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ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL

MICHAEL ANGELO.



# MICHAEL ANGELO

A Dramatic Poem

Univ. of  
CALIFORNIA

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

7

Michel, più che mortal, Angel divino

ARIOSTO

Similamente operando all' artista

Ch' a l'abito, dell' arte e man che trema

DANTE, *Par.* xiii., st. 77

*ILLUSTRATED*



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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

THE Dramatic Poem of Michael Angelo was written by Mr. Longfellow mainly about ten years before his death, but was kept by him for occasional revision, and printed after his death in THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY from his final copy. It had been his wish that the poem, when published as a book, should be accompanied by illustrations, and the Publishers have accordingly reserved it for this form. In the plan of its illustration they have followed so far as they could the spirit in which the poet composed it, making the designs descriptive of the historical and biographical features of the poem, for the most part, and studying to render them accurate in their interpretation of the facts. They have added a few notes for the reader's convenience, since the portraits, which form the chief subject of the notes, could not be referred to except by recourse to a variety of works.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

MICHAEL ANGELO.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

JULIA GONZAGA.

FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

TITIAN.

POPE JULIUS III.

CARDINAL IPPOLITO.

CARDINAL SALVIATI.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

GIOVANNI VALDESSO.

GIORGIO VASARI.

BINDO ALTOVITI.

TOMASO DE' CAVALIERI.

CLAUDIO TOLOMMEL.

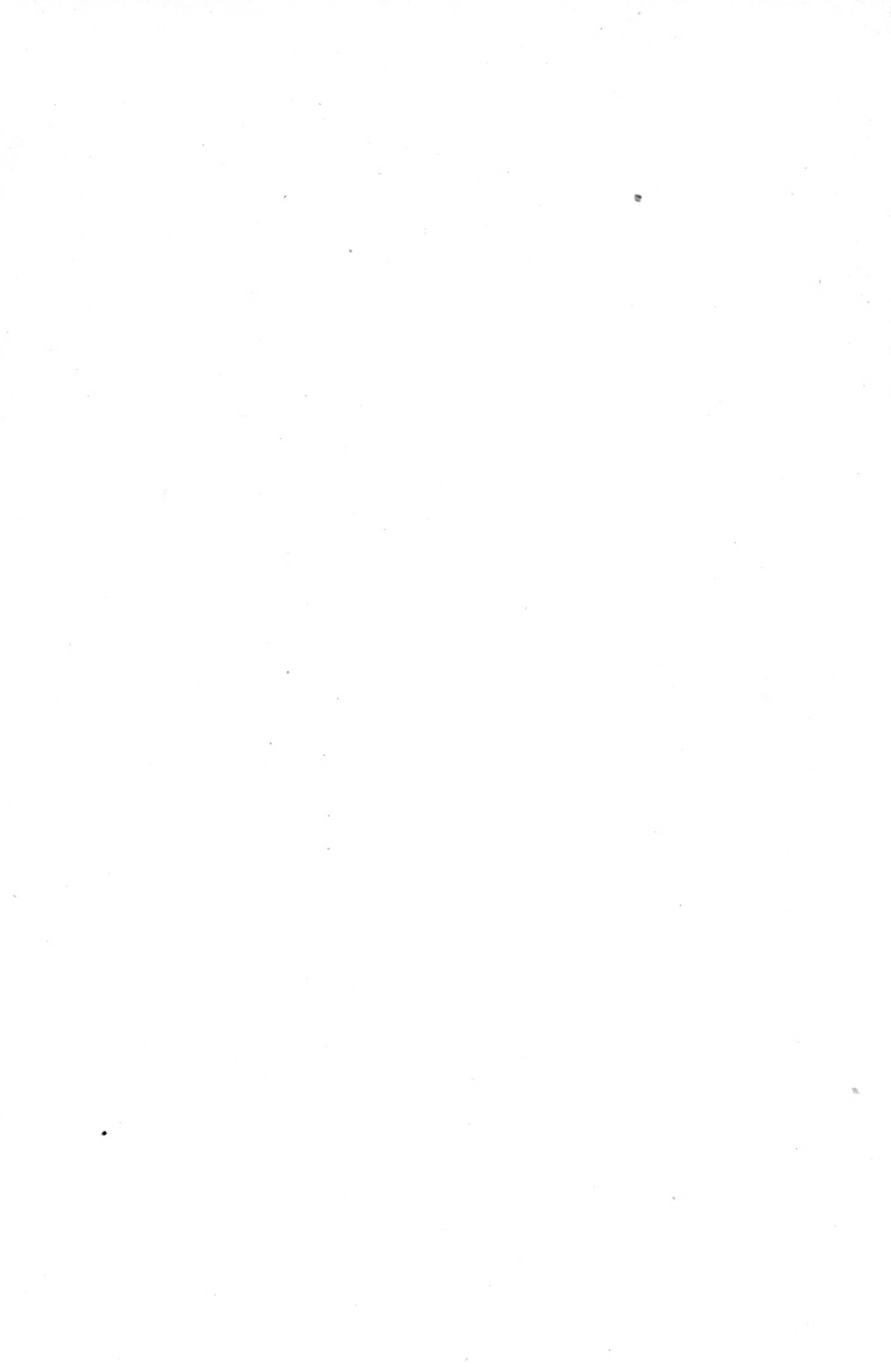
JACOPO NARDI.

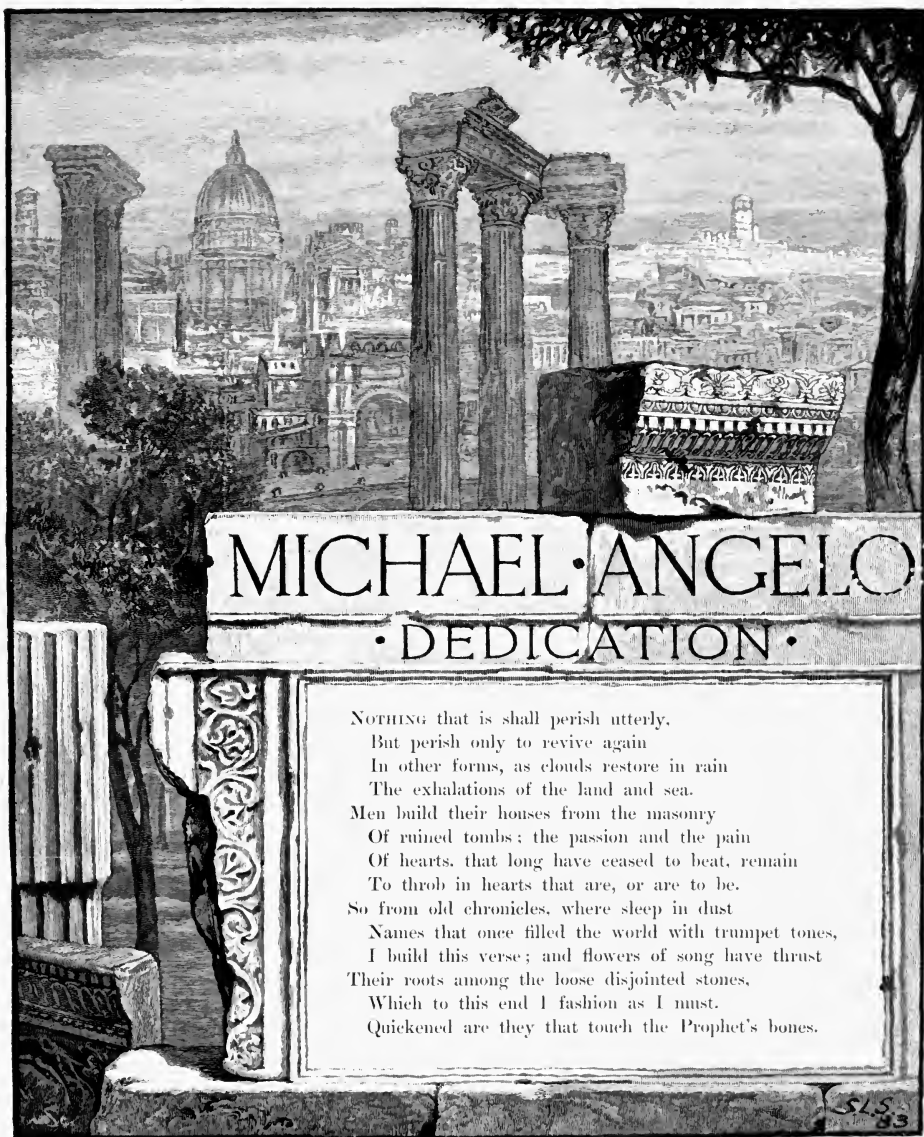
URBINO.

A MONK.









• MICHAEL ANGELO •  
• DEDICATION •

Nothing that is shall perish utterly,  
But perish only to revive again  
In other forms, as clouds restore in rain  
The exhalations of the land and sea.  
Men build their houses from the masonry  
Of ruined tombs: the passion and the pain  
Of hearts, that long have ceased to beat, remain  
To throb in hearts that are, or are to be.  
So from old chronicles, where sleep in dust  
Names that once filled the world with trumpet tones,  
I build this verse; and flowers of song have thrust  
Their roots among the loose disjointed stones,  
Which to this end I fashion as I must.  
Quickened are they that touch the Prophet's bones.

S.L.S.  
83



# MICHAEL ANGELO



## PART FIRST

### I.

#### PROLOGUE AT ISCHIA.

*The Castle Terrace. VITTORIA COLONNA, and JULIA GONZAGA.*

VITTORIA.

Will you then leave me, Julia, and so soon,  
To pace alone this terrace like a ghost ?

JULIA.

To-morrow, dearest.

VITTORIA.

Do not say to-morrow.  
A whole month of to-morrows were too soon.  
You must not go. You are a part of me.

JULIA.

I must return to Fondi.

VITTORIA.

The old castle  
 Needs not your presence. No one waits for you.  
 Stay one day longer with me. They who go  
 Feel not the pain of parting; it is they  
 Who stay behind that suffer. I was thinking  
 But yesterday how like and how unlike  
 Have been, and are, our destinies. Your husband,  
 The good Vespasian, an old man, who seemed  
 A father to you rather than a husband,  
 Died in your arms; but mine, in all the flower  
 And promise of his youth, was taken from me  
 As by a rushing wind. The breath of battle  
 Breathed on him, and I saw his face no more,  
 Save as in dreams it haunts me. As our love  
 Was for these men, so is our sorrow for them.  
 Yours a child's sorrow, smiling through its tears;  
 But mine the grief of an impassioned woman,  
 Who drank her life up in one draught of love.

