them one reaches what seems like a profound intimacy with men and women of long ago, whose lives yet affect the world. The feeling that I had at Ferrara in the Casa Romei, I had at Poggio, at Cajano, at Careggi, at Monte Berico, at Bassano, everywhere when I could for a moment elbow the people whom the cities so vividly recall to our memories. In the Ducal Palace of Pesaro I met Alessandro Sforza, Lucrezia Borgia, and Leonora Gonzaga; I met them but ceremoniously. They smiled at me, having noticed me among the crowd of courtiers; they did not ask me, however, to talk with them. This morning, on the contrary, they have invited me to visit them in their rustic homes. I am going to live with them for

some hours, and they are going to let me take them as I find them, yet they will treat me so well that I can only praise their hospitable reception.

A mule path along the side of Monte Attius leads to the Villa Imperiale. The little carriage which murders my back is exceedingly light, and the robust *cavalla* which drags us both seems to be doing her best to break the muscles of her own withers at the same time. Gradually the valley of the Foglia drops, and shows its tender horizon. Behind me, the sea is all blue; ahead, in the distance, the Apennines are all white. Between these two eternal ones, the plain spreads out the diverse array of its grey olive trees, its tender green almond trees, its black cypresses, and the chromatic blossoms of the peach, the apple, and all its variegated blossoms—an unconscious gamut, singing of spring.

When *la cavalla* has thoroughly tired her fore legs, which rest when an unforeseen depression obliges her to depend for support on her hind legs, when at length this switch-back road has been covered, a less painful one is seen straight ahead, announcing the nearness of iron gates. It rises in the midst of sloping vineyards. The country

has an unmistakable air of human prosperity. It is easy to picture the care bestowed on this cultivation. Men intelligent and interested in good living breathe among the things where Lucrezia Borgia received warm kisses. Yet how this memory seems to be a part of the landscape!

La Villa Imperiale rises now, to the left of the road, above the vine-stocks, still thin, in the verdure of a thick-set park. Even at a distance, and without its ghosts, it has a most noble appearance. It stands upon a terrace whose walls rise straight up above the vines, on the top of Monte Attius; its little windows, with their green blinds unequally distributed upon the façade, open upon the valley. This, however, is but a first and narrow building. This wing, old, one guesses, in spite of its recent coat of stone-colour, is dominated from behind by a high tower which separates it from another wing, more vast and of sumptuous appearance. The rising ground permitted the building of the second portion of the villa in a great overhang, humiliating the first by its flagrant luxury. Terraces with balustrades, upon which are planted two loggias, plunge above the roofs of the primitive house—vast terraces crushing

nothing, but lifting the whole place above the trees and the mountain, as if to carry it towards the refreshing sea.

The grille passed, a covered path leads to the level above which the villa spreads itself. Now I see, and very clearly, the two buildings stuck together, the one modest, the other magnificent, the first still living and full of welcome, the second ill-natured, apparently devastated by a fire, an immense court enclosed by high, unfinished walls, pierced by windows without glass and which light only the ashlar, whereas through the small, half-open blinds of the little house, furniture and painted ceilings call to me.

Willingly I answered the call, and the custodian took me in. As soon as Alessandro Sforza acquired Pesaro from Galeotto Malatesta he hastened to build this villa. Around a gloomy arcaded court lie a succession of rooms habitable to-day! yet in which a delicate hand controlled by good taste has taken the trouble to preserve originals. Of the old villa's earliest days, also of the times when Giovanni Sforza brought his wife Lucrezia here, nothing remains but the walls. Yet, is it not moving to touch the columns which were touched

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The Villa Imperiale stands upon a terrace . . . above the vines on the top of Monte Attius"

by the soft and clever hands of the gentle Lucrezia Borgia, four hundred years ago, or to stand at a window where Cæsar Borgia must have consulted his star? The decorations existing to-day have nothing to recall the short but decisive passage of Borgia through Pesaro. They all date from the Rovere family from the sixteenth century, when Julius II. compelled the Sforza family to cede Pesaro to the Duke of Urbino. Small decorations, stuccoes, and frescoes are full of agreeable and appealing details. Not the least of them is the fresco representing the triumph of Francesco Maria della Rovere, escorted by Alfonso da Ferrara, between two other nobles. The most easily passed by is not the delicious trellis painted by Dosso Dossi. And the most beautiful is not the *Calumny* which tries to look like a work of Apelles.

On the second floor the house is bitten by the ground floor of the second building, the grandiose and solemn building which Francesco Maria d'Urbino and Leonora Gonzaga his wife began to erect, and the completion of which was forbidden by the hard times which fell upon its builders. Lately it has been restored in its unfinished state. So

it is a new ruin of an incomparable nobility. The centre is formed by a hanging garden, at the height of the second floor, as at the Corte Reale at Mantua, with flowers in baskets surrounding a highly polished stone pavement. The rooms in their rough state, cleaned by expert hands, are below the level of the gardens, while by the stairs in the little towers at the angle one goes up to the loggias of the summit before which spread out the sea, the Foglia, and the pink snows of San Marino. The whole is impressive. These two houses, the one so touching with its old things lovingly preserved from the abuses of the centuries, the other so proud in its arrestation and existence in a rudimentary state, together make a most remarkable combination—remarkable in that they are life itself seized hot and suddenly stopped. Pride received a punishment that moderation never knew. And, if I am grateful to Francesco Maria for his attempt, which teaches me so much of the tastes of the nobles of his time,—their solid and showy tastes,—at this moment I have a grudge against him for not having been satisfied with the little house, where one of the most meritorious political acts of Italy was conceived and prepared,

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"A ruin of incomparable nobility . . . the centre a hanging garden"

where Cæsar Borgia laid out his great work for a civil and united monarchy.

When Cæsar Borgia appeared on the Italian scene, the entire peninsula was ready to succumb. Thirty years later, Cæsar having failed, the catastrophe arrived. The great struggle between the popes and the emperors was brought to an end by a definite partition. Italy, thereupon, was but a geographical expression, to use a striking definition invented for another misfortune,—the Emperor having taken what he pleased and left to the Pope nothing but that for which he had no use. The formidable reaction of the nobles came after Cæsar's death had destroyed forever all that the son of Alexander VI. had attempted to realise. And what was it that Cæsar wanted? Not deliberately to prevent the ruin of the Italian nation. He wanted his own kingdom. But, to realise his ambition, his kingdom must not be cut out of the middle of a great cloak; on the contrary, it must be the whole cloak. Once for all, let us put aside petty matters, and look only at "the questions involved, and the destinies hanging upon their solution." An egotistical and

monstrous agent, Cæsar was to the highest degree. The subject under discussion, however, is not his person. It is the Italian spirit which has taken his implacable form for action and expression. What Italy cried for at that hour was to live. She created Cæsar to save herself. Has she sunk so low?

In the North, Sforza held everything, with Venice. In some fiefs the Emperor commanded nominally, his situation being practically that of the Pope in the Romagna. He was no more the master of Modena, for instance, than the Pope was of Ferrara; Este owned both in fact. In the centre of the peninsula, Florence reigned over Tuscany. In the South, the throne was disputed by Anjou and Aragon, the one upheld by France, the other by Sforza. The problem was complicated by Sforza, who, already master of the North, was determined to be master of the South. Rome, between the two jaws of the vice, was about to be crushed.

Had she even the men and the money to defend herself? Could the Romagna furnish her with them? Could she be sure of the counts and barons of her Domain? Let us see them altogether.

In the Patrimony, all the strength was represented by two great families of the Orsini and the Colonna, the first Guelph, the second Gibelline, these labels be it understood, being only for preservation, not for use. Beside them were three other principal clans who blocked up the way, the Savelli and the Conti, who both were on the side of the Colonna, and the Vitelli, who were on the side of the Orsini. These were the great families of the *condottieri*. They lived retired in their castles, from which they oppressed the peasants when they did not enroll them in their armies—and the peasants pillaged their brothers for the common fund. In the time of Alexander VI., there were not less than ten Orsini who lived by war, or lay in ambush for the benefits of the Church. The demands of this crowd were terrible, and threatened the pontifical throne every day.

In the Romagna it was still worse. At Senigallia reigned Giovanni della Rovere, nephew of Sixtus IV., son-in-law of the Duke of Urbino. At Urbino was Montefeltro. At Pesaro was Sforza. At Rimini was Pandolfaccio Malatesta. At Forli was Girolamo Riario, another nephew of Sixtus IV. At Imola, the same. At Bologna was Bentivoglio.

At Ferrara was Este. All these cities had been given or abandoned or tolerated in fiefs by the popes. Theoretically, even aside from the doctrine of universal supremacy, they were dependencies of the Holy See which expected, first, to receive tribute from them, and, besides, to preside over all personal or dynastic changes in them. In fact, all these noble lords considered themselves independent. If the Pope would have them respect him, he must have armies. Where was he to raise them? The noble lords themselves alone possessed them. He could have excited some against others; he had not failed to do that. But they were no fools; they kept together by alliances. The ruin of one would be the ruin of another. Cæsar saw that. They set out to make war as did Sigismondo on Urbino, not through devotion or fidelity to any cause, but because war was their trade, to fight, their temperament. If they counted on returning victorious, they knew very well that it was for their own profit, and not for that of the Pope. The Pope was powerless. If one of these noble lords had been more clever or stronger than the others, Rome herself would have been his prey. And

then the time of the Dukes of Spoleto would have flowered again. With those weapons who could not conquer? What saved the Holy See was the number of the noble lords. But, if one alone had arisen it would have been lost. Would Sforza be that one? He had aimed at Naples the better to become sufficiently powerful for the other blow. Pontifical Rome saw the circle, drew herself in, and knew that she could count on no one to defend her. To cover her with misfortune, down came the French.

Alexander VI. had felt the danger. One may say that he never saw it, that is, that he had never understood it. In no case did he ever show that he was resolved upon anything like precise, vigorous, profound action. His petty intrigues, his treacheries, his broken promises were expedients, not remedies. He avoided a momentary peril, wared off an accident; he cured nothing. If the papacy were dying of disintegration, he could find nothing to save it, only a means to disintegrate it a little more for the benefit of all his children as did his predecessors. He added to the general fraud to save the bank and the family. Alexander had the soul of his feudatories. Suc-

ceeding like them in advancing himself he thought only of providing for his children forever. The voice of the Italian aspiration he never heard.

That struck the ear of Cæsar, interpreter of Italy, who thought that he was working solely for himself, and who, in time scoffed at the personal honour of his father, which consisted in not letting the Church slip from under his pontificate and in his family passion to assure some part of Italy to his progeny. Cæsar knew how to make use of Alexander's absorbing desires to make himself king. He flattered them to the extreme limits. Hence, perhaps, the indulgence of the weak father, and of the pontiff. But the only one who could see clearly and far was Cæsar, and what he saw under the colour of making himself king, was the necessity of reducing all the nobles who were eating up Italy, to suppress them, and by monarchical unity, to give back to Italy her municipal liberties. It was Dante's dream, and Cæsar, like Theodoric before him, attempted to realise it: the dream of a civil monarchy, federal and national this time.

For a long time, Cæsar allowed his father to carry on his little, short-sighted policy. Appar-

ently he had nothing to say against the marriages of Lucrezia to Giovanni Sforza, and of Gioffre, Prince of Squillace to Dona Sancia d'Aragon. He seemed to be undisturbed by Alexander's trickery toward Charles VIII., Aragon, Anjou, Sforza and Florence. He even favoured them, and interested himself in their success. But the hour came when he could no longer endure such mean combinations. He fell upon the paternal game in a way which amounted to breaking up the family. Was not he himself destined for the Church? What followed Alexander was a return to the times of Theophylactus. And, at length, Cæsar boiled over with indignation. The Italian genius of which he was the unconscious incarnation could not endure this pettiness. Besides there was Gandia.

Cæsar was not jealous of Gandia. His brother was not a personal, but a national obstacle. "If," he reasoned, "Gandia becomes what our father wishes to have him become, the *condottiere*-in-chief of the Church, in what will the fate of Italy be changed?" And when he saw Gandia leave with Guidobaldo da Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino, to reduce the barons, Cæsar knew that the comedy

was about to begin again. After the skirmish, do they not always make the peace? The war ended after the victims were thoroughly pillaged, and matters were arranged to some one's profit. The muddy water having been stirred up, you fish till the water becomes clear again. Gandia waged his war successfully and, as his reward, received Benevento, Terracine, and Ponte Corvo. This was one more piece in the patched cloak, which Alexander was making for the future covering of his children. It was enough. The Italian conscience condemned Gandia, the new *condottiere*. Cæsar, the instrument of this conscience, assassinated his brother. From that time on, Cæsar took the entire direction of affairs; he imposed his wishes without ever disclosing his plan—which, perhaps, he did not know himself, if one wishes to admit that his personal ambition hid from him the mission with which he was invested by the voice of Italy.

After Cæsar's fratricide, Alexander apparently grasped, or almost grasped his son's purpose. Out of fear, in tenderness, or from mere policy, he made himself Cæsar's devoted aide. And Cæsar by this time had command of everything.

By way of beginning his definite career, he threw off the purple and put himself in his brother's place, assuming all his dignities and commands. Then he cleared himself of his crime in the eyes of the other princes by putting the crown on the head of Federico of Naples, in the name of his father. And, in the name of Gandia's son, he had bestowed upon himself the investiture of Benevento. He already had Orvieto. With these two territories, this prestige, these titles, and his father, he was able to follow his road.

One other preparatory measure, however, was important: To seek matrimonial alliance. Alexander, always looking to small profits, chose for Cæsar either the widow of Ferdinando or Dona Sancia, whom Gioffre was willing to give up to him. But that would be Naples only, a kingdom already cut up. And Anjou was always there, threatening, and Sforza might show fight for it. Cæsar would have liked to make his alliance with the Emperor,[1] but he refused his daughter Charlotte. Cæsar did not hesitate. He would win the good graces of Naples and begin to arrange a future to suit himself. His first move in this

[1] Maximilian I.—H. G.

direction was to marry Lucrezia, whom he divorced from the Sforza of Pesaro, to Don Alfonso, brother of Sancia. For himself Cæsar would find a wife in France and from there hold Naples in respect and in reciprocity. Alexander continued to drive out the French. Cæsar smiled at them, and promised Louis XII. that his marriage[1] should be broken and that he should have Anne de Bretagne if he found a wife and a domain for the son of the Pope. The domain was forthcoming at once; that which always came cheapest to kings was the fief. Cæsar was named Duke de Valentinois. He went to Chinon, where he was received with well adapted honours of which Brantôme has left the imperishable memoirs. After having looked about thoroughly, Louis XII. found the wife: Charlotte d'Albret consented to marry the Borgia. In the contract, it was stipulated that Cæsar, his friends and allies, should aid the King in his conquest of the Milanese and the Neapolitans. To Cæsar that meant: the French will come to conquer for me the Milanese and the Neapolitans—the latter being mine already, since I am the guardian of

[1] With Jeanne de Valois.—H. G.

Gandia's son and brother-in-law of Sancia and Alfonso.

Such was his project for the future. No time was to be lost in preparing the roads for its accomplishment. And he who was to accomplish it must be able, when the French had destroyed every vestige of Sforza and Aragon and gone home believing that at last they had fixed Anjou forever on the throne of Naples, he must be able then to rise, terrible and strong, and take the sceptre. There was the Romagna, and all the pontifical Domain, that of the donations, accrued from the gift of Matilda, which asked for nothing but to be delivered from their nobles. And at the end of the list, there was Tuscany, which also would have to be added. If, while the French were working North and South, Cæsar, at the centre, could create a kingdom whose base should be Rome, the game would be won necessarily. A union of the cities lying around Rome would make sure of it. What about Venice? Venice was only a counting-house. She did not trouble those who let her ships alone on the sea, and did not interfere with her trade on land. Besides, Cæsar covered her with attentions on purpose

to make her understand that she had nothing to fear from him.

As a first throw in the game, and to let the world see what he was going to do, for, however grossly he deceived in words, the consistency of his action was admirably frank, Cæsar took away from the Gaetani, of the family of Boniface VII., all their fiefs in the Patrimony and in the Neapolitan region, dividing them between his nephew Roderigo, son of Lucrezia and Alfonso, and his brother Giovanni, son of his father and Giulia Farnese.

Then he turned toward the Romagna, with sixteen thousand men commanded by Bentivoglio. The first two cities he attacked, Imola and Forli, were commanded by a woman and seemed likely to be the easiest to take. It happened that the woman was a heroine, Catarina Sforza, mother of the Riarii; but with a little more effort the cities fell. As soon as he entered them, Cæsar organised his administration, and he did it with skill, with a just and firm but gentle hand, as one who came not to pillage but to stay. Bentivoglio must have been mighty uneasy. He had looked forward to some part in pillage and to

enjoying himself in the usual way of conquerors. This was getting serious; he must have an eye to Cæsar's methods.

The army went on, however, toward Cesena and Pesaro, which were taken. A short halt was called at that moment by the misfortunes of Louis XII. in the Milanese country. But a victory arranged everything and Cæsar negotiated with Venice so as to be allowed to take Rimini and Faenza. In the meantime he suppressed Alfonso, the husband of Lucrezia, in the first place to make use of Lucrezia, need of whom he foresaw; in the second place to inherit from Alfonso, in the name of the little Roderigo; and lastly to make his force felt by the King of Naples. That was by way of carrying assistance to Louis XII. in his conquest, a passing aid for which Louis XII. would pay.

A promotion of twelve cardinals furnished the sum of money necessary for the mobilisation of a new army. Pesaro opened her gates to Cæsar. Rimini did the same. Cæsar was the liberator of the cities which gasped under the nobles. At Faenza he threw himself against Astore Manfredi. Winter came, Cæsar put off the campaign until

spring. In April, 1501, Faenza was taken. The circle closed around Este and Urbino.

But Florence was to be thought of also. And Louis XII. waited for his ally to take Naples. Cæsar had foresight for everything. In order to test the feeling and the strength of Florence, he asked her permission to pass through the country, and for her aid to take Piombino and the island of Elba. Florence consented. Cæsar then rejoined Louis XII., and, on the 15th of September, 1501, he entered Naples in triumph. He divided among the young children of whom he was the guardian, sixty-four of the places of the Kingdom of Naples which came to him. After Urbino and Este fell into Cæsar's hands, we see what weight Tuscany had, and then, what weight France had! Cæsar married Lucrezia to Alfonso of Este who, while waiting till he should cede his place to another, watched over Venice. Urbino fell in a few minutes. The Duke fled to Mantua. Fortunately for Florence Louis XII. protected her. But Florence had to negotiate and sent Machiavelli to Cæsar.

Another obstacle at this moment made Cæsar lose time. The *condottieri*, all lords of little cities,

were seeing at length, thanks to one of them, Bentivoglio, whither Cæsar was leading them to their ruin. Bentivoglio threw up the part of dupe. The *condottieri* declared for their comrade and, jumping a brook near Perugia which was the boundary of a property of the Orsini, they cried, "We pass the Rubicon!" A plan of attack on Cæsar was laid. Revolt was afoot.

A few weeks later, the *condottieri*, whom Cæsar had divided and with whom he pretended to treat separately, were drawn to Senigallia, killed or arrested. It was a double blow. Cæsar disembarrassed himself of the nobles and of the *condottieri* who might have troubled him the next day. Ferrara only remained, but Ferrara had Lucrezia who watched over her lord and kept him safe. Florence's turn had come; afterwards was to come the talk with France, which all this time was working, without knowing it, for the triumph of her ally.

At that hour, the union was virtually accomplished. The death of Alexander alone hinders its achievement. In any case, it was incontestable in the mind of Cæsar. Not one of his actions fails to become clear in this light. I have tried to bring out the most important. The most

monstrous are as explicable as any others. In Rome, at Naples, in Tuscany, in the Romagna, Cæsar aimed only at forming his kingdom, and that kingdom included all of Italy. Such parts of it as he could add at once, like Venice or Florence, he would annihilate. The general plan would remain the same. Legend has done the greatest wrong to Cæsar. It has made of him a sort of meritless creature, ambitious, cynical, luxurious, and a perjurer. He was, in fact, one of the greatest political geniuses that ever lived. He was the only man of his century who created for himself an ideal conforming to the philosophic reality, to the moral necessity of the country to which he belonged. The sudden death of his father, and his own malady, at the moment when he had the greatest need of being able to act, rudely stopped his work when it had taken shape, and he could see it reaching success. The part for which the papacy was cast in this dream of union is not known. Cæsar did not talk, he was a man of action. Probably the Holy See would have been reduced to a Roman bishopric; it would not have counted for more temporally than it does to-day.

People have been inclined, and probably will be inclined for a long time to come, to crush Cæsar under Machiavelli and *The Prince.* But that work must not be considered as containing all that Machiavelli thought. It does not contain even the essence, even the bottom principles of what he thought. That is found in his *Discourse on Livy. The Prince* becomes luminously clear in the light of that *Discourse. The Prince* does not represent a hope, but a momentary resignation, a means of getting out of an anarchistic situation. Like Cæsar, Machiavelli saw to what the oppressive crumbling to pieces of Italy was leading. He therefore called upon a prince who, first of all, would drive out the foreigner and then reduce the nobles. Did he not apostrophise the Medici when he said, "It is time that Italy broke her chains . . ."? But the chains once broken, order once assured by a strong hand, a federative republic should be established upon the model of the free cities of Germany for which Machiavelli professed such tender admiration. In forming the union, Cæsar gave the cities their municipal independence, and Machiavelli turned toward him as Petrarch turned to Rienzi. And Machiavelli did not stop at that.

He said that Cæsar was a general, and an administrator. A city was barely taken before he legislated, organised, and repaired breaches; made sure of its defence and preservation. Buildings rose from the earth. Justice was rendered, witness punishment of Remira da Lorca who speculated in grain, and starved the people.

And the people were no more deceived in Cæsar than Machiavelli. They adored Cæsar, opened their gates to him, and drove out their nobles as soon as he came in sight. They knew that union would be preferable to the tyranny of the nobles, as Garibaldi did in 1859. They knew that in union they would find the municipal liberty refused them by tyranny. Cæsar was the hope of the municipalities. Nothing but the death of Pius III., and still more, the coming of Julius II., could give back force and vigour to the nobles whose special instrument Julius made himself. If Cæsar had been able to finish his work, as Machiavelli said, he would have "succeeded in pacifying, and uniting this country with a greater security than it has ever had." His rigidity was implacable toward the great, his indulgence inexhaustible toward the lowly. He was severe with his soldiers whom he

compelled to protect the cities, not despoil them. His royal power, raised upon the ruins of the nobles, would have supported the cities. There would have been justice, equity, order. There would have been municipal liberty in union. Long after his death the people of the Romagna waited for him as, in France, the people waited fifty years for Napoleon.

One point remains obscure: just what would he have done with Tuscany? Absorb it, evidently. It seems, after his conduct with the revolting *condottieri* that he had planned to use them for this conquest as he did the French in the kingdoms of Milan and Naples. When he had conquered Tuscany, he would have divided it among them until he was ready to take it back from them, piece by piece, despoiling one at a time. In this light, the life of Cæsar, this life of scarcely seven years, appears one of perseverance, of magnificent, unalterable purpose. This secretive man left to posterity the impression of an indecisive character because he never revealed his plan, even to his father. But to the observer who wishes to group the facts and look for their instructive significance, the plan is exceedingly simple. Cæsar

was the incarnation of the conscience of Italy. He was the personification of the Italian sentiment which disapproved of the nobles, as it disapproved of all the tyrants who preceded them. Cæsar appeared at a desperate moment for Italy. He was her soul, her mind, her arms. If he had been a noble desirous of establishing his power as the others did, would not Italy, who saw when she was falling under the others, have been keen to see the same selfishness in Cæsar? If she threw herself in his arms, was it not because she knew that his embrace would breathe the breath of a new life into her stifled body? When at the point of death, the Italian conscience put forth her most beautiful flower of independence and liberty. Caesar stood for union, which would lead to federation, which yet will do so in fact at the epoch when Italy understands that her long distances and her different customs are inimical to central rule. Seen at this angle, Cæsar Borgia is one of the greatest statesmen of all time; together with Garibaldi, the greatest of Italy, of which both were the incarnation.

Now I understand the rancour of the Rovere in destroying every trace of Cæsar's passage in the

Villa Imperiale. The wandering shade of Cæsar under these walls, in these gardens, is the savage Fury following the tyrannical noble; it is the Italian conscience which from the depths of the tomb stares at Cain.

XI

TO THE CONFUSION OF MONSIEUR TAINE

Urbino

HE road from Pesaro to Urbino is long, a generous twenty miles across the mountains. Thanks to the varied scenery, the traveller crosses the distance gaily, as full of joy as seem to be the good little *diligence* horses, the indefatigable *cavalli*, for whose sake one wishes that their lounging masters had some haste and impatience instead of their disposition to loiter at every stopping place. The Foglia traces our capricious road among a thousand little stones, which she caresses in brotherly fashion without ever submerging them. She turns, a thin thread, around every rock and we obediently follow all her play; we humour all her fancies. Monte Attius and the

Villa Imperiale are already far from us, as is also the noble avenue of alternating cypresses and statues of the Villa Caprile. Along the mountain side, the road overlooks the green bed where the Foglia sports. From the rocky summits, grassy slopes descend to bathe their feet in the freshness of the rapid and life-giving water. The olive, the peach, the almond, and the apple trees shake their pink and white blossoms on the carpet of young wheat where they stand. It is impossible to describe the tender colour of these fields, shut in between the rocks, and at which the snow looks benevolently from up above. The high wall of the Apennines cuts off the blighting winds. Only the Adriatic, at the harbour commanded by Pesaro, blows its tempered breezes, perfumed by the Cytherean airs of Greece. On all other sides, the most carefully arranged circles protect the fertile earth. And once more I am astonished at the olives, twisted, squat at the base, but light, of a paradoxical flimsiness, at the top. The trunks seem made to resist triumphantly a thousand tempests. The branches, on the contrary, look as if they knew nothing but a serene existence under a sky always fair. These trees make one

think of Falsacapa or Don Quixote starting forth in search of brigands to slay, and meeting nothing but children to caress.

Little by little we wind our way deeper into the mountains, too slowly to please the eager *cavalli*, whose shining coats attest a care which the Italian *contadino* reserves exclusively for his animals. Gradually the valley narrows, and the road begins to cross the beds of dry torrents and to carve its own way through the rocks. The mountains draw closer together, mingling their slopes, and intermingling their fields. A village springs up in the distance; it is Montecchio, perched there so high. Nothing is more surprising than the appearance of these villages, and nothing is in fact more logical. They are there, at the given point, for decoration and for souvenirs. The moment one has seen them it seems impossible to think of this historic and picturesque landscape without their silhouettes. They signal the fissure which, without them, would shock the eye and denounce an unpardonable want of foresight in the composition of the scene. Montecchio disappears at the exact point where the mountain is sufficient unto itself, and suffices to protect the labour of men.

The sun begins to awaken the travellers, who take off their hoods. Tongues unloosen. I teach some French words to a little rogue. Some *bambini* hang upon the step offering us violets, and the driver smiles at the "*galante francese*" who gives flowers to all the people in the *diligence*. My companions—I congratulate them inwardly—do not know the feeling of solitude which takes possession of me in the midst of these unknown beings, and pushes me to seek friendliness. My violets seem to assure me of some sort of brotherhood in the midst of these mysterious ravines so opportune to a foul blow. In strange countries, if they are only wild and forbidding, we find again our childish souls, nourished on Walter Scott and Fenimore Cooper, cradled with stories of the Scudéry and Paul Louis Courier order.

"Urbino," says Montaigne, "is a city with little to distinguish it, standing upon a moderately high mountain, but every part of it on a declivity, so that there are no level places, and everywhere one must always go up or down." Montaigne did not note many details of this strange journey, except such as were good for the stomach. What came to my mind at the moment when the horses

began the last climb, and I jumped down from the carriage, was this: No, no, Urbino is not a city with little to distinguish it! As she stands on her hill, which may be only moderately high but is respectably so, she has a noble appearance, and, it seems to me that, if Montaigne found her mediocre, it was undoubtedly because she repulsed all familiarity. In descending from the *diligence*, I believed that I was going to approach the town at once. But for another hour I had to follow the twisting road at her feet before being admitted to pay her my compliments. Urbino, on her throne of black stone, is a great lady, exceedingly well bred and of very good manners, who says graciously to her visitors, "Please come and sit down beside me." She intends to study you at her leisure before making you welcome. All the time that I am presenting myself to her, turn by turn, from right to left, face about, even with my back to her, then swinging around quickly at sight of an indiscreet kodak, she never stops looking fixedly at me with her serious eyes and her hand obstinately hidden under her green mantle of leaves. Daughter of a race of whom the Montefeltri are the supreme flower, Urbino knows that

she dates from the time when Guido came from Carpagna, situated, says Dante, "in the mountains placed between her and where the Tiber rises"; she is reserved and a little distrustful; she overflows with dignity and pride.

From the height of the *diligence* again, I see the belfries grow larger as we approach, a dome rounds up, and gates open in the walls. The horses lift their heads, the sound of their hoofs becomes more sonorous, and the women among my companions arrange their clothes. For a long time we follow close to the ramparts, as if the driver were looking for the joint by which to enter. He finds it at last.

When the *condottieri* of Cæsar Borgia arrived at Senigallia, they were full of confidence and of joy. Everything smiled on them: the illuminated windows of the palace, which their death was to sully, and the pleasant manner of their master. But at the sound of the door shutting upon them, they grew pale, feeling the wind of death blow past them. The gate of Urbino entered, I look at my companions, and am reassured only on recognising their placid character. This is not a street through which the *cavalli* are pulling us. It is a prison

corridor. Two high walls overhang, a veritable gallery of a mine. In vain I lean out of the carriage door to catch a glimpse of the blue sky. In a moment the wheels on both sides will touch the walls and the carriage will be stuck and we with it. The trot of the horses and the old iron of the springs make a frightful noise on the paving-stones, re-echoing a thousand times. The gaolers are here, and, no doubt, the friends whom I have covered with flowers are good and obedient prisoners, resigned, as all are in this country, where, the other day, in a movement of impatience which escaped me, some one said to me with a smile, "You are a Frenchman . . ."

After a few minutes, I was asked to descend, and the town square of Urbino, as big as one's hand, offered me for horizon five ladders to go up or go down. These are not streets but the beds of torrents. Montaigne is right this time. I have no choice between going up or tumbling down. The houses climb in files, and it makes one dizzy to follow their incline. With a tension of desperation they hook themselves upon the rocks, and the group of *bersaglieri* which suddenly breaks forth and throws itself into the assault, all blowing

pointed trumpets, certainly has been ordered to revive their courage. Yet down the hill comes an intrepid bicyclist bringing calamity with him! Might he be the door-keeper of my hotel at Pesaro, the man with the stripes on his coat whom I surprised yesterday in the act of making a record around the sitting-room, and who has come here to set the record in somersaults? Let us show that if the *francese* is impatient, he is also vigorous. Behind the rapidly disappearing soldiers, I plunge toward the ward, the *contrada*, of Raffaello Sanzio. In that ravine, Raffaello was born. And here is his house, high, sombre, the walls, without rough-cast, bearing a marble plate which announces the honour that he did it.

Vanity of systems! I should like to gather around me to-day the little cohort of those who impose on all human beings, in their superior elocution, the stamp of the place where they were born. That behind these rough walls the greatest charmer among painters opened his eyes to the light with which he was to thrill generations of men; that in this wretched street such a happy man took his first steps; that along this billowing cascade of stone, so exact an artist first came into contact

with life; that this dull, isolated town, whose inhabitants have always been obliged to submit to such painful constraints, should have given birth to the serene and altogether delightful genius of Raphael, is enough to upset the strongest convictions on the theory of environment—to confound Monsieur Taine himself! At Urbino the doctrine of the controlling influence of origin and early conditions is put to fatal proof. It falls to pieces here. Who can explain how Raphael, forced to climb breathless to the top of his *contrada*, as I am, could do so without cherishing in his heart indelible bitterness, a tenacious rancour against nature which made mountains, and men who had the fancy to people them? When I reach the summit I denounce even Raphael, and feel inclined to accord him no more than a little talent.

The young Sanzio at least attained the ramparts which enclose his *contrada* as I have just done. He walked around these brown walls and contemplated the majesty of the valleys which the Apennines allow to fall from their white flanks. In the distance, the snow shines under a glorious sun. The free San Marino rises higher still, and defies

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"In this wretched street . . . behind these rough walls, Raphael, the great charmer among painters, opened his eyes to the light with which he was to thrill generations of men"

all approach. The uneven and convulsed earth generously holds out its precious fruits without stint. What virile beauty! What robust majesty! How much of all this did Raphael see?

Now a mist comes up from the valley, a mauve, rainbow-tinted cloak, which softly envelops all it approaches, hiding the clear outlines under its quivering folds, the white summits above it reflecting the colour of peach blossom. Raphael's eyes were so dazzled by this tender garment of nature in her lofty moods that he never turned them from it. He was always indifferent to whatever there might be of the tragic in his pictures, seeing only the languorous charm of the setting—a trait altogether Umbrian, which was confirmed, when he grew older, by his studies with Perugino. This dominating and imperious landscape he never revealed under the charming aspect which it pleased him to give it. He allows his eye, pure and sure of itself, to wander over the tops of the hill, covered with an impalpable gauze, to him impenetrable. He, who was called the great Space-Composer, owes nothing to these vigorous mountains, dashing against one another all around his birthplace. It was in contemplating the tranquil

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graces of Morella and of Fiesole, it was among the lilacs of San Miniato that Michelangelo burst forth. And, it was before the imposing snows and the dizzy fall of the rocks of Urbino that the calm Raphael awoke. Vanity of theories!

My path has twisted around the old Rocca, and led me to the edge of the ravine, at the other side of which, opposite Monte Narone, the solemn home of the Montefeltri, a real granite fortress, extends its two wings into the city and the country. Nothing animates and enlivens this castle but three tiers of loggias in the centre, between two infinitesimally small towers. They are its smile of coquetry, a sort of reassurance for the whole place. The Dukes of Urbino were redoubtable, but they knew how to be affable to those who treated them with respect. Such leisure as they enjoyed from their trade of *condottieri*, they occupied in turning over the pages of precious manuscripts; and when they had fruitfully pillaged a neighbour, they did not disdain to ask their citizens to come and look with them, from the height of the loggias, at the mauve hills and valleys and the rose-tinted mountains. They took their repose in extending a gracious and paternal welcome to visitors.

I crossed the ravine. Indefatigable, I climbed another ladder, and, after a visit in the Duomo to Piero della Francesca, too fine for his rude talent, and to the realistic *Pietà* of John of Bologna, I went to pay, in his palace, my respects to the courteous Federigo. Times have moved since the day of Guido, the dog of mongrel blood, he whom Dante saw in "the ditch where groan those who have excited discord." A century has passed, and no one in the palace of Urbino remembers the ancestor, who "knew all the ruses, all the covered ways and practised the art of fraud so well that his name resounds to the limits of the earth." Federigo asked nothing but to enjoy in peace the domain conquered by this ancestor. No doubt he went forth to war. Florence employed him and he had the glory of vanquishing Sigismondo Malatesta. But his heart was at Urbino, in his beautiful palace. It was of that he was thinking when, at the sack of Volterra, all that he wanted of the spoil was the Hebrew Bible. As soon as he could quit the service without forfeit, he hastened to Urbino and scattered the profits of his campaigns among his subjects. Without escort, and unarmed, he wandered about the city and its neigh-

bourhood. His gardens were open to all who might wish to walk in them. He presided at the athletic games which he instituted in the interest of the vigour and agility of the young men. He visited the artisans and held a court of justice, himself judging all cases presented to him. When he passed along the streets the people fell on their knees crying: "*Dio ti mantenga, signore!*" Castiglione called him "the light of Italy." Piero has bequeathed us his portrait, which is so fine, and also that of Battista, his wife, with the broken nose, one of the glories of the Offices.

No one was more cultivated than Federigo. Like all the young princes of his time, he was educated in the "happy house" of Vittorino da Feltre, under the lord of Mantua. He must have learned eloquence, cleverness, frankness, and loyalty. He knew the value of beautiful things and he surrounded himself with them. At his order, the convents, night and day, copied the rarest manuscripts. At the death of his father, it was a pupil of Bramante whom he charged with the construction of a dwelling, in which, no doubt, we see not only the warlike majesty of his race and his own importance, but also his peaceful tastes

and many expressions of the culture which he has made his own.

That which La Pilotta di Parma, the castles of Piacenza, of Modena, of Pavia were intended to be, that which the Corte Reale of Mantua is no longer, the Palace of Urbino was and is. Without, on all sides, is a great, plain wall, stern and imposing, pierced by few windows; within, the elegance and show of colonnades and galleries, majestic staircases, and immense halls, made for stately processions and charming pastimes. It is not only the unique example, existing in its integrity, of the brilliant and cultivated epoch in which Laurana built; it is also a model.

The *cortile*, which has plenty of light, is of a classic order by reason of its graceful porticoes which support a storey of rectangular windows, flanked by engaged columns of the same style as those all around the court on the ground floor. These windows light a gallery standing above the vaulting of the colonnade, and commanding all the great rooms.

Some pictures, collected with the pretension of constituting a museum, to-day occupy the apartments where Federigo, Elizabetta, Leonora da

Gonzaga, and afterwards Lucrezia d'Este drew about them their cultivated and refined court. There are two Titians, a Piero, a baroque, some of Vite, the pupil of Francia, the first master of Raphael, some works of old Giovanni Santi,[1] in which is seen the boldness which his son transfigured, and, above all, the *Justus van Gent*, a picture famous the world over, and of which I piously keep the revolutionary impression for a less untoward use than in this Urbino. Except for these canvasses, the halls are desolate. They no longer possess any of the rich bric-a-brac which once adorned them. Yet never has the bareness of dismantled wall excited less regret. Although the rooms contain nothing but the few canvasses, lost in this immensity, there is everywhere such a marvellous decoration, an ornamentation so brilliant, that they do not seem to be deserted. How, on seeing these doors, the purest pieces of marquetry, varied as the most brilliant stalls of Venetia and the Milanese country—how can one help at once peopling the spaces that they limit with noble lords and ladies in velvets with elaborately dressed hair under coquettish caps, all smiles

[1] Raphael's father.

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The palace of Urbino . . . without stern and imposing, within made stately processions and charming pastimes"

and brilliant glances? Elizabetta da Gonzaga, whom Federigo gave for wife to his son Guidobaldo, brought here the manners of a city where Isabella reigned by reason of her taste and wonderful mind. Isabella was a daughter of the Este, and so within these walls was brought together a union of those three civilised and elegant centres of the Renaissance, the courts of Este, Gonzaga, Montefeltro. It was they which inspired Castiglione's *Courtesan*, and here survive, for our instruction, Mantua and Ferrara, as well as Urbino.

Standing before this chimney, looking at the panel of dancing and trumpet-blowing children which surmounts his eagle, no doubt Federigo recalled with emotion the tribunes of Robbia and of Donatello whose influence is here manifest. But their sculptor, Ambrogio da Milano, also knew the pure productions of the Venetian and the Roman art, as well as those of Raphael, and he assimilated all that his predecessors had invented. The perfection of the effect and the minutiæ of the execution are added here to Florentine audacity and freedom. But what words are fine and gentle enough in colouring to convey the restrained elaboration of these doors, of the casings

of marble, of these inlaid woods? Still, it is possible to bring out the general character of a monument. One can stop upon a plastic work. These small details, whose value is gauged entirely by other details with which they harmonise, and which have no value apart from their contribution to the gracefulness of the whole—formed by the imponderable grace of each—one cannot find the unique word which brings out the individuality while preserving the unity. The decorative art is a modest art, made by discretion and the most marvellous personal effacement, to contribute to a general effect of brilliancy, which any particular beauty destroys. When one has the fortune to find such a rare specimen of it, one cannot do better than to let himself become penetrated by the charm of these exquisitely pretty little things, to bathe himself in the delicate atmosphere which they have created and which they keep alive without the slightest appearance of effort.

How can one help being charmed by the quiet nook which was Federigo's library, and how can one dare to touch it never so lightly without fear of hurting it? From the top to the bottom, the little room, large as a study at Versailles, is covered

with the finest panels, of pastoral scenes, to shut out the daylight from the sanctuary where Federigo passionately arranged his manuscripts. He had eight hundred of them. If one remembers that Nicholas V., the great Pope of humanism, the founder of the Renaissance, the great worker for Italian culture, and through Italy for the world, never had more than a thousand; that the Medici, at that moment, possessed but one hundred and fifty-eight, Visconti two hundred and eighty-eight, one can measure at once the admirable efforts of Federigo, and this little room, intrinsic value apart, to illuminate science and poetry. Florus, Livy, Cicero, Juvenal, Quintilianus, Virgil, Claudian, Statius, Terentius, Seneca, Sallust, Pliny, Horace, and Ovid, here gather together their varied and magnificent troupe. Fingers the most agile and the most trembling with reverence touched these pages drawn from the barbarian's tomb. In the evening, lantern in hand, Federigo, Guidobaldo, Elizabetta, came here through the little door where the flute of Pan is crowned by a laurel. Whether the hand was rough or fine, it was always reverential as it took up the Virgil, and soon, in the adjoining hall, under the panel with

the children, below the eagle, the *Georgics*, with their rustic music, gently swayed the hearts replete with battles. Then, in the little chapel opening from the library, that, too, as big as one's hand, all lined with undulating stuccoes, where a model of the skull of Raphael has replaced the Divine Image, the brave company came to pray God to forgive their pillage for the sake of the poet to whom they consecrated their booty. And God was indulgent to those noble lords, so mad in other matters, as we too are indulgent, since their willingness to draw nigh unto Him merits our indulgence, and our tender weakness.

. . . .

When Paul II. wished to make Roberto Malatesta disgorge Rimini which he intended to secure for himself when he murdered Isotta and Sallustio, Federigo da Montefeltro ran to the aid of his companion in tyranny, and saved him. Federigo, in that day, was obeying not only the Ghibelline tradition of his family, but an impulse even better understood as being to his interest, which was to prevent the Holy See from gradually absorbing in that way the cities and territories of Italy.

And yet, Federigo did not resist the pride of marrying his daughter Giovanna to Giovanni della Rovere, the nephew of Sixtus IV., of whom he had been the educator. His son, Guidobaldo, took a more definite jump. He rode away behind Cæsar Borgia to the conquest of the Romagna. Punishment, however, was not long in overtaking him. Guidobaldo was soon obliged to flee to Mantua, to his brother-in law, Federigo II., to let the tempest blow by, as he must have said. When he died, five years after Julius II. became Pope, he left his duchy to the son of Giovanna and Giovanni, his nephew and the Pope's, thinking no doubt that he deserved nothing but praise for his circumspection and judgment. But under the Rovere, the Duchy of Urbino gradually declined. Francesco Maria was the blind sword of his uncle Julius, and he carried his disinterestedness so far as to enter the struggle with the Este. He also, like Guidobaldo, received his lesson. Pietro Luigi, the son of Paul III., poisoned him. At last, his grandson sold Urbino to Urban VIII., and retired to Castle Durante, where he died in despair over what he had done.

His duchy thenceforth had nothing to distin-

guish it greatly from the others. From the day when the Pope and the Emperor divided them, little importance attached to the principalities, which remained mistresses of their own destinies only in nominal fiction. Cæsar Borgia alone understood how Italy might be saved from dismemberment. The successors of Alexander VI., popes and nobles—Rovere and Medici—both at the same time, made an effort to re-establish the petty tyrannies and to maintain the general supremacy of the Roman Church. Cæsar was by way of suppressing the nobles, and alienating the temporal power. Then, under colour of galvanising the latter, Julius II. and Leo X. worked for the benefit of the former, and in the common ruin, they dragged down Italy.

On the death of Pius III., who was Pope for twenty-seven days, Cæsar lost, for a moment, that profound foresight which has been called his star. He was troubled; others felt it; and he made an irreparable mistake. Thanks to his support, the Cardinal Rovere was elected Pope. Immediately the old problem arose. Cæsar received permission from the Pope to retake the cities to which the nobles had returned. But

Julius II. only thought of using Cæsar to draw the Romagna back into the hands of the Church. The two men could not agree. As soon as Cæsar had gone, Julius said to Machiavelli, "Cæsar shall not have a single battlement of my fortresses." And he sent orders to the cities to declare themselves subjects of the Pope and not of Cæsar, enjoining upon them not to recognise Cæsar as his representative.

"Little by little, Cæsar is making his way to the tomb," said Machiavelli. If it had not been for a Spanish victory on the Garigliano, Cæsar would have found that tomb in a cell of the Castle Saint Angelo. But he took advantage of his success to secure the promise of some concessions, and, refraining from reclaiming anything already lost, he embarked for Spain.

Julius II., free to follow out his policy of reaction against the nobles, continued to throw himself into it with a frenzy which seemed to spring from madness, characterised by Louis XII., and Maximilian, agreeing for once, when they called him "the drunkard," "*l'ivrogne*." Some people have tried to see in Julius II. the great restorer of the pontifical strength, the indefatigable adversary

who formed the League of Cambrai. Like Borgia, Julius certainly thought of his throne. Like Borgia, who led Guidobaldo to the conquest of the Romagna, he sent his nephew of Urbino, Baglione, Gonzaga, and Este to the assault of Bologna. But under these appearances also we must look for the motives and "the destinies in preparation." And, as Signor Guglielmo Ferrero sees in Cæsar the destroyer of Rome, I see in Julius II. the destroyer of the papacy, he whose actions called down Charles V. as the actions of Cæsar called down Constantine.

The motives and the actions may have been Catholic; the instinct and the effects remained fatally seigniorial. Julius saw all his Roman efforts end in the maintenance of the nobles to most of whom he was attached by the ties of blood. It was not for nothing that he was brought up at the court of Sixtus IV. by his cousin, the Cardinal Pietro Riario, he of the scandalous luxury and debauch. It was not in vain that he saw his cousin, Girolamo Riario, marry Caterina Sforza and become lord of Imola and of Forli. And what were his rights to cardinalship? Whatever may have been his pontifical passion for the grandeur

and supremacy of the Church, he was condemned to work for it only by the means of its disintegration. He may have dislodged the fatal yoke, at times thrown it off, but he always went back to putting himself under it. The only way he found to resist the French and the Germans was to make use of the nobles, and, in consequence, to give them power and honours. Did he think that he could put them down afterward? There is nothing which allows us to think that the nobles would have let him do so. Is it probable that Julius was so simple as to think that he could do so? One city, an important State, remained ready to resist foreign invasion; that was Florence. The old Guelph city was allied to Louis XII.; but Julius must have known that Florence allied herself with one but to resist another. The alliances of Florence lasted only for the time in which they were necessary. The seigniorial mind of Julius was so imperious that there was no peace until the Medici were called to the Florentine government. He was not reassured until the return of Florence to the Seigniorial councils. The Pope reduced the Guelph democracy of Florence to a harmonious tyranny. The contempor-

ary apologists of Julius may consider him the saviour of the papacy; he will remain to the eyes of those who look closely the most distracted of the successful *podeste* and *condottieri*. The law of moral development compelled him to act in favour of those whom he pretended to reduce. On the death of Julius, Leo X. found the country re-established in the cut-up condition which Cæsar Borgia had wished to overcome. The nobles were then more powerful than ever—they included even a unit the more: the Medici. Julius II. was but in appearance the restorer of the papacy; he was in reality the surest agent of that noble of nobles, the Emperor; he was the second destroyer of Italy.

The memory of Cæsar must be cleared from the poison of the Borgias: Alexander VI. inherited it from Sixtus IV., and it is called nepotism. Julius II. and Leo X. drank it eagerly, and kept it in their veins to their last days. In Leo X., however, it produced a more violent and especially a more open effect. The whole policy of Leo X. was to feed his family. He wanted everything for them, Siena, Ferrara, Urbino, shrinking from no crime to secure possession of the coveted places. The nobles of the Romagna who came at last to

implore his justice, he hanged at Rome. Leo X. took not even the precaution, as did Julius II., to keep his designs to himself. He was really serious about giving the Kingdom of Naples to his brother, and about forming a Kingdom of Upper Italy for his nephew Laurenzo. The prestige of a century, brilliant in the arts to which the name of Leo X. was given, has left too much in the shade the real figure of this pontiff who, strictly speaking, was but the repetition of Alexander VI. This was true even in his private life, with his greater humanist culture, which makes him still less excusable; and was true above all in the mad passion for family and personal advancement. Utterly without dignity, he used to go out of Rome in top boots to hunt the deer or hare. He surrounded himself with buffoons and with suspicious pages. He sold everything. Devoid of conscience, he multiplied political crimes. He was witness to the last struggle in which Italy gave up, crushed. When he died, in 1521, it may be said, he had precipitated an event which Cæsar Borgia alone might have hindered by his projected constitution of a great State, strong and vast, founded on the Italian democracy, on municipal liberty, not on

family tyranny. It was Clement VII., a Medici—just punishment—who, in 1527, saw the sack of Rome and, in 1530, the taking of Florence.

One might put the epilogue to certain intentions. Some actions, like the taking of Perugia and Bologna, indeed, contradict this philosophy. Let us remember only that the tortoise, at times, is obliged to deviate from her route when she meets obstacles. Her steps then seem disordered, but as soon as she is free to move as she wishes to, she returns to the road towards the sea. So was it with Julius II. and Leo X. They were able to accomplish certain actions that were set up for them against this personal and family ideal; but they always returned to it, because their genius was for that, even and above all when they believed themselves acting only for the good of the Church. Fallen into the hands of the great families, the papacy could not do otherwise. It was in a vice, the flesh cried out. . . . Clement VII. and Paul III. were not so far apart that one may not link them firmly together. Nothing but the thunder of the son of Luther could rouse the Holy See from its sleep of nepotism and raise up Sixtus V.

XII

UNDER THE BREEZES OF PHOÆCIA

Ancona

NCONA is a salubrious resting place before entering green Umbria. For a good many days now, I have been running from city to city in the pursuit of masterpieces and passing emotions. My hunt has been fruitful. My bag is full of a variety of game. I need to let it down from my shoulder. A day in the sea wind at the elbow point which gives its name to Ancona will bring back suppleness to my muscles. I shall look at the vessels from Greece and Dalmatia come in and go out, and my tired eyes will find rest in gazing at the purple and saffron sails of the lateen boats. Lying stretched out full length upon the slopes of Monte Guasco, I shall bathe in the Oriental

light, I shall breathe the Phoæcian perfumes, I shall grow a new soul, or saturate my old one once more in the breath of nature so that it may the better enjoy the generous plain crossed by the disdainful Tiber, where the Clitumnus of Pliny and Carducci gives himself up to idleness, and which the beneficent Topino waters without being vain over the fact.

Ancona lies sheltered from the winds between two high rocks, one of which runs straight out into the sea as if, like the vessels it shelters, it wanted to sail out into the open. In the depression of land which separates these two mountains, the Guasco and the Astagno, Ancona gathers herself together in a few modernised streets, and soon begins to climb according to the national custom. A noisy and busy people animate the lower town. It is not the tumultuous throng of Genoa nor has it Genoa's deafening roar. But it a faithfully reduced replica. A new quarter toward the west, with broad streets, all in gardens, is the sign of a real prosperity, and a proof that the activity of the inhabitants of Ancona is not in vain. Left and right, the streets mount to the assault and in this contrasting situation, Ancona resembles a city

which, founded above an estuary to command it, at length, tired of waiting for the river which does not come, ends by going down into the bed of the recreant stream.

The old city is bicorn, narrow, ladder-shaped, and black. The very squares are tumbling to pieces, like that of the Palazzo Comunale and of the Plebiscito. Upon the latter a Clement VII. seems, viewed from the bottom of the piazza, to carry the Church of San Domenico on his shoulders, and the arcades of the prefettura open upon a cascade of water falling from heaven. I paid a visit to the Titian of San Domenico and, especially, to the Lotto of the little Museum, eloquent reminder of my day in Bergamo, on arriving in Italy two years ago. Next I scaled the black torrent bordered with ruins soiled by the smoke of a hundred steamboats at anchor in the port and shamelessly puffing out their soot; it is a torrent into which pour gutters from alarming alleys, veritable cut-throats, a torrent so swift that it was necessary to make the banks into stairs and which every twenty-five yards or so passes under vaultings from the houses, hanging from which are flowers,—or by preference, rags. I

have admired the portal of San Francesco, so sumptuous as to be almost fantastic, and the Palazzo dei Mercanti, which is said to be one of the most expressive works of the Italian Gothic, with its three much ornamented porches surmounted by a loggia. But Ancona is so parsimonious of her territory that it is impossible to look this building in the face. One can see it only in profile, and therefore enjoys its decorations under difficulties. Always climbing uphill, I reach the Piazza of the Palazzo Comunale, open to the sea. From the height of this little terrace, Ancona seems to lie in a mass at the bottom of her hole. Opposite, on the other side of the roadstead, the fortress of Monte Astagno sends a salutation from Sangallo, the pupil of Bramante.

How much farther must I still go up? On a large plateau, covered with grass, the cathedral San Ciriaco presents a happy enough mixture of Roman and Byzantine architecture. A porch with lions having handles sticking up from their backs to form columns opens upon a Greek cross with nave and two aisles extending through the entire church in both nave and transepts. A crypt has been dug under the transepts, lifting them

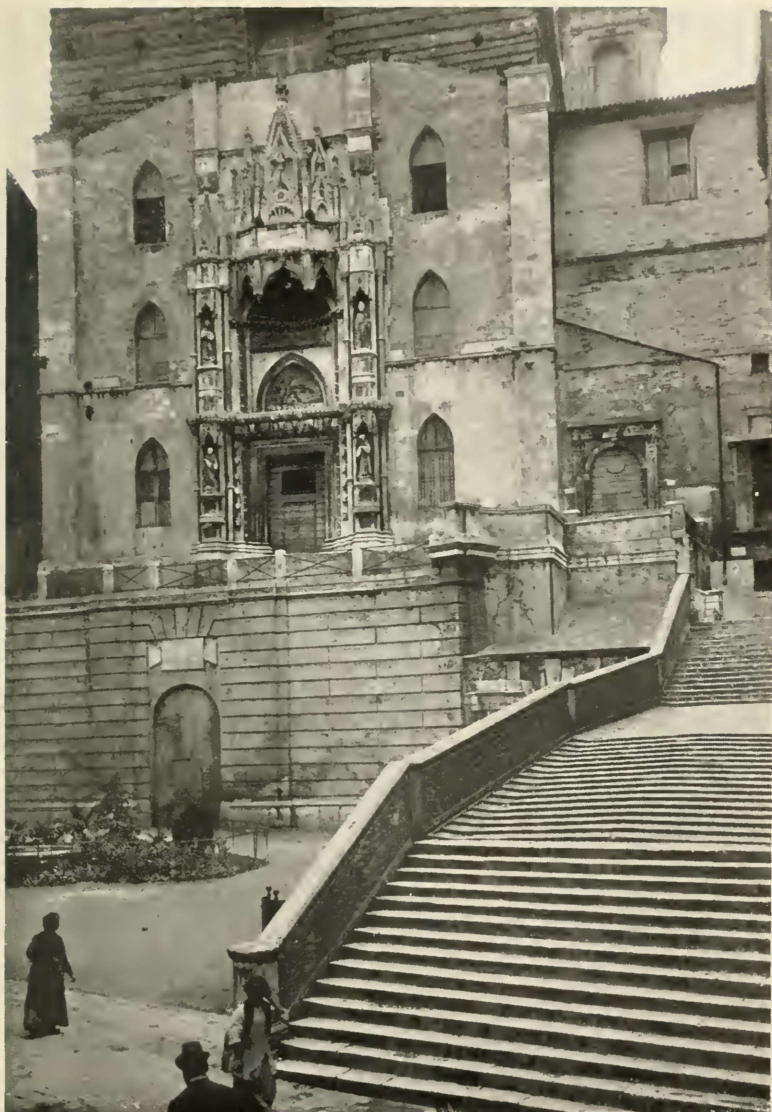


Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The portal of San Francesco, so sumptuous as to be almost fantastic"

somewhat. A cupola is placed at the intersection of the four arms of the cross. The monument is original, even unique I believe, in its regular form and the equal distribution of all its parts. Those who built it on the site of the Temple of Venus respected what remained of that pagan edifice of whose six columns Catullus sung. The classic associations protected the goddess cursed by the Christians, and, thanks to that, we have a church of a hitherto unknown form.

When antiquity came to give new youth to the world, at the time of the Council of Constance (and thanks to that), Poggio collected precious manuscripts from the Frank and German convents. Italy became intoxicated with her refound paganism and its language, and the land blossomed again with all the gods. She kept intact her Christian faith, but she festooned it from Olympus. Sanzarro invoked the muses after having convoked the angels; God the Father was the king of the gods, Mary was their queen; Bembo celebrated Jesus Christ as the sublime hero, the Virgin as a "radiant nymph." Cortesius calls Saint Augustine the "Pythian prophet" and Saint Thomas of Aquinas "the Apollo of Christianity." The

preachers themselves did not disdain these parallels. The Duomo of Ancona preceded this fusion. Two centuries before Marsilio Ficino, it reconciled all piety with beauty, and Venus offered her falling temple to Christ to galvanise the ideal. And I also, like the "Renaissants," mingle in my mind, without confounding them, gods and religions. But who was the Venus of Guasco? Upon this promontory she was Thetis, she was Anadyomene, it was not the implacable goddess who tore the breast to which she clung in order to make it her prey.

I ask an amiable Thetis for the caress of her breezes, the comfort of her salt breath. At my feet, the blue sea, tranquil, without a ripple, spreads out like a boundless pool. The sky looks at itself in the water and the two blues are but one. The Italian coast runs away behind me, pink and white. Far in the distance, the miraculous Orient lies under the line of transparent mist. And when the wind rises it seems to me that the subtle perfume of the oleander comes to gratify my nostrils. Here where I am resting the great humanist Pope, nourished but not corrupted by paganism, the energetic Pius II., looked out upon

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The Cathedral of San Ciriaco presents a happy enough mixture of Roman and Byzantine architecture"

the high sea, watching for the galleys which were to carry him toward the shores where he hoped to lead victorious battles against the Turks. In this poor little palace on the edge of the terrace where I rest my tired mind and muscle, he died of grief. Like Tristan of Karéol, he never heard anything but the mournful song of the faithful and discouraged pastor. And when, at length, the white sails appeared, the shepherd had piped in vain his tunes of enchanting mirth, the last heroic Pope had only the strength to sing his supreme hymn and to breathe out his soul in a hosannah.

How beautiful this Adriatic is under spring skies, thus deserted and peopled! The faint silhouette of a few boats, the white yacht which shines on the horizon, the heavy coaler which is rounding the Arch of Trajan on the pier, even the trail of smoke which the land-breeze flattens and scatters over the silver plate of sleeping waves—there is nothing which does not speak of the supreme grandeur, and carry me toward the shores to which every human being can but hope to go from here. This Venus, whence did she come? These poets, what road have they taken? These Turks, where were they before they came here? These boats, where

are they going? This beauty which I have been meeting all along my route and which I believe I shall continue to follow, from what place does it come to us? And the new God, from what place does He come? From the anointed land, from the land privileged among all others, from that Greece where Venus used to reign, where Jupiter indulged in laughter, where Pericles shone? It is that land for which my eyes look, it is her that my soul desires and my spirit calls. I am here at that point of Italy where Beauty arrived, and from which lovers in their impatience set forth to meet her. Venus came to them; they wanted her in their own home. Ah, who will ever be able to say what Æneas Sylvius was thinking of under the impetuosity of Pius II.! The Pope aspired with all his Christian soul to purge Europe of impious evil-doers—and what we see to-day of the Mohammedan empire is not of a nature to make us smile at its terrors; but in that imperious desire, which brought the valetudinarian Pope as far as this place, where he saw the door of the tomb open before him, we may never know what there was of the cultivated young man, nourished by antiquity, by the old Hellenic leviathan from

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The Arch of Trajan on the pier of Ancona"

which the Renaissance fermented, in that thwarted wish to be the first to mount the deck as did the blind old doge upon the Venetian vessels, and to approach at last the promised land. Pius II. sought the way of the grandeur of the Church, and he wished to save civilisation. But Æneas Sylvius longed to put foot upon the shores of which he had dreamed all his youth. The young Piccolomini survived in the old man; the sensitive writer lived in the pontiff. Alas! the abominations of the time of Sylvius are renewed to-day. The modern man stands on the promontory of Guasco, powerless as was the pontiff, thinking of the massacres still perpetrated on the Holy Land. Like Pius II., he looks toward the North to see if the monsters of the sea are not yet in sight, bringing the legions in their flanks, and across the land to see if a new Byron is not coming forth from the neighbouring Ravenna in the hope of a definitive Missolonghi. The Adriatic invites us to believe that her peaceful heart is with us. Her waves caress the inexhaustible lands down there. They murmur here the Panathenæan hymns. In the lifting fog a miraculous Venus takes form, she who of old came to the foot of this mountain to teach

Italy beauty, and who supplicates us once more to have pity on her posterity.