JULIA.

Behold this locket. This is the white hair  
 Of my Vespasian. This the flower-of-love,  
 The amaranth, and beneath it the device,  
*Non moritura*. Thus my heart remains  
 True to his memory; and the ancient castle,  
 Where we have lived together, where he died,  
 Is dear to me as Ischia is to you.

VITTORIA.

I did not mean to chide you.

JULIA.

Let your heart

Find, if it can, some poor apology  
 For one who is too young, and feels too keenly  
 The joy of life, to give up all her days  
 To sorrow for the dead. While I am true  
 To the remembrance of the man I loved  
 And mourn for still, I do not make a show  
 Of all the grief I feel, nor live secluded  
 And, like Veronica da Gámbara,  
 Drape my whole house in mourning, and drive forth  
 In coach of sable drawn by sable horses,  
 As if I were a corpse. Ah, one to-day  
 Is worth for me a thousand yesterdays.

VITTORIA.

Dear Julia! Friendship has its jealousies  
 As well as love. Who waits for you at Fondi?

JULIA.

A friend of mine and yours; a friend and friar.  
 You have at Naples your Fra Bernardino;  
 And I at Fondi have my Fra Bastiano,  
 The famous artist, who has come from Rome  
 To paint my portrait. That is not a sin.

VITTORIA.

Only a vanity.

JULIA.

He painted yours.

VITTORIA.

Do not call up to me those days departed,  
 When I was young, and all was bright about me,  
 And the vicissitudes of life were things  
 But to be read of in old histories,



Though as pertaining unto me or mine  
 Impossible. Ah, then I dreamed your dreams,  
 And now, grown older, I look back and see  
 They were illusions.

JULIA.

Yet without illusions  
 What would our lives become, what we ourselves?  
 Dreams or illusions, call them what you will,  
 They lift us from the commonplace of life  
 To better things.

VITTORIA.

Are there no brighter dreams,  
 No higher aspirations, than the wish  
 To please and to be pleased?

JULIA.

For you there are :  
 I am no saint ; I feel the world we live in



Comes before that which is to be hereafter,  
And must be dealt with first.

VITTORIA.

But in what way ?

JULIA.

Let the soft wind that wafts to us the odor  
Of orange blossoms, let the laughing sea  
And the bright sunshine bathing all the world,  
Answer the question.

VITTORIA.

And for whom is meant  
This portrait that you speak of ?

JULIA.

For my friend  
The Cardinal Ippolito.

VITTORIA.

For him ?

JULIA.

Yes, for Ippolito the Magnificent.  
'T is always flattering to a woman's pride  
To be admired by one whom all admire.

VITTORIA.

Ah, Julia, she that makes herself a dove  
Is eaten by the hawk. Be on your guard.  
He is a Cardinal ; and his adoration  
Should be elsewhere directed.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

JULIA.

You forget

The horror of that night, when Barbarossa,  
 The Moorish corsair, landed on our coast  
 To seize me for the Sultan Soliman ;  
 How in the dead of night, when all were sleeping,  
 He scaled the castle wall ; how I escaped,  
 And in my night-dress, mounting a swift steed,  
 Fled to the mountains, and took refuge there  
 Among the brigands. Then of all my friends  
 The Cardinal Ippolito was first  
 To come with his retainers to my rescue.  
 Could I refuse the only boon he asked  
 At such a time, my portrait ?

VITTORIA.

I have heard

Strange stories of the splendors of his palace,  
 And how, apparelled like a Spanish Prince,  
 He rides through Rome with a long retinue  
 Of Ethiopians and Numidians  
 And Turks and Tartars, in fantastic dresses,  
 Making a gallant show. Is this the way  
 A Cardinal should live ?

JULIA.

He is so young ;

Hardly of age, or little more than that ;  
 Beautiful, generous, fond of arts and letters,  
 A poet, a musician, and a scholar ;  
 Master of many languages, and a player  
 On many instruments. In Rome, his palace  
 Is the asylum of all men distinguished  
 In art or science, and all Florentines



1901  
SINGAPORE

Escaping from the tyranny of his cousin,  
Duke Alessandro.

VITTORIA.

I have seen his portrait,  
Painted by Titian.. You have painted it  
In brighter colors.

JULIA.

And my Cardinal,  
At Itri, in the courtyard of his palace,  
Keeps a tame lion !

VITTORIA.

And so counterfeits  
St. Mark, the Evangelist !

JULIA.

Ah, your tame lion  
Is Michael Angelo.

VITTORIA.

You speak a name  
That always thrills me with a noble sound,  
As of a trumpet ! Michael Angelo !  
A lion all men fear and none can tame ;  
A man that all men honor, and the model  
That all should follow ; one who works and prays,  
For work is prayer, and consecrates his life  
To the sublime ideal of his art,  
Till art and life are one ; a man who holds  
Such place in all men's thoughts, that when they speak  
Of great things done, or to be done, his name  
Is ever on their lips.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

JULIA.

You too can paint  
 The portrait of your hero, and in colors  
 Brighter than Titian's ; I might warn you also  
 Against the dangers that beset your path ;  
 But I forbear.

VITTORIA.

If I were made of marble,  
 Of Fior di Persico or Pavonazzo,  
 He might admire me : being but flesh and blood,  
 I am no more to him than other women ;  
 That is, am nothing.

JULIA.

Does he ride through Rome  
 Upon his little mule, as he was wont,  
 With his slouched hat, and boots of Cordovan,  
 As when I saw him last ?

VITTORIA.

Pray do not jest.  
 I cannot couple with his noble name  
 A trivial word ! Look, how the setting sun  
 Lights up Castel-a-mare and Sorrento,  
 And changes Capri to a purple cloud !  
 And there Vesuvius with its plume of smoke,  
 And the great city stretched upon the shore  
 As in a dream !

JULIA.

Parthenope the Siren !

VITTORIA.

And yon long line of lights, those sun-lit windows  
 Blaze like the torches carried in procession  
 To do her honor ! It is beautiful !

JULIA.

I have no heart to feel the beauty of it !  
 My feet are weary, pacing up and down  
 These level flags, and wearier still my thoughts  
 Treading the broken pavement of the Past.  
 It is too sad. I will go in and rest,  
 And make me ready for to-morrow's journey.

VITTORIA.

I will go with you ; for I would not lose  
 One hour of your dear presence. 'T is enough  
 Only to be in the same room with you.  
 I need not speak to you, nor hear you speak ;  
 If I but see you, I am satisfied

[*They go in.*]

## II.

MONOLOGUE.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio*. *He is at work on the cartoon of the Last Judgment.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Why did the Pope and his ten Cardinals  
 Come here to lay this heavy task upon me ?  
 Were not the paintings on the Sistine ceiling  
 Enough for them ? They saw the Hebrew leader  
 Waiting, and clutching his tempestuous beard,  
 But heeded not. The bones of Julius  
 Shook in their sepulchre. I heard the sound ;  
 They only heard the sound of their own voices.

Are there no other artists here in Rome  
 To do this work, that they must needs seek me ?  
 Fra Bastian, my Fra Bastian, might have done it ;  
 But he is lost to art. The Papal Seals,

Like leaden weights upon a dead man's eyes,  
Press down his lids ; and so the burden falls  
On Michael Angelo, Chief Architect  
And Painter of the Apostolic Palace.  
That is the title they cajole me with,  
To make me do their work and leave my own ;  
But having once begun, I turn not back.  
Blow, ye bright angels, on your golden trumpets  
To the four corners of the earth, and wake  
The dead to judgment ! Ye recording angels,  
Open your books and read ! Ye dead, awake !  
Rise from your graves, drowsy and drugged with death,  
As men who suddenly aroused from sleep  
Look round amazed, and know not where they are !

In happy hours, when the imagination  
Wakes like a wind at midnight, and the soul





Trembles in all its leaves, it is a joy  
To be uplifted on its wings, and listen,  
To the prophetic voices in the air  
That call us onward. Then the work we do  
Is a delight, and the obedient hand  
Never grows weary. But how different is it  
In the disconsolate, discouraged hours,  
When all the wisdom of the world appears  
As trivial as the gossip of a nurse  
In a sick-room, and all our work seems useless.

What is it guides my hand, what thoughts possess me,  
That I have drawn her face among the angels,  
Where she will be hereafter? O sweet dreams,  
That through the vacant chambers of my heart  
Walk in the silence, as familiar phantoms  
Frequent an ancient house, what will ye with me?  
'T is said that Emperors write their names in green  
When under age, but when of age in purple.  
So Love, the greatest Emperor of them all,  
Writes his in green at first, but afterwards  
In the imperial purple of our blood.  
First love or last love, — which of these two passions  
Is more omnipotent? Which is more fair,  
The star of morning or the evening star?  
The sunrise or the sunset of the heart?  
The hour when we look forth to the unknown,  
And the advancing day consumes the shadows,  
Or that when all the landscape of our lives  
Lies stretched behind us, and familiar places  
Gleam in the distance, and sweet memories  
Rise like a tender haze, and magnify  
The objects we behold, that soon must vanish?

What matters it to me, whose countenance  
 Is like Laocoön's, full of pain ; whose forehead  
 Is a ploughed harvest-field, where threescore years  
 Have sown in sorrow and have reaped in anguish ;  
 To me, the artisan, to whom all women  
 Have been as if they were not, or at most  
 A sudden rush of pigeons in the air,  
 A flutter of wings, a sound, and then a silence ?  
 I am too old for love ; I am too old  
 To flatter and delude myself with visions  
 Of never-ending friendship with fair women,  
 Imaginations, fantasies, illusions,  
 In which the things that cannot be take shape,  
 And seem to be, and for the moment are. [*Convent bells ring.*]

Distant and near and low and loud the bells,  
 Dominican, Benedictine, and Franciscan,  
 Jangle and wrangle in their airy towers,  
 Discordant as the brotherhoods themselves  
 In their dim cloisters. The descending sun  
 Seems to caress the city that he loves,  
 And crowns it with the aureole of a saint.  
 I will go forth and breathe the air a while.