Another hero, also a Pope, tasted at Ancona the bitter pain of defeat. Happier than Pius II., he here tasted also the savoury joy of revenge. It was by the occupation of Ancona that Napoleon began his hostilities against Pius VII., and it was at Ancona that, in 1814, the same Pope, having drunk deep of bitterness in five years of captivity, started on the triumphal journey back to Rome.

Two popes, Pius VI. and Pius VII., left Rome as prisoners. The first died in exile, the second came back after having vanquished the French Revolution which had been precipitated by both of them. Never, since the day when the papacy entered the public concert, becoming a State among nations, never had she so manifestly the right on her side. Napoleon showed a bad faith and a brutality beyond words toward Pius VII. From whatever side the matter is regarded, it is impossible to see in Napoleon's attitude anything but a desire to make the Church subservient to his own domination. Such a conception of the papacy is no more admissible from the French point of view

than from the point of view of the confessional. On the other hand, it is certain that only the turn of events against him limited the resistance of the pontiff to the defence of his religious independence. On the ground where he was placed, where he was maintained, if you will, Pius VII. remained, in any case, unattackable, since it was the ground of independent conscience and of free faith. Pius VII. committed one mistake, one only. When he crowned Napoleon, he attempted to make use of that ceremony to reopen with the Corsican the game his predecessors had played with the Germanic Emperors. On coming out of Notre Dame, he asked Napoleon to restore to him the pieces of the old Pontifical State, the Exarchate, the Pentapole, Spoleto, and Benevento. The Empire held the first two, the Italian Republic the others. Pius called upon Napoleon to imitate Sepin and Charlemagne. He insisted that a place be reserved for him at all congresses. He wished the rank of a secular Power for the Church. And, not content with these demands, which tended to nothing less than to annihilate the revolution of which Napoleon called himself the heir and the organiser, he insinuated that Napoleon should

follow the example of Louis the Pious in giving the Pope a domain on the frontier of Gaul, which was saying; "Give me back Avignon!"

Did this initial mistake weigh much in the later decisions of Napoleon? It may be doubted. Whatever he might not have done, the Pope would not have been spared any the more, unless he had abdicated all spiritual sovereignty. Nevertheless Pius VII. made the mistake of these bold demands at an hour when danger hung over less incontestable matters already in his hands. But from the day when Napoleon made his strength felt by the Holy See, Pius VII. showed himself superior in resistance, and heroically worthy of his entirely pastoral function. When Napoleon was starting for Austerlitz, he occupied Ancona, and from that day his cruelties and insults began. Every time he spoke of the princes of the Church, he called them "imbeciles." Every time he had anything to say to the Pope, he did it reminding him that he, Napoleon, was the master, and as such would force the Pope to behave himself. He commanded the Pope to expel from his domain all the English, Swedes, and Russians. When Joseph Bonaparte was weak enough to ask the Pope to

recognise him as King of Naples, and Pius VII. was logical enough to consent to do so provided that Joseph recognise the suzerainty of the Holy See, Napoleon recalled Fesch, and sent the conventional Alquier to Rome, declaring that if the Pope did not recognise Joseph, he, Napoleon, would not recognise the Pope, and threatened to make the latter recall Consalvi. To a demand which proceeded strictly from another which had been made, Napoleon answered with brutalities. He answered, in fact, by the invasion of Italy. He occupied Ponte Corvo and Benevento and cried madly: "I will divide up the Pontifical Domain; I will establish a Senate at Rome, I will set up the eagles on the Vatican!"

Tilsit redoubled the insolence of Napoleon, who now tried to coerce the Pope—was he not simply a Bishop of Rome? Napoleon ordered Pius VII. to set forth on a war against the English. The Pope refused to go. Napoleon gave orders for the military occupation of Ancona, Macerata, Spoleto, Urbino, and Foligno. Again he demanded the recognition of the King of Naples and the Kings of Holland and Westphalia as well. And to these demands he added a series of decisions

which were to make a simple prefect of the Pope. February 2, 1809, General Miollis entered Rome with twelve thousand men. The affairs of Spain and Erfurt gave the Pope some respite but not for long. May 17th, Napoleon annulled the Donation of Charlemagne, "his august predecessor," and annexed the Pontifical States to the Empire. Less than a month afterward the pontifical flag was lowered from the Castello di Sant' Angelo, and in the night, between the 5th and 6th of July, Napoleon having written to Eugene de Beauharnais, the Pope "is a furious madman who must be shut up," the general of the gendarmerie, Radet, invaded the Vatican, and made prisoners of Pius VII. and Pacca, his minister, taking one to Savona, the other to Fenestrelle. That is all the Concordat did in eight years: imprison a Pope, and excommunicate Napoleon. We are back to the worst times of Philippe le Bel, or of Hildebrand.

From Savona to Fontainebleau, the life of the Pope was only that of a martyr. Napoleon treated his disarmed adversary to a series of abominable actions made up of violence, insult, lies, intimidation, and personal threats, which legend has amplified, but which history, even in reducing

them, sternly reproves. War was declared to the death, not only against the Pope, but against the cardinals, who were exiled, against the bishops, who were driven out, against the priests, who were locked up, against the convents, of which one, the Trappists', was closed with the order to make the Superior submit under force of arms. All this was done with alternatives of cajoleries, the more repugnant that they corresponded to the varied fortunes of the battle-field. The moment his star paled, Napoleon was modest and submissive, ready to do anything to have the clergy aid him to maintain his throne. But when his star shone, he foamed at the mouth, persecuted, and ordered every one about.

The Pope was superb in his dignity and consistency. He refused everything, resisted everything, retracted the moment he learned that by a false report there had been wrung from him an assent which should have had a refusal, and, in 1814, he preferred to be dragged along the highways to accepting the restitution of his sovereignty from Napoleon. Napoleon kept him as a hostage, and made him go from place to place all over France. He was exhibited at Limoges, at Brives, at Mon-

tauban, in Languedoc, in Provence, the postilions always ready to draw rein if the invasion were repulsed. But, at last, he had to be taken into Italy, and March 20th he was sent to the Austrian outposts, to Piacenza, having ceded nothing, victorious after five years of martyrdom.

The 12th of May he arrived at Ancona where he received a frenzied welcome. His horses were unharnessed, ropes of red and yellow silk were attached to his carriage, and, in the midst of *vivas*, the roar of cannon, and the ringing of church bells, Pius VII. was conducted, the people dragging his carriage, to the Loggia dei Mercanti, from the height of which he blessed the sea. Napoleon's policy ended in the acclamation of the pontifical dominion by Italy.

Four days later, Pius VII. left Ancona for Rome, which he entered the 26th of May. Before he left, he closed the quarrel by one of the most consummate acts of charity and statecraft that he could have achieved: he ordered that a welcome with the greatest respect be extended to Madame Letitia, Napoleon's mother, who had asked asylum of Rome.

XIII

THE GLORY OF PERUGIA

Perugia

F all the cherished memories of my first journey in Italy, that of Perugia stands out the clearest. It will soon be seven years since one morning, just as one runs to a rendezvous in spite of all his vows to remain at home, I turned off my Tuscan road, and ran into Umbria. Fascinated, at Florence and at Pisa, by the frescoes of Santa Croce, of the Spanish Chapel, and of the Campo Santo, I could not resist completing my visits to Giotto by going to the Convent of Assisi. At any cost, I must know Giotto in all his amplitude, free, alone, and intact. On my way to the Franciscan city, I stopped at Perugia, without premeditation, without calculation, without any other object than to make use of it as a stage in the journey—a pleasure thrown in.

Once there, I remembered, with some humility, the classification of the different ways of travelling I had made in crossing the Arbia between Siena and Asciano: "To travel for the mere splendour or horror of things is a way that has its reward, and often a fertile one. But, at least, let us allow the pleasure of their memories to those who can people the landscape. . . ." Perugia victoriously gave the lie to the preference I then set up. Chance, to which so many travellers trust, showed me the vanity of all preparation. Although I had come to Perugia merely to cross it, and not even to take advantage of the opportunity to know it, I fell prey to the maddest enthusiasm. Every time that I have been asked, in the course of these seven years of Perugian exile, what city I had found the most beautiful, a complete vision of Perugia has arisen before me, and her mere name has been enough to awake a thrill in my inmost heart.

That radiant surprise, which perhaps has so greatly embellished Perugia in my memory, I can never have again. What was I about when I took the trouble, before starting on this journey, to know all that one can learn without actually

seeing? Those cities of the Emilia, of the Marches which I have just left, those of Umbria, toward which the train from Ancona carries me at this moment, why did I not come to them as innocently as, long ago, I entered the old Augusta Perusia? Perhaps they would have given me as much joy, and as fresh. If I had been less disdainful of the ignorant way of travelling, I now might be supplied with delightful surprises enough to last the rest of my life. I am going to sleep at Perugia again to-night. Shall I leave an illusion there, shall I lose there the delicious longing to return that I have had all these seven years? Before seeing my love again, I wanted to know her, as I did her sisters. And my studies have been the keener because of that first visit. I am the more attached to Perugia from having already loved her at first sight. In the books I have read, her treasures have appeared to me the more precious from having come upon them unexpectedly and seeing them in their own light, so to speak. But I fear that Perugia will not hold out against all this research into her possessions and her noble past, all the comparisons with so many other beautiful places and things, still more, against that youthful memory. The

Giusti Gardens at Verona, the plains and the hills of Vicenza, Venice, the Pineta, Urbino, the Adriatic, the Italian Como, Lungano, Garda, the majestic Garda, will they not throw Perugia into the shade, a loss for which all my seven years of sighing for her will never console me?

Now that the train is carrying me there, I am afraid to arrive. Last evening I hesitated a long time before posting the letter which was to engage my room. This morning, at the station of Ancona, I promised myself to wait until I arrived at Foligno, where one changes trains, before actually deciding. And it was only at the price of this wavering that I was able to enjoy the journey across the mountains, one of the most generous routes that a traveller, a friend of nature's spectacles, can choose. Jesi, Fabriano, the home of Gentile, Gualdo, Nocera, have filed past me on their rocky heights, a joyous cavalcade. Valleys, torrents, precipices, an unending contrast of prosperous cultivation and wild land, have been passing under my wondering eyes, astonished still, after having seen so many beauties that I dared not look for more. And while, between two jerks, I empty the flask with head thrown back, and tear a sandwich, like a

savage, by way of luncheon, I suddenly remember that important letters must be waiting for me at Perugia.

A lame excuse! Letters! In the depths of my heart, I know that I am thinking of nothing but the evening which is so near, when I am going to see her again—at last. How slow this train is in passing the mountain! Did I change trains at Foligno? I can remember nothing! Perugia, the Perugia of my first visit, my first mistress, calls me imperiously. Like the unhappy lover who goes away slamming the door and returns because, he says, he has forgotten his umbrella, I come back to Perugia to get some letters, whose only importance is the pretext they serve me. If I find her less beautiful, so much the better. At least I shall be delivered from the haunting memories of her, and I shall no longer catch my breath with a clutch at my heart in thinking of her.

Lovers, never doubt the sweetness of one of whom you cannot stop thinking.

I find my Perugia just what I left her, and I swear that not a wrinkle has come to change her face, nor to alter my memory of her. I am sure now that she is the most beautiful, the most magnif-

icent, the most wonderful. Often, in reading the accounts of travellers, one is annoyed at the rhapsodies of the author. One would like to contradict him, and treat him like a simpleton. In coming back here, I am for a moment my own reader. But the author is right. He cannot be too enthusiastic; he cannot possibly do Perugia justice. Let him try! I can promise the most profound delight to any one who will stop here on the way from Florence to Rome. On a rock six hundred feet above the point where the train stops, thirteen hundred above the course of the Tiber, which runs at some distance from there, on her pedestal covered with olive trees and evergreen oaks, Perugia watches the climb of the insolent automobile which brings me to her with so much self-satisfaction. I remember gentle little Urbino which I judged so harshly. Perugia we must approach with precaution by a thousand circuits, the more boldly when she hides herself from our eyes as we come too close to her perpendicular walls. She does not see us either, no doubt, and forgets about keeping us at a distance. We profit by that, and not daring to approach her face to face, we take her by surprise, entering the open

gate in her side. She tries then to make us lose ourselves in some little narrow alley through which we can scarcely pass, and where all the children, standing up as tall as they can make themselves, pretend to play bar the road.

When at length we are on the high terrace, and Perugia finds that she has been taken by assault, she lets loose her Borean family upon us. Help! she cries to all the winds of heaven. She has burnt her wind bags and it is with an unchained tempest she greets us. I recognise this temper. Perugia is one of the windiest cities of Italy, and nothing is so becoming to her as this violence. If she were quiet she would be less beautiful; gentle, she would be less attractive. This fury is the finishing touch to her magnificent landscape. The wide Corso Vannucci and the terrace where the automobile deposits us take on not only a grace, but a voluptuous charm, the more by reason of this resistance. Perugia blows terribly, but it is so natural to her to do so that one cannot even see her chest swell. With all her violence she is quite unmoved. She blows as another breathes, and that gives us at once the most respectful idea of her power. Does she not go so far

as to scorn to blind us with dust? She won't cheat. She lets herself be seen for what she is, and does not try to impose upon us with petty arguments. Formerly she had some clouds of dust, but she threw them about so wildly that she has no more left. The wind whirls across the streets, invisible but incontestably present, with nothing which detracts from its own force of repulsion. It does not sweep, because there is nothing to sweep; it is quite sufficient unto itself. It gains thereby in eloquence. It becomes the very mind of the city, her soul. It symbolises her strength, it bespeaks her character for power and vigorous life, the generous blood leaping in her veins, a blue blood, almost black, the oldest and the purest of bloods. But do the city and still more the surrounding country show themselves worthy of this violent soul? What grandeur they must have to thus resist approach and disdain to give a welcome! I climb at once to my room, which looks upon the open country, to ask Perugia if, after her reception, which I knew her well enough to expect, she is going to fail me on this return to her so long desired and now at last accomplished.

The weakness that I experienced before the

fire at Ravenna, I feel again here, more unconquerable still. It is not a valley which spreads at my feet, it is the whole earth. Those are not some trees, they are all the trees in the world. Hills? There are a hundred of them. Of rivers there are a thousand. Everything is in profusion, spread out, climbing up, bending out and in, idling, full of tremor, of light, of tender verdure, of swaying flowers, of murmur, joy, and radiance. And is this but a landscape of nature? Can that be worth such transports of happiness, such as a holy man should have in entering paradise? Think! That which spreads out at the feet of Perugia is Umbria. I, who see it, understand, and I find the poets who sing it very poor poets. But you, who do not know it, must believe them. Magnify still more all that they tell you of it, be indulgent to the poor vocabulary of which they have been and still are obliged to make use. Umbria, the most fertile and the tenderest of lands, the land of whose peacefulness one dreams when one wants rest! It is said to be soft to lie on. Seen as a great whole from the height of heaven of which Perugia is the first gate, this landscape is all amplitude. The lines are clear-cut, firm; all that

which diminishes on closer contact forms, there together, the proudest of immensities. Quiet little rivers, thick groves, delicate meadows, sinuous currents lost by the great streams, and these trees which grow so high, these fields, these shady villages, these little, laughing brooks, all, from the height of the terraces of Perugia, become one single and unique cloth of verdure, rolling voluptuously, like a cat in the sun, and shining with every part of it electrified. On the right, toward Florence, an abrupt mountain shuts off the view absolutely. Beneficent barrier! It is there, just at the right point to preserve the reality of the whole wide show. I am not overcome before a spectacle of nature so long as it is limited. I can fully enjoy the infinite on my left, because I know that, really, it is not without end. There is all the plain, all the valley, all the valleys of richness, of opulent grace, and of prodigality. The Tiber, Assisi, Trevi, Spello, Foligno, the Clitumnus, which is there if not seen, and far away, Montefalco and Spoleto perhaps. Do I see all that? Ah, how much I see! Spots, shining points! But they include all the people who spring up in the depths of my dazzled eyes! Assisi

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"That which spreads out at the feet of Perugia is Umbria . . . magnify all that poets tell you of it . . . be indulgent to the limitations of the vocabulary of which they are obliged to make use"

I distinguish, so nobly situated half-way up the hill under her protecting rock. The Tiber embraces her with a solid arm. Montefalco shows a sign of itself on the right. The rest I see with my mind's eye, adding to my happiness by the remembrance of their presence. There is no limit to my desires. I cross all the mountains, push back the horizon. I seem to be able to see all Italy!

It was Humboldt, I believe, who said: "Naples, Constantinople, and Salzbourg." I know the last named. I have climbed the Gaisberg and have looked upon the chain of the Alps and the plain of the Danube. Salzbourg is worthy of the Germanic pride. The two others, in fact, have less merit than she. The sea gives sublimity too easily to a landscape. At Perugia I see why an inland vision must be a thousand times beautiful to appear so once, and I note the triumph of my adored city. She is still more wonderful than Salzbourg from her fertility, her freshness, and her variety. The eye seeks a place to hang to, on which to fix itself. It cannot find it. The country swells, undulates, a mass of pretty things, tied together, knotted, amplified, enlarged. A wood which pierces the river, a village in the midst of

a meadow, a hill above a field, white belfries here and there, a city looking like a pile of stone, at least if it does not seem to be a bastile, all this overlays in its diversity, binding itself together by the miracle of the thirteen hundred feet of height at which the city is perched. The sea is one thing, and therein is its grandeur. Here the unity is born of dispersion. All these features, scattered in reality, are not a village, then a river, then a wood; it is Umbria, and Umbria is what Perugia makes it from the height of her rock. She gives it cohesion, is its creator. Thanks to Perugia, Umbria exists, the realisation of the miracle of a multiplied trinity. I have looked a long time for the word which could best express my wonder before this unique spectacle of a pretty and besprinkled country which owes all its amassed wealth to this domination. This word is not splendour, not magnificence, it is glory. The glory of Perugia is that of the flaming crown which shines above God and the torrent of rays which spread from the fingers of the celestial Father. The glory of Perugia is her freedom from Umbria, from this green Umbria made sublime by her who commands these plains, these brooks, these harvests, who

has made Umbria, and still makes it, every day, the most moving of all lands.

Filled with happiness at having found my Perugia as haughty and as fruitful as I had left her, my dreams of seven years having added nothing to her beauty, I went to the Gardens of the Cassinensi, at the extreme point of the city nearest the Tiber. These gardens face toward smiling Assisi. Standing before the river, I felt my joy still unadulterated by the human grandeurs to whose weight it seems to lend itself as it moves so gravely, smoothly, solidly with its heavy, turbid waters. To-morrow when I am calm, I shall ask the city to show me her monumental testimony. She will not refuse it to me. The accessible beauties cannot fail when the most unapproachable splendours allow themselves to be touched.

At the end of the Corso Vannucci there are three monuments. The first, the Palazzo Pubblico, presents rather an unexpected arrangement for an Italian city. It does not stand isolated on the square. It does not form the axis from which the city radiates. It sticks out at the end of some houses, soldered to them as far as the angle at which

it breaks to present a second façade. Its two other sides are lost in the black confusion of alleys and hovels. Does this incorporation with the shopkeepers' dwellings tend to give it at least a character of the intimacy of citizenship? On the contrary. The Palazzo Vecchio of Florence, the Pubblico of Siena, and so many others, by their position and appearance, form the centre of the entire life of the city, which directs itself straight upon them, and which they frankly look at as it comes. They bring the crowd together and draw life from it by the evident object which they are to it. Here any gathering of the crowd about the town hall is impossible. The clowns and country bumpkins can only go blundering this way and that, not knowing which turn to take, where to go in. At which door should one knock? At the one on the square or the one on the street? So the crowd is divided at once. The angle of the building pushes among the groups of *cittadini* and *contadini*, scattering them like the shot of a *carabiniere.* The old Municipio of Perugia, standing on the public street and not looking at it, is nothing more than one of the members of the city, it is not the heart. Useful

to the life, it is not its source, the indispensable organ. Perugia used to arouse too many covetous desires. He who had her had all Umbria. The Democracy never had time to develop its institutions. Its battles were not between the people and the passing masters; they were between the latter only. The Municipio, therefore, was but a wheel in the tyrannical machine, a plaything, if you will, offered to the illusions of the people, carefully planned so as not to make it the communal symbol of independence and liberty.

Anyway they made it imposing and noble, in order, perhaps, to the better mask its superfluity. But the effort to make it seem like a fortress was only artificial; it is merely a palace purely decorative and ornamental. It is massive, but one single characteristic is enough to annihilate the deception it has tried to impose on so many generations. That is its total lack of unity. It has two façades, a generosity designed for the mob in case of riot, that the crowd might not know where to concentrate. The more we instinctively examine the building the more accentuated this dispersion—this scatteredness, if one might say so—appears. On the street, the lower storey is altogether pleas-

ant, the door highly decorated, of a Gothic which might almost be called flamboyant if that adjective did not serve to give the date to a form of art instead of furnishing a definition. On the square, quite the contrary, a certain severity bespeaks precautions. Along the Corso, the crowd was always passing and so long as it was in motion, it was not dangerous. If it were in a rage, it would have to start from somewhere to do something, and from where else than the Corso would it take its flight? No, attacks were not to be feared from this side. On the square, it was another matter. The door opens above a flight of well rounded steps and on the right is a balcony from which speeches might be made. These precautions taken, the building develops according to its two characters and does not mingle them. Above the first storey, a frieze of columns runs the length of the two façades, and another like it above the second storey. In this way, strictly limited, it makes a building which in itself is as bare as your hand: a great wall and nothing else. It is a scarecrow, the more terrifying that the Perugian Griffin and Lion have been hung up in the middle of it, by grips which pierce their tails, and from their

claws swing the iron chains, trophies taken from the Sienese. When they were hung there, Baglione said to his fellow-citizens: "You are terrible, and no one will make a jest of you." And no one wanted to, especially on account of him. But that said, done, and established, the third storey, under its battlemented cornice, hastens to attenuate all severity by the little arcade standing out at the base. There is nothing now but smiles. The windows are not those of a castle, but frankly at last those of a palace. They are made in ogee with columns surmounted by little trefoils, framed in squares with slight pediments which advance enough to throw the delicacy of the ogees into shadow. It is a building toy standing nicely in order at the bottom of its box, showing one of the combinations into which it may be made, but really waiting for the child to rebuild it. This peaceful, not-at-all-serious effect is increased by the irregularity of the distribution of the windows, which is by twos, by threes, or by fours, come as they may, to give light and not to make an impression. In its conception, as in its details, the Municipio remains equivocal, certainly delicate, charming, and full of that extreme elegance

which so nearly touches grandeur, and of which Italy naturally possesses the secret. But it has nothing of the severity necessary to a town hall, which should bespeak the grave destinies over which it presides. In looking at her palace Perugia could never have felt herself strong. She is beautiful, she is great, but she is never her own mistress; her house is that of a rich but powerful citizen.

The cathedral is Gothic also. It extends along the end of the square, and its long wall might perhaps be used as a point of direction. But it is Roman; the Pope is in command there; the bones of Innocent III., which it shelters, say forcibly enough that the Church must not be trifled with. This, too, shows itself on the side. It does not call, it looks at most. One could find shelter there, one could not attack it. The little hanging pulpit is ready, when it is wanted, for good words.

Nor were this Palazzo Pubblico and this cathedral considered enough to safeguard this people, who played at having a Democracy, against outbreak in case they discovered that they were being duped. One last obstacle must be adequate to appease their lightest desire for riot. Between the solemn but

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The Palazzo Pubblico unexpectedly sticks an angle into the square, with two façades . . . two great entrances . . . and in front of one of them the fountain which marks a date in the

laughing Municipio and the somewhat forbidding church was placed the most frail and precious ornament. Perugia must have a fountain more beautiful than all other fountains, not only to gratify her pride, but also as a guarantee of her wisdom. Begun before the Municipio, it was finished at the same time as that great building, and those who built it knew very well that the Perugians would never dare to throw stones which might hit it. Niccolò Pisano, the great Niccolò who revived the art of sculpture, the Niccolò of the pulpit at Pisa, and of the *Arca* of San Domenico at Bologna, was called to build it. After him, Arnolfo di Cambio and Giovanni Pisano completed it. What a perfect jewel! Above a round wall, four steps lead to the first basin, which has the form of an open basket and is divided by small triple columns into little panels, two by two, separated by a simple column. In the middle of this basket, some marble shafts, of which scarcely the capitals are visible, support another basket, that also with little panels, standing singly, these, and separated by statues. Above, a bronze basin receives the waters of the Pacciano. "Let the people gather now!" said the tyrants of Perugia, knowing

that they would never dare to. The press of a crowd might cause the most irreparable misfortune in mutilating this work which was declared at once "the honour of the city." It is that indeed. The fountain of Perugia marks a date in the history of art. It emancipated sculpture, which, until then, yielded to every exigency. The pulpit of Pisa is an effort still in chains; it was inspired by piety. Here art exists for itself, for pleasure, and for utility. It is no longer a prayer, it is an expression of the domestic life. Architecture alone is no longer left, as by the fountains of Viterbo for instance, to interpret the civic soul. Sculpture takes part in the embellishment of the city. Siena did not seize this idea until a hundred years later—the Fonte Gaia is of 1409. Perugia may not be altogether happy, but really unhappy she never can have been in the shade of her Municipio, beside her Innocent III., and drinking at her exquisite fountain.

Through the precipitous alleys, unfavourable to popular assaults, I ran—as indeed one must—toward the old Etruscan gate, that enormous structure rising powerfully from the slanting earth, its vault choked between two square towers, one

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"One must run down to the old Etruscan Gate . . . enormous structure rising powerfully from the slanting earth"

of which has been ornamented with a Renaissance loggia. The street, almost vertical, gives an unnatural height to the monumental gate, which is wanting in charm. It looks as if it were going to fall face down and its overpowering character crushes you. The declivity carries me down. I rush along as if I were afraid of falling headlong, and a Perugia of ravines flies under my rapid steps. This is not a city, but a switch-back, as jolting and as dangerous. An erudite traveller, the picturesque historian of Umbria, M. René Schneider, compares Perugia to a hand with the fingers spread apart. It is a happy simile. The city is built on five tentacles of an octopus, separated by abysses. The streets run along the sides of the rock; they cross, if they do not bridge, the wild gardens, climb again, rush down-hill again, and end finally in the abyss. The houses jump one above another; the streets pierce through them, bestridden by arches strong enough for an aqueduct. Never, except perhaps at Siena, have I seen such a "humpy" city, madly running up hill and rushing down. At Urbino the fall is simple. There is a certain logic in it. That is a clear-cut city, directed toward a single point.

Here, there are twenty centres for one street, which rebegins its leaps and its falls twenty times over.

I walk quickly. I seem to be lost. Yet I know very well where I am. If I am precipitate, it is as much from my own impatience to reach the Oratorio of San Bernardino as from the impulse given me by the declivity. However steep the return may be, I know well that I shall not mind it, so happy I shall be to have seen that freshly blooming wonder again. Ever since my first visit to Perugia, I have had the most delightful remembrance of the façade of San Bernardino. I wonder if the work of Amadeo and so many other beautiful things which I have seen in the meantime will make me ashamed of having been so easily pleased? One day some one, in talking to a great lady, extolled the charms of a person she did not know. She wished to meet her. "Well?" she was asked, after the interview. "She is charming," answered the lady. "I shall never see her again." Admirable divination of the human heart! When one wishes to avoid disillusions, one must learn to be satisfied to taste delicious fruit but once. But Agostino di Duccio exercises such a sway of

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The Oratorio of San Bernardino must have taken the world by storm. . . .
It still calls forth ecstatic praise"

gentle charm that he has no fear in being seen again. Like Perugia, he triumphs in the second visit.

At length I see the deep portal whose arch is formed by little corbels doubled and knotted in the middle and at the top by an acanthus leaf. This arch rests on pillars flanked by two niches having little columns where saints preside over twin doors. In the centre of the porch, above the doors, is Saint Bernardino in his glory, sustained by angels and the heads of cherubs. At the top of the curve are two other niches and two other saints above the first two. Then, on either side, between the niche and the arch, are the Lion and the Griffin of Perugia. The pediment is a Christ giving his blessing. But if ever the literary detailing of a plastic work seemed vain, is it not so in the case of marvellous bits like this? Nothing of the tenderness and grace of these angels escapes me, nor of all these statuettes in which the clear-cut effect, so often dry, of the Florentine art has almost disappeared. The little angels are exquisite in youth and roundness. The pilasters and the columns are of a delicacy carried to perfection in finish. Nevertheless I feel no remarkable emotion over them.

Neither the realism of the figures nor the softness of the draperies nor the variety of physiognomy please me on their own account. My delight does not come from each subject, but from all of them at once, their general harmony, the impeccable unity of the most varied play of colours that it is possible to bring together. This little façade, so frail and charming, seems like a skilfully composed painter's palette. Not one grain of marble that does not distinguish itself from its neighbours, and yet does not mingle with it. Nor is there one which is not cut on its own model, and which is not united with the next one. Columns, capitals, entablatures, all are different, and all belong together. Here is the unconscious gamut of all the tones which marble possesses, the white marble of Carrara, the green marble of Prato, almost black, with everything between them and all their combinations. Is that all? Does the marble sing alone? The pink terra-cotta, more delicate and more tender, takes part in the hymn of the marble, always a little solemn, like the sweet violin among the resounding brasses. And there is the little flute which pierces this abundance of tone. With the background left the natu-

ral colour the reliefs only of the terra-cotta are painted. Surely the green is the tenderest colour in the world, a green of the sea at low tide lighted by the sand. The blues might make the azure of southern skies jealous and the reds outdo the very bloom of flesh. I have long loved this art of ornamental terra-cotta. Pavia and Piacenza have given me an everlasting weakness for its charm. Here it smites me to the quick by its wonderful attractiveness in an entire work, as a whole. Never was so simple a work so boldly conceived. Executed without the slightest hint of bad taste, it must have taken the world by storm. It still calls forth ecstatic praise. There is not a spot, not a hole, not a "want." It is not great, it is not strong, it is simply delicious. There is really but one word to express what one feels, to define this work: that is the word *adorable.*

Perugia is more than Rimini, the city of Agostino di Duccio. First of all, she is the city of Pietro Vannucci, who dominates the Umbrian school as Perugia dominates Umbria. But she is also the city of Agostino. At Modena I saw a little bas-relief of his, at Rimini, graceful decorations. At Perugia I see his complete works, done

by him without any co-operation: such as this façade, the tabernacle of San Domenico, of stone and of painted terra-cotta, the fragments of the *Maestà delle Volte* at the University Museum which are so moving, the tomb, a *Pietà*, of the Cardinal Baglione at the Duomo, and last, the door of San Pietro, which recalls the façade of the Tempio at Rimini.

Agostino came to Perugia when he had finished his works for the Malatestas. A Florentine, he had been educated in the school of Donatello, and that of the Robbia, whose art of glazed terra-cotta he renewed at first in painting it instead of glazing it, and later in combining it with stone and marble. To the realism of his first master, to the studio methods of the Robbia, Agostino added his divine smile, his happy, playful charm. It is told that Agostino was obliged to run away from Florence because he was accused of theft. I shall never believe in his guilt. Duccio's work is of the sort that reveals the soul of its author in a way which cannot be doubted. In perfection of technique the art of Agostino is freshness and innocence near to that of Angelico. Duccio was not a saint like Angelico. He surely was a loyal man. Thief,

with that soul, so candid and gay! Ask the figures of the Museum, the angels of the tabernacle of San Domenico, and the little angels of San Bernardino. They would blush for your evil-mindedness or your poor judgment.

I have passed all my afternoon with Perugino and the Umbrian school at the Cambio, at the *Pinacoteca* of the Palazzo Pubblico, at the cathedral, and at San Pietro dei Cassinensi. The principal characters of this famous school, and of this master, as illustrious through his pupil Raphael as in himself, already stand out clearly in my mind.

If I should limit my Umbrian journey to Perugia as I did seven years ago, perhaps I should attempt to come to conclusions to-day. This time I am going to visit pretty much all of Umbria. Let us wait until we have passed some days in the midst of the Perugino family before judging the children and the father. The Perugian landscape is melancholy to those who lack vigour. Perhaps one must go down into this shaded plain of scattered effects to understand the school which was born and developed here. I cannot place it in its natural and familiar setting from the height of

this terrace of the Cassinensi, where, once again, I have just finished my day. When I shall have come close to this country, which seems to me but a wide, gorgeous panorama, I shall better understand the souls of its children, fair and heavenly as they are, pure flowers of divine paradise, not grown even in the most magnificent gardens of men.

The wind has suddenly dropped this evening under the rays of the sun dying in a mauve mist. The vapours rise from the broad stream, gradually coming between Perugia and Subasio under which Assisi sleeps. The background of verdure wraps itself in the scarfs held out to it by the Tiber. Between the city blessed of God and this robust business town, lies a grey sea, diaphanous, balancing, undulating, lazy. Nothing is now seen in places but outlines of groves and of brooks which sing like a concert of birds. Umbria covers herself to sleep with an impalpable veil which will shed over her the freshness of renewed youth before she awakens to-morrow. In thought I follow the pompous court making its way thither across the Roman Campagna, whose glory is inseparable from

its renown, toward the mountains commanded by Todi. This is the road followed by Benedict XI. when, succeeding to Boniface VIII., he renounced Rome, and started the papacy on the route to exile. The strong and implacable policy of the great popes, mad for universal sovereignty, ended in overthrow and flight. No doubt the Roman factions aided this exodus. They were but the secondary cause. The first was the failure of the temporal power, which, after struggling in vain to establish itself with the emperors, struggled as vainly with the kings. Philippe le Bel had a rough hand. Anagni says a great deal, his unjustifiable brutality aside, of the disrespect into which the pontifical ambition had caused the fall of the Vicar of Christ. After such a flagrant insult, in which must be seen as much contempt as indignity, the papacy had need to recuperate in self-effacement and modesty. It had need to let itself be forgotten. The question was, would it have the strength and the will? At Rome it was too much in evidence, surrounded too much by prestige to retire within itself and saturate itself with spirituality. Benedict XI., in his single year of pontificate, rendered the Church

the inestimable service of understanding the situation, and submitting to it. He had the courage to do the indispensable act and take the road to Perugia. He made one last effort to raise his head; he wished to become reconciled with Philippe le Bel; he attempted to make peace between the Cerchi and the Donati. His efforts failed. Then with a flash of the eye, he saw the pressing necessity of the whole case and left the city where he was no longer more respected than a *podestà* of Padua or Florence. He died at Perugia, having accomplished the great act, the most sublime perhaps that a Church can accomplish, which is to recognise itself vanquished.

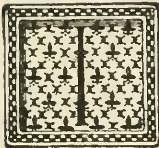
Perugia was witness during six months to the last phase of the struggle. Who should be Pope, a Guelph Orsini or a Gibelline Colonna? The latter family won. Not without struggle. The Perugians had to interfere, besieging the palace, taking off the roof, and refusing all food to the cardinals until the conclave came to a decision. Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bordeaux, was elected, on condition that he become reconciled with Philippe le Bel, and stigmatise the memory of Boniface. The news of his election came to

Bertrand de Got when he was at Lyons, half-way between his archiepiscopal seat and the conclave. It was at Lyons, November 14, 1305, that he was proclaimed under the name of Clement V. An Orsini, a Guelph, could at least put the tiara upon his head. It was a sad consolation, which Avignon, the refuge offered by the King of Naples, would not render less bitter. More than a hundred years were to pass before the papacy could re-enter Rome and recover the prestige compromised by its madness. The great schism would be necessary; the genius of Albernoz would be necessary, and the Council of Constance, as important in its duration as in its effects. The artistic and intellectual Renaissance dates from that Council. From it also dates the renaissance of the Roman Church. When Perugia saw the Pope again, he was called Julius II., from whom she obtained Baglione. He who was called Paul III. shut in her horizon by the citadel, that horizon which she found once more in liberty. The glory of Perugia was born again in the union of Italy.

XIV

THE UMBRIAN TRIPTICH

Foligno



IN the rich plain extending from Perugia to Spoleto three principal centres lie before the traveller who wishes to know the work of the painter who is as celebrated for the country where he flourished as for his own originality. He who wishes to understand Umbria should visit, and with much attention, these places: Assisi, Spello, and Montefalco. The link between these three centres is Foligno. Situated, roughly speaking, ten miles from Assisi, five miles from Montefalco, three miles from Spello, Foligno offers the pleasantest and at the same time the most practicable refuge to him who wishes to think over what he sees far from the madding crowd, far from the snobs, by whom Assisi, for instance, is ploughed

over every day. Lovers of Umbria, come to Foligno! The house here is paternal and excellent, life here is sweet and calm. Lying along the Topino, Foligno has no claim to figure among the hill towns of which Umbria is prodigal and English tourists are so fond. Its streets have no perilous perspectives to distract the leisurely traveller who likes to let his thoughts go wool-gathering of an evening, while he smokes his cigar. A beautiful garden is open to refresh one and encourage meditation. Its tranquillity, between two wonderful stretches of scenery, is a thing to do one good. If it is taken into consideration that Foligno was the birthplace of Alunno, the father of the Umbrian school of which Ottaviano was the ancestor, you will appreciate how fortunate I found the mere chance of my cabman's suggestion which brought me here,—good fortune which was heightened by the rest, the information, and all the facilities and the thoughtfulness I found here.

I began by going back over my steps. After having come directly from Perugia to Foligno, I returned over the same road as far as Assisi

whose worth and renown claimed my first visit. Three times I have just crossed the valley. Have my attentive observations succeeded in disentangling its character? On the one hand, it appears to me so different from the usual description of it and, on the other hand, the glorious impression received at Perugia still dominates me so strongly that I do not dare to let myself go—to know what I think, much less to say it. Like Tuscany, Umbria has submitted to a great deal of literature. The legend of Saint Francis would have made it famous, if its own intrinsic beauty had not been enough. Literature has made up a picture of this country which is supposed to be harmonious, full of little birds, of springs, and of groves. On the heights of Perugia, did not I also resist the majesty somewhat in looking for the bucolics of the fields where the shepherd of the poor in heart pastured his flock of frank and open souls?

After crossing the valley three times, after all my Perugian visions of Umbria I am not able to carry away from it any such impression as that of the literary picture. Umbria is green and fresh, but she is neither sentimental nor lacking in

seriousness. The brooks and the rivers, the Topino, the Clitunno murmur. The trees are thickly planted and numerous. The harvests are plentiful and varied. An air of prosperity shines over everything. But there is nothing mawkish in this prosperity. On the contrary, the horizons are wide. The surrounding mountains, whose line accompanies me wherever I go, are powerful and noble; rock reigns the master over them. The Tiber carries along its heavy waters and I am sure I cannot see what this broad, abundant, yellowish stream can possess of languor. In going up to Assisi have I not just crossed the dry bed of the Chiaggio? The pebbles over which the precipitate waters will roll at the next storm do not suggest tenderness. Umbria is umbrageous but not voluptuous on that account. Perugia first of all, then the mountains, the Tiber, and this thick low verdure itself are the opposite of that. The country has been misrepresented in the wish to make it commonplace. Agreeable it certainly is to the last degree, but for all that it has not the perpetual smirk possessed by those men and women who would invest it with their sugar sweetness. Umbria has a clear-cut personality,

a character which is the outcome of energy, of a thousand virile details which a complaisant philosophy and literature have overlooked.

The higher I mount toward Assisi, the more I am inclined to throw off every acquisition from such sources. From Perugia Assisi may appear to lie lazily enough on the side of Subasio. At the foot of the pile, one sees how it is buttressed against the massive rock, and braces itself against it. Why this infinite number of counterforts on the Franciscan convent if they are not to resist the powerful push of the earth? The ramparts stretch out solemnly, and the squat Duomo of San Rufino, the cathedral, is certainly smiling. I may walk among the olive trees, the road may wind among the most brilliant flowers of spring, its windings giving one a sensation of day-dreaming. I cannot prevent Subasio from overhanging or the plain from spreading out and opening perspectives with firm lines. I cannot prevent Assisi from growing and rising in noble strength.

On closer acquaintance the city confirms this impression. Its streets are severe, narrow, and bordered with bare houses. The old ruins have a little tendency to softness: a dilapidated foun-

tain which accompanies a sinking portico, a Roman temple of a distinction and roughness almost glowering and, at length, gardens where Umbria stretches out in fat ridges, but not in pretty bouquets. Opposite, the infinite plain, the horizon reaches to the highest mountains; on the right, the hard rocks of Perugia; on the left, the courses of the little rivers running along with no suggestion of idleness. Santa Maria degli Angeli lifts the purity of its Renaissance in the midst of the fields and while looking at the town and feeling the tenderness it awakens, one must remember the Portioncule which hides behind the Duomo.

Now I am sure that men have spoiled this scenery and compromised Saint Francis. Although less violent than the deformation inflicted on Saint Antony of Padua, the deformation of Saint Francis is not less evident. The times in which those men were born did not easily accept so much beatitude. Assisi would have lent herself to it even less than her Italian sisters. Under the hand of the Germans, she revolted against the gift that Philip of Suabia wished to make of her to Innocent III., and, rather than consent to this bargain, she called on Perugia to defend her.

The pretty and affectionate little Francis must have imbibed more raging anger than beatific enthusiasm as he grew up, and, in fact, behind his pleasant manner was always hidden an irreducible heart. He was not in the revolt, but his counsels had no tendency toward submission. If he preferred that men be purified by faith rather than by works, he yielded nothing on works and accepted no compromises on the freedom of the will. He asked for a return to innocence and spiritual faith. Rome was far from that, and if she tolerated Francis, it was much more through fear of comparisons than from agreement with him. The apostle attacked the corruption of his time, and his exaltation of nature was the most powerful condemnation of the customs of that age. Those who followed him must needs separate themselves from the demon ambition, renouncing all desire for wealth and earthly power. Rome accepted him really in order to absorb him and to make use of his innocence to mask her own perversion. She watched his movements with a suspicious eye, and, if he crossed that distracted century indemnified, it was because he refused to recognise its depravity, not because he was accomplice to it.

Never was there a more lashing criticism than that of Francis against the temporal power, which at this period, the beginning of the thirteenth century, was probably at its worst. Francis, intelligent as he was, well knew where it was leading men. His gentle soul could not have felt the contradiction between what the Pope preached and what he did. Francis saw his beloved Umbria vigorous as she is. He preached that vigour he wished to see at the bottom of the Umbrian hearts as it was beyond the green curtain hiding her from prying eyes. Those who, two years after the death of Francis, built for his sons the house on the hill, surely they intended to keep under their eyes the powerful testimony of the Umbria so often used as an example, by their tireless father. Umbria then has not become insipid, any more than Francis. Before there had been time to disfigure the noble image of the apostle, his first disciples raised, at his own invocation, an asylum which tells us all the spiritual austerity of his life.

A great cloister, to-day a public street, leads to a platform on the side of which is the porch of the lower church and the door of the convent. The

latter is a large and irregular building set perpendicularly above the valley, and sustained by the buttresses seen from all points of the horizon. It looks like the prow of the ship which carries as Dante says, "her who is seated on the waters" toward the paternal Tiber. The lower church opens upon a sort of low studded atrium which communicates on the left with a sombre nave, flanked by two transepts and some chapels. The moment one comes under these thick-set arches, which bend their strong arrises to sustain the entire edifice, they make one think of a colossus with muscles taut, back rounded, legs apart, and hands on his knees. The upper church, which is reached by a steep flight of steps, stands at the end of a large platform. The door entered, one is in an aisleless nave, vast, light, high, ending in an apse, before which are two short transepts. The whole is solemn, unembellished Gothic. We look in vain for the fine nerves of the vaultings of which the North was so prodigal in the cathedrals; on the contrary, one feels here that majesty of bare space by which the baroque has redeemed its sins—which perhaps it borrowed from this church. Assisi has realised the masterpiece of

Photo by Henry H Burton

"A great cloister, to-day a public street, leads to the porch of the lower church and the door of the convent . . .

the Gothic art, in which magnificence disputes simplicity, and which the North will never know how to understand. Let us see all that there is of boldness and of piety in this church. We shall never see anything whatever in it to favour the Umbrian legend of softness and gracefulness.

Shall we not even see that in the decorations? In the lower church and in the upper church, the painters' names are Guido da Siena, Margaritone, Giunta da Pisa, Jacobus, Andrea Tafi, Cimabuë, Simone Martini, Pietro Lorenzetti, and Giotto, that is to say whatever Florence and Siena had produced of the strongest and most human virility. We all know what was said with so much boldness and even bravado by the frescoes of Cimabue and his pupils, who at length threw off the Byzantine fetters, that almost peevish effort to break the chains in which painting was dying. I have heard the same stammering in the baptistery of Parma, at San Ambrogio in Milan, at San Zeno in Verona. The Arena of Padua has shown me also all that is owed to Giotto by the art of using light and fixing forms in space. But where in all this is the tenderness called Umbrian, the langour, the sweetness, rather sugared, so highly vaunted?

I see nothing but strength and splendour. I see in it but one sentiment, that of the real Francis so firm, so penitent, covered with a haircloth shirt, and mortifiying the flesh for the simple love of God. All that shines is joyous, open, and frank. The joy, however, must be understood as manifesting itself in other qualities than tenderness. It is, and most purely, in the serenity of a proud, uplifted soul. To be joyous in the true sense of the word, is to have a heart without hidden thoughts and unassailable to evil. It is to be proof against human littlenesses, to have an unwavering conscience, never to doubt one's powers of resistance. It is in a word to keep all the purity of one's soul. Francis had that joy in the highest degree. His tomb has not his humility, it has all his victorious gaiety and his dignity. In its architecture and in its decoration, this tomb corresponds absolutely to the relic it contains; it corresponds to Francis as Francis corresponds to Umbria. All three are united,—the one carrying the solid faith, the other the vigour of art, the third, the fertile abundance,—to make a strong, wholesome, and powerful whole over which we look in vain for the insipidity so many people would traitorously impose upon this

land, less virile perhaps than the neighbouring Tuscany, but also valorous in its always noble profusion.

So, from the heights of Perugia and from the midst of Assisi, I have verified the character of Umbria. There now remains for me to make a careful research of the impression she has produced upon artists. Does the Umbrian school justify its name other than by the accident of the birth of certain painters on the banks of certain streams? Is the country worthy of an identity of her own in art and patriotism?

I have followed up the quest this morning at Foligno, this afternoon at Spello. Two principal painters have answered me, l'Alunno and Pinturicchio, that is to say, the father of the school and its most brilliant pupil.

Let us stroll along toward l'Alunno then. Foligno is worthy of a glance on the way. On a square set off by two old palaces, the cathedral lifts the portal of its transept squeezed between two houses. Roman though it is, this portal does not fail to please in its skilled severity. It makes one feel the need so often declared in the days of

its building and before of a real—that is to say native—art in Italy. Bramante was soon to produce it. In fact he produced it here at Foligno in the interior of this very church, to which this portal gives ingress without a suggestion of what it admits you to. Enter and you see how Italian art freed itself from its long slavery to the Gothic and Romano-Lombard forms. Profiting by the example of Alberti at Mantua and at Rimini, Bramante invented a style which was adopted by all Italy. It is an art of beautiful spaces, of full walls, of rounded vaultings,—no longer cut into ogees,—of cupolas, of pillars. No more dissimulations, all the members in plain sight, bearing witness to, and taking part in, the general harmony. The style of Saint Peter's unfolds here, with fitting modesty, in this little Foligno, in this little church where Sangallo the younger did not scorn to come and build an octagonal chapel of a simplicity and freshness which surprises us to this day.

Why are we so much more touched by small and neglected works of art than by the great and cared-for ones? No doubt we feel a certain glow of self-admiration in having the taste to appreciate the beauty of things the world despises. But besides

that, there is in the things themselves a modesty which is pleasant to sensitive hearts, to those who wish to love things for themselves and not for their fame. The Oratorio della Nunziatella, behind the cathedral, is now nothing more than an abandoned stall, part of a hovel through which one must pass to enter it. The oozing walls weep for the favour it once enjoyed; and their tears carry with them the marine blues and the carmines with which Perugino decorated them. Perugino takes on a certain high light, thus imprisoned in this misery, above this ruined altar, under this roof soon to fall in, behind the bars of these windows. In his *Baptism of Christ* he seems to me almost virile. But what is this? Nunziatella compared to Santa Maria infra Portas? To find her I have followed, subtle approach, the old ramparts almost hidden in the earth accumulated by the centuries and by man. Water still lies here and there. Old houses bathe their arcades and cast their reflections in the marshes. And, here is the church so insignificant and so touching. It is not the temple of a city, but of a village. It is a simple, square building in no style whatever, except the portal, a little old portal dating back to the earliest Christian times,

with four columns and under which three steps descend. Six persons could hardly squeeze into it. You would not call it a portal to a church of the faithful, but of a children's chapel, a catechism chapel. When the door is pushed open the church gives the same impression. The interior is low, narrow, in spite of the nave with two aisles, and all white with plaster well rough-cast. It is poverty itself. Do not run away, however! And look close. There is not a single chapel, not even a pillar which is not impressive. From every side the work of l'Alunno will speak to you. Here is a great fresco, simple and awkward, but instructive to him who wants to learn. On this pillar is a head of Madonna, quite alone, eaten by the plaster which has been scratched in vain. Farther on, in the vaulting of one aisle is an entire cycle. In a chapel is an altar-piece. The church opens its windows to the sun of Umbria; Santa Maria infra Portas receives the first kiss of the new art.

Niccolò da Liberatore, to whom a caprice of Vasari's has given the name of l'Alunno, made his effort at Foligno, not only in this church, but also on the walls of Santa Maria in Campo and of San Niccolò, of which his masterpiece is the pride.

Here at Foligno l'Alunno began to speak the first words of a language which Perugino and Pinturicchio afterwards spoke purely. It was from Benozzo Gozzoli, at that time decorating the church at Montefalco, that l'Alunno received his first impressions, the vivacity of which he transmitted to his successors. But what did Benozzo give to Niccolò if it was not the juvenile candour of his master, Angelico? The first foundation quality of Umbrian art came from Tuscany, I mean the purity of the types and their distinction. To that l'Alunno added his own gifts; a natural stability first of all, then the ecstasy adopted by all his children, but which he held within the most strict and worthy limits, and last, the innocent charm which also he always maintained with a pure delicacy. Look at the great picture above the altar of San Niccolò at Foligno, at the *Annunciation* in the Pinacoteca at Perugia, look at the *Saint George with the Archangel*, and you will have all of Niccolò. L'Alunno opened to the Umbrian school a solid way, not closed either to spirituality or to tenderness, nor yet excluding stability. Upon the nobility, always a little serious, of the Tuscan school l'Alunno

fixed his charm, and it is that of Umbria itself, a charm of strong ease, of noble sweetness, and of a little roughness sometimes, with nothing affected nor yet languishing.

Twenty-five years stretch between Niccolò da Liberatore and Pinturicchio, years which saw the birth and development of Melozzo da Forlì, Bonfiglio, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, and Perugino. Pinturicchio, pupil of Perugino, is at the end of the chain—from which Raphael is already detached. Had he suspicions that was not good metal? When Pinturicchio shows us what the school might have remained, we shall be better able to judge.

Behind an old Roman gate, Spello climbs to the assault of a little round-topped hill, buttress of Subasio. But she spends all her effort in this climb, and when her hands reach the summit her loins are not powerful enough to throw her body upon it. The plateau is bare, not a house on it, and Spello seems an Andromeda who has not aroused the chivalry of any Perseus. She has grown old hanging there, and, poor and ruined, it is a long time since in default of chivalry, she has even excited pity. She has been left to wear

out day by day until she sinks into the plain. The earth, impatient of this skeleton eternally hanging there, tried to shake her down some seventy years ago. The earthquake added to the decay of the Umbrian pearl, but perhaps from habit, perhaps by invincible hope, she resisted the shock and still holds on. To the passer-by in the distance, who does not see her wrinkles, she even seems strong and charming still. She gaily stretches up her verdant cone, which one must climb to see her wretchedness. It does not require a long time to go up. One single street runs from the gateway to the top, and leaves you in the fields. The street ascends between ruined houses of defaced stone which no badigeon attempts to cover, two rows of poor barns so near together that you can touch them with your elbows. Here and there is a little square, a vaulting, even an arch, an antique pretension, a swelling of the soil from which some alley runs, and every ten steps is an infectious hole still more calamitous. I look into one of them; it is called *la via della povera vita*. Spello might take the name for herself as a whole, she really is the *città della povera vita*.

After he had finished his frescoes at the Vatican,

and before he undertook the *Libreria* at Siena, Pinturicchio passed some time at Perugia where he executed a Madonna enthroned, which is seen to-day in the gallery of the Palazzo Pubblico. From Perugia he came to Spello, at the charges of the Cardinal Baglione. The latter played the great lord in this little city, bringing hither the painter to the Pope, the great Umbrian, in request everywhere, for whom the Cardinal Piccolomini was waiting to celebrate Æneas Sylvius in the Duomo of Siena. In this little city, without show, and without riches, Pinturicchio covered the wall of the Baglione chapel with three great frescoes: the *Annunciation*, the *Adoration of the Shepherds*, and *Jesus among the Doctors*. From the height of the vaulting, according to the tradition of the Christian Church, the pagan sibyls look upon the unfolding of the sacred scenes, the saint with them.

The *Annunciation* is presented in a palace of the purest Renaissance, with sculptured columns and panels likewise ornamented, one with portraits including that of the painter, the other with a barred window on the edge of which a vase awaits the lily. This the angel, on his knees, has just presented to the Virgin who, standing before a

reading desk, receives, modestly and fearfully, the news of the painful mission which God has confided to her. In the background, through an open portico, is seen a city with its buildings and its gardens. The *Adoration of the Shepherds* is a scene laid at the foot of a temple, with rich columns, transformed into a stable for the ox and the ass. Mary is on her knees before her son, who holds out his arms. Two angels pray beside him, and the shepherds kneel reverently. On the side of a mountain is the Magi's procession of horses and camels, noble lords in long robes or in doublets, awaiting the hour of their audience. In the third fresco Jesus, standing before a temple with a cupola, draws to his innocent feet a crowd of doctors of the Holy Book, who listen to him with wonder, while Joseph and Mary tremble to find their son so learned, knowing everything.

Such is the composition of the work at Spello. If I add it to the cycle at Siena, which I remember very well, I could easily penetrate the secret of Pinturicchio, and fix his manner exactly. The most striking thing at first is an exceedingly strong sense of decoration. Pinturicchio has the passion for sumptuous houses and rich clothing. He tries

no more than many others, as much in Flanders as in Italy, to put things and people, subject and scenery into relation. It was the universal custom to make young pages and ladies with the high conical pointed head-dress present at the birth of Christ. The Magi are always dressed in Greek costume if not like Charlemagne. But he hardly seems justified in lodging Mary in the palace of Vannozza, the mother of the Borgias. I cannot help recalling the Pordenones of Piacenza in which a thatched stable and not a portico of Sansovino's opens before the shepherds. To Pinturicchio, more than to all other painters, painting was before everything a pleasure to the eye. He saw it, not according to the model of the old Tuscans to whom it was a means of edification, but as an ornament, a decoration for walls, jewels to heighten the substantial architectural beauty of the edifice. Being an honest artist, and nature having put in his hands a skilful brush and gifted him with a pleasing talent for composition, he lavished arabesques, used anecdote sparingly, and laid on gold freely with an eye to richness of effect worthy of the giver, be he Piccolomini or Baglione.

And in this happy faculty, which has both rich-

ness and spirituality I search in vain, for the so-called Umbrian softness by which his predecessors have been classified, the contemporaries and the successors of Perugino. If it were necessary to link Pinturicchio to one of his fellow Umbrians, it would not be to his real master Perugino, but to the ancestor, to l'Alunno of San Niccolò. Liberatore could find in him his own substantial firmness, softened perhaps, but that substantial quality which one does not find in any work of Perugino. It is enough for me to recall the great and solemn picture of San Andrea at Spello, to seize this difference and this avatism correctly. True, Pinturicchio, like that other Umbrian, Gentile da Fabriano, did not remain fixed in Umbria. As Gentile went to Venice, Pinturicchio went to Rome. But Perugino also was called by the Pope. Pinturicchio by his familiarity with the Sienese masters kept some of the strength without hardness, grace without weakness, some of the suave austerity, with more of the suave than of the austere, of the great Tuscans. And if this stability corresponds to the ideal of l'Alunno, to the fundamental Umbrian ideal, that which Umbria seems to me to have had when she ran

foul of legend, am I not in the right to declare my desire to fasten together the Umbrian chain,—if I may keep up the simile,—in which it now remains for me to look for the link of impure or rusty metal?

It has rained all the morning. I came down from Spello last evening in a scorching sirocco, most painful to nerves on a tension. In the night I blessed the rain. Not so, to-day, when I want to go up to Montefalco. Must I lose the spectacle o' Umbria sinking under my feet, widening her spring fields, narrowing her rivers, enlarging her mountains? The heavens have ceased to empty out their torrents, but they are still charged with heavy, slate-coloured clouds. While a *vetturino* drives me across the plain where the Topino and the Clitumnus play among the willows, the sky gradually clears. By the time that the good *cavalli* begin to walk, the most magnificent spectacle opens out before my eyes. The great, generous plain grows clear by spots, opposite the clearings in the heavens, spattered by patches of light falling from the wide gaps in the clouds. The Topino is black, the Clitumnus shines. A

church is white, a village dark. Assisi is in a night, Trevi is resplendent. All of one part of a mountain is of a uniform grey. On another the sun brings out every tint, red rocks, verdant woods, tender pastures, trees all in pink blossoms. The light moves along now flooding what has been hidden, leaving in shadow what it had glorified. Like a good father, it goes from one to another impartially doing good to all. A mountain which just now seemed to dread the hoar-frost, and hide its head in a monk's cowl, throws every garment off and shows himself in his splendid nudity. The veil of mist hangs here and there; it is torn away, now it gathers again, but clears in an instant. I have not time to see an "effect" before it is passed. Everything is in motion, billowing and eddying, spreading out in vapour, then stopping to run out in thin threads and sink under the light. The clouds sail away. Suddenly over there in the North, alone in its violet immensity, a point lights up, a dome appears, and all Umbria lies at my feet. Always miraculous, it is the Portioncule which has caught the illumination. But as suddenly they all disappear: Perugia, Spello, Trevi, Spoleto, the Clitumnus, the Tiber. There is no

longer anything but the soil where I plod along and the cabin of Saint Francis in the night, nothing but sombre majesty, wide-spread and concentrated at the same time.