## III.

## SAN SILVESTRO.

*A Chapel in the Church of San Silvestro on Monte Cavallo.*

VITTORIA COLONNA, CLAUDIO TOLOMMI, and others.

## VITTORIA.

Here let us rest awhile, until the crowd  
 Has left the church. I have already sent  
 For Michael Angelo to join us here.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

After Fra Bernardino's wise discourse  
On the Pauline Epistles, certainly  
Some words of Michael Angelo on Art  
Were not amiss, to bring us back to earth.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *at the door.*

How like a Saint or Goddess she appears :  
Diana or Madonna, which I know not !  
In attitude and aspect formed to be  
At once the artist's worship and despair !

VITTORIA.

Welcome, Maestro. We were waiting for you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I met your messenger upon the way,  
And hastened hither.

VITTORIA.

It is kind of you  
To come to us, who linger here like gossips  
Wasting the afternoon in idle talk.  
These are all friends of mine and friends of yours.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If friends of yours, then are they friends of mine  
Pardon me, gentlemen. But when I entered  
I saw but the Marchesa.

VITTORIA.

Take this seat  
Between me and Ser Claudio Tolommei,  
Who still maintains that our Italian tongue

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

Should be called Tuscan. But for that offence  
We will not quarrel with him.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Eccellenza —

VITTORIA.

Ser Claudio has banished Eccellenza  
And all such titles from the Tuscan tongue.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

'T is the abuse of them and not the use  
I deprecate.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The use or the abuse,  
It matters not. Let them all go together,  
As empty phrases and frivolities,  
And common as gold-lace upon the collar  
Of an obsequious lackey.

VITTORIA.

That may be,  
But something of politeness would go with them ;  
We should lose something of the stately manners  
Of the old school.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

Undoubtedly.

VITTORIA.

But that  
Is not what occupies my thoughts at present,  
Nor why I sent for you, Messer Michele.  
It was to counsel me. His Holiness  
Has granted me permission, long desired,



TO THE  
SACRAMENTO

To build a convent in this neighborhood,  
Where the old tower is standing, from whose top  
Nero looked down upon the burning city.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is an inspiration !

VITTORIA.

I am doubtful  
How I shall build ; how large to make the convent,  
And which way fronting.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, to build, to build !  
That is the noblest art of all the arts.  
Painting and sculpture are but images,  
Are merely shadows cast by outward things  
On stone or canvas, having in themselves  
No separate existence. Architecture,  
Existing in itself, and not in seeming  
A something it is not, surpasses them  
As substance shadow. Long, long years ago,  
Standing one morning near the Baths of Titus,  
I saw the statue of Laocoön  
Rise from its grave of centuries, like a ghost  
Writhing in pain ; and as it tore away  
The knotted serpents from its limbs, I heard,  
Or seemed to hear, the cry of agony  
From its white, parted lips. And still I marvel  
At the three Rhodian artists, by whose hands  
This miracle was wrought. Yet he beholds  
Far nobler works who looks upon the ruins  
Of temples in the Forum here in Rome.  
If God should give me power in my old age

To build for Him a temple half as grand  
 As those were in their glory, I should count  
 My age more excellent than youth itself,  
 And all that I have hitherto accomplished  
 As only vanity.

VITTORIA.

I understand you.

Art is the gift of God, and must be used  
 Unto His glory. That in art is highest  
 Which aims at this. When St. Hilarion blessed  
 The horses of Italicus, they won  
 The race at Gaza, for his benediction  
 O'erpowered all magic; and the people shouted  
 That Christ had conquered Marnas. So that art  
 Which bears the consecration and the seal  
 Of holiness upon it will prevail  
 Over all others. Those few words of yours  
 Inspire me with new confidence to build.  
 What think you? The old walls might serve, perhaps,  
 Some purpose still. The tower can hold the bells.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If strong enough.

VITTORIA.

If not, it can be strengthened.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I see no bar nor drawback to this building,  
 And on our homeward way, if it shall please you,  
 We may together view the site.

VITTORIA.

I thank you.

I did not venture to request so much.



MICHAEL ANGELO.

Let us now go to the old walls you spake of,  
Vossignoria —

VITTORIA.

What, again, Maestro ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Pardon me, Messer Claudio, if once more  
I use the ancient courtesies of speech.  
I am too old to change.

IV.

CARDINAL IPPOLITO.

*A richly furnished apartment in the Palace of CARDINAL IPPOLITO. Night.*

JACOPO NARDI, an old man, alone.

NARDI.

I am bewildered. These Numidian slaves,  
In strange attire ; these endless antechambers ;  
This lighted hall, with all its golden splendors,  
Pictures, and statues ! Can this be the dwelling  
Of a disciple of that lowly Man  
Who had not where to lay his head ? These statues  
Are not of Saints ; nor is this a Madonna,  
This lovely face, that with such tender eyes  
Looks down upon me from the painted canvas.  
My heart begins to fail me. What can he  
Who lives in boundless luxury at Rome  
Care for the imperilled liberties of Florence,  
Her people, her Republic ? Ah, the rich  
Feel not the pangs of banishment. All doors  
Are open to them, and all hands extended.  
The poor alone are outcasts ; they who risked



All they possessed for liberty, and lost ;  
 And wander through the world without a friend,  
 Sick, comfortless, distressed, unknown, uncared for.

*Enter CARDINAL IPPOLITO, in Spanish cloak and slouched hat.*

IPPOLITO.

I pray you pardon me that I have kept you  
 Waiting so long alone.

NARDI.

I wait to see

The Cardinal.

IPPOLITO.

I am the Cardinal ;

And you ?

NARDI.

Jacopo Nardi.

IPPOLITO.

You are welcome.

I was expecting you. Philippo Strozzi  
Had told me of your coming.

NARDI.

'T was his son  
That brought me to your door.

IPPOLITO.

Pray you, be seated.

You seem astonished at the garb I wear,  
But at my time of life, and with my habits,  
The petticoats of a Cardinal would be —  
Troublesome ; I could neither ride nor walk,  
Nor do a thousand things, if I were dressed  
Like an old dowager. It were putting wine  
Young as the young Astyanax into goblets  
As old as Priam.

NARDI.

Oh, your Eminence  
Knows best what you should wear.

IPPOLITO.

Dear Messer Nardi,

You are no stranger to me. I have read  
Your excellent translation of the books  
Of Titus Livius, the historian  
Of Rome, and model of all historians  
That shall come after him. It does you honor ;  
But greater honor still the love you bear

To Florence, our dear country, and whose annals  
I hope your hand will write, in happier days  
Than we now see.

NARDI.

Your Eminence will pardon  
The lateness of the hour.

IPPOLITO.

The hours I count not  
As a sun-dial ; but am like a clock,  
That tells the time as well by night as day.  
So, no excuse. I know what brings you here.  
You come to speak of Florence.

NARDI.

And her woes.

IPPOLITO.

The Duke, my cousin, the black Alessandro,  
Whose mother was a Moorish slave, that fed  
The sheep upon Lorenzo's farm, still lives  
And reigns.

NARDI.

Alas, that such a scourge  
Should fall on such a city !

IPPOLITO.

When he dies,  
The Wild Boar in the gardens of Lorenzo,  
The beast obscene, should be the monument  
Of this bad man.

NARDI.

He walks the streets at night  
With revellers, insulting honest men.  
No house is sacred from his lusts. The convents

Are turned by him to brothels, and the honor  
 Of women and all ancient pious customs  
 Are quite forgotten now. The offices  
 Of the Priori and Gonfalonieri  
 Have been abolished. All the magistrates  
 Are now his creatures. Liberty is dead.  
 The very memory of all honest living  
 Is wiped away, and even our Tuscan tongue  
 Corrupted to a Lombard dialect.

IPPOLITO.

And worst of all his impious hand has broken  
 The Martinella, — our great battle bell,  
 That, sounding through three centuries, has led  
 The Florentines to victory, — lest its voice  
 Should waken in their souls some memory  
 Of far-off times of glory.

NARDI.

What a change  
 Ten little years have made! We all remember  
 Those better days, when Niccola Capponi,  
 The Gonfaloniere, from the windows  
 Of the Old Palace, with the blast of trumpets,  
 Proclaimed to the inhabitants that Christ  
 Was chosen King of Florence; and already  
 Christ is dethroned, and slain, and in his stead  
 Reigns Lucifer! Alas, alas, for Florence!

IPPOLITO.

Lilies with lilies, said Savonarola;  
 Florence and France! But I say Florence only,  
 Or only with the Emperor's hand to help us  
 In sweeping out the rubbish.



NARDI.

Little hope  
Of help is there from him. He has betrothed  
His daughter Margaret to this shameless Duke.  
What hope have we from such an Emperor ?

IPPOLITO.

Baccio Valori and Filippo Strozzi,  
Once the Duke's friends and intimates, are with us,  
And Cardinals Salvati and Ridolfi.  
We shall soon see, then, as Valori says,  
Whether the Duke can best spare honest men,  
Or honest men the Duke.

NARDI.

We have determined  
To send ambassadors to Spain, and lay  
Our griefs before the Emperor, though I fear  
More than I hope.

IPPOLITO.

The Emperor is busy  
With this new war against the Algerines,  
And has no time to listen to complaints

From our ambassadors ; nor will I trust them,  
 But go myself. All is in readiness  
 For my departure, and to-morrow morning  
 I shall go down to Itri, where I meet  
 Dante da Castiglione and some others,  
 Republicans and fugitives from Florence,  
 And then take ship at Gaëta, and go  
 To join the Emperor in his new crusade  
 Against the Turk. I shall have time enough  
 And opportunity to plead our cause.

*NARDI, rising.*

It is an inspiration, and I hail it  
 As of good omen. May the power that sends it  
 Bless our beloved country, and restore  
 Its banished citizens. The soul of Florence  
 Is now outside its gates. What lies within  
 Is but a corpse, corrupted and corrupting.  
 Heaven help us all. I will not tarry longer,  
 For you have need of rest. Good-night.

IPPOLITO.

Good-night !

*Enter FRA SEBASTIANO ; Turkish Attendants.*

IPPOLITO.