Everything goes out of sight. The rain falls, a warm and violent shower. When it has passed, the wonderful spectacle is repeated, but this time turned about. The windings of the road have put to the left that which was on the right, reversing the fairy scene. The high bar of the Eastern Apennines alone seems the same, superb and protecting. That keeps opposite to me always, balancing the chain of mountains upon which I am, and which is crowned by the proud Montefalco. On its summit, surrounded by ramparts, Montefalco is as poverty-stricken as little Spello, but how much braver! She had the strength to mount to the top, and seat herself squarely on the plateau from which she dominates mountains and valleys. Poor she is, no doubt, but asking no charity, no pity. Montefalco is like the Italian beggar who receives alms because he is polite and would not show himself disobliging to any one of good intentions. With gates open, and wide streets, she welcomes me because I want to come in.

During all my visit she will say to me: "My frescoes and I are sufficient unto ourselves. You honour me in coming, however, so I wish to receive you as an equal."

No sooner has the *vetturino* shown himself, than he is surrounded by a knot of street boys who strive to see who can impose his services upon me. I send the whole pack to look for the guardian of the museum. One of them, a very little fellow, cannot follow the others because of his short legs, but especially because he is afraid of losing a beautiful stockinet cap, red, white, and dirt colour. The brood returns and in passing upset the cap. Amid the howlings and weepings, I hear that the guardian is coming at once. He comes at once, as they do in this country where the passions are so quick and the actions so slow. The Italians bestir themselves only in talking, and in a certain liveliness of manner which does not entail moving from the place where they happen to be. At a cafê it is common enough to see a placid customer jump up suddenly while he is telling a story and act the scene he is describing. But tell him that his house is on fire, he will finish his story first, then empty his glass and start off at an easy pace,

occupying himself with trifles all the time. So the custodian arrived, although he saw me huddled up under the scant shelter of the porch doorway, lashed by the shower. And now I am confronted by a great embarrassment. I must choose which-one of all these ragamuffins is to come with me. I should like to keep them all, especially the little fellow with the stockinet cap. I look at all these childish eyes, these restless faces turned toward me waiting for my decision. What things they say! Poverty, curiosity, pride in suspense, waiting in the hope of being selected, besides things not so pretty: avidity and vanity, too. It was the worst one, sad lesson, whom I chose for the tranquil air he knew how to put on, an air of reflection, a little disdainful perhaps.

What an unexpected museum! It is a large Gothic church which has been so secularised. In the times when Montefalco counted in Umbria this church of San Francesco was so rich that it was decorated by Benozzo Gozzoli and Perugino. Their frescoes, by good fortune, not having been destroyed, the addition of a few things, discovered here and there, has made of San Francesco an interesting museum, the most interesting museum

existing for the study of the Umbrian school. The works are not arranged in rigorous order, many of the names attributed to them are the merest guesses. One feels that even if the gifts of the passing visitor should be large, they certainly are not frequent, and that when the custodian has been paid, and the roof repaired, not much remains for the conservator, nor for the catalogue. Thus neglected, without being altogether abandoned, San Francesco has a peculiar charm. After all, what does it matter to me if a certain panel be the work of Eusebio San Giorgio, of Bernardino di Marietto, or of a third? I have already so much to think of in this vast and silent interior where hang remains of old organs, of pulpit, and of altars, that it seems most fitting to include them all in one general admiration! The atmosphere is seductive to the last degree under the arches of this nave, illumined by Benozzo, before this pillar, where some face has been able at last to come out of the plaster which smothers it, at the end of this chapel, where an old panel lights up again with its indelible gold. The treasures are not ranged in the order of a picture gallery, but hang in fragments partly eaten away, with a

stone where one sees an arm, a piece of crumbling panel caught haphazard on forgotten nails, with copies standing on the floor, some worthless and some beautiful. A little of everything, whatever the city contained of old relics, has been thrown here without thought, and with the most holy ignorance of arrangement, and no idea whatever of presenting things in favourable light. I wander about the great sonorous temple from pillar to pillar, from vaulting to vaulting. I look at everything. It is, perhaps, before an *Adoration* of Perugino, a charmingly clear fresco, that I am the best able to resist the hold they have taken upon me, that I can the most easily protect myself against my own emotion. For, really here, under these vaultings, all these suave, tender, and smiling people have too readily got the better of me.

There is one, however, over whom I can triumph without trouble, and that is Benozzo himself. He is not of Montefalco, not he. He is not Umbrian. And much as I loved the frescoes in San Agostino at San Gimignano, I have to call to mind the incomparable cycle of Pisa to remain faithful to him as I stand in the middle of this apse. Oh, the exquisite Benozzo is still here! He is still the

good realist, like his masters, that is to say, trying to interpret supernatural events by actions copied from every-day life, still the excellent decorator and delicate colourist. But what I look for, in vain this time, is the essential quality of Gozzoli, his own personal mark, since, after all, his realism he had from Giotto, his decorative feeling from Angelico; I mean his rich and varied and inexhaustible imagination, the imagination of the Campo Santo and of the Palazzo Riccardi. Saint Francis, like Jesus, at Bethlehem, at Jerusalem, or in the glory of the Father, has his canons, his typical scenes, from which no painter has been allowed to depart to any great extent. The *Babe in the Manger* of Pordenone, of Filippo Lippi, and of Perugino do not resemble one another in their treatment for all that. It was useless not to give myself up to it at first. I must end by recognising the fact that the entire effort of Benozzo Gozzoli at Montefalco is reduced to copying the frescoes of Giotto which one sees in the Upper Church at Assisi. To show that he did so without servility, or perhaps it occurred to him as a clever precaution, he placed, under this window, beside Dante and Petrarch, the portrait of the father of painters,

and so rendered an homage doubly merited to the plagiarised model.

Like the old Tiresias whom a child led by the hand, I leave this museum with irresolute step, and the boy, having given the keys to the custodian, asks me where I want to go.

"To Rome, my child!" *A Roma, bambino mio!*

He does not seem to be in the least surprised at my resolution, and is soon leading me beyond the walls. We leave the city by the Spoleto Gate. The crest upon which Montefalco is situated points ahead of us. A pretty, shaded road cleaves the summit and, on the left, a sort of hamlet, dominated by a small belfry, appears above some trees.

"*Ecco San Fortunato!*" exclaims the *bambino*, proud of having grasped the idea that my wish must be to visit this convent which is reached by following the Roman road for a certain distance.

We soon leave that high-road, however, and labour on toward the promontory where San Fortunato overlooks the plain at the precise point where it bends toward the west, toward Spoleto. Along sunken paths, whose hedges almost meet over our

heads, we plod through the thick, fat mud of a clayey soil. The *bambino* treads it with disdain, while I take pains not to disturb its undulating waves, and look for flat stones on which to jump. My courage is kept up by the nearness of the convent with its thatched cottages among smaller cots. We soon arrive, and with fresh emotion I see it for the hundredth time. I know it so well, this little monastery lost in the mountains! There is not a writer, from Boccaccio and Sacchetti, to the most modern of our story tellers, who has not taken its *frati* or itself for his model. Who has not read any of those narratives in which Monsieur Gebhard is so fond of picturing a good old priest, solitary guardian without so much as a porter's lodge, forgotten by charity and left with cold indifference in the ruined abbey to which he is blindly devoted? The old man becomes a part of his monastery, his person as neglected as his charge, his garments as damaged as its walls. But in his eyes burns an immortal flame, the passion which he nourishes for the treasures he has discovered by scraping the walls of chapel and cloister. Chance one day put him on the track of them and since then he has scraped night and

day for twenty years. Gradually, he has brought to light an entire cycle of the first part of the quattrocento, a thing believed to have been lost, masterpieces of Orcagna, of Lorenzo di Bicci, as precious as the work of Sodoma and of Signorelli at Monte Oliveto, as that of Veronese at Maser, or of Tiepolo at Monte Berico. News of the discovery soon spreads. The little monastery receives visitors every day more and more. The old abbot can employ helpers in his work, thanks to the money left with him by the pilgrims, and one Easter morning, after the Mass, celebrated by the Bishop, who has come on purpose to honour the new life accorded to this privileged monastery, so blessed of God, the poor old Father implores the Lord to take him to Himself if He would not leave him to be consumed by the demon of pride. He dies, says the anonymous Florentine, falling at the foot of the very altars which he has raised from ruin.

I do not know if San Fortunato will ever have such good fortune. Should I wish it? So charming it is in its modesty, with its little court-yard in front of the church, after the style of the basilicas, the church itself so unpretentious, but hold-

ing its head high on account of the Gozzoli in the Chapel of the Virgin, and with all its poor buildings, always humble, even in the time when it was peopled! If the miracle should take place, what would be the fate of the little chapel where the frescoes of Tiberio of Assisi,—he who painted the Chapel of the Roses in the Portioncule,—would be lost beside the magnificence of the restorations all about it?

I have sent my *bambino* away. I want to be alone, seated on the stone of this little cloister in the sun, which has come out again; I want to sit here alone in the simplicity and the ruin of this suppressed convent. Tiberio, who was the best of Perugino's pupils, gathered the whole school about him. For five days I have been living in the midst of that school. I have not been away from it since I arrived at Perugia. On the mountain of Montefalco, from which one sees all Umbria, and from which Gozzoli raised up l'Alunno, the moment has come to call my flock together, and to know clearly at last what my thought is upon the art of which Perugino is the most famous representative, how it stands in my judgment,

considered without assuming any rigorous attitude and also without weakness.

Here is a country, fertile and rich, strong and productive, if not powerful. The soil is abundant and generous, thanks to the springs which inundate it with waters accumulated from the snows of the Apennines. It is a depression between two chains of mountains, where the waters wind about, amusing themselves in fattening a greedy earth. There is nothing voluptuous or affected in this profusion, nor is there anything small in the decoration. On the contrary, everything is broad and muscular. Umbria is sweet, it is not effeminate. In the midst of this abundance was born a soul which was tender, but firm also, the soul of Saint Francis which men have reduced to an unjustifiable insipidity, an insipidity never given to him by his first disciples, as the monastery of Assisi bears witness. When the first Umbrian painters appeared, there was nothing to indicate that their art would grow soft. Benozzo had brought the suave austerity of Florence into Umbria. Gentile da Fabriano further accentuated the austerity. His *Madonna* on the throne ornamented with myrtle, in the Pinacoteca of Perugia,

is twin sister to the most energetic Florentine works. L'Alunno reacted somewhat upon Gentile, insisting on the suave, but in the Franciscan manner: the underpinning remained solid. He never fell into self-abandonment. Then there was Piero della Francesca, so rough, so realistic, who took upon himself to keep the equilibrium. His *Madonna* with the four saints in the Perugia gallery is in exactly the same manner, frank and hard at the same time, as the frescoes at Rimini. With them, the Umbrian school enters definitely upon the harmonious art of which Siena, Florence, and Francis had furnished them the elements, austere and suave at the same time.

Melozzo da Forlì, pupil of Piero, and Palmezzano his pupil, have a certain sensuality and some grace. They lived far from their native land, none of their character can be attributed to it, nor does it possess any of their works.

Giovanni Santi, the father of Raphael, on the contrary, who lived in Umbria, left nothing to foretell the imminent time of Perugino. His figures exaggerate the strength of Piero, even his heaviness. Santi was always a realist who kept to the traditions of l'Alunno. After him Angelo

di Baldassare, Giovanni Bocatti, in their works at Perugia, show the real Umbrian manner, consecrated by three generations. Bonfiglio and Fioreno di Lorenzo persevered in it, in their turn, adding to it some vivacity, and that taste for decoration which Pinturicchio owes to them. The *Annunciation* of Bonfiglio and the *San Bernardino* of Fiorenzo, at the museum of Perugia, speak strongly of how pure the affiliation was.

It was then, in about 1480, that Perugino appeared. When he came, he found an ideal, clear, vigorous, full of refinement, happily organised, distributed, and blended. At the end of a short time, nothing remained of this happy union. The vigour had disappeared, the refinement only remained. That is exquisite. Did not Perugino let himself go at precisely the moment when Saint Francis began to be corrupted in the minds of men, when he became the Francis of the garden of May roses and was no longer he of the lower church at Assisi? At any rate, Perugino produced exactly what the superficial piety of his time demanded. He is the faithful interpreter of that time. No more lofty dignity, no more holy pride, no more certainty in self nor confidence in one's own heart.

Instead, total and absolute abandon in the arms of sanctimonious and conventional love, a penetrating melancholy in order to avoid thinking about subjects in which interest was no longer taken, a sleepy revery, a convenient show of emotion.

Undeniably we are affected by these calm joys, these resigned sufferings. Besides, their colour is charming, most agreeable to the eye. They show consummate skill in composition and the far-extending landscapes are restful in the extreme. The first time you find yourself under the spell of this charm, you feel that you have found the unique master, such a hold it takes upon the feelings most easily moved. I still remember my enthusiasm at the time of my first visit to Perugia: after my return home, I could not tear myself away from the *Saint Sebastian* of the Louvre. The frescoes of the Cambio lived intensely in my memory. Now, as I call them to mind, after more thoughtful examination, I cannot but see that they have in them much that is conventional and dull. That Perugino was an artist of little faith, a jobber who exploited his popularity, would matter little to me, if he did not try to make me believe in him! The ill-will I bear him is for

having taken me, not by my lowest sentiments, certainly, but, at least, by the most superficial sentimentality and flattery. All these delicious heads end by importuning me to notice how alike they are. Sebastian or George, Peter or Jerome, Mary or Martha, it is always the same ecstasy. All the heads lean to one side, all the eyes are raised to heaven, all the mouths are half-open to sigh. The cooing is continuous; it is the simplest, most threadbare expression of mysticism. The attributes of one personage have nothing to distinguish it from another. It is impossible to differentiate the *Christ* from the *Baptist*. They speak of nothing but the same dream of paradise. They all think alike and of the same thing. Like little children at school, they all repeat together a lesson which they do not in the least understand. Their bodies are not bodies but manikins. No flesh palpitates under these garments, and when the flesh has no garments because it is being tortured, it is magnificent in line and velvet surface, it does not quiver under tongs and arrows. And what poverty, at bottom, is in the grouping of the figures! What did Giotto come into this world to do, if we must be dragged back by these

adorations, these annunciations, or these crucifixions into the old ternary formulæ of Margaritone and of Cimabue? The frescoes of the Cambio, with their repellent poverty of imagination, sum up the whole of Perugino. Think of the old Chamber of Commerce, and say what you can see of allegory on its walls. The *School of the Athenians* and the *Dispute* are the work of a pupil of Perugino who owed nothing to his master. Perugino was called upon to represent the cardinal virtues in their divers interpretations, symbolised by heroes and saints. He had all antiquity and Catholicism to draw upon in the celebration of Prudence, Justice, Valour, and Temperance. And behold this crowd of thin young men in helmets, clean and elegant, who line up, marching one after another, their heads those of youths in love, their action mawkish, their whole air sanctimonious. "His serious and empty face was that of a man whose ideas were few, conventional, and poor." Stendhal's phrase applies exactly to this Trajan, this Cocles, this Scipio, and this Cincinnatus, delicate youths all turned out on the same pattern, all wearing the same sort of helmets, all equally indifferent. I see their merit clearly enough: it is

suavity. But I do not see the merit which they should possess, that of personal heroes, instead of these copies of one model, and that model one which might serve in the representation of celestial attributes, perhaps, but not to portray qualities of distinctly human nature.

Do not say that Perugino made his own law by this excess which became a mannerism. Tiberio of Assisi, at Montefalco, and at the Portioncule, may follow the same process, Giancolo Manni at the Cambio, Berto di Giovanni, at the Pinacoteca, Andone Donni at San Pietro, may perpetuate it, but we have Raphael to say that it could be rejected. And if you raise the question of Sanzio's genius, there is Pinturicchio to attest that he did not find it necessary to be peculiar in order to remain honest and controlled. Lo Spagna, whom I shall see at Trevi and at Spoleto, will protest with the same virility. And, Umbria herself and Saint Francis protest, the one with her vigour, the other with his moral force.

Yesterday, at Foligno, I went into the Palazzo Trinci, called by the work of Ottaviano Nelli, the precursor. The fact is, if it is worth while to connect Perugini and his pupils with any of their

Umbrian ancestors, l'Alunno, Gentile Piero, Santi, himself, protest with all their firmness against this insipidity. On the other hand, even as Bernini is linked with Begarelli, Perugino is linked with Nelli. In his *Annunciation*, Nelli struck the note on which Perugino harped: Mary, in a highly decorated house, receives the visit of the angel who, before delivering his message, tranquilly seats himself opposite to her. . . . ! The *Annunciation* seated! Surely no one but an "Umbrian," to use the consecrated term, would have dared to invent that! All the nonchalance of Perugino is already in the attitude of this angel, who has given himself the trouble to take a seat and no doubt is waiting for Mary to offer him some refreshment.

The other day, at Urbino, I saw a picture of which I have a most vivid recollection, the *Supper* of Justus van Gent, a Flem'ng, of whose work that single painting is the only authentic specimen known. Nelli made an innovation, and it may be said that that is not a crime. But see how Justus made innovations; after the manner of Correggio, who made the Christ throw Himself before His

Mother in His eagerness to bring her into the glory of His Father! Rejecting all the conventions of the Supper, from which even Leonardo did not dare to free himself, Justus has overturned the traditional table of the sacred repast. The apostles are on their knees on the trodden earth. And, cibory in hand, Christ goes from one to another, leaning over them in a sublime generosity, to give them the celestial nourishment. That is the way to make an innovation. The way to ignore traditional conventions is after the manner, heroic and human, of a Correggio or a Justus.

The last proof as van Gent portrays it of the meekness of Him about to die, the supreme charity of One whose body was exhausted and ready to give up its work, that is what I call to mind beside this seated *Annunciation* by Nelli. Comparing the two, I ask myself, where is the strength, where is the sublime, and simply, where is the ideal truth? Justus has raised his Christ, he has laid Him down. That is the Christ of Francis of Assisi. He shines over the whole of this noble and fertile country of this Umbria, which guards him jealously among the mountains of

Urbino. Perugino and his pupils are the corrupt fruit of this vigorous land. They cannot delight us in it—they end by disgusting us with it.

XV

FROM THE VESTIARIUS TO CARDUCCI

Spoleto

HAT grave have I come to lie in?

Since leaving Foligno I have been walking in the spring freshness, among shoots bursting with green, by the full brooks and crystal springs at which Pliny marvelled long ago, where willow and poplars cast the shadow of their silvered silhouettes to the very beds of the transparent waters; I have been playing with the infancy of things, inanimate, yet so moving in their joyous new birth.

"From the mountains crowned with sombre beeches, murmuring as they sway in the wind, from the mountain whence the breeze carries the odour of the sage and the wild thyme, so far the

flocks still come down to thee in the damp evenings, O Clitumnus; the young Umbrian still bathes his gentle sheep in thy waves. . . ."

Carducci could sing of these life-giving springs and their shadows after the paternal model. The temple which, from its rocky heights, presides over the visits of the poets, may be Christian to the savants, but it is pagan to us. Its portico above the bubbling spring waters still inspires poets to chant the strophes of the gods.

"Hail, O green Umbria! And thou, O divinity of the limpid spring, O Clitumnus! I feel the spirit of the ancient *patria* thrilling in my heart, and the gods of Italy looking down upon my fevered brow."

Whoever leans over this shining mirror is prey to the same thrill, and feels the same soft airs upon his head. The landscapes of Nicolas Poussin, with their rushing streams and crumbling pediments, have the same profound charm. Lord Byron brought Childe Harold here. From Virgil to Carducci the ancient *patria* has been reborn again and again, always in her verdure, always fresh, always like that of old. The same god, Father Clitumnus, speaks through every voice. With a

heart less lyric, perhaps, but nourished by the same Latin virtue, I, too, delight to breathe upon the borders of these limpid waters, to receive the caress of the gay sun through the scarcely leafing branches, to live in the company of the poets of all ages. To-day, as formerly, everything proclaims the young beauty of the old earth, the eternal vigour, the life that unwilling to die, reawakens every April. Why is Spoleto, at the end of this new-born road, a tomb in which I do not wish to lie?

I do not wish to die in solitude or in gloom. Trevi, on its pointed rock, a bird on the nest which lets itself be picked up by the wing, should have sufficed for the postscript to my study of Umbria. Yet Lo Spagna has his claim. Even for his sake, how can I endure for two nights the oppression of this gloomy city! Probably this sad Spoleto is no older than the countryside where I have just been watching the gambols of the flocks of Melibœus, but her unchanging old age too brutally humbles our human weakness before the youth of the earth. She makes one discouraged with life, whereas, among the young elms one does not feel the decay which is dragging

us down every hour. If we, too, cannot be born again with the spring, at least, let us love with renewed strength all those things which do renew their life!

As I walk through the ruined and abandoned streets of this city, I am thinking of running away, when the sound of strident music falls upon my ear. What a procession! Files of musicians march about everywhere with banners, white plumes, and pointed brass instruments. They go up and down the steep side of the mountain, from which Spoleto jealously watches Umbria; they tramp all over the town in commemoration of a vain awakening. I have come to Spoleto on a memorable day. It is the 29th of April; Italy celebrates the taking of Rome by Garibaldi. She feels her brow touched by those gods of Italy whom Carducci saw rising among the willows by the Clitumnus. He always sang of the reborn *patria:*

"O, valorous rebel of Aspromonte! O, superb avenger of Montana! Come, mount to the Capitol, and recount to Camilla the noble deeds of Palermo and of Rome. . . . O, our father, glory to thee! The frightful trembling of Ætna, the terrible storms of the Alps, are the raging of

thy lion heart against the barbarians and the tyrants."

While the procession lays wreaths and flags before a bust raised in the middle of a grass-plot, I approach, and read the inscription in honour of a native of Spoleto. Soldier, legislator, historian, he was; but, before all other titles inscribed upon the stone, is that of Conspirator, which commends him to glory and love. What a stigma! The grandest merit for an Italian is to be a conspirator. This man was a conspirator, he is immortal. All Italy is here characterised, wide-awake, unassailable, and unforgetting. What was I doing to think about death! Spoleto, abandoned as she is, cherishes the thought of the country as it should be at last. The breeze, charged with the perfumes of willows and thyme, comes up the valley, They bring the remembrance of other noble deeds which prepared Italy for the present condition, and, their coming to join in the present celebration, lends a fresh radiance to the cadaverous city. I am going to try to see if I can, without nausea, push open the door of the sepulchre, and count the heroic bones with which this rejuvenated rock abounds.

Spoleto is as high as Perugia. Like Perugia, she contemplates a vast landscape at her feet. Yet Spoleto without the brass band is sinister. She rises in stories up the flank of the mountain, which the citadel alone crowns, and which is itself crushed by Monte Luco, heavy with its scrub-oaks. Spoleto carries the weight of two great rocks, one built by man, the other modelled by God. She stoops, and crouches in a heap, as if ashamed. Eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea, she is buried under the twenty-eight hundred feet of the Rocca and the five thousand of Luco. Seated upon the chain of the Apennines which separates her from the Roman cradle, she faces the green Umbria, but does not look at it from any terrace. And her streets, indifferent to the spectacle, think of nothing but climbing, heads down. A long serpent bending upon itself twenty times, shrinking into its coils in fear of slipping from the rock where it has chosen to lie, begins at the lower gate, and extends to the foot of the Rocca. It winds about the smooth, impenetrable walls, seems to strangle itself between the overhanging gables, and runs along by the houses, whose first door opens on the ground floor, and the second, at the other end of

the building, upon the second floor. Sometimes this serpent entirely encircles a church or a ruin, then, after having straightened out a few knots to form the Corso, or main street, starts off for the Rocca, wound together, in tighter coils than ever. From time to time, a little black alley detaches itself. I enter one of them which seems to me particularly foreboding. A house with blinds shut, and with a narrow door, seems to have something human about it. Two brass plates fixed into the wall state: "1st floor, Countess X; 2d floor, Colonel Z." This street is not one of which to be ashamed then. On the contrary, it is the residence of the best people. It goes on with a polished pavement which no one seems to use, and soon gives up waiting for a vanished people before an impracticable flight of steps, which lead to the inaccessible heights of the cellular Rocca. Like that, the steps are repulsive. There are cats in the street, but no people. It is desolation itself. The Countess stays at home, and the Colonel prefers barracks. In the Corso, just now, there were exactly three persons. Two cafés open their pretentious glass doors, but they are shut, since they are not used, at seven in the evening. The rough

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"From Monte Luco, the view of the Rocca, Spoleto, and the vast landscape at her feet"

climb, to which I set myself, fails to warm my blood. I feel like an intruder; as if I had accidentally come to visit a dying person. Happily the patriotic discord of the band blares on to give me confidence.

Cheered up once more, I plunged into the cellars. Spoleto is built upon ruins, whose burial she does her best to insure. Her funereal instinct makes her exaggerate that precept of Didron, so thoroughly despised by his pupil, Viollet-le-Duc: "In the case of ancient monuments, it is better to consolidate than to repair, better to repair than to restore, better to restore than to embellish; in any case they should never be added to, nor cut away." Spoleto counts upon the dust of the centuries for the consolidation. She confines her zeal to lighting them. An entire electric-light apparatus circulates under the mountain. At the bottom, near the door, one is shown an old bridge, whose piles are tumbling down the whole breadth of a cistern. Above, a square is occupied by a semicircle with a theatre fallen into it. In the Via de l'Arco is an arch raised by Drusus, the son of Germanicus. But, to pass under this arch to-day, one must almost stoop. The bosses are

under the ground. They can be seen by entering a church standing beside them, where a sacristan leads you under the altars to a crypt which was an ancient temple. A Christian church upon a pagan temple is a beautiful synthesis. Under an economical glimmer of Edison lamps, some shafts of columns show their ancient flutings, disgusting with impalpable dust. How proud they must have been under the rays of the sun—which they will never see again! It makes one sad to see them, cut as they are for the kisses of the ardent star, not for eternal night. You pity them as if they were human beings, as in the mines you pity the horses which are never taken up to the light of day. Where are the pick-axes! Who will free these columns and this pillar of Drusus, and give back her legitimate light to the city from which Marius defied Sylla? Didron, who was opposed to reparation, would find consolidation here, in all the former aspect, the bold temple, well lighted in its day, the arch without trace of heaviness, the "sanguinary" bridge. In spite of their ruined state, if these remains were freed of all which shuts them away from the light of day, they would have more life than the wretched

buildings of yesterday of which they are the pitiable victims.

The last mass of debris is under the terrace of the Palazzo Pubblico, the latter repaired and even, O Didron, restored! It is said to be the house of Vespasia Polla, the mother of Vespasian. It is one great room, lighted by air-holes, a well-paved wine-cellar. In a crack a little pool has formed, and, in a small clearing under the foundations of the palace, you are shown the place where some ancient carved wall-casing was discovered. The custodian turns the rays of an electric lamp into every corner, throwing light on Roman history in the most lugubrious manner conceivable. . . .

Coming out of the vestibule of the Palazzo Pubblico, I turned toward the Duomo. One must go down to it. The little square where it rises, looks like the bottom of a cistern. The street rushes down upon it, lined with tall houses,—one of which is covered with amusing graphite decorations,—which accentuate the rapid descent. The square appears to have no escape, neither to the right nor to the left, not yet up to where the Rocca is on guard. From above, it seems to be seen through an opera-glass, a cathedral in a stereo-

scope. The Roman façade, thanks to the refuge it affords the eye, has more charm than one would expect from severe art. Besides, the Renaissance portal helps it to smile and so do the little pulpits flanking it. Bernini deigned to do over the interior. That baroque insults the work of Filippo Lippo, his celebrated frescoes of the *Life of the Virgin*, as well as his tomb. Before them, I soon forgot the detestable art of the Neapolitan. My freshest memories of Tuscany assail me. Again I see Prato, so gay, so pleasant. Again I see those frescoes in the cathedral in which Fra Filippo gave to painting its definite flight. I still hear the Homeric laugh of old Cosimo dei Medici when he was told how the Chaplain Lippi had carried off Lucrezia and Spinetta Butti, the two nuns who had been his models. I think of the wise Piero, Cosimo's son, who arranged to have the order for these frescoes given to the ardent and always young Carmelite. But it was to die that Filippo came here, accompanied by the faithful Lucrezia and their son Filippino, and by the devoted Fra Diamante, his inseparable helper, to recover whom he had refused to finish the frescoes well under way at Prato. Now, under my eyes,—which have

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"One looks down on a little square, which is like the bottom of a cistern, to the Roman façade of the Duomo, whose Renaissance porch and the little pulpits flanking it, help it to smile"

desired to see it ever since those far-off days when I began to see visions of Italy,—lies the proud epitaph written by Poliziano for the marble raised by Filippino to his father, and of which Lorenzo dei Medici from artistic and filial piety assumed the expense.

When death overtook Filippo, the incorrigible lover no longer had any youth except in his heart. At sixty-three years of age he drank the poison prepared for him by a jealous husband, a Spoletan blockhead in whom his town must have inspired disdain of all vanity. Filippo had always refused to marry Lucrezia in the face of all pontifical dispensations. He felt that he must be free, and he kept himself so much so that he met his death thereby. The frescoes of Spoleto seem to show the effect of this anxiety to be free, which had become a little morbid in the old lover. And did Fra Diamante's hand, in finishing them, give them the heaviness of which they show so much? Undoubtedly, I see and admire in them, as in the work, at Prato, the realistic purpose and the inspiration drawn from life, but those qualities are less striking here than at Prato and that, too, after so many years of practice and of freedom in

art, born of his own personal liberation. The *Death of the Virgin*, especially, is sublime in truth and in audacity. Only Filippo, the disfrocked monk, would dare to thus combine profound piety and the love of reality. He never was satisfied with forms, the old wanton, and up to his last days his practical and naturalistic temperament is plainly to be seen. But all of that, beautiful as it is in certain portions of the work, lacks the fire of conviction. It is no fairer to ask of Filippino than of Perugino to feel in the bottom of his heart the sentiments which he expresses. But, it is legitimate to demand of him, of Perugino, and of all artists, that at least they feel what they express at the moment of expression.