Fra Bastiano, how your portly presence  
 Contrasts with that of the spare Florentine  
 Who has just left me !

FRA SEBASTIANO.

As we passed each other,  
 I saw that he was weeping.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

IPPOLITO.

Poor old man !

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Who is he ?

IPPOLITO.

Jacopo Nardi. A brave soul ;  
 One of the Fuorusciti, and the best  
 And noblest of them all ; but he has made me  
 Sad with his sadness. As I look on you  
 My heart grows lighter. I behold a man  
 Who lives in an ideal world, apart  
 From all the rude collisions of our life,  
 In a calm atmosphere.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Your Eminence  
 Is surely jesting. If you knew the life  
 Of artists as I know it, you might think  
 Far otherwise.

IPPOLITO.

But wherefore should I jest ?  
 The world of art is an ideal world, —  
 The world I love, and that I fain would live in ;  
 So speak to me of artists and of art,  
 Of all the painters, sculptors, and musicians  
 That now illustrate Rome.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Of the musicians,  
 I know but Goudimel, the brave maestro  
 And chapel-master of his Holiness,  
 Who trains the Papal choir.



IPPOLITO.

In church this morning,  
I listened to a mass of Goudimel,  
Divinely chanted. In the Incarnatus,  
In lieu of Latin words, the tenor sang  
With infinite tenderness, in plain Italian,  
A Neapolitan love-song.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

You amaze me.  
Was it a wanton song ?

IPPOLITO.

Not a divine one.  
I am not over-scrupulous, as you know,  
In word or deed, yet such a song as that,  
Sung by the tenor of the Papal choir,  
And in a Papal mass, seemed out of place ;  
There 's something wrong in it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

There 's something wrong  
In everything. We cannot make the world  
Go right. 'T is not my business to reform  
The Papal choir.

IPPOLITO.

Nor mine, thank Heaven !  
Then tell me of the artists.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Naming one  
I name them all ; for there is only one :  
His name is Messer Michael Angelo.



All art and artists of the present day  
Centre in him.

IPPOLITO.

You count yourself as nothing ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Or less than nothing, since I am at best  
Only a portrait-painter ; one who draws  
With greater or less skill, as best he may,  
The features of a face.

IPPOLITO.

And you have had  
The honor, nay, the glory, of portraying  
Julia Gonzaga ! Do you count as nothing  
A privilege like that ? See there the portrait  
Rebuking you with its divine expression.

Are you not penitent? He whose skilful hand  
 Painted that lovely picture has not right  
 To vilipend the art of portrait-painting.  
 But what of Michael Angelo?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But lately,  
 Strolling together down the crowded Corso,  
 We stopped, well pleased, to see your Eminence  
 Pass on an Arab steed, a noble creature,  
 Which Michael Angelo, who is a lover  
 Of all things beautiful, especially  
 When they are Arab horses, much admired,  
 And could not praise enough.

IPPOLITO, *to an attendant.*

Hassam, to-morrow,  
 When I am gone, but not till I am gone, —  
 Be careful about that, — take Barbarossa  
 To Messer Michael Angelo, the sculptor,  
 Who lives there at Macello dei Corvi,  
 Near to the Capitol; and take besides  
 Some ten mule-loads of provender, and say  
 Your master sends them to him as a present.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A princely gift. Though Michael Angelo  
 Refuses presents from his Holiness,  
 Yours he will not refuse.

IPPOLITO.

You think him like  
 Thymœtes, who received the wooden horse  
 Into the walls of Troy. That book of Virgil

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

Have I translated in Italian verse,  
 And shall, some day, when we have leisure for it,  
 Be pleased to read you. When I speak of Troy  
 I am reminded of another town  
 And of a lovelier Helen, our dear Countess  
 Julia Gonzaga. You remember, surely,  
 The adventure with the corsair Barbarossa,  
 And all that followed ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A most strange adventure ;  
 A tale as marvellous and full of wonder  
 As any in Boccaccio or Sacchetti ;  
 Almost incredible !

IPPOLITO.

Were I a painter  
 I should not want a better theme than that :  
 The lovely lady fleeing through the night  
 In wild disorder ; and the brigands' camp  
 With the red fire-light on their swarthy faces.  
 Could you not paint it for me ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

No, not I.  
 It is not in my line.

IPPOLITO.

Then you shall paint  
 The portrait of the corsair, when we bring him  
 A prisoner chained to Naples ; for I feel  
 Something like admiration for a man  
 Who dared this strange adventure.





FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will do it.

But catch the corsair first.

IPPOLITO.

You may begin  
To-morrow with the sword. Hassan, come hither ;  
Bring me the Turkish scimitar that hangs  
Beneath the picture yonder. Now unsheathe it.  
'T is a Damascus blade ; you see the inscription  
In Arabic : *La Allah illa Allah*, —  
There is no God but God.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

How beautiful  
In fashion and in finish ! It is perfect.  
The Arsenal of Venice cannot boast  
A finer sword.

IPPOLITO.

You like it ? It is yours.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

You do not mean it.

IPPOLITO.

I am not a Spaniard,  
To say that it is yours and not to mean it.  
I have at Itri a whole armory  
Full of such weapons. When you paint the portrait  
Of Barbarossa, it will be of use.  
You have not been rewarded as you should be  
For painting the Gonzaga. Throw this bauble  
Into the scale, and make the balance equal.

Till then suspend it in your studio ;  
 You artists like such trifles.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will keep it  
 In memory of the donor. Many thanks.

IPPOLITO.

Fra Bastian, I am growing tired of Rome,  
 The old dead city, with the old dead people ;  
 Priests everywhere, like shadows on a wall,  
 And morning, noon, and night the ceaseless sound  
 Of convent bells. I must be gone from here ;  
 Though Ovid somewhere says that Rome is worthy  
 To be the dwelling-place of all the Gods,  
 I must be gone from here. To-morrow morning  
 I start for Itri, and go thence by sea  
 To join the Emperor, who is making war  
 Upon the Algerines ; perhaps to sink  
 Some Turkish galleys, and bring back in chains  
 The famous corsair. Thus would I avenge  
 The beautiful Gonzaga.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

An achievement  
 Worthy of Charlemagne, or of Orlando.  
 Berni and Ariosto both shall add  
 A canto to their poems, and describe you  
 As Furioso and Innamorato.  
 Now I must say good-night.

IPPOLITO.

You must not go ;  
 First you shall sup with me. My seneschal,



Giovan Andrea dal Borgo a San Sepolero, —  
 I like to give the whole sonorous name,  
 It sounds so like a verse of the Æneid, —  
 Has brought me eels fresh from the Lake of Fondi,  
 And Lucrine oysters cradled in their shells :  
 These, with red Fondi wine, the Cæcuban  
 That Horace speaks of, under a hundred keys  
 Kept safe, until the heir of Posthumus  
 Shall stain the pavement with it, make a feast  
 Fit for Lucullus, or Fra Bastian even ;  
 So we will go to supper, and be merry.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Beware ! Remember that Bolsena's eels  
 And Vernage wine once killed a Pope of Rome !

IPPOLITO.

'T was a French Pope ; and then so long ago ;  
 Who knows ? — perhaps the story is not true.

V.

BORGO DELLE VERGINE AT NAPLES.

*Room in the Palace of JULIA GONZAGA. Night.*

JULIA GONZAGA, GIOVANNI VALDESSO.

JULIA.

Do not go yet.

VALDESSO.

The night is far advanced ;  
 I fear to stay too late, and weary you  
 With these discussions.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

JULIA.

I have much to say.  
 I speak to you, Valdesso, with that frankness  
 Which is the greatest privilege of friendship, —  
 Speak as I hardly would to my confessor,  
 Such is my confidence in you.

VALDESSO.

Dear Countess,  
 If loyalty to friendship be a claim  
 Upon your confidence, then I may claim it.

JULIA.

Then sit again, and listen unto things  
 That nearer are to me than life itself.

VALDESSO.

In all things I am happy to obey you,  
 And happiest then when you command me most.

JULIA.

Laying aside all useless rhetoric,  
 That is superfluous between us two,  
 I come at once unto the point, and say,  
 You know my outward life, my rank and fortune ;  
 Countess of Fondi, Duchess of Trajetto,  
 A widow rich and flattered, for whose hand  
 In marriage princes ask, and ask it only  
 To be rejected. All the world can offer  
 Lies at my feet. If I remind you of it,  
 It is not in the way of idle boasting,  
 But only to the better understanding  
 Of what comes after.

VALDESSO.

God hath given you also  
Beauty and intellect ; and the signal grace  
To lead a spotless life amid temptations,  
That others yield to.

JULIA.

But the inward life, —  
That you know not ; 't is known but to myself,  
And is to me a mystery and a pain.  
A soul disquieted, and ill at ease,  
A mind perplexed with doubts and apprehensions,  
A heart dissatisfied with all around me,  
And with myself, so that sometimes I weep,  
Discouraged and disgusted with the world.

VALDESSO.

Whene'er we cross a river at a ford,  
If we would pass in safety, we must keep  
Our eyes fixed steadfast on the shore beyond,  
For if we cast them on the flowing stream,  
The head swims with it ; so if we would cross  
The running flood of things here in the world,  
Our souls must not look down, but fix their sight  
On the firm land beyond.

JULIA.

I comprehend you.  
You think I am too worldly ; that my head  
Swims with the giddy whirl of life about me.  
Is that your meaning ?

VALDESSO.

Yes ; your meditations

Are more of this world and its vanities  
Than of the world to come.

JULIA.

Between the two  
I am confused.

VALDESSO.

Yet have I seen you listen  
Enraptured when Fra Bernardino preached  
Of faith and hope and charity.

JULIA.

I listen,  
But only as to music without meaning.  
It moves me for the moment, and I think  
How beautiful it is to be a saint,  
As dear Vittoria is ; but I am weak  
And wayward, and I soon fall back again  
To my old ways, so very easily.  
There are too many week-days for one Sunday.

VALDESSO.

Then take the Sunday with you through the week,  
And sweeten with it all the other days.

JULIA.