This emotion, passing but essential, I find in Giovanni di Pietro, called Lo Spagna. If my severity against the Umbrians should ever need to be further legitimatised, he would fulfil the need in the steadfast example he furnishes of what this school would have been had it not fallen foul of the fatal career of "fashionable" painting, which was the perdition of Perugino. Lo Spagno kept on a par with Bonfiglio, who also was so firm in his gentleness, like Umbria. He, with Pinturicchio,

was the pupil of Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, from whom he inherited, through Verrocchio and Benozzo, the strong Florentine tradition. In the gallery of Spoleto, he triumphs as fully as at Trevi, where I feared his charm without comparison. Giovanni di Pietro has quite as much graceful beauty as the most drooping Perugino; and his white manner is, besides, of an exquisite smoothness. Against a background of milk, his pink flesh, fully alive, takes without the slightest mannerism the most appealing poses. This face of the Virgin already foretells the ideal humanity of Correggio, and this Saint Francis contains all the psychological penetration of any one of the Florentines. One feels the muscular body under the harmonious folds of these garments. The Saint Catherine, Saint Cecelia, Saint Anthony, and Saint James, are figures of great character; real personalities. Each stands out from the others, glowing but intact. Lo Spagna, the friend of Raphael, detached himself from the school also, and both of them show us the mistake Perugino committed in making the Umbrian art insipid. Lo Spagna is such a supreme light at Spoleto that he lingers in my memory as a sort of reparation for the weakness

of those others whom he had the wisdom not to follow.

The great rock of the Rocca commands the city, and reigns over the country. I leave the town to walk around it, and I come upon the radiant landscape which no doubt saves the old city from being absolutely abandoned, perhaps even makes it pleasant to live in. I have not yet seen in Italy, even in Tuscany, about Florence, any other such magnificent bits of country so close to a city. The relics of Spoleto are encased in a sumptuous shrine.

The Rocca is enthroned behind Spoleto, and, behind the Rocca, a ravine, more than a ravine, a deep gorge, separates the city and her citadel from the mountains. On one side, Umbria stretches out to the bluish line of Perugia, this landscape of sweet strength in which I have just been living some unforgettable days. On the other side, between the city and the Rocca and Monte Luco, lie fantastic orchards, gardens of Armide, woods of Castaly, sheltering their loveliness in a hollow two hundred and fifty feet deep, where the Topino flows to make them fruitful. Above them, the leafy mass of the hills, hanging from the citadel, imposes its fresh and friendly majesty, the un-

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The great rock of the Rocca commands the city from behind . . . and behind the Rocca a deep gorge separates it from Monte Luco . . . spanned by a viaduct"

dulating lines throwing a play of lights and shadows which vary according to the variety of the trees. A viaduct connects the town with Monte Luco, and ends, among the trees, in a slender tower invaded by vegetation. Here and there I see the *campanile* of a hermitage, a hamlet, a villa. The road twists and turns as that of a carefully laid-out park. At moments, I think I am on some road in Auvergne, winding along with the bed of a torrent. Situated within the elbow made by the Umbrian plain as it now turns toward the west, Spoleto reaches out her flowery arms as if she wished to embrace all Italy—which she barely missed doing in the time of the Dukes who built the first Rocca, in the time of Lucrezia Borgia who lived here, for pious meditation, between two husbands.

So I strolled about Spoleto on the mountains crowding around her. This wonderfully fresh landscape alone is worth the halt which Filippo Lippi and Lo Spagna called upon me to make here. The contrast between Spoleto and the surrounding country is striking. Such poverty in the midst of such riches! So much decay surrounded by wonderful nature, flooded with light and covered

with flowers. I extend my stroll as far as the steps of San Pietro to put off encountering the dirty hovels awaiting me in the town. Why not pass the night on these stones, watched over by the saints of the portal? Why should I not go and ask shelter of San Paolo under its oaks, or of the hermit who will soon ring his bell on the height of San Giuliano?

I had walked a long time and night was falling when I left the ruin of the Crufisso. The ruin? The ruins rather, two in one, and one in two. Temple and church at the same time, the one utilised by the other, and both of them falling to pieces. The temple shows the better resistance of the two, but, it is surrounded with so much which is sinking and crumbling that it seems to be nothing now but a frame. Here stand more than thirty Doric columns of considerable size. Before them a façade done over in the fourth century. Above them opens an apse; and over them rises a dome. The whole, one would say, had been devastated by a volcanic convulsion. The remains of the wreck tumble together, pagan and Christian, vaulting falling in upon breaking Greek capitals, ogees propping themselves against a triglyph with-

out lines, the pillars shaking the dome, wanting no more of its insults; and there are props, scaffolding, gaping holes, and fragments of debris everywhere entangling all ages! They have undertaken the restoration of this wonder, whose equal in horrible and sublime disaster will never be found. Here indeed Didron appears to have been a man of great wisdom, and yet not wise enough. Before this extraordinary mixture and this incomparable ruin, one would like to simplify his precept to: in the case of ancient monuments, they should not even be consolidated.

Seated on a low wall, on the edge of the road, I have waited until the night fell. I have seen the city slowly wrap herself in a mauve mist, and disappear in the twilight. Alone, up above, the Rocca still shines vigilant and serene. Under its shelter, trusting myself to its eye long experienced in watchfulness, I have let the shadows fall about me, and memories take possession of me. Spoleto was the scene of the least known and the least credible events, not only of the history of the papacy, but perhaps of all history. The chaos of them is bewildering. One cannot believe his own

eyes in reading the accounts of them scattered through twenty works. It seems as if one were reading of things which never really took place,—impossible things, nightmares. Now, at the foot of Spoleto, I should like to bring a little order out of that chaos, making of it a sort of summing up of my recollections, perhaps to bring some light on the events into my mind, which is still troubled by the mass and the madness of it all.

Spoleto was the centre, and the principal seat, of the feudal papacy, which we have been taking so much trouble to understand. Between Charlemagne and Gregory VII. the papacy underwent the common experience. Having become a temporal power, thanks to the gifts of Pepin and of Charles, it imitated the other Powers of its time, and sought to make a place for itself among the nations of Europe. As such, it wished to become a realm based upon the prestige of Italy. Naturally it became at once the prey of the powerful families of the peninsula, each one wishing to draw the popular aspirations into separate channels for its own profit. The Dukes of Spoleto played an important part in these dynastic conflicts. It was they who made the spiritual, Catholic papacy run

into the greatest dangers, by straining to transform it into an hereditary fief. The Church of Rome in those days was frequently governed by women of genius who, in the name of Christ and of old Rome, attempted the union which Cæsar Borgia, later, was on the point of realising, and, which, at length, was formed,—but against the papacy and decidedly rebellious against absorption,—by other dukes, German dukes, who were scarcely visible as the little Counts of Savoy when Gregory VII. appeared.

If one wishes to see light in this confused history, he must set up some sign-posts, notwithstanding the fatal want of precision in the distances separating them. France and Germany were made at the expense of the Carlovingian Empire. Italy was a part of that Empire, and, like her transalpine sisters, wished to make a nation of herself. It took her longer to do so, as she was coveted by the others, both because she leaned upon the Church, which claimed Italy and the entire Christian world, and because there was in her a mixture of temporal and of spiritual interests which restrained while, at the same time, it excited the covetousness and which gave to Rome not

only a realm, but a universal supremacy, in which, however, the struggle reduced itself to this: what family should be queen, who should be pope? From the ninth to the eleventh century the papacy was purely and strictly a fief, precisely like the French or German provinces, and disputed by different families. These families were necessarily led to dispute the throne of Saint Peter, since it was that which would assure to them the Domain, and all the lustre that shone from it. The Pope became nothing but a noble, the agent of a coterie. When it was possible for a pope fourteen years old to be seated on the throne by a woman who already had placed her lover on that throne, we must admit that he who called himself the representative of God upon earth usurped the title, and represented nothing but family and personal interests.

Charlemagne had only one idea in endowing the Pope: to endow himself. He made the Pope a baron to govern in his place. He thus had an agent at Rome who kept an eye on the sacred elect, and the sacred elect had to please the Imperial legate, who, in case of need, knew how to make them docile. Hence the necessity for the

Emperor, that is to say, for his agent, to fortify the aristocratic families of the city and surrounding country; so that if, some day, the Pope should turn against the Emperor, they might help the Pontiff to free himself. The strength of these families might be considerable some time when the Emperor would no longer be Charlemagne, but a Charles the Bald, or a Charles the Fat, or Carloman, or neither one nor the other, when, in fact there should be an Emperor only in name, when the Germanic Empire should cease to exist. Then, the Italian nobles, who had been installed in Italy long ages before by the Franks who drove out the Lombards, would then ask in what were they inferior to the Frank and Germanic marionettes. They would aspire to empire, and, having the papacy under their hands and in their hands, they would make use of it. Their support would be necessary for the election of the Pope, and, if he did not please them, they could turn him out. They made up their minds that the papacy ought to please them, then that it ought to favour them, and at length that it ought to belong to them.

The Dukes of Spoleto came from Brittany, where they governed in the name of Charlemagne,

and replaced the Lombard dukes whose daughters they married. The old heritage of Aistulf and Desiderio or Didier was the base of their conception of the pontificate. And, after that impulse to form a native kingdom around Berengario, and after the restless barons had become dissatisfied with the King they had made for themselves, the champions of their unrest were Guido and Lamberto of Spoleto. They were two brothers, sons of the old Guido, the son of the first Lambert, who came from Brittany into Italy in the time of the Emperor Lothaire. These brothers were the very expression of the French feudalism against the popular Italian emancipation. The nearness of their city to Rome, which was almost within their grasp, and which they coveted fatally, gave them lustre and power.

The struggle between the heirs of Charlemagne aided them miraculously. Charles the Bald and Louis the Germanic disputed Italy. Rome acclaimed the Bald. He hastened to have that acclamation confirmed by Guido and Lamberto, giving them Spoleto again, which Louis II. had taken from them. Strong in their Imperial title[1]

[1] Their father Guido had borne the title of Emperor.—H. G.

from the height of their fief of Empire, Guido and Lamberto attacked the Pope, who was, they declared, but their steward, subject to their dismissal. They looked upon the seat of the pontificate as not differing greatly from their own; it was an Imperial fief, therefore belonging to him who was the most worthy, that was, the strongest. The Emperor, whoever he might be, would recognise the possessor, if he paid well. Pope John VIII. called the Emperor to his aid. That part of his court which was feudal in sentiment abandoned him, and rallied at Spoleto around Guido and Lamberto. Formosus was among them. In 884 there remained but two descendants of the Carlovingian family: Charles the Simple, aged four years, in France, and Charles the Fat, in Germany. That was all the support the Pope had against the feudal barons who wished to unite his Domain, which was considerable, with their fief, which was nominal. It was always the kingdom, unity, which was sought for.

It was divined, that Charles the Fat wanted nothing more than to confide the care of the Pope to the masters of Spoleto. The wolf and the lamb came to terms. Charles took the title of King of

Italy. He was promised a subsidy. It was not the time to raise difficulties. Matters did not drag. John VIII. was soon poisoned and knocked on the head at the same time to make assurance doubly sure, and the fugitives at Spoleto, Formosus at their head, re-entered Rome, where they installed themselves, all resuming their lucrative functions, with one of their number as pope, Marinus I., who was soon succeeded by another, Hadrian III. and then another Stephen VI.

Each one was pledged. The Dukes of Spoleto were their secular masters, they were the arms. The arms were so long that Stephen crowned Guido, heir of Guido and Lamberto Emperor, in spite of the existence of Arnulf, the successor of Charles the Fat. Later Guido's son, Lamberto, likewise, was crowned—by Formosus, who had secretly implored Arnulf to come and deliver him—from whom? From the threatening Saracens? No, from the Spoletans. The papacy had returned to the times of Pepin and of Desiderio. Formosus, Arnulf, and Guido but stood in the places of Stephen II., Pepin, and Aistulf. The names were changed, the situation was the same.

But, the situation was this much the worse for

the papacy, in that no Charlemagne appeared on the horizon. Arnulf came down, however, arrived in Rome, where Formosus crowned him, then marched upon Spoleto. Lamberto, and his mother Agiltrude, waited for him on the heights of the Rocca. But, like his father Carloman, Arnulf was seized with paralysis on the road. Little more than a corpse, he was carried back to Germany. Formosus died of the shock. He was succeeded by Stephen VII., Lamberto marched upon Rome, and instituted a process against Formosus over his disinterred body which was soon thrown into the Tiber. Spoleto, then, was absolute mistress of the papacy. Theodorus II. tried to make some reparation to the memory of Formosus, and was assassinated at the end of twenty days. Two popes having been elected to succeed him, Lamberto interpreted that election as giving him the right of selection and installed John IX. The papacy had called the Franks to deliver it from the Lombards. The Franks had taken possession of it, but there was no longer an Emperor to deliver it from the Franks! There was to be one, in time, but he would replace the Franks and make himself Pope.

Before those still gloomier days arrived, John IX. was replaced by Benedict IV. Since there no longer was an Emperor to turn to, the Pope looked about for some other support. He found it in the Roman aristocracy, who following the general Italian movement, wished to make themselves independent, and to liberate Rome from feudal subjection. Just as Northern Italy struggled against Berengario, so Rome entered into resistance against the Dukes of Spoleto. That was the first indication of the seigniorial movement of which I saw the full power and the end at Mantua. While Lamberto and Berengario disputed who should create the united Italy, Rome attempted to inaugurate her municipal independence. Not wishing to be a fief of the Lamberto family, she made herself a fief of the Roman family of Theophylactus.

Theophylactus was the principal functionary of the pontifical court. He was Vestiarius, that is to say, chief of the treasury. He was the administrator of the funds of the Church; master, therefore. He was Duke and Magister Militum the sole Consul, the sole Senator, consequently chief also. He kept these facts in evidence.

Benedict IV. reigned three years, and died in 903. After two attempts at filling the papacy which did not suit Theophylactus, Sergius III. was named. He, it happened, had for his mistress, Marozia, the daughter of Theophylactus. In spite of the difference of thirty years in their ages, Sergius and Marozia had a son who soon became Pope John XI. Let us not dwell upon the social significance of these details, which are only revolting if we consider the papacy, not as what it had become in the hands of the men of the tenth century, but according to the ideal of what it should be, and by what the progress of customs would permit it to become. The powerful Duke of Spoleto dead—we shall soon hear of his descendants—the papacy, precisely like the cities which gave themselves to the feudal bishops to escape the oppressive king, became an aristocratic Roman fief. Rome entered into the autonomic movement of the cities: neither Lamberto, nor Berengario, nor a German, but a Roman would she have! And that Roman was Theophylactus, and beside him, taking first place, even before his wife Theodora, stood his daughter Marozia.

Sergius III., her lover, lived seven years. After

him, Anastasius III. was Pope for two years, then Landonius for six months. After him, came John X., who owed his promotion to his mistress, Theodora, the wife of Theophylactus. John X. was a valiant warrior. The Saracens threatened Rome, consequently the papal family. John X. marched against them, and delivered Italy from them. He did not accomplish that task single-handed. He was aided by Alberico, Marchese di Toscana. And, when it was done, it was necessary to satisfy and annihilate the Marquis, for he was a powerful man. He had assassinated Guido, last descendant of the Dukes of Spoleto, and had taken possession of that duchy. He was given, for his wife, Marozia, the "widow" of Sergius III., the daughter of Theodora and Theophylactus, the mother of Pope John XI. that was to be. In 924, Berengario being dead, Alberico became completely independent and master of a considerable territory—to which his marriage added the papacy, since the Pope was the lover of his mother-in-law.

At length, Pope John X. found the subjection of his condition becoming painful. He tried to shake t off by means of families who were rivals of the Theophylactus family. In 928, Marozia

had him assassinated. In his place, she named two popes, who turned out unsatisfactory, and becoming impatient, she placed upon the chair of Saint Peter her own son, aged fourteen years, Pope John XI. In the meantime, Alberico died. Marozia was not baffled. She offered her hand and her domains to Hugues de Provence, in the North, who was trying to succeed Berengario. If Hugues carried out his plans, Italy would be united. But Alberico of Tuscany and Spoleto had had a son by Marozia. His name also was Alberico, and he disputed the rights of his mother's second husband and of his half-brother, the Pope, and son of a Pope, to the crown, soon to become royal, and to the pontifical power. He laid siege to the Castle Saint Angelo. Hugues escaped. For twenty years Alberico was absolute master. He named the popes, who exercised exactly the power our kings once exercised under the *maires du palais*. He dominated Italy almost completely, driving out Hugues forever, and, at length, forbidding the Emperor Otho I. from coming to Rome after his first descent in 951.

That which Cæsar Borgia attempted later, Alberico tried to accomplish at this time. He

wished to create a Roman dynasty, royal and Italian. The grandson of Theophylactus, heir of the marquises of Tuscany, the dukes of Spoleto, of a pope, and half-brother of the latter, Alberico made a great effort by a modernised government, and wise, to set up a dynasty. He sought to strengthen himself in arranging his marriage with the daughter of the Greek Emperor, as did Charlemagne, and in offering a daughter of Marozia, his sister, to the son of that Emperor. He may even believe that he might have been able to carry out reforms in the Church, such as Hildebrand afterward realised, since he conferred with Odon, Abbot of Cluny. But he had not time to do that. He died in 945, but in making his adherents swear that on the death of Pope Agapetus II., they would nominate his son Octavio. And, that was done the following year in the installation of John XII. The blow was struck, realising precisely that which Cæsar Borgia wished to realise at a later epoch: The fusion of papacy and royalty, the pontifical power becoming purely national, laic, and dynastic.

What might not have happened if John XII. had been worthy of his good fortune, as Cæsar

was, yet betrayed by her? One may conjecture, perhaps, that a pope less debauched would not have obtained more than John XII. obtained. No doubt Otho I. would have come down just the same, called by the cities against the realm, and he would have been none the less certain to enter Rome and depose the Roman Pope, whose power had become dangerous, and install in his place a pope of Germanic sympathies as he did in Leo VIII. But Leo was soon replaced, on the Emperor's order, too, by John XIII., who was a son of a sister of Marozia, consequently grandson of Theophylactus, and cousin of Alberico. The papacy still remained in the family. With or without the Emperor, it was still dynastic. In 972 John XIII. died. Benedict VI. was named by the Emperor who died in his turn. Profiting by the interregnum upon the death of Otho II., a certain Crescenzio, brother of John XII., and of course son of Alberico and grandson of Theophylactus, deposed Benedict, and strangled him. The family fought with the Emperor, using popes for weapons. In 996, Otho III. came down into Italy, and forced upon Crescenzio his own popes, John XV. and later Gregory V., son of the Duke of Carinthia.

The latter was the first pope who was not an Italian. Otho III. had scarcely turned his back, when Crescenzio deposed Gregory, and put John XVI. on the throne. In 998, Otho returned. John XVI. fled, was caught, mutilated, and driven out. Crescenzio was beheaded, and, the following year, the Frenchman Gerbert was appointed Pope by the Emperor under the name of Sylvester II. A riot, led by Giovanni Crescenzio, son of the other, drove out both the Pope and the Emperor, who died at Ravenna. In 1003, Sylvester returned to die in Rome, and Giovanni Crescenzio named three popes, one after another, until he found it simpler to nominate himself. The family of Alberico was numerous. It had one branch called the Counts of Tusculum. On the death of Giovanni Crescenzio, that branch of the family took up the reins of power, and the son of the Count of Tusculum became Pope under the name of Benedict VIII. The Emperor Henry II. recognised him, and had himself crowned by him. Thus was the family of Theophylactus and Alberico, Marchese di Toscana and Duca di Spoleto, again in direct possession of the pontificate. It finished by appointing Gregorio, the

oldest son of the family, a Consul, while the second son was made Pope. That was Benedict IX. He was twelve years old. Those fine times of John XII. returned, and held sway until the day when Benedict IX., who had declared that he wished to marry, was driven out of Rome by a riot. He sold his place to Gregory VI. who drew Hildebrand from his convent, making him his chaplain and counsellor.

It was time for the change. At Piacenza, I saw the profound social reasons for a cure of the pontifical health. In 1073, Gregory VII. was elected Pope. The times he had so laboriously prepared under eight popes named, by the Emperor nominally, but really by his own influence and authority, were realised at length; the times which saw the Renaissance of the Church. Could she have fallen lower? Benedict IX., in wishing to marry, was logical at least. The ambition of the Theophylactus family would have been attained by an hereditary papacy, which would have become a kingdom, like any other kingdom, a beautiful Italian kingdom. And what would have become of her religion? It is easy to think. Hildebrand saved the faith and lost the kingdom which, after

him, never could be formed, in spite of the most brilliant successes and passing triumphs,

To one who, sitting at the foot of this Rocca of Spoleto, sees the two efforts to transform the papacy into an Italian monarchy, one in the time of these dukes, the other in the time of Alexander VI. Borgia, the striking feature of the whole history is the depths to which this ambition had caused the fall of the throne of Saint Peter, to the seat of a Sergius III., installed by his mistress, to a twelve-year-old Benedict who wanted to marry, and, at length, to the Emperor's nomination of the popes like simple prefects. The papacy's call to the Franks had led to that. It makes you wonder if the Lombard Kingdom, so desirous of making itself welcome, would not have done better. All in all, it was a hundred and fifty years that the Holy See remained the property of one family, the family of Theophylactus and of Marozia.

Such is the mad history that the Rocca and Spoleto recall to my mind. At its voice, the dead city rises in the night. Graves yawn, and, in the mist which spreads over the Umbrian plain, come forth all these dead, execrable, and magnificent in their villainy and passions. Their phantoms

rise slowly toward the old citadel, built by Albornoz in the place of their own. They look below at the luxuriant country, which made their wealth. They look at the city where they will meet again. Under the moon which the Giuliano renounced in order to keep his bed the longer. Theophylactus, the old Vestiarius, stretches out his arms, and curses his children who lacked by little the genius to be reigning over Italy to-day. John and Benedict sneer at the voice of the old man, while Marozia covers her face. The vision lingers with me as I remount the hillside toward the city. It will make the night gloomy, appropriate to Spoleto, at any rate, when the music of the Unionists drives away the ghosts and tells them what some small counts who came down with Otho III., the lords of Savoy, descendants of Berold the Saxon, have been able to accomplish by following a simple line of conduct. That wreath twined by the Graces, which Carducci placed upon the brow of Queen Margherita, the poet of the Clitumnus and of Garibaldi, might have had to offer to Marozia.

XVI

LET THE FLOODS COME

Terni

HE valley of the Teverone is separated from the valley of the Nera by a chain of the Apennines which is soon crossed by the railroad after leaving Spoleto. First lifted high above the Umbrian plain, we are next plunged into a tunnel, and then brought out along the embankment of a torrent which we follow obediently. Situated at the foot of the western watershed of these mountains, Terni is a great city, peopled by the steel-workers of the State: the Italian Creuzot. To-day this industrial centre is like a city of the dead. The workmen have been on strike for two months, factories are shut, thestreets are deserted. The place is animated only by soldiers, playing base to relieve the monotony of their sentry duty which, thus

far, has been disturbed by no violence. All around the factories, we see nothing but their peaceful games. The iron gates are open, and the decorated lintels of the superintendents' pavilion show that there has been no trampling over the property. The Italian has waited many centuries for his political autonomy. Every day he endures the most incredible delays and inconveniences in all the public services, and, year after year, he awaits the adjustment of his social claims, always with the same patience and confidence. Sober, ignorant of domestic comfort, living in the open air, never intoxicated by anything but the sun, he does not suffer much from his patient character. The workmen are the least of the victims when the factories of Terni stand still. If ever the industrial organisation of our times should be overturned by systematised acts of resistance, no country would be more profoundly affected than this one, whose workmen are so calm, so frugal, so little anxious about the future, that they are passing the steel-works at this moment without even turning their heads. The passionate enthusiasm of the Italians has been concentrated for centuries on national independence and liberty of conscience.

For those idols only are they capable of going to extremes. For everything else, they wait, strengthened by their patience and their sobriety.

So, the Terni that I see, with the silent avenues and the lifeless buildings, is not at all the city that I ought to see. Even the tramway which should have taken me to the falls is no longer running. But, from the picturesque and the sentimental points of view, is it not rather good fortune which makes me wait here between two trains at the time of this strike? When I was speaking of my intention to make a pilgrimage in the memory of Châteaubriand to the Falls of Terni, a sensitive Italian lady said to me:

"Do not go to Terni! You will suffer too much from the manufactories which have dishonoured the cascades."

She did not foresee this strike which gives back almost all of the old charm to the landscape about the falls. The works still hang on the face of the rocks. The great water-conduits still wind about at the bottom of the torrent, but nothing animates the great buildings: no steam, no puffing, no smoke, nor yet even a man. The *vetturino* who has brought me drives about among the sort of

ruins which do not mar the landscape. Nothing prevents me from seeing an old burg, which the gorge justifies, in these walls clinging to the sheer mountains, and an ancient aqueduct, which the city legitimises, in these conduits. Death levels everything, and the ruins of a saw-mill, the moment they are quiet, fit into the beauty of the green oaks as well as an old castle. It is men who, in the words of my gentle lady, "dishonour" the landscape. Their disrespectful activity alone is polluting. It seems as if the things of nature have an understanding among themselves against us, and that they begin to cover up all traces of us as soon as our backs are turned.

I have found it easy to subtract the blemishes, thanks to the absence of my kind, and the valley of the Nera spreads out under my eyes, as solitary as it was a hundred years ago, when Châteaubriand brought the dying Pauline here. On each side of the torrent, the mountains rise perpendicular, covered with oaks, with pines, and with young elms. Far above, the course of the stream is reflected in the gleam of a narrow band of sky, cut in festoons by the points of the leaves. From time to time, we come to a hollow, around which the

waters and the road turn; an excavation telling of a little torrent whose dry bed is soon crossed. The Nera, which comes from the Sibillone Mountains, soon rushes upon the Apennines, and cuts a passage through them. The gorge looks as if it had been hacked open by an axe, or by the explosion of a mine. The seductive Tiber calls the amorous Nera, and she tears out the shortest way to join her master. By broadsword or by battering ram the rock is cut, and the Nera runs distracted among the debris. Mad Nera! She does not see that high upon the mountain that she has mutilated runs the Velino, indifferent to such ardour and confident in his bed. She thinks of nothing but her love; mad for love, she breaks all obstacles, heedless of traps. She bursts through the rock, and the Velino falls upon her, and swallows her. Where is she now, the little Nera, among these abundant waters which plunge and roar? The Velino scatters her in mist, and himself rolls on toward the seductive Tiber. If she reaches the arms of her lover, she does so unrecognisable, the victim of her own haste and want of foresight.

The fall is magnificent. From the mountain,

at right angles to the Nera, the Velino pours down in an enormous sheet upon a first layer of rock a hundred yards or more below his peaceful bed. From there he bounds another sixty odd yards lower, where he absorbs the Nera, and together they make a last plunge of over twenty yards. The mist rising from this cascade nearly six hundred feet obscures the sky all about it. Even before you hear the roar of the Velino, you feel the mist, and are aware of the little drops of water which the sun is still able to penetrate, throwing upon you the most marvellous of multiplied prisms. Gradually the terrible voice makes itself heard, growing louder as you approach, and it is in the bellowing of a great storm that you see at last the deluge provoked by her who was its first victim.

The cabman refuses to take me farther. His sweating horse cannot brave the fine rain which already covers us. Alone, I go on toward the voice which calls me. I hurry along the length of the torrent, jump over its thousand brooklets among the besieged stones and the overflowing pools. The trees weep desperately, the rocks seem to be melting, the road is a slough, the very earth runs under

my feet, the weeds lie down dripping; sky, things, the traveller, wrapped in his cloak to no purpose, everywhere and everything is penetrated, saturated, and chilled to freezing by the water. And, ever increasing is the terrifying roar of the falls, like ceaseless thunder. When I pass close to the little cascade, its noise seems to me like that of a silvery flute compared to the formidable bombardment of the first. This first fall is magnificent in its size, smooth, deliberate, and still green. The sun strikes through it making it shine gloriously although raising a veil of mist between them. On either side it is flanked by great pines, high above, like two officers of its body-guard charged to keep watch over its anger. The second fall cannot be seen through the vapour that it raises. It disappears under the scattered waters tossed about by the wind, a rolling wave, foam on invisible breakers whose fury one must imagine. And, there below, the silly little Nera, blind and deaf to everything but her love, hastens to her destruction. At the last she resists as much as she can, but is soon rolled over and disappears in the little cascade of twenty yards which shows by its tranquillity that the giant who had been roused out of his placidity,

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The Velino pours down in an enormous sheet to a hundred yards below . . .
then makes another bound of sixty yards, where he absorbs the
Nera, and together they make the final plunge of twenty yards"

has wreaked his vengeance and is calm again at last. . . .

I have climbed the difficult precipice, gripping a hold on bushes and gathering pale pink cyclamens which grow among the damp rocks. I have found a place to sit down under the shelter of a rock and an evergreen oak, gnarled and slimy; a seat face to face with the splendid devastation, the magnificent spectacle of fury and of strength. Was it here that the great wearied Celt brought his dying mistress, when, in that fine act of charity, he took her in his arms where she wished to breathe her last breath? Was it here that Châteaubriand heard the sublime words spoken by a dying woman to him who no longer loved her and to whom she—last bit of touching coquetry—tried to teach resignation by saying to him: "We must let the floods come—*Il faut laisser tomber les flots*"?

Châteaubriand never had need of that admonition. Let the floods come! He precipitated them! His action at Terni and at Rome, with all its simplicity and bravado, was but a deed of the most noble generosity. Joubert said of him, in speaking of the consolation with which he perfumed the last days of Mme. de Beaumont: "It is impossi-

ble that such a man should not commit some blunders, being incapable of serious faults. His good heart, *sa bonne essence. . . .*" Joubert is unjust here. Châteaubriand was committing no thoughtless blunder in taking the sad Pauline to Rome. Perhaps he was in that case, as he always was, eager to compromise his glory. He always had a sort of impatience of practical success, of worldly and public reputation. With all his ambition, he was never so eager for anything as to renounce the object of his dreams, taking pleasure in anticipating the life which might break his playthings. As chancellor of the French Embassy to the Vatican, in the diplomatic service at his own desire,—having given his friend Fontanes no peace until he had induced Napoleon to accept his services,—no sooner had he obtained the post than he did everything he could to make himself impossible. He filled Rome with his wild doings, not the least of which was to visit the dethroned King of Sardinia. The Pope had received him with his *Génie du Christianisme* open on the table. Every one, under the spell of his youthful fame and his charming manner, surrounded him with thoughtfulness and delicate attentions. And this husband

of Mlle. de Lavigne, this diplomat accredited to the Catholic Church, went to meet his mistress, and brought her to Rome that she might die near him! Madly he trampled every convention under foot, hard with himself as if he wished to teach himself to despise human vanities. He enjoyed the voluptuousness of the hair-cloth shirt, of martyrising his person to glorify his spirit.