In part I do so ; for to put a stop  
To idle tongues, what men might say of me  
If I lived all alone here in my palace,  
And not from a vocation that I feel  
For the monastic life, I now am living  
With Sister Caterina at the convent  
Of Santa Chiara, and I come here only

On certain days, for my affairs, or visits  
Of ceremony, or to be with friends.  
For I confess, to live among my friends  
Is Paradise to me ; my Purgatory  
Is living among people I dislike.  
And so I pass my life in these two worlds,  
This palace and the convent.

VALDESSO.

It was then  
The fear of man, and not the love of God,  
That led you to this step. Why will you not  
Give all your heart to God ?

JULIA.

If God commands it,  
Wherefore hath He not made me capable  
Of doing for Him what I wish to do  
As easily as I could offer Him  
This jewel from my hand, this gown I wear,  
Or aught else that is mine ?

VALDESSO.

The hindrance lies  
In that original sin, by which all fell.

JULIA.

Ah me, I cannot bring my troubled mind  
To wish well to that Adam, our first parent,  
Who by his sin lost Paradise for us,  
And brought such ills upon us.

VALDESSO.

We ourselves,

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

When we commit a sin, lose Paradise,  
 As much as he did. Let us think of this,  
 And how we may regain it.

JULIA.

Teach me, then,  
 To harmonize the discord of my life,  
 And stop the painful jangle of these wires.

VALDESSO.

That is a task impossible, until  
 You tune your heart-strings to a higher key  
 Than earthly melodies.

JULIA.

How shall I do it ?  
 Point out to me the way of this perfection,  
 And I will follow you ; for you have made  
 My soul enamored with it, and I cannot  
 Rest satisfied until I find it out.  
 But lead me privately, so that the world  
 Hear not my steps ; I would not give occasion  
 For talk among the people.

VALDESSO.

Now at last  
 I understand you fully. Then, what need  
 Is there for us to beat about the bush ?  
 I know what you desire of me.

JULIA.

What rudeness !  
 If you already know it, why not tell me ?

VALDESSO.

Because I rather wait for you to ask it  
With your own lips.

JULIA.

Do me the kindness, then,  
To speak without reserve ; and with all frankness,  
If you divine the truth, will I confess it.

VALDESSO.

I am content.

JULIA.

Then speak.

VALDESSO.

You would be free  
From the vexatious thoughts that come and go  
Through your imagination, and would have me  
Point out some royal road and lady-like  
Which you may walk in, and not wound your feet ;  
You would attain to the divine perfection,  
And yet not turn your back upon the world ;  
You would possess humility within,  
But not reveal it in your outward actions ;  
You would have patience, but without the rude  
Occasions that require its exercise ;  
You would despise the world, but in such fashion  
The world should not despise you in return ;  
Would clothe the soul with all the Christian graces,  
Yet not despoil the body of its gauds ;  
Would feed the soul with spiritual food,  
Yet not deprive the body of its feasts ;  
Would seem angelic in the sight of God,  
Yet not too saint-like in the eyes of men ;

In short, would lead a holy Christian life  
 In such a way that even your nearest friend  
 Would not detect therein one circumstance  
 To show a change from what it was before.  
 Have I divined your secret ?

JULIA.

You have drawn  
 The portrait of my inner self as truly  
 As the most skilful painter ever painted  
 A human face.

VALDESSO.

This warrants me in saying  
 You think you can win heaven by compromise,  
 And not by verdict.

JULIA.

You have often told me  
 That a bad compromise was better even  
 Than a good verdict.

VALDESSO.

Yes, in suits at law ;  
 Not in religion. With the human soul  
 There is no compromise. By faith alone  
 Can man be justified.

JULIA.

Hush, dear Valdesso ;  
 That is a heresy. Do not, I pray you,  
 Proclaim it from the house-top, but preserve it  
 As something precious, hidden in your heart,  
 As I, who half believe and tremble at it.





TO VBA  
SECTION 1A0

VALDESSO.

I must proclaim the truth.

JULIA.

Enthusiast !

Why must you ? You imperil both yourself  
 And friends by your imprudence. Pray, be patient  
 You have occasion now to show that virtue  
 Which you lay stress upon. Let us return  
 To our lost pathway. Show me by what steps  
 I shall walk in it. *[Convent bells are heard.]*

VALDESSO.

Hark ! the convent bells  
 Are ringing ; it is midnight ; I must leave you.  
 And yet I linger. Pardon me, dear Countess,  
 Since you to-night have made me your confessor,  
 If I so far may venture, I will warn you  
 Upon one point.

JULIA.

What is it ? Speak, I pray you,  
 For I have no concealments in my conduct ;  
 All is as open as the light of day.  
 What is it you would warn me of ?

VALDESSO.

Your friendship

With Cardinal Ippolito.

JULIA.

What is there  
 To cause suspicion or alarm in that,  
 More than in friendships that I entertain  
 With you and others ? I ne'er sat with him

Alone at night, as I am sitting now  
With you, Valdesso.

VALDESSO.

Pardon me ; the portrait  
That Fra Bastiano painted was for him.  
Is that quite prudent ?

JULIA.

That is the same question  
Vittoria put to me, when I last saw her.  
I make you the same answer. That was not  
A pledge of love, but of pure gratitude.  
Recall the adventure of that dreadful night  
When Barbarossa with two thousand Moors  
Landed upon the coast, and in the darkness  
Attacked my castle. Then, without delay,  
The Cardinal came hurrying down from Rome  
To rescue and protect me. Was it wrong  
That in an hour like that I did not weigh  
Too nicely this or that, but granted him  
A boon that pleased him, and that flattered me ?

VALDESSO.

Only beware lest, in disguise of friendship,  
Another corsair, worse than Barbarossa,  
Steal in and seize the castle, not by storm  
But strategy. And now I take my leave.

JULIA.

Farewell ; but ere you go look forth and see  
How night hath hushed the clamor and the stir  
Of the tumultuous streets. The cloudless moon  
Roofs the whole city as with tiles of silver ;



The dim, mysterious sea in silence sleeps ;  
And straight into the air Vesuvius lifts  
His plume of smoke. How beautiful it is !

[*Voices in the street.*]

GIOVAN ANDREA.

Poisoned at Itri.

ANOTHER VOICE.

Poisoned ? Who is poisoned ?

GIOVAN ANDREA.

The Cardinal Ippolito, my master.  
Call it malaria. It was very sudden.

[*Julia swoons.*]

## VI.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

*A room in the Torre Argentina.*

VITTORIA COLONNA and JULIA GONZAGA.

VITTORIA.

Come to my arms and to my heart once more ;  
 My soul goes out to meet you and embrace you,  
 For we are of the sisterhood of sorrow.  
 I know what you have suffered.

JULIA.

Name it not.

Let me forget it.

VITTORIA.

I will say no more.  
 Let me look at you. What a joy it is  
 To see your face, to hear your voice again !  
 You bring with you a breath as of the morn,  
 A memory of the far-off happy days  
 When we were young. When did you come from Fondi ?

JULIA.

I have not been at Fondi since —

VITTORIA.

Ah me !

You need not speak the word ; I understand you.

JULIA.

I came from Naples by the lovely valley,  
 The Terra di Lavoro.

VITTORIA.

And you find me  
But just returned from a long journey northward.  
I have been staying with that noble woman  
Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara.

JULIA.

Oh, tell me of the Duchess. I have heard  
Flaminio speak her praises with such warmth  
That I am eager to hear more of her  
And of her brilliant court.

VITTORIA.

You shall hear all.  
But first sit down and listen patiently  
While I confess myself.

JULIA.

What deadly sin  
Have you committed ?

VITTORIA.

Not a sin ; a folly.  
I chid you once at Ischia, when you told me  
That brave Fra Bastian was to paint your portrait.

JULIA.

Well I remember it.

VITTORIA.

Then chide me now,  
For I confess to something still more strange.  
Old as I am, I have at last consented  
To the entreaties and the supplications  
Of Michael Angelo —

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

JULIA.

To marry him ?

VITTORIA.

I pray you, do not jest with me ! You know,  
 Or you should know, that never such a thought  
 Entered my breast. I am already married.  
 The Marquis of Pescara is my husband,  
 And death has not divorced us.

JULIA.

Pardon me.

Have I offended you ?

VITTORIA.

No, but have hurt me.  
 Unto my buried lord I give myself,  
 Unto my friend the shadow of myself,  
 My portrait. It is not from vanity,  
 But for the love I bear him.

JULIA.

I rejoice  
 To hear these words. Oh, this will be a portrait  
 Worthy of both of you !

[*A knock.*]

VITTORIA.

Hark ! he is coming.

JULIA.

And shall I go or stay ?

VITTORIA.

By all means, stay.



The drawing will be better for your presence ;  
You will enliven me.

JULIA.

I shall not speak ;  
The presence of great men doth take from me  
All power of speech. I only gaze at them  
In silent wonder, as if they were gods,  
Or the inhabitants of some other planet.

*Enter* MICHAEL ANGELO.

VITTORIA.

Come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I fear my visit is ill-timed ;  
I interrupt you.

VITTORIA.

No ; this is a friend  
Of yours as well as mine, — the Lady Julia,  
The Duchess of Trajetto.

MICHAEL ANGELO *to* JULIA.

I salute you.  
'T is long since I have seen your face, my lady ;  
Pardon me if I say that having seen it,  
One never can forget it.

JULIA.

You are kind  
To keep me in your memory.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

The privilege of age to speak with frankness.  
 You will not be offended when I say  
 That never was your beauty more divine.

JULIA.

When Michael Angelo condescends to flatter  
 Or praise me, I am proud, and not offended.

VITTORIA.

Now this is gallantry enough for one ;  
 Show me a little.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, my gracious lady,  
 You know I have not words to speak your praise.  
 I think of you in silence. You conceal  
 Your manifold perfections from all eyes,  
 And make yourself more saint-like day by day,  
 And day by day men worship you the more.  
 But now your hour of martyrdom has come.  
 You know why I am here.

VITTORIA.

Ah yes, I know it ;  
 And meet my fate with fortitude. You find me  
 Surrounded by the labors of your hands :  
 The Woman of Samaria at the Well,  
 The Mater Dolorosa, and the Christ  
 Upon the Cross, beneath which you have written  
 Those memorable words of Alighieri,  
 "Men have forgotten how much blood it costs."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now I come to add one labor more,



THE  
MOUNTAIN

NO. 1741  
MAY 1910

If you will call that labor which is pleasure,  
And only pleasure.

VITTORIA.

How shall I be seated?

MICHAEL ANGELO. *opening his portfolio.*

Just as you are. The light falls well upon you.

VITTORIA.

I am ashamed to steal the time from you  
That should be given to the Sistine Chapel.  
How does that work go on?

MICHAEL ANGELO. *drawing.*

But tardily.  
Old men work slowly. Brain and hand alike  
Are dull and torpid. To die young is best,  
And not to be remembered as old men  
Tottering about in their decrepitude.

VITTORIA.

My dear Maestro! have you, then, forgotten  
The story of Sophocles in his old age?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What story is it?

VITTORIA.

When his sons accused him,  
Before the Areopagus, of dotage,  
For all defence, he read there to his judges  
The tragedy of Œdipus Coloneus, —  
The work of his old age.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is an illusion,  
A fabulous story, that will lead old men  
Into a thousand follies and conceits.

VITTORIA.

So you may show to cavillers your painting  
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Now you and Lady Julia shall resume  
The conversation that I interrupted.

VITTORIA.

It was of no great import ; nothing more  
Nor less than my late visit to Ferrara,  
And what I saw there in the ducal palace.  
Will it not interrupt you ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not the least.

VITTORIA.

Well, first, then, of Duke Ercole : a man  
Cold in his manners, and reserved and silent,  
And yet magnificent in all his ways ;  
Not hospitable unto new ideas,  
But from state policy, and certain reasons  
Concerning the investiture of the duchy,  
A partisan of Rome, and consequently  
Intolerant of all the new opinions.

JULIA.

I should not like the Duke. These silent men,

Who only look and listen, are like wells  
That have no water in them, deep and empty.  
How could the daughter of a king of France  
Wed such a duke ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The men that women marry,  
And why they marry them, will always be  
A marvel and a mystery to the world.

VITTORIA.

And then the Duchess, — how shall I describe her,  
Or tell the merits of that happy nature,  
Which pleases most when least it thinks of pleasing ?  
Not beautiful, perhaps, in form and feature,  
Yet with an inward beauty, that shines through  
Each look and attitude and word and gesture ;  
A kindly grace of manner and behavior,  
A something in her presence and her ways  
That makes her beautiful beyond the reach  
Of mere external beauty ; and in heart  
So noble and devoted to the truth,  
And so in sympathy with all who strive  
After the higher life.

JULIA.

She draws me to her  
As much as her Duke Ereole repels me.

VITTORIA.

Then the devout and honorable women  
That grace her court, and make it good to be there ;  
Francesca Bueyronia, the true-hearted,  
Lavinia della Rovere and the Orsini,

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

The Magdalena and the Cherubina,  
 And Anne de Parthenai, who sings so sweetly ;  
 All lovely women, full of noble thoughts  
 And aspirations after noble things.

JULIA.

Boccaccio would have envied you such dames.

VITTORIA.

No ; his Fiammettas and his Philomenas  
 Are fitter company for Ser Giovanni ;  
 I fear he hardly would have comprehended  
 The women that I speak of.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yet he wrote

The story of Griselda. That is something  
 To set down in his favor.

VITTORIA.

With these ladies

Was a young girl, Olympia Morata,  
 Daughter of Fulvio, the learned scholar,  
 Famous in all the universities :  
 A marvellous child, who at the spinning-wheel,  
 And in the daily round of household cares,  
 Hath learned both Greek and Latin ; and is now  
 A favorite of the Duchess and companion  
 Of Princess Anne. This beautiful young Sappho  
 Sometimes recited to us Grecian odes  
 That she had written, with a voice whose sadness  
 Thrilled and o'ermastered me, and made me look  
 Into the future time, and ask myself  
 What destiny will be hers.



JULIA.

A sad one, surely.  
Frost kills the flowers that blossom out of season ;  
And these precocious intellects portend  
A life of sorrow or an early death.

VITTORIA.

About the court were many learned men ;  
Chilian Sinapius from beyond the Alps,



And Celio Curione, and Manzolli,  
The Duke's physician ; and a pale young man,  
Charles d'Espeville of Geneva, whom the Duchess  
Doth much delight to talk with and to read,  
For he hath written a book of Institutes  
The Duchess greatly praises, though some call it  
The Koran of the heretics.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

JULIA.

And what poets  
Were there to sing you madrigals and praise  
Olympia's eyes and Cherubina's tresses ?

VITTORIA.

None ; for great Ariosto is no more.  
The voice that filled those halls with melody  
Has long been hushed in death.

JULIA.

You should have made  
A pilgrimage unto the poet's tomb,  
And laid a wreath upon it, for the words  
He spake of you.

VITTORIA.

And of yourself no less,  
And of our master, Michael Angelo.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Of me ?

VITTORIA.

Have you forgotten that he calls you  
Michael, less man than angel, and divine ?  
You are ungrateful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A mere play on words.  
That adjective he wanted for a rhyme,  
To match with Gian Bellino and Urbino.

VITTORIA.

Bernardo Tasso is no longer there.

Nor the gay troubadour of Gascony,  
Clement Marot, surnamed by flatterers  
The Prince of Poets and the Poet of Princes,  
Who, being looked upon with much disfavor  
By the Duke Ercole, has fled to Venice.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There let him stay with Pietro Aretino,  
The Scourge of Princes, also called Divine.  
The title is so common in our mouths,  
That even the Pifferari of Abruzzi,  
Who play their bag-pipes in the streets of Rome  
At the Epiphany, will bear it soon,  
And will deserve it better than some poets.

VITTORIA.

What bee hath stung you ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

One that makes no honey ;  
One that comes buzzing in through every window,  
And stabs men with his sting. A bitter thought  
Passed through my mind, but it is gone again ;  
I spake too hastily.

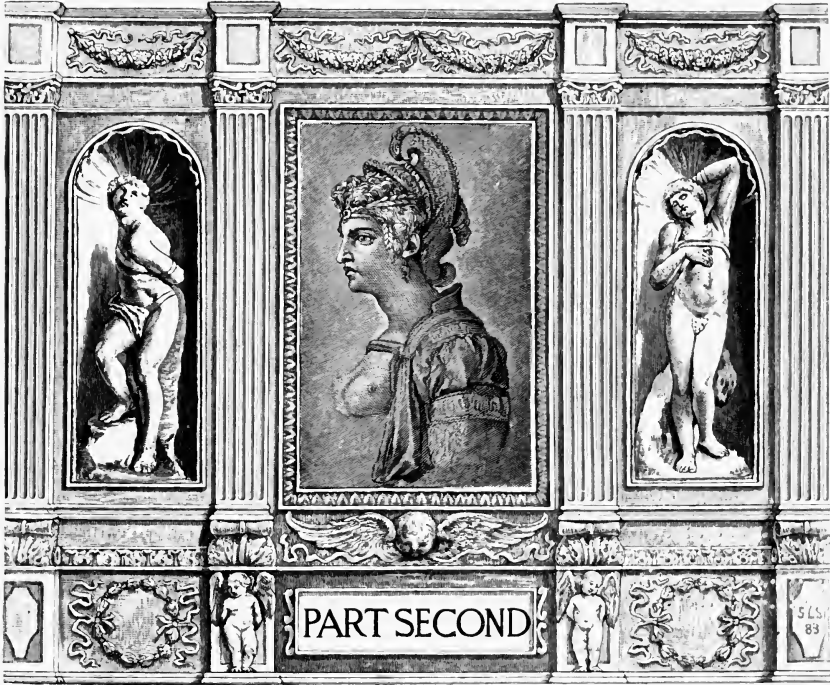
JULIA.

I pray you, show me  
What you have done.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not yet ; it is not finished.







PART SECOND.

I.

MONOLOGUE.

*A room in MICHAEL ANGELO'S house.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

FLED to Viterbo, the old Papal city  
Where once an Emperor, humbled in his pride,  
Held the Pope's stirrup, as his Holiness  
Alighted from his mule ! A fugitive  
From Cardinal Caraffa's hate, who hurls  
His thunders at the house of the Colonna,  
With endless bitterness ! — Among the nuns  
In Santa Catarina's convent hidden,  
Herself in soul a nun ! And now she chides me  
For my too frequent letters, that disturb  
Her meditations, and that hinder me  
And keep me from my work ; now graciously  
She thanks me for the crucifix I sent her,  
And says that she will keep it : with one hand  
Inflicts a wound, and with the other heals it. [*Reading.*

“ Profoundly I believed that God would grant you  
A supernatural faith to paint this Christ ;  
I wished for that which now I see fulfilled  
So marvellously, exceeding all my wishes.  
Nor more could be desired, or even so much.  
And greatly I rejoice that you have made  
The angel on the right so beautiful ;  
For the Archangel Michael will place you,  
You, Michael Angelo, on that new day,

Upon the Lord's right hand ! And waiting that,  
 How can I better serve you than to pray  
 To this sweet Christ for you, and to beseech you  
 To hold me altogether yours in all things."

Well, I will write less often, or no more,  
 But wait her coming. No one born in Rome  
 Can live elsewhere ; but he must pine for Rome,  
 And must return to it. I, who am born  
 And bred a Tuscan and a Florentine,  
 Feel the attraction, and I linger here  
 As if I were a pebble in the pavement  
 Trodden by priestly feet. This I endure,  
 Because I breathe in Rome an atmosphere  
 Heavy with odors of the laurel leaves  
 That crowned great heroes of the sword and pen,  
 In ages past. I feel myself exalted  
 To walk the streets in which a Virgil walked,  
 Or Trajan rode in triumph ; but far more,  
 And most of all, because the great Colonna  
 Breathes the same air I breathe, and is to me  
 An inspiration. Now that she is gone,  
 Rome is no longer Rome till she return.  
 This feeling overmasters me. I know not  
 If it be love, this strong desire to be  
 Forever in her presence ; but I know  
 That I, who was the friend of solitude,  
 And ever was best pleased when most alone,  
 Now weary grow of my own company.  
 For the first time old age seems lonely to me.

[Opening the *Divina Commedia*.