In the consolation of Mme. de Beaumont there was something of the instinct akin to the sentiments of René when he left Celuta with the words: "Celuta you will remain a widow." He must destroy his edifice as soon as he had built it. When Napoleon said to Fontanes: "I 'll have your protégé brought here on a cart, tied hand and foot," René François Vicomte de Châteaubriand must have exclaimed to himself: "*Enfin!*" What injustice it would be, however, to see in the journey to Terni nothing but that faulty tendency to ruin his own interests in his bursts of generosity! Let us never forget what Joubert has called *sa bonne essence.* Châteaubriand had deeply loved Pauline de Montmorin. It was near her, at Savigny, that he wrote the *Génie du Christianisme.* They were both in the flower of beauty, of love, and of genius

in the salon of the rue Saint-Honoré and of Villeneuve-sur-Yonne. The day came, however, when admiration turned the young man's head. Women ran after him. He loved them, he had always loved them. Fervaques, where reigned Mme. de Custine, made him leave the gentle and delicate Pauline. She did not complain, she was smitten with her malady even then, and so accustomed to unhappiness, poor girl, whom the guillotine had cut off from every one in this world belonging to her. She was contented with such crumbs of love as her friend was willing to give her, feeding upon them during her solitary nights, making them sweeten her last days. When he saw her, he kissed her hand. Tragic child as she was, she could not believe even in that happiness.

When he was sent to Rome, his absence was unendurable to her. Growing weaker rapidly, and, feeling her end near, she wrote to her friend that she wished to die near him. Joubert, Fontanes, Molé, and all the others exerted themselves in vain to combat this mad and perilous undertaking. Châteaubriand did not hesitate. Pauline loved him, he had loved her, he would not refuse her the supreme joy of her sad life. She should

die certain that he never had loved any one but her. Bertin received Pauline at Milan, and took her to Florence, where Châteaubriand went to meet her. What an affectionate meeting! And how voluptuously the man Châteaubriand, who no longer loved her, must have exercised his fatal charm, his powers of seduction and of deception! His pity, his charity make the treason sublime, and it was a happy Pauline he took with him toward Rome.

They stopped on the way at Terni, and among these thunderings, reassured and confident, Pauline's thoughts were for her lover to whom she preached resignation, saying to him: "*Il faut laisser tomber les flots!*" Like him, she was lying. Never did woman desire to live more than she in those enchanted hours. René was giving her the greatest proof of love, sacrificing to her last fancy his career, pure until that moment. It was only necessary for her to have this caprice for him to fly to meet her, heedless of consequences. Dying! Ah, how she must have wanted to live and protest against the coming of the flood! But she must deceive the lover whom she believed stricken with grief, console him over her death, comfort his

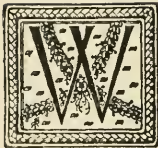
despair with her philosophy. And he, pressing her transparent hand, swore that he was indifferent to everything outside of her whom he held to his heart. Indeed René was indifferent to everything, even to Pauline! But his disgust for everything served at least to make these supreme hours sweet. It was perhaps the first time in his life that Châteaubriand's weariness of men and things led him to do something for the sake of another than himself. The resignation thrown in Bonaparte's face the day after Vincennes was of the same epoch, and had in it a little of the same abnegation. Later René injured himself and made his mistresses suffer without offering atonement. He allowed Celuta to remain a widow without troubling himself on her behalf. At Terni, the most beautiful lie issued from four lips, and the most beautiful sacrifice was made—at small cost too. Some weeks after, Pauline died in Rome, and the world, astonished at such audacity and such charity, proved to the defiant young man that his action had been understood and respected. For once Châteaubriand held back the flood, and, by that act, he won the admiration that was sweet to him. The tomb of Mme. de Beaumont raised in Saint-

Louis-des-Français, where it is still seen, proclaims the *bonne essence* of the pilgrim to Terni. Like these falls, René could crush with his strength and swallow up the lives of the mad Neras who imprudently threw themselves in his way. But, like the Velino, he magnified them with his genius and prolonged them with his creative strength. His destructive violence, after having surged over them in pride, lifted them up, placed them at his side and carried them toward the great seductive river, immortality.

XVII

THE SWAN SONG

Orvieto

HERE is it? Above the Paglia, not far from the Tiber, solitary in the midst of a wide valley, rises a great rock where the bushes struggle against the limestone. At the foot of this rock is a railway station bearing the name of Orvieto. Is it a mistake or a pretension? The city is nowhere in sight; no clock-tower and no wall, unless this mass of earth and stones should be a wall. Fine ramparts, then! Man has had but to make use of what nature provided, as in the times of the cave-dwellers. He has had but to crouch behind the rock, covered with humus and overrun by brambles. If there is a city there, it is well hidden. It has dug out the rock as one digs out a nut, and crouched at the bottom of the hollow.

A funicular leaves no room for doubt. Orvieto is up there whither you may be drawn by two hundred yards of cable. The rising box passes through a long tunnel half-way up, and deposits you upon a platform. Still you are not at the city. There are grass plots, pastures, rather, some ruins, and an old prison-tower, under which you pass, but no houses clustered around a *campanile*. Perhaps this rock is a plateau, at the end of which Orvieto is seated. Carriages offer to relieve your uncertainty. Orvieto is but two steps away, not hidden, perhaps, but undoubtedly crouching. The stone, the beautiful block of stone, whose crannies blossom with wild-rose and genesta, is scooped out like a basin, and, at the bottom of that basin, lies the city. Formerly, she stretched up the inner sides also. But her social and political part in life has been cut down, and she has shrunk with her career, until now she occupies no more than half, the centre naturally, of the territory chosen by her founders, this beautiful valley perched more than a thousand feet above the plain.

It is a magnificent position, strong, and well hidden. Everything combines to make the city

enviable, if she no longer is redoubtable. Orvieto commands the road from Rome to Siena, the course of the Paglia, and the prolongation of the Tiber; she also commands the river Chiana, and, on every side, Tuscany comes up to her walls. He who wished to come down from the North to lay hands on Rome had to reckon with Orvieto. Every attack ran upon her sentry. She was, therefore, the most important citadel of the papacy. Orvieto overcome, Rome was seized. The ancient Romans, before the popes, taking her measure as an enemy, entered her walls, sacked her, and left her, as they believed, never to rise again. But the popes, seeing that she could be useful to them, restored her rank. Whenever a riot broke out in Rome they took refuge here, waiting, in this impregnable shelter, until matters calmed down.

Toward the East, on the side where one enters to-day, the rampart is formed by the native rock. There is no need of wall or towers, except those of the Rocca, the citadel overlooking the Tiber and the Paglia. Toward the west, on the contrary, where the massive rock is less abrupt and descends, not in a gentle slope certainly, but at least somewhat off the perpendicular, toward the

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"More than a thousand feet above the plain, Orvieto has a magnificent position . . . everything combining to make the city enviable if no longer redoutable"

valley which soon swells to form another basin, that of the Lake of Bolsena—on that western side a whole set of fortifications are welded into the rock, into every intricacy and protuberance. From the east, Orvieto looks like a beehive; from the west, like a beaver's dam.

This western fortification is a superb piece of successful engineering. Everything that mother earth furnishes has been utilised; where she is weak, mechanics have been employed. A brook, for instance, was stopped and furnished with a gate. A depression in the rock was filled in and a tower placed in position to defend it. The walls follow the lines of the massive natural foundation, but in the opposite direction. Where the rock is high, they are low, where it dips they are high. Over there, where it is lowest they are highest, and vice-versa. They follow it obediently only in the rounding forms, the bulging roundness, sometimes shooting out into points. They wind with it, presenting the same profiles, only lifting its bastions to a more commanding height. Turrets and sentry-boxes run with them along the rock which they overlay, which they reinforce, sustain, and make sure. I say the walls,—it is one

wall one line, which mounts and descends, jerks and breaks, one superb wall in weight and strength, in its unity, its fusion of the whole. Above it, run the houses, festooning the ramparts with their loggias, and their red roofs, while the doors, or the exterior arcades, on the road, cut, swell out, depress, in fact scatter a thousand aspects of protuberance or cavity, making the wall appear an animate thing, full of caprices, and surprises, as if it were playing or setting traps. Wall, houses, all are polished by time into a generous, warm red, where the green of the bramble grows impartially, covering the work of man and of nature with the same mantle. Orvieto, draped in her cape like Don Cæsar, carries herself so nobly, that she defies any one to tell which is the embroidery and which the cloth, worn threadbare as both are.

One long street, the Corso, crosses Orvieto from one end to the other, from the East to the West, from the Rocca to the Porta Maggiore. It is a narrow street, which would be gloomy its entire length anywhere but at this height, where the wind carries away all mist and dust. A little square opens in front of the Palazzo del Comune, which has nothing to distinguish it from so many others.

Beside it is the pretty little church of San Andrea, flanked by a ten-sided tower. Here and there, on the right and the left of the Corso, little streets lead to the ramparts, either on the same level or by perilous flights of steps. One of them passes before a little, old, ruined church of San Giovenale, among the oldest and most dilapidated that I have yet seen. It is of an almost barbaric art with its great columns which seem to be badly squared wood, with its choked nave, its loop-hole windows, and the remains of its frescoes, looking so sad and so unhappy in having to mingle their richness with so much poverty. Another little street leads to San Domenico whose only attractions are those of having been built upon a crypt of San Micheli, in which is seen the inspiration of the great Bramante, and of containing a tomb by Arnolfo di Cambio, the model of all the tombs of the Renaissance, that model familiar to every Venetian heart: The sarcophagus against a wall, hung with draperies opened by two angels, and revealing the recumbent statue. Farther on, one at the right, and the other at the left, of the Corso, are the palazzo of the Podestà and the palazzo of the popes, so alike that in thinking of them it is

impossible to separate them. And, is not that a striking fact? Each is a massive oblong standing upon blind arcades which are the walls of the ground floor. The second storey, reached by an outside staircase, is pierced by windows with full semicircular arches framing fine little columns, Roman on the palace of the Podestà, Gothic on that of the popes. This difference alone fixes their date. The third storeys have dormers, and, above them, are battlements. Both suggest fortresses of severe and precautionary strength. Both feared the populace on the same ground, having been raised by the same ambition for tyrannical temporal power.

Orvieto is a great bourg, very old, and, suffering to-day from the difficulty of introducing into it the elements of modern comfort, her strength being borrowed solely from nature, her position, in a word, is now useless and vain. Seated as she is upon a venerable foundation, in which the Etruscan tombs tell what thought the men of former times gave to this rock-sentinel, Orvieto shrinks every day, leaving uncultivated and uninhabited spaces between herself and her ramparts. To make the tour of Orvieto is to treat oneself to a

magnificent and unique spectacle. But to enter it . . . ?

Well, shut your eyes if you cannot endure the sight of anything but magnificence, and have yourself taken directly from the Rocca to the Duomo. You will be overcome. There are two wonders here, one containing the other, perhaps the most brilliant and the strongest of all that Italy has produced: the cathedral, a Gothic masterpiece, as resplendent as the Duomo of Siena, and the frescoes of Lucca Signorelli, of which one might say that only Michelangelo could dare look at them without lowering his eyes.

First the case. At the very hour when the papacy began to feel the necessity to leaving Rome, just before it lent itself to exile at Avignon, as a last grasp at prestige, it ordered the construction of the richest monument it had ever raised. The Duomo of Milan and San Marco at Venice neither owe to the initiative of the papacy nor to its revenues. The miracle of Bolsena furnished the pretext. A priest who had doubted the transubstantiation was convinced by drops of blood which appeared upon the altar-cloth while he was performing the rites of the consecration. Twenty-

five years after that miracle, in 1290, the cathedral of Orvieto was founded, to perpetuate the memory of it, and, twenty years later, the first Mass was celebrated in the cathedral. That was five years after the popes had left Rome, abandoning the land so ungrateful for all their abuse. Piety, however, had not abated in that time. The façade was begun 1310, the roof put on in 1321. Then, the decorators took possession of the edifice, and, from age to age, outside and inside, covered the structure with their work: the last mosaics of the façade belong to our own day.

The cathedral of Orvieto is memorable in history as in art. Its façade has attempted, and almost obtained the reconciliation of the Gothic with the sky of Italy. This pointed style, made for misty climates where plants and trees stretch upwards in search of the light behind the eternal clouds, where the soul, to find heaven, must spread its wings and fly toward it, where everything is called upon to rise, and not to spread, the Gothic style makes itself the seeker of light in upstretching forms, ogees, and belfry spires pointing toward the blue, since the blue shows no great willingness to come to them. All its details are

created for the legitimate exigencies of a lazy sun. But here in Italy the sun is not inclined to keep himself hidden, and, these pillars, these pediments, and these pinnacles submit to the necessity of spreading out imposed by the radiant climate. Black basalt and white limestone are the fundamental theme of the work. They are the two notes, which, like the two notes at the beginning of the Ninth Symphony, are found again and again in all the harmonic combinations, the base of the entire polyphony. Here are not merely black and white columns, roses, and lace-work, but surfaces, fluted, encrusted, twisted, cut, and sown with the greatest diversity of ornamentation in metals, stones, or simple decoration, painted or in plaques. Each one of the three porticoes, classic trinity of the Gothic art, is composed like a box of water-colours. There is green marble, pink marble, gold wrought into arabesques, even bronze in small plaques, and repoussé. When this frame was set up, pictures of still greater splendour were inserted. In each pediment, a mosaic gleams in an effort to put its setting out of sight; a successful effort, too, in spite of all the elaboration of the ogees. On either side of these are other mosaics, and,

above the low gallery, are two others, larger. Yet another, colossal this time, crowns the pediment, shredding its lustre over everything. It is the defiance of the impossible, the manifestation of the desire to acclimate the Gothic, light's enemy, in a land flooded with sunshine; it is the Gothic appropriating to itself the arts of light to make itself their master, forcing them to exalt it, to give it an imposing place in their domain. It is a beautiful struggle, and, if ever architecture could be independent, could exist for itself, ignoring its atmosphere, it would triumph here over all laws, it would set the model for all countries, in realising a masterpiece, that is to say, in making live in broad daylight forms born for the night.

Sculpture helps it. Three porticoes, did I say? They are three great doorways, separated and defined by marble pillars on which the Sienese artists have sculptured the whole of the Bible. Although naïve, and often heavy in composition, these reliefs are admirable in warmth, and in lights and shadows. What seems to me to constitute their beauty is their pursuit of the vibrations of the prism and their approach to transparency. This group at prayer, for instance: the bodies

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The mosaics of the Duomo in their elaborate setting are the defiance of the impossible"

are almost misshapen, dressed in simple floating tunics; but the clothing is light, translucent, showing the flesh underneath. What a singular contrast, at first glance, between the awkwardness of the figures and the refinement of these impalpable draperies! And they are not done for realism, nor for modesty, but for the sun. They are made in order that the light may penetrate them and wake the shadows. The faces are superficial, but the features are accentuated; they are affected sometimes, but they "turn" easily. It is the very abnegation of an art which devotes itself to one single general effect. The sculpture, compelled to serve the decorative ensemble, sacrifices all its resources to that end, and, together with the architecture and the mosaic painting, makes a truly gorgeous whole. This façade was not raised to be examined bit by bit, it was created to make you feel the magnificent beauty of the building. As with the cathedral of Siena, it demonstrates that nothing is incompatible with good taste when it is coupled with good sense, and governed by an inspiration without weakness and without anxiety. In these two buildings, at the price, it is true, of some sacrifices, such as re-

nouncing its straight, simple, nude lines, the Gothic has almost vanquished its most rigid laws, most rigid because they emanated from nature. In these two buildings, the Gothic lives and triumphs, proud and harmonious, in the purest air.

So much for the case, and now for the jewel. I know Lucca Signorelli already from his frescoes at Monte Oliveto. I have already admired his rude strength, his dramatic force, and his colour, so intense that his figures seem to be saturated with it. But was it because he was bound down to anecdote? Did he feel the restraint of his subject which allowed but limited scope to his imagination? Or did I find him eclipsed there by the voluptuousness and realism of Sodoma, which, if often excessive, is always moving? At Monte Oliveto, Signorelli is a great painter, and only that. At Orvieto, for which he left Ancona, he is more than a great painter, he is painting itself, realising in its perfection the ideal of this art which is to fix forms in space and in light. *Here* he feels no restraint. The subjects that he chose gave full rein to his imagination, authorised every audacity. They are: *Antichrist, The End of the World, The Resurrection, Hell and Paradise.*

Into this limitless field he threw himself with the fire of ecstasy. The emotion he put into it is intense, overpowering. With nudes, with draperies, with the greatest diversity of costume, his figures synthesise every condition of all human souls. Here, around the Antichrist, the common crowd gathers, showing its bestiality, its stupidity, its avidity. There, human beings are coming out of the earth, dazzled, pressing against one another, not believing their eyes nor their hands, that they see and touch one another again, now superb with purity in their glowing and modest nudity. Farther on, around God, they cluster happy and radiant with beatitude. Still farther on, they writhe and howl in flames, while above open heaven offers its delights, full of magnificent angels with shining hair and full figures, some singing, others playing the lyre, all bold in the most modest pose that any painter ever dared to conceive. In all this diversity, in all these emotions, so varied and so true, not one gives us the shock of touching the lowest of our human senses. Signorelli has thrown his warm colouring into all, yet no flesh is too glowing to be true. Under his brick colour is that slightly ruddy brown tone

which bespeaks warm blood. This blue and white doublet, these red clouds, these vaporous robes of the angels, all have a splendour of crude boldness, which gives me the sensation of an abyss skirted and avoided by the skill of virtuosity and control. There is an inexhaustible richness in this palette which is combined, harmonised, contrasted, and blended with the boldest feeling, a composition both new and on a most magnificent scale. The power in the drawing is still more astonishing. If one thinks that the artist who conceived and executed these thick nude muscles was raised in the same school as the Umbrian painters, one is astonished at the genius which carried him so far from that school. The modelling of these bodies rising from the earth, of these happy and healthy angels, of these draperies, these robes, this flowing hair, rank among the most audacious and the most impeccable modelling in art. What grouping in these magnificent nudes! Signorelli was the first who dared attack the nude for its own sake, making the nude the only *raison d'être* of the entire work, and at the first bound he achieved a masterpiece with the model over which so many despair. This colouring, this modelling, and this

"invention," he put to the service of an imagination as abundant as it was unstudied, not facile but fertile. You see here represented all human sentiments, all types of character, all varieties of attitude, and each representation with its own shade of individuality, its own peculiarity. The ecstasy of the elect, the bewilderment of the resurrected, the joy of lovers, the avidity of the votaries of Antichrist, the foolishness of the vulgar crowd, the Divine Majesty, the serenity of the seraphim, the inspiration of the angel musicians, all is upon these walls, the whole scale which sings of the human soul and body. During all this journey which I have just made, and of which this is next to the last stage, nowhere have I felt the powerful exaltation that I feel here. At Parma, Correggio gave me a strong sensation, but less profound than this, less appealing to the noble and pure fibres of soul and mind. I was filled with the happiness, delighted with the joy, the charm, and the caressing grace of his work; I was not subjugated by its strength, its majesty, its serenity, its virility. In Signorelli, the Florentine art, the austere Tuscan art, reached its complete, absolute realisation. Nothing remained for it

but to thrill with the breath of Michelangelo. In Signorelli who was not a monster like Buonarotti, it attained the supreme human and ideal expression at the same time. Signorelli saw everything, understood everything, portrayed everything. The cycle was completed. Except for that genius which escaped from all rules and all restraint, and which was to show itself so wonderful in the Vatican, the art of fresco painting here says its last word. It had but to die upon the highest and the most moving note of its song.

Orvieto played a leading part in what was perhaps the most decisive hour of the papacy. For fifty years, Italy had been given up to herself. The Pope was gone; continuing at Avignon the same customs that had made him intolerable in the peninsula. While he remained deaf to the voices of Petrarch and of Saint Catherine, the Italian cities organised, and lived by themselves and for themselves without foreign master. Little by little, the ancient Domain had crumbled; not only the kingdom of the Donations, but also the Patrimony considered themselves independent, recognizing no authority but that of the *podestà*,

or the noble which each city chose for itself. However agreeable Avignon might have been to the petty ambitions of the court, and to the personal interests of each pope, the Rock of the Doms was always haunted by the prestige which had been enjoyed at Rome. Was all that which had made the strength of the pontifical power to be lost in this fashion, its territorial support against the national ambitions of France and Germany—and, above all, its material resources? The day when the papacy should have nothing but moral prestige, the weakness of which France already showed by the disrespect in which she held it in spite of all appearances kept up to the contrary, that day would see the end of the Roman Church. The Domain must be reconquered, brought back under the pastoral cross, and a reconstructed State must put new life into the papacy. It was a question of war against the cities or the powers, democratic or personal, established in them. Who should conduct it?—Albornoz!

Œgidius Alvarez Carillo d'Albornoz—what a name for a Parnassian, and what a line of verse!—was the most finished type of that character with which the Church has abounded since the days of

Charlemagne. Body and soul, he gave himself to The Truth. Albornoz was one of the last examples of the type, but one of the most perfect of them. If all had resembled him, the evils of the Church and of the world would have been less. He was of the race of the Aribertos, that Archbishop of Milan whom I met at Piacenza. He was descended in the direct line from those German bishops who, provided for by the heritors for whom they made war, were more often in the camp than at the altar. Henry the Black had some of them behind him every time he came down, as good soldiers as nobles, rising to the assault conquering cities and plundering them. One of their number seated himself on the throne of Saint Peter in the person of John X., who himself charged the Saracens at the head of his troops. Leo IX. also went forth to war against the Normans. One day, under the walls of Rome, two troops, composed exclusively of priests and monks, fought a regular battle according to the rules of war, to decide to whom the tiara was due, to Alexander II. or to Calalous: one of the troops was led by Hildebrand. Albornoz was one of those soldier-priests in the full meaning of the term, that is to say, the

soldier-born, of whom the chance of politics made a priest, and who frequently replaced the hair-shirt by the cuirass. To them, dignity was but another name for prestige and revenue, especially revenue. Their first thought was for war, offensive, defensive or simply as a recreation. The Church and the armies combined all ambitions, and concentrated all wealth. He who was in the one had a fatal desire to have a foothold in the other. The soldier wanted a bishopric or an abbey, and the bishop aspired to command a troop. Events made this natural, even necessary. As soon as one was set up, he must needs defend himself, at least against his jealous neighbours if, as was most frequently the case, he was not seized by the irresistible temptation to enlarge his possessions. The imperial descents into Italy, the ambitions of all the feudal nobles, ecclesiastical or laic—there was no difference—excited by the Germanic way in which the emperors overrode the world, aroused all appetites. And these the Church excited for her own benefit. She encouraged strength among her dignitaries. Albornoz differed from others of his class only in genius and in disinterestedness.

He had begun his career in the army of Alphonso

XI., King of Spain, to whom he was standard-bearer. His military services won for him the Archbishopric of Toledo in 1337. That was a benefit, scarcely a title; it was in no sense a function. He won the battle of Saladi against the Moors. But, Peter the Cruel had not the same esteem for him that Alphonso had had. Albornoz left Spain, going to Avignon and offering his services to Clement VI. Clement began by making him Cardinal, and, in 1353, entrusted him with the most beautiful mission that could fall to a soldier of the Church: the conquest of the Italian Domain which had become emancipated since the flight of the master. It was a great task. With the two exceptions Montefiascone and Montefalco, all the cities and all the territory of the Papal Domain had secured their autonomy. Moreover, it was a delicate task because care must be taken not to arouse the neighbouring nobles, who watched their own prey, and had an interest in not allowing the reconstruction of the papal kingdom near their principalities. Over all these obstacles, Albornoz triumphed with incomparable dash and prudence. This *condottiere*, for that is what he was in reality, accomplished his work

in a masterly manner, and, with all his success, he kept his soul most firm, most skeptical, and most wise. To what might he not have laid claim? And we shall see how he was paid.

He left Avignon at the head of an army made up of French and Spanish adventurers. His first halt was at Milan, where he found a peer in Giovanni Visconti, the Archbishop, chief of the race. Visconti was not slow to comprehend Albornoz's errand on the southern side of the Alps. He expressed sympathy with the undertaking, and offered a bit of advice: avoid Bologna where you will be badly received! Albornoz understood what Visconti meant, and consented to leave Bologna to him—until victory should make him strong enough to take it from him. So he took the road to Rome by the way to Pisa and Florence, where he was well received, because it was hoped that he would soon annihilate the power of Milan. He passed Siena, and at length reached Montefiascone, one of the two cities still recognising the supremacy of the Pope. Scarcely had he taken quarters there when he saw a deputation of the Romans coming toward him. The Catholic capital was torn by factions. Rienzi had just been

driven out, Power was disputed by the Colonna, and the Orsini, and the Roman people called upon Albornoz to protect them against those oppressors. At the same time, Rienzi appeared. Albornoz, understanding the strength of the Tribune who upheld the Roman democracy, and, to keep him from breaking altogether with the Pope, attached Rienzi to himself: he solemnly proclaimed Rienzi Roman Senator. The Roman revolution became pontifical, and Rienzi, nothing more than an agent of the Pope against the feudal and seigniorial ambitions. The papacy again took up its rôle of Guelphism. Rienzi was no longer a force, either in the hopes which he had stood for with Albornoz or with the Roman people; he was as good as dead. The capital fact shone forth that Rome had turned toward the Pope, had held out the hand to him. Once again the papacy was rallying Italy in her uprising against her tyrants. Guelphism, never inert, much as it has been abused had returned to its course, and, this time, it was Albornoz who led it. Strong in the popular sentiment which he upheld, he was then on the way to reconquer the kingdom.

He hastened first of all to the most urgent case,

to Orvieto. A pontifical prefect, Giovanni di Vico, reigned here, defying the Pope, and considering himself the sole master of the city. Albornoz summoned Vico to surrender Orvieto. Vico burst out laughing. He was excommunicated. Evidently Albornoz did not expect much from this malediction, eminently necessary as it was. What he did depend on was a rapid march, and, after some battles, and, in spite of the reinforcements sent by Visconti to the aid of Vico, Albornoz entered and took possession of Orvieto, the 9th of June, 1354. Immediately, eight cities sent their keys to Albornoz. Avignon exulted, then began to worry. Had not Albernoz been imprudent? Would it not have been wiser to have handled Vico more gently? Albornoz was not of a humour to be reprimanded. His answer was that he would leave if he was disapproved of. Avignon bowed his head, and, at the end of four months, Albornoz was able to notify it that he had reconquered all the Patrimony and the Duchy of Spoleto. The most difficult part remained: the retaking of the Romagna.

Galeotto dei Malatesta, and his brother Malatesta, held Rimini and Pesaro. They asked

nothing but to arrange matters. But Albornoz intended to dictate his conditions, and not to discuss them. He made an offer to Gentile, the Tyrant of Fermo, to conquer Rimini and Pesaro with him. Thanks to the co-operation of the Emperor Charles IV., Albornoz, who had the skill to bring to his aid the most legitimately jealous of the competitors, he found the end of the Malatesti's tether, and they submitted to him. After them, Gentile da Fermo was reduced, then the Polenta of Ravenna. Ordelaffi da Forli was the most difficult to seize. He was shut up in Forli, and his wife, Cia, similarly in Cesena, where, in the upper city, called La Murata, she sustained an heroic siege. In vain, her old father beseeched her to surrender. She refused, having sworn to her husband that she would never give up. The city forced her to do so. Albornoz offered her all the honours of war which she accepted for her soldiers but not for herself. The 21st of June, 1357, Albornoz entered Cesena. Forli only remained to be taken, and the first part of his task would have been accomplished, when he was suddenly recalled.

Avignon had followed the progress of its legate

with anxiety. So much success was becoming dangerous. What was going to prevent Albornoz from keeping everything after he had conquered it? Avignon judged Albornoz by itself. At the risk of losing everything, it served an order upon him to recross the Alps. Albornoz returned to Provence, as indifferent to all vanities as to all ingratitude. He had not had time to pull off his boots before his work in Italy began to go to pieces. The Pope implored him to hasten back. Calmly, no more moved than when he was called away, he put on his boots again and took up his campaign where he had left it, under the walls of Forli, which fell at length.

Then, there was the big piece to swallow, that which had been set aside at the beginning to please Visconti: Bologna. That city was in the hands of d'Oleggio, who had no wish to give it either to Visconti or to the Pope, but to keep it for himself. Albornoz offered his protection to d'Oleggio who, hearing the tread of Visconti's army was obliged to confer with the Cardinal. If he must be eaten, he would choose the sauce. On the 17th of March, 1360, Albornoz signed a treaty with d'Oleggio by which he took Bologna for the Church, and made

d'Oleggio lord of Fermo. For a year, Albornoz, deprived of all resources and without money, kept up the campaign against Visconti. Avignon, always suspicious and greedy, sent him no supplies, and he could find none in a country where everything, except the city he held, was in the hands of the enemy. He asked for help on all sides. No one listened. It was only by a ruse of Malatesta's that he succeeded at length in winning an important victory over Visconti. Around him, to have a share in the Milanese pear,—which seemed ripe,—were gathered Can Grande of Verona, Carrara of Padua, Este of Ferrara, and Gonzaga of Mantua. Visconti was crushed at the battle of Salarmolo, in 1363. In ten years Albornoz had given to the Pope all his lost Domain, to which this last victory added the Milanese possessions.