I turn for consolation to the leaves  
 Of the great master of our Tuscan tongue,  
 Whose words, like colored garnet-shirls in lava,



Betray the heat in which they were engendered.  
 A mendicant, he ate the bitter bread  
 Of others, but repaid their meagre gifts  
 With immortality. In courts of princes  
 He was a by-word, and in streets of towns  
 Was mocked by children, like the Hebrew prophet,  
 Himself a prophet. I too know the cry,  
 Go up, thou bald head ! from a generation  
 That, wanting reverence, wanteth the best food  
 The soul can feed on. There 's not room enough  
 For age and youth upon this little planet.  
 Age must give way. There was not room enough  
 Even for this great poet. In his song  
 I hear reverberate the gates of Florence,  
 Closing upon him, never more to open ;  
 But mingled with the sound are melodies  
 Celestial from the gates of paradise.  
 He came, and he is gone. The people knew not  
 What manner of man was passing by their doors,  
 Until he passed no more ; but in his vision  
 He saw the torments and beatitudes  
 Of souls condemned or pardoned, and hath left  
 Behind him this sublime Apocalypse.

I strive in vain to draw here on the margin  
 The face of Beatrice. It is not hers,  
 But the Colonna's. Each hath his ideal,  
 The image of some woman excellent,  
 That is his guide. No Grecian art, nor Roman,  
 Hath yet revealed such loveliness as hers.

## II.

VITERBO.

VITTORIA COLONNA *at the convent window.*

VITTORIA.

Parting with friends is temporary death,  
 As all death is. We see no more their faces,  
 Nor hear their voices, save in memory ;  
 But messages of love give us assurance  
 That we are not forgotten. Who shall say  
 That from the world of spirits comes no greeting,  
 No message of remembrance ? It may be  
 The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,  
 Sudden as inspiration, are the whispers  
 Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us  
 As friends, who wait outside a prison wall,  
 Through the barred windows speak to those within.

[*A pause.*]

As quiet as the lake that lies beneath me,  
 As quiet as the tranquil sky above me,  
 As quiet as a heart that beats no more,  
 This convent seems. Above, below, all peace !  
 Silence and solitude, the soul's best friends,  
 Are with me here, and the tumultuous world  
 Makes no more noise than the remotest planet.  
 O gentle spirit, unto the third circle  
 Of heaven among the blessed souls ascended,  
 Who, living in the faith and dying for it,  
 Have gone to their reward, I do not sigh  
 For thee as being dead, but for myself  
 That I am still alive. Turn those dear eyes,

Once so benignant to me, upon mine,  
 That open to their tears such uncontrolled  
 And such continual issue. Still awhile  
 Have patience ; I will come to thee at last.  
 A few more goings in and out these doors,  
 A few more chimings of these convent bells,  
 A few more prayers, a few more sighs and tears,  
 And the long agony of this life will end,  
 And I shall be with thee. If I am wanting  
 To thy well-being, as thou art to mine,  
 Have patience ; I will come to thee at last.  
 Ye minds that loiter in these cloister gardens,  
 Or wander far above the city walls,  
 Bear unto him this message, that I ever  
 Or speak or think of him, or weep for him.

By unseen hands uplifted in the light  
 Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud  
 Floats, with its white apparel blown abroad,  
 And wafted up to heaven. It fades away,  
 And melts into the air. Ah, would that I  
 Could thus be wafted unto thee, Franceseo,  
 A cloud of white, an incorporeal spirit !

## III.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND BENVENUTO CELLINI.

MICHAEL ANGELO, BENVENUTO CELLINI *in gay attire.*

BENVENUTO.

A good day and good year to the divine  
 Maestro Michael Angelo, the sculptor !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Welcome, my Benvenuto.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

BENVENUTO.

That is what  
 My father said, the first time he beheld  
 This handsome face. But say farewell, not welcome.  
 I come to take my leave. I start for Florence  
 As fast as horse can carry me. I long  
 To set once more upon its level flags  
 These feet, made sore by your vile Roman pavements.  
 Come with me ; you are wanted there in Florence.  
 The Sacristy is not finished.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Speak not of it !  
 How damp and cold it was ! How my bones ached  
 And my head reeled, when I was working there !  
 I am too old. I will stay here in Rome,  
 Where all is old and crumbling, like myself,  
 To hopeless ruin. All roads lead to Rome.

BENVENUTO.

And all lead out of it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

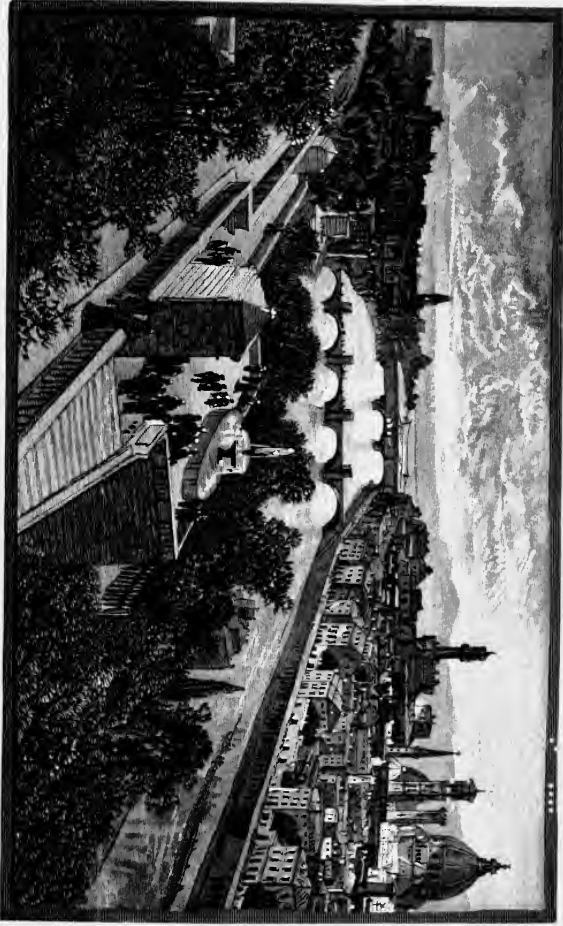
There is a charm,  
 A certain something in the atmosphere,  
 That all men feel, and no man can describe.

BENVENUTO.

Malaria ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes, malaria of the mind,  
 Out of this tomb of the majestic Past ;  
 The fever to accomplish some great work



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That will not let us sleep. I must go on  
Until I die.

BENVENUTO.

Do you ne'er think of Florence ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes ; whenever  
I think of anything beside my work,  
I think of Florence. I remember, too,  
The bitter days I passed among the quarries  
Of Seravezza and Pietrasanta ;  
Road-building in the marshes ; stupid people,  
And cold and rain incessant, and mad gusts  
Of mountain wind, like howling dervishes,  
That spun and whirled the eddying snow about them  
As if it were a garment ; aye, vexations  
And troubles of all kinds, that ended only  
In loss of time and money.

BENVENUTO.

True, Maestro ;  
But that was not in Florence. You should leave  
Such work to others. Sweeter memories  
Cluster about you, in the pleasant city  
Upon the Arno.

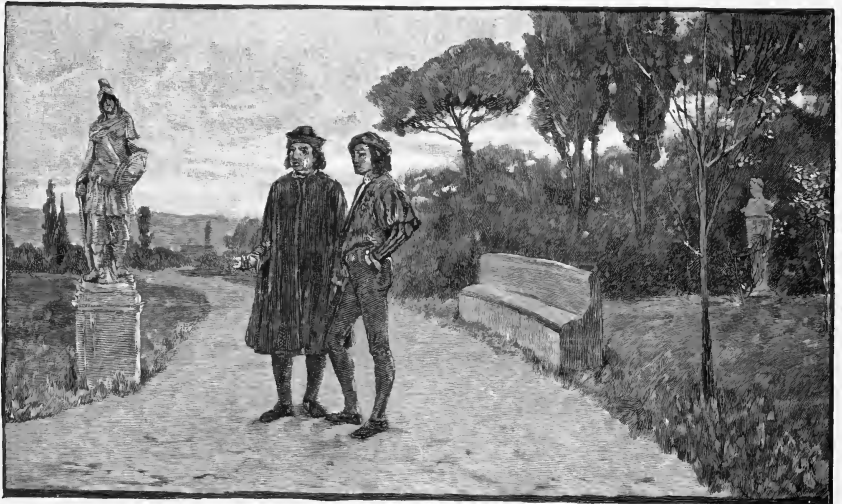
MICHAEL ANGELO.

In my waking dreams  
I see the marvellous dome of Brunelleschi,  
Ghiberti's gates of bronze, and Giotto's tower ;  
And Ghirlandajo's lovely Beni glides  
With folded hands amid my troubled thoughts,  
A splendid vision ! Time rides with the old

At a great pace. As travellers on swift steeds  
See the near landscape fly and flow behind them,  
While the remoter fields and dim horizons  
Go with them, and seem wheeling round to meet them,  
So in old age things near us slip away,  
And distant things go with us. Pleasantly  
Come back to me the days when, as a youth,  
I walked with Ghirlandajo in the gardens  
Of Medici, and saw the antique statues,  
The forms august of gods and godlike men,  
And the great world of art revealed itself  
To my young eyes. Then all that man hath done  
Seemed possible to me. Alas! how little  
Of all I dreamed of has my hand achieved!

## BENVENUTO.

Nay, let the Night and Morning, let Lorenzo  
And Julian in the Sacristy at Florence,  
Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel,  
And the Last Judgment answer. Is it finished?





MICHAEL ANGELO.

The work is nearly done. But this Last Judgment  
Has been the cause of more vexation to me  
Than it will be of honor. Ser Biagio,  
Master of ceremonies at the Papal court,  
A man punctilious and over nice,  
Calls it improper ; says that those nude forms,  
Showing their nakedness in such shameless fashion,  
Are better suited to a common bagnio,  
Or wayside wine-shop, than a Papal Chapel.  
To punish him I painted him as Minos  
And leave him there as master of ceremonies  
In the Infernal Regions. What would you  
Have done to such a man ?

BENVENUTO.

I would have killed him.  
When any one insults me, if I can  
I kill him, kill him.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Oh, you gentlemen,  
Who dress in silks and velvets, and wear swords,  
Are ready with your weapons, and have all  
A taste for homicide.

BENVENUTO.