A few months afterwards, the Pope Urban V. signed a peace with Visconti, leaving to the latter his territory, giving Bologna to the Pope—but driving out Albornoz. Infamously treated, like a suspect, as a traitor, Albornoz shrugged his shoulders, and entered Viterbo where, in awaiting the arrival of the Pope, who had decided to return to Rome, he drafted his "Œgidian Constitutions"

which were to serve as the chart of the kingdom. Then, the Pope delaying a little, he made war in the Neapolitan region, coming back to receive Urban at Corneto and accompany him to Viterbo. The first word that fell from the Pope's lips was to ask for a rendering of accounts. For fifteen years, Albornoz had drawn the ecclesiastical revenues of the provinces he had conquered. What had he done with this money?

"My accounts?" answered Albornoz. "I will give them to you to-morrow."

The next morning he requested the Pope to come with him to one of the windows of the palace and showed him, on the square below, a cart drawn by four oxen and loaded with the keys of the cities and fortresses which he had recovered.

"It has been in acquiring these that I have employed the revenues of the Church," he said.

The Pope tried to hide his confusion by a subterfuge; rejoining:

"Then it is I who am in arrears."

But of course it was still Albornoz who paid. When he died—at Viterbo a few weeks later, in July, 1367,—he was preparing a league which would have united the Pope, the Emperor, Naples,

Padua, Ferrara, Mantua, Reggio, Verona, Siena, and Perugia against Visconti. Up to his last breath, he worked for the pleasure of it, and as his duty, without hope or desire for personal gain thereby. Not in the entire history of the Church of the Middle Ages, perhaps even in all ages, certainly not among the prelates on the carpet at Avignon, "that sink" as Petrarch called it, around a Pope as little to be recommended as his courtesans, can we find another figure so beautiful, so heroic, and so pure as that of Œgidius Alvarez Carillo d'Albornoz, *Condottiere* and Cardinal.

XVIII

AT THE GATES OF ROME

Viterbo

IGHT has fallen when I enter the Florentine Gate. I can distinguish nothing but shadows from my airy window—rare good fortune in Italy overlooking the Piazza della Rocca, the big square, so incongruous in this little city. On the right, the Rocca, the ancient palace of the Popes, a barracks to-day, looms up inscrutable, the few lighted windows but accentuating its mystery. Opposite, is night absolute, invisible houses without so much as a single bright hole; not a star hangs its point to a gable. At my feet is the outline of a pyramid or a scaffold. It is Vignola's fountain, one of the beautiful fountains so plentiful in this city, built on the confines of the Roman plain and characterised by the one sweet song of

her unequal jets of water harmonising in thirds and in octaves.

Over there, on the waste land, witches come out of the rocks, forming their circles and waving their *ignus fatuus* as they dance around fixing the destiny of Macbeth. Forms begin to detach themselves from the invisible houses, moving through the street on the left, where the witch-fire has become a fixed line of lights, and gathering under the lamps which open their eyes on the Piazza at last. The Rocca yawns. Steel and brass glitter. The military band takes its place by the fountain, strikes up an easy waltz, and the shadows begin to move. They turn round and round, scraping their feet; a ball has opened. Rather it is a dancing lesson, a dancing class for young men. The embracing couples are only boys. All the larger school boys, apprentices, and young workmen of Viterbo come out in this way every evening, at the flourish of the regimental trumpets, to learn to waltz. What a strange sight seen in the night, from the height of my window, and what innocent *popolani* the dancers prove to be when one mingles with them. I come down, and walk about among them. The oldest

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The Rocca of Viterbo, ancient palace of the popes, looms up inscrutable beyond Vignola's beautiful fountain"

may be seventeen. Only workmen's blouses and the flat chests of lads are to be seen. The boys go up to one another, take each other by waist and arm and jump about in the dust. The novices seek their elders, take possession of them, and drag them out. And the latter good naturedly guide the learners, teach them their steps, and try to dance with them. And not a word, or almost no word, is spoken. The silence of an impressive gravity presides over these pastimes. Some grown persons, officers or shop-keepers saunter up for a few moments. They, too, speak in low voices. One would say that it was some pious ceremony which they were afraid of disturbing. When the music stops, between dances each one moves away, seizing the first comrade near him, and all promenade about the square until they hear the first notes of the next dance. They change partners in the middle of a piece, going from the arms of one to the arms of another, almost without stopping. I follow one of them; he waltzes with seven comrades in the space of five minutes. I look around in vain for the lights of a drinking bar whither this young troupe, were they in France, would not be long in rushing for refreshment.

Everything is black, no *betole* offers its temptations. This people, as I have often remarked, are sober to the last degree. It is nonchalant and lazy, but, at least, it is without degrading vice. This dance, for instance: not one of the dancers is trying to give it an evil interpretation. They do not drink, and their hearts are honest; they are amusing themselves in learning to dance, and that is all. At the end of a quarter of an hour, the music goes back into the Rocca, the groups disperse as silently and as placidly as they came. Night again covers the fountain, whose music, alone, will put me to sleep, although it is noisier now than the scraping feet of the voiceless dancers.

Viterbo is not, perhaps, the oldest of all the cities I have just been visiting, but it is the city which has preserved the most ancient testimony. Pavia has nothing now which recalls the Lombard grandeur. Viterbo is full of such souvenirs. At the gates of Rome, Aistulf and Desiderio still live and speak to our hearts, although they can say nothing to our eyes already filled with beauty. Here, where they were stopped, they remain. In memory of their failure or in disdain, their successors have left standing that which was their

pride, which is to-day but a sign of their poverty. Behind the modern streets hide some infamous alleys, the quarter of San Pellegrino among others; alleys of a chilling misery; fetid rivulets in the centre of a broken pavement; houses built of stone without cement, and black as night; warped and tumbling staircases; pediments broken and shaking; arcades falling to pieces; sordid masses of ancient walls. From time to time, a church opens its door wide between two of these horrible and venerable ruins. Nothing is less tempting than this eagerness. Every traveller in Italy knows it: open church, and poor church. San Sisto has not an insistent custodian. That is because it has nothing wonderful except itself. Built, or rather reconstructed, in the ninth century, since the Lombard times, it has kept its interior quite intact. It reminds me of the most moving sights at Ravenna, San Spirito, the Arian Basilica of the Goths.

The nave is separated from the two aisles by columns swelling in the centre, and rough as if the makers had not time to smooth and polish them. Surmounted by Corinthian capitals, these columns support a high wall with full semi-circu-

lar arches. At the end of the nave, a large and majestic stair mounts to the transepts, which are short, and, at the intersection of which, before the altar, enormous columns,—straight and smooth, —lift the vaulted dome of bare stone. Behind all is the apse, round and narrow, lined with little cubes of cut stone, a mosaic without colour. This interior, rough and refined at the same time, produces a remarkable general effect. A faint light, coming through small windows in the side, is skilfully arranged to leave the nave in shadow, and fall upon the altar and the apse. But, why is the apse so small? It was lovingly treated; that is clear from the details of the setting. Why was it not developed in harmony with the rest of the building which is not large, certainly, but not primitive and has no details proclaiming inexperience? It is because San Sisto was fitted into the enclosure of the city. The apse is part of the wall itself rounded a little, but not sticking out imprudently. In thus building it into, or taking it out of the rampart, care was necessary that it did not make a breach.

This wall is superb as was the "superb Hippolytus," that is to say, full of noble bearing and

Photo by Henry H. Burton

"The Lombard wall is superb . . . straight, high, absolutely bare . . . here and there square towers from which to rain down arrows"

legitimate pride. Straight, high, absolutely bare, without moat, without counterscarp or bastion, crowned only by a lace-work of battlements, it winds rigidly around the city which it encloses, exactly as if it were a park. It protects the city by its simple surface. It belongs to the time when towns broke out in wholesale fights, and when arrows rained. Here and there are square towers for that rain, and besides them nothing but smooth stones with no protuberance on which assailants could grip. The gates are made with a sort of palisade arrangement, that I have seen in France at Avignon, but at less than half this height, not carried out in so bold development as it is here. The high, smooth wall without buttress, sustained by its own strength, breathes majesty and security. It forms exactly the four sides of a great box, into which the city seems to have been put whole from the top for security against accidents and blows. The object so carefully placed at the bottom of its chest has not been broken, but alas, it is crumbling into dust.

I come at length to Santa Maria della Verità, a suppressed convent, whose cloister, which stands intact, is of charming decorated Gothic and whose

church, now a hall for public festivities, contains a fresco which is a little hard and ungainly, but inexhaustibly instructive as a document. Under the guise of the *Marriage of the Virgin*, Lorenzo da Viterbo represents the wedding of a noble of the fifteenth century. How far we are from the *Wedding of Cana*, and the *Feast at the House of Levi!* Lorenzo, in no sense producing a great work of art like Veronese, yet the nearer to reality, perhaps, did not, like Veronese, add his own genius to things as he saw them. He magnified nothing, but put down everything as he saw it, copied nature with all her warts. If one were going to compare this fresco with any other, it would not be with those of Ghirlandjo at the Novella, nor with those of Pinturicchio at Siena, but more justly with the works of Cossa of Ferrara. It is, like them, a treasure. Like them, it has the great realistic quality, the first merit, base of all the others: a serious vision of nature portrayed with scrupulous exactitude. More than Cossa, however, Lorenzo has a brilliant colouring which brings him near to and makes him almost a brother of the rough and luminous Piero.

After having walked along the outside of the

walls for some time, by the Roman Gate, I re-enter "the city of beautiful fountains and beautiful women," according to the old legend. It has not been given to me to verify more than the first half of this saying. I do not know if the race has degenerated, but the water still runs as pure as ever on all the squares of the town, at the corner of all the squares. From smaller basins to larger ones, by jets or by spouts, it flows clear and abundant, filling the city with music which accompanies me wherever I go, keeping up my courage by its merriment. Even the sad place of the dead murmurs. These splashing fountains are the only joy of this black city, dirty and old, rotting in its coffer. The Lombard quarter seems to have spread its leprosy and decay until it has devastated everything about it. The gutters are muddy, the houses sinking, the streets deserted and polluted with silt, the water-conduits are mouldy and infected. It seems to be a place which has given itself up, abandoned all dignity. So much water, oh, ye gods, you have given to be despised! Here and there, however, Viterbo begins to clean up. Evidently she has begun to understand that the duty of cities, as of persons, is to defend themselves

against insolent and devastating age, to appear always, if not attractive, at least pleasant. The nearness of Rome has made of Viterbo an objective point for excursions by automobile, and the Arian city, so long discouraged at the bottom of her chest, has been aroused to a fresh interest in life. She has begun to rub up, to restore, and she is trying not exactly to rejuvenate herself but to avoid being repellent. Let us excuse her lamentable aspect to-day, for what she will be to-morrow. The hour for making the toilet of old cities is as distressing as that of old coquettes. Under comb and brush, with paint and powder boxes open before her, Viterbo is frightful to see. The Lombard quarters have the beauty of the old beggar, with one eye out and bloody, before whom Rembrandt knelt. The Episcopal Palace, gutted, roofless, filled with plaster, encumbered with rotting beams is gloomy enough now, but I can see how charming it is going to be, this little mediæval palace, elegant and fine, especially in its loggia with double columns looking out on the country. In the hour of its restoration, it is anything but beautiful. One regrets that it has not been left abandoned, but harmonious, as it was, and fears

Photo by Henry H. Burtor.

"The little mediæval Palace, elegant and fine, especially in its loggia, with double columns, looking out on the country"

the zeal of restoration. In this great quivering, cracking hall, conclaves were held in the happy days of the strength and prestige which Innocent III. brought back to the papacy. What is it about, to want to shine with new lustre, to want to appear to us as it was in the times which never will come back! To-morrow, as to-day, we shall love to weep over all sorts of misery; the old beauties restored will leave us nothing to do but enjoy ourselves.

There is at least one monument intact besides the cathedral-old basilica, disfigured in the sixteenth century. That is the Palazzo Pubblico. Dirty and black, like all the city, it lies behind a row of arcades, opens its court, enclosed on three sides only, above a stinking valley, and pours forth the waters of its fountains from above some balustrades. Careful hands have not yet come to put it in order. The halls of the Museum which it contains watch over an heroic decay. They defy time with acrimony. Disordered show-cases, the debris of capitals, of cornices, of panels, of wainscotings, of tombs are massed together pell-mell, and, in the midst of all this mouldiness, is a magnificent jewel, the *Pietà* of Sebastiano del

Piombo. The traveller often swears over the dispersion of the pictures he wishes to see, the journeys imposed upon him to see them. If, in waiting for their being brought together one is to have such luck as that of falling upon this wonder, blest be the selfishness of the possessors! Sebastiano, the friend of Michelangelo, has given in this *Pietà* the most exact measure of his vigour and dramatic feeling. Venetian, as he was, and pupil of Giovanni Bellini, he despised Raphael. He was wrong. But in condemning him, let us understand him, and see, at least, what his powerful realism, his strong energy, must have disapproved in the painter of the Virgins with the little birds. It is said that Michelangelo aided Sebastiano by his advice. He knew to whom he spoke, to an artist as rugged as himself and as tormented by subjects both violent and on a grand scale. I have seen a great many *Pietà*, a great many *Virgins at the Cross*. Not one has struck me with so much power. One must go to Flanders to find its equal. The *Pietà* of G. Masys, at Munich, alone can approach it. Yet it is stamped with some mannerisms. Sebastiano has given to the sorrowing Virgin, whose lips tighten to keep

her despair in her heart, and not prostitute it to the compassion attracted by complaints, a sublime expression of humanity and maternal pride. Is it not natural also that I should remember the Divine Mother I saw at Modena, at the foot of the Cross, on her knees, head and shoulders bent over, the eyes shut in a face ravaged by grief? Sebastiano stands beside his compatriot Cima da Conegliano, both of them realists, the one through innocence, the other through extreme culture, both of them demonstrating that the surest art is always to imitate nature, to interpret her according to one's own genius, but in keeping close to her, in seizing fugitive forms, and in "fixing them in space and in light."

The rain suits Viterbo. There was no lack of it the afternoon I passed at the house where Lucien Bonaparte's daughter Lœtitia died. The gilded eagles alone recall the glory of that house. A manufacturer has acquired this mass of imperial debris and carefully keeps up its appearances. The arm-chair in which I sit belonged to this ruined retreat, it seems; some of the furniture amid which lived the President of the Five Hundred to-day serves the convenience of the passing visitor.

Toward evening, the rain having stopped, I went up to the Querchia. I followed a long road through flat country, at the end of which the Abbey of the Querchia lifts its rustic porch and *campanile* in the midst of a poor hamlet. Four treasures were awaiting me there: a Robbia as beautiful as the most beautiful of the Bargello; the Gothic cloister, surmounted by a loggia; the ceiling of the nave, rich and brilliant; the marble and bronze tabernacle by Andrea Bregno, masterpiece of the Lombard school, overlooked by Burckardt. I turned back toward Viterbo with a regret. I should have liked to rest by the cascades, and under the quincunx of the Villa Lente. I should have liked to bring my long journey to an end, and to have rested my mind amid their fresh and tender beauty. After the study of so many wonderful things, it would have been pleasant to let time slip by in watching the basins spill their waters and the budding flowers unfold. So, at Viterbo, as at all the other cities, I find an excuse for coming again. Now the journey done, everything I have failed to see, everything which has escaped my vigilance from day to day, comes rushing upon me, clustering about the Villa Lente.

Must I go away! Yes, but to come back! To see again, and also to see for the first time. Italy is so abounding in treasures! The more you visit her, the more her masterpieces increase. You are in despair of ever knowing them all, yet the consolation of your departure is to vow that you will find the others next time. Memories are mixed with longing, and the greatest charm of the memories is the impatience of the longings. Let us cultivate our regrets, give them something to feed on; they keep our thoughts uplifted, our enthusiasm aroused by the unknown. They are the most exquisite form of faithful devotion.

To-morrow, at last, I shall enter Rome. In the little Paduan village of Arqua Petrarca, over the tomb of Petrarch, I asked of those heroic ashes an explanation of the reasons and the consequences of the Italian revolutions. From the shut lips of him who formulated it, I seized the meaning of the federative movement, that grand municipal flight in quest of independence and liberty. And, in the course of my travels, I have come upon many manifestations of this movement.

Of the pontifical State, also, I have been able to note, in this journey which ends to-day, the formation, the opening, the flight, the apogee, and the decadence in the cities where these phases make themselves particularly felt. Although it is wise to keep Rome's share in reserve, it is not rash to deduct, even without putting any questions to the Eternal City, the general philosophy of the historic periods whose successive stages are marked by the cities from which I have just come. Thus rises an ideal Rome, made up of all the provincial memories, and which I can fully picture except perhaps in some details which material Rome would retouch. The Rome of the House of Savoy and Ancient Rome, crushing and drowning Papal Rome, probably would tell me no more about it than its subjects. The history of the temporal pontificate is entirely in the cities which sheltered it and held it in check, turn by turn. It was here at Viterbo that two events developed, not great in themselves, but so characteristic that they give a new force to my conclusions. They prove to me the Italian feeling and going, to the very bottom of the case, the consequent reasons which, in our day, gave the definite check to the papacy's

pretension to an eternal monarchy. I even see the true character of this pretension.

Barbarossa had just signed the Peace of Constance. Sustained in general by the papacy, the cities had obtained the municipal autonomy they had so much desired and so painfully conquered. They were developing under their consuls, and, already there were signs of the coming struggle between the cities, and the castles which I studied, particularly at Brescia. At that moment, Innocent III. mounted the pontifical throne. It was at the moment when the liberty which seemed lost was in fact reborn. He understood the full gravity of that moment for the temporal power: as the Empire, so the papacy also might one day be swept out of Italy by the emancipated and prosperous cities. Should it, then, enter into an armed struggle with them? Innocent had not the means to do that, and, if he had, would not the fate of the Germans lie at the end of his efforts? But one resource was open to him. It was to anticipate the movement, to make it papal, to call himself its protector, and to absorb it to the profit of the Church.

The city of Rome had followed her Italian sisters

in the aspirations for autonomy. Innocent's first task was to reduce the Roman velites, first of all to make himself master in his own city from which he then could work out, and vanquish others. But, Rome resisted Innocent, divining his despotic intentions. He saw that he must find a way to satisfy her by appearances, in order to the better deprive her of the realities. Viterbo was made to serve for such a mirage.

The capital of the Patrimony, of the Domain, given by Matilda to the Pope, Viterbo had allied herself to the Germans when Barbarossa had come to lay his siege before Rome. She had taken part in the pillage of the Eternal City, and had carried away as trophies the bronze doors of the Lateran. For thirty-two years, Rome had been waiting for her vengeance, which Innocent furnished her at last, the better to deceive her. That was in 1199. Around Viterbo, as around all the cities, Brescia among them, the feudal nobles were moving restlessly, looking for the means to enter them and make themselves masters of them. Among these nobles was the striking figure of the lord of Vitorchiano. The Viterbians were anxious to reduce that noble lord, who held their country,

that is to say, who control ed the sources of their work and of their subsistence. They besieged him in his castle. Vitorchiano, who knew the rancour of Rome against Viterbo, called on the Romans to aid him. What was Innocent to do? Should he march against Viterbo, and, not only destroy a city of which he was suzerain, but, further, work for the profit of one of those nobles who were the perpetual danger of the universal Catholic domination? Besides, in the event of victory, he also ran the risk of making the Romans more insolent than ever. On the other hand, he could not act counter to their will, without running the greater risk of arousing them again, and compromising his plan of papal confiscation. So, he chose to play the game of preaching peace without doing anything to obtain it, acting, indeed, on the contrary. He posed as arbitrator, and played the part of all arbitrators, which is to sweep in the stakes. War was declared between Rome and Viterbo. The Viterbians were routed, and Innocent raised the flag of conciliation. He imposed a peace, by which the Viterbians rendered up the bronze doors, swore fidelity to the Senate, renounced their hostility toward Vitorchiano, and

demolished a fort built outside the city. But, they kept their territory and their autonomy. The Romans were dissatisfied, refused to conform, and drove out Innocent. He soon came back, however, and ended, in 1204, by imposing himself on Rome, cramming the people with benefits, building asylums and hospitals, and governing by a wise administration. Strong in this submission acquired at last over Rome, Innocent was able to carry out his undertaking of absorption.

Viterbo was one of the first cities upon which he exercised his strength. She resisted, and to aid her resistance favoured heresy. She confined her municipal destinies to the Patarini or Cathari, commonly called Vaudois. Innocent deluged her with maledictions: "The odour of your putrefaction," he wrote, "has already infected all the neighbouring regions: God Himself is sick with it." This picture, more striking than noble, did not upset the Viterbians in the least, but they took the trouble to make the Pope understand that they were not so deeply attached to heresy as to autonomy. Innocent ran to Viterbo, promised everything asked of him, and, in January, 1207, he there promulgated the decrees which were intended to

extirpate heresy. And that which he offered Viterbo, as all the other cities of the Patrimony and the Donations in which the movement for emancipation was parallel to that of Viterbo, was order and peace in the bosom of the Roman Church. He brought together at Viterbo an assembly of abbots, counts, barons, *podestà* and consuls of the Domain of the Marches and of Umbria, and there formulated the rules calculated to make life sweet under the cross. The people, abused by fine promises, terrified by the feudal incursions, and the imperial invasions, threw themselves into the arms of the pontiff, and the administrators of the city became the functionaries of the papacy. But this was not done without many somersaults, especially in the Marches, where we see Ancona thinking of returning under the German domination. Who was to win?

In the part of the Patrimony near Rome, it was Innocent; Viterbo was killed forever. The old Lombard city returned to her monarchical career. She suffered stoically, in 1210, and, without detaching herself, when Otho of Brunswick came and besieged her in the course of his struggle with Innocent. The rest of Italy, on the contrary, was

taking up more vigorously than ever the old quarrel which crystallised under the names of Guelph and Gibelline. Read in M. Achille Luchaire's work, *Innocent III.*, the details of the long struggle of the land of the Donation. Everywhere, the appropriation by the Church was resisted: "The municipal spirit," says M. Luchaire with remarkable lucidity on historic laws, "had a tendency to identify itself with the laic spirit. The aspirations of the independent commune became more and more incompatible with the domination of a religious chief."

We find always, eternally, the old republican and federative spirit of the cities. In this sense, M. Luchaire speaks advisedly of the "bankruptcy of the temporal power." We know to-day that, in fact, that power has failed. Had it failed in 1215? On the contrary the triumph of the papacy was signalled by the Council of the Lateran, reunited after Frederic, later Emperor, came to submit to the Pope on behalf of Otho IV., all that his father Henry IV. had so violently defended. When Frederic II. abjured his promises, and reopened the struggle, Innocent had been dead a year; he died in 1216.

These incidents at Viterbo were but the expression of the one thought pursued by all the popes through the centuries. At the end of the Eighth century, the papacy found itself the interpreter of the Italian sentiment, when by the voice of Stephen II. it called the Franks to deliver Italy from the Lombards. Then the Rome of Peter might have taken her prestige as guardian of independence and liberty of independence against the foreigner, of liberty against the tyrants at home. But she preferred to range herself among the latter. The result was Theophylactus. Gregory VII. put order into that anarchy, raising the pontifical throne from its shame. He did not know how to dispel the dream, of monarchy, old even then. And the temporal destinies were fulfilled.

The Catholic, that is to say universal, Church became a monarchy like other monarchies, submitting, like her sisters, to the changes of the thrones of the world, perishable like them, equally subject to progress as to decadence and to disappearance. Dante called her "She who is seated upon the waters." There can be no more striking picture of her. Tossed about in one tempest after

another, never able to command them, she sunk at last, swallowed up. Instead of using her religious weapons in pursuit of her dream of spiritual dominion, once assured of life, she took it into her head to realise it by purely mortal means. She has seemed to doubt her proper expansion, and to feel that she could grow in the souls of men only by taking possession of their bodies. She assumed to dictate human laws to all peoples. The rupture of the Reformation and the resistance, respectful always, but always irreducible, of France, have taught her nothing. Dante's anathema against Constantine has lost none of its force and justice to this day: "Of what evils was the source the dowry which the first rich pope received from thee"! Rich in divine treasures, the Church has thought only of the treasures of this world, and has exhausted herself with the impossible task of accumulating them. On the 20th of September, 1870, she saw her mistake. The effort of so many popes to make a kingdom of the Church ended in the foundation of the Italian Kingdom. Through the broken Porta Pia the lay king entered, and the Catholic monarch went out.

The Church saw her mistake. Does she yet understand it? Renan, in his pious tenderness, foresaw a Church free from material anxiety; he predicted a Catholic Renaissance, in which the Church, purified, would expand in the fulfilment of its divine mission for the government of souls, presiding over the beautiful domain of the Faith. He saw her grander than ever, thus reigning exclusively over hearts, after having renounced all thought of monarchical dominion. As much as the diversity of human character will permit us to look into the future, it seems as if Renan's hopes can never be realised. To the subtle Leo XII. has succeeded a Pope who has gone back to the old, hard, purely Roman road. No doubt Rome is no longer aiming at secular domination; at least, she seems to make no further claim to it except as a mere form. But, let us take note of how, no longer able to exercise her old despotic customs over peoples and countries, she exercises them with greater energy than ever over the faithful. That which formerly she imposed upon emperors, she imposes to-day upon the clergy and members of her congregations: absolute submission to all her orders, complete renunciation of all national

individuality. Rome seems to be unable to renounce her chimera: that which the law of the century interdicts in the case of the citizen, she exercises with redoubled force upon the poor people, her priests. In the great social upheaval which there has been, still is, and will be for a long time to come over the separation of Church and State in France, Rome has been willing to see nothing but a menace against her own monarchical power. And she carries her system of government bodily into the domain of her religion. She clings desperately to her despotism, as if oppression, crushing, ruining were the only means of keeping her hold on souls. She reduces the French clergy to beggary, obliging them to abandon property which would feed them, houses which would shelter them, in order that they may be the more dependent on her. She is mi tress of their consciences, even at the price of their despair. She has visions of a rarefied French clergy, but, owing everything to her, so that her supremacy may be prolonged. It is beginning to be understood, that Rome will take satisfaction in seeing our *curés* gradually driven out, by need or by violence, from the churches and from the presbyteries. She will then consti-

tute "missions" in France, the priests of which will not be born brothers of the faithful, but strangers with no ties of citizenship, and whose only bond will be their relations to their congregations, whose chief will be Rome. France as a land of missions is what Rome wants, what she was aiming at when she forbade the sectarian associations which would have allowed the priests to live in honour and independence.

No doubt there are strong reasons involved, relating entirely to France. The French clergy has never been notably attached to Rome. The religious history of our country has been, on the part of the French monarchy, marching in step with the French priests, but a series of efforts to remain national, on the part of Rome to reduce kings and clergy to passive obedience. From the time of Anagni to the declaration of 1682, the French clergy have moved through the centuries, declaring themselves independent of Rome. Nothing but the profound piety of our kings prevented schism. The concordat rendered Rome the service of guaranteeing her against all Gallican danger. Whenever a priest manifested any leaning toward the French, Rome made appeal to the

secular arm which broke the recalcitrant, being desirous of bringing upon itself difficulties with a power it could make useful to its internal policy. The entire history of the second Empire is witness to this. It is easy to see whence comes this secular attitude, independent of Rome, on the part of the French clergy. It arises from the fact that France, unlike Italy and Germany, took shape and grew without ever having Rome mingle in her destinies. The French priests were identified with the interests of France, and, owing Rome nothing, felt nothing but spiritual attachment for her. They denied that the pontificate had any power over a temporal which was the work of the kings. And the Sorbonne, the only theological fountain at which the Catholic world drank, knew her prestige; it was useless to ask her to recognise herself as the subject of a Pope who lent her his canons. It is in France that all Catholic doctrine has been formulated. Rome but adapted to her own ambitions and conveniences the rules laid down by French savants. France was doctrinal, Rome casuistic. Rome adapted and made use of that which Paris formulated and tabulated. Until the Concordat, France lived thus in material

independence sustained by the Kings, in intellectual superiority consecrated by the decrees. With the Concordat broken, is the French clergy going to want to return to making laws for Rome? Rome has seen nothing but this danger: she hypnotised herself over this peril, and, to avoid it, she takes our priests by famine. She cries loudly to them: "I shall never abandon you! Knock at my door, you will always find aid and subsistence there!" She is speaking the truth; her dearest wish is that the French clergy shall be obliged to turn to her for their bread. Hunger will replace the Concordat and the governments. And, Rome, obstinately fixed upon her monarchical dream, thinks, to-day as always, of nothing but keeping her subjects. She wants people, and not souls. She carries into the religious world exactly as in times past the same anxieties and desire to govern by terror and servility. Renan's prophecy draws farther and farther away from any realisation. The spiritual power clutches desperately at temporal means—at the risk of perishing when the priests, who are poor men, become tired at last. Then will the words of Juvenal be confirmed: *Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*

Will a Pope come who will realise Renan's vision of a purified Church, heiress of our Sorbonne, spiritual mother and guardian of the sacred doctrine? Nothing warrants such a hope. Rome is under the weight of her past, and the effort necessary to throw it off seems beyond her strength. For the entire length of my journey, I have been able to count the ruins she has sown along this road. She is crushed, smothered, under their weight. One cannot work with impunity in such a spirit of obstinate desperation at such a task. The example of Pius IX., the "liberal" Pius IX. tells enough of what one may expect of that. Dante's malediction against Constantine stands undiminished, implacable, painfully eternal. The Church has been deviating from her true way ever since her first steps. And, it is not in a Europe which she has wearied and wearies every day that she would find, to-morrow, even if she wanted to, the help of which she would have need to turn into the true road.

The spiritual and doctrinal Rome, the apostolic and Christian Rome, deserves all respect, the respect one owes to all the loftiest aspirations of the human heart, even when one does not share

them. The Rome that I have seen born, grow, and die from Pavia to Modena, in passing by Orvieto, Bologna, and Ancona, cannot but claim our attention and our calm judgment. And, when I enter Rome to-morrow, it can only be to find the pontifical synthesis of these scattered arguments; it can only be to feel, before the spectacle of the prosperous and triumphant monarchy, regret for the most beautiful federative and really national rôle which Rome might have been able to, should have, played.

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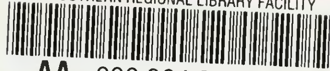
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