I learned that lesson  
Under Pope Clement at the siege of Rome,  
Some twenty years ago. As I was standing  
Upon the ramparts of the Campo Santo  
With Alessandro Bene, I beheld  
A sea of fog, that covered all the plain,  
And hid from us the foe ; when suddenly,

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

A misty figure, like an apparition,  
 Rose up above the fog, as if on horseback.  
 At this I aimed my arquebus, and fired.  
 The figure vanished ; and there rose a cry  
 Out of the darkness, long and fierce and loud,  
 With imprecations in all languages.  
 It was the Constable of France, the Bourbon,  
 That I had slain.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rome should be grateful to you.

BENVENUTO.

But has not been ; you shall hear presently.  
 During the siege I served as bombardier,  
 There in St. Angelo. His Holiness,  
 One day, was walking with his Cardinals  
 On the round bastion, while I stood above  
 Among my falconets. All thought and feeling,  
 All skill in art and all desire of fame,  
 Were swallowed up in the delightful music  
 Of that artillery. I saw far off,  
 Within the enemy's trenches on the Prati,  
 A Spanish cavalier in scarlet cloak ;  
 And firing at him with due aim and range,  
 I cut the gay Hidalgo in two pieces.  
 The eyes are dry that wept for him in Spain.  
 His Holiness, delighted beyond measure  
 With such display of gunnery, and amazed  
 To see the man in scarlet cut in two,  
 Gave me his benediction, and absolved me  
 From all the homicides I had committed  
 In service of the Apostolic Church,  
 Or should commit thereafter. From that day

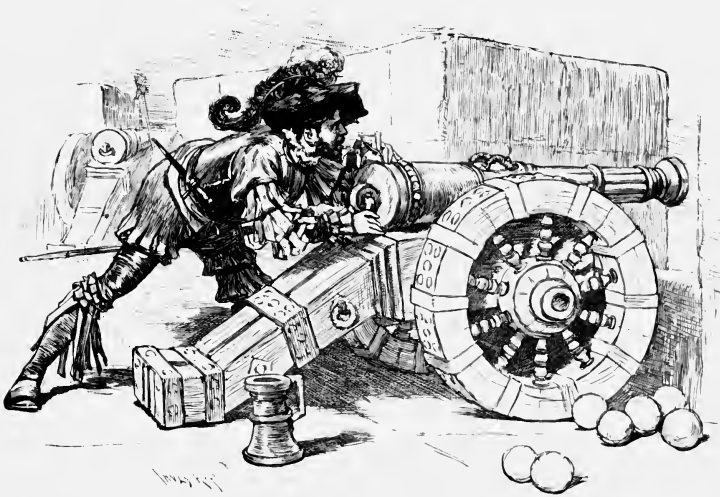
I have not held in very high esteem  
The life of man.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And who absolved Pope Clement?  
Now let us speak of Art.

BENVENUTO.

Of what you will.



MICHAEL ANGELO.

Say, have you seen our friend Fra Bastian lately,  
Since by a turn of fortune he became  
Friar of the Signet?

BENVENUTO.

Faith, a pretty artist  
To pass his days in stamping leaden seals  
On Papal bulls!

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

He has grown fat and lazy,  
 As if the lead clung to him like a sinker.  
 He paints no more, since he was sent to Fondi  
 By Cardinal Ippolito to paint  
 The fair Gonzaga. Ah, you should have seen him  
 As I did, riding through the city gate,  
 In his brown hood, attended by four horsemen,  
 Completely armed, to frighten the banditti.  
 I think he would have frightened them alone,  
 For he was rounder than the O of Giotto.

BENVENUTO.

He must have looked more like a sack of meal  
 Than a great painter.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, he is not great,  
 But still I like him greatly. Benvenuto,  
 Have faith in nothing but in industry.  
 Be at it late and early ; persevere,  
 And work right on through censure and applause,  
 Or else abandon Art.

BENVENUTO.

No man works harder  
 Than I do. I am not a moment idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And what have you to show me ?

BENVENUTO.

This gold ring,  
 Made for his Holiness, — my latest work,

And I am proud of it. A single diamond,  
Presented by the Emperor to the Pope.  
Targhetta of Venice set and tinted it ;  
I have reset it, and retinted it  
Divinely, as you see. The jewellers  
Say I've surpassed Targhetta.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Let me see it.

A pretty jewel.

BENVENUTO.

That is not the expression.  
Pretty is not a very pretty word  
To be applied to such a precious stone,  
Given by an Emperor to a Pope, and set  
By Benvenuto !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Messer Benvenuto,  
I lose all patience with you ; for the gifts  
That God hath given you are of such a kind,  
They should be put to far more noble uses  
Than setting diamonds for the Pope of Rome.  
You can do greater things.

BENVENUTO.

The God who made me  
Knows why he made me what I am, — a goldsmith,  
A mere artificer.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Oh no ; an artist,  
Richly endowed by nature, but who wraps

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

His talent in a napkin, and consumes  
His life in vanities.

BENVENUTO.

Michael Angelo

May say what Benvenuto would not bear  
From any other man. He speaks the truth.  
I know my life is wasted and consumed  
In vanities ; but I have better hours  
And higher aspirations than you think.  
Once, when a prisoner at St. Angelo,  
Fasting and praying in the midnight darkness,  
In a celestial vision I beheld  
A crucifix in the sun, of the same substance  
As is the sun itself. And since that hour  
There is a splendor round about my head,  
That may be seen at sunrise and at sunset  
Above my shadow on the grass. And now  
I know that I am in the grace of God,  
And none henceforth can harm me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

None but one, —

None but yourself, who are your greatest foe.  
He that respects himself is safe from others ;  
He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.

BENVENUTO.

I always wear one.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O incorrigible !

At least, forget not the celestial vision.  
Man must have something higher than himself  
To think of.

BENVENUTO.

That I know full well. Now listen.

I have been sent for into France, where grow  
 The Lilies that illumine heaven and earth,  
 And carry in mine equipage the model  
 Of a most marvellous golden salt-cellar  
 For the king's table ; and here in my brain  
 A statue of Mars Armipotent for the fountain  
 Of Fontainebleau, colossal, wonderful.  
 I go a goldsmith, to return a sculptor.  
 And so farewell, great Master. Think of me  
 As one who, in the midst of all his follies,  
 Had also his ambition, and aspired  
 To better things.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Do not forget the vision.

*[Sitting down again to the Divina Commedia.]*

Now in what circle of his poem sacred  
 Would the great Florentine have placed this man ?  
 Whether in Phlegethon, the river of blood,  
 Or in the fiery belt of Purgatory,  
 I know not, but most surely not with those  
 Who walk in leaden cloaks. Though he is one  
 Whose passions, like a potent alkahest,  
 Dissolve his better nature, he is not  
 That despicable thing, a hypocrite ;  
 He doth not cloak his vices, nor deny them.  
 Come back, my thoughts, from him to Paradise.

## IV.

FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.

MICHAEL ANGELO; FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *not turning round.*

Who is it?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Wait, for I am out of breath  
In climbing your steep stairs.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, my Bastiano,  
If you went up and down as many stairs  
As I do still, and climbed as many ladders,  
It would be better for you. Pray sit down.  
Your idle and luxurious way of living  
Will one day take your breath away entirely,  
And you will never find it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Well, what then?  
That would be better, in my apprehension,  
Than falling from a scaffold.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That was nothing.  
It did not kill me; only lamed me slightly;  
I am quite well again.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But why, dear Master,  
Why do you live so high up in your house,  
When you could live below and have a garden,  
As I do?



MICHAEL ANGELO.

From this window I can look  
On many gardens ; o'er the city roofs  
See the Campagna and the Alban hills :  
And all are mine.



FRA SEBASTIANO.

Can you sit down in them,  
On summer afternoons, and play the lute,  
Or sing, or sleep the time away ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I never  
Sleep in the day-time ; scarcely sleep at night.  
I have not time. Did you meet Benvenuto  
As you came up the stair ?

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

FRA SEBASTIANO.

He ran against me  
 On the first landing, going at full speed ;  
 Dressed like the Spanish captain in a play,  
 With his long rapier and his short red cloak.  
 Why hurry through the world at such a pace ?  
 Life will not be too long.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is his nature, —  
 A restless spirit, that consumes itself  
 With useless agitations. He o'erleaps  
 The goal he aims at. Patience is a plant  
 That grows not in all gardens. You are made  
 Of quite another clay.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And thank God for it.  
 And now, being somewhat rested, I will tell you  
 Why I have climbed these formidable stairs.  
 I have a friend, Francesco Berni, here,  
 A very charming poet and companion,  
 Who greatly honors you and all your doings,  
 And you must sup with us.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not I, indeed.  
 I know too well what artists' suppers are.  
 You must excuse me.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will not excuse you.  
 You need repose from your incessant work ;  
 Some recreation, some bright hours of pleasure.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

To me, what you and other men call pleasure  
Is only pain. Work is my recreation,  
The play of faculty ; a delight like that  
Which a bird feels in flying, or a fish  
In darting through the water, — nothing more  
I cannot go. The Sibylline leaves of life  
Grow precious now, when only few remain.  
I cannot go.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Berni, perhaps, will read  
A canto of the Orlando Inamorato.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That is another reason for not going.  
If aught is tedious and intolerable,  
It is a poet reading his own verses.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Berni thinks somewhat better of your verses  
Than you of his. He says that you speak things,  
And other poets words. So, pray you, come.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If it were now the Improvisatore,  
Luigi Pulci, whom I used to hear  
With Benvenuto, in the streets of Florence,  
I might be tempted. I was younger then,  
And singing in the open air was pleasant.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

There is a Frenchman here, named Rabelais,  
Once a Franciscan friar, and now a doctor,

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

And secretary to the embassy :  
 A learned man, who speaks all languages,  
 And wittiest of men ; who wrote a book  
 Of the Adventures of Gargantua,  
 So full of strange conceits one roars with laughter  
 At every page ; a jovial boon-companion  
 And lover of much wine. He too is coming.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

Then you will not want me, who am not witty,  
 And have no sense of mirth, and love not wine.  
 I should be like a dead man at your banquet.  
 Why should I seek this Frenchman, Rabelais ?  
 And wherefore go to hear Francesco Berni,  
 When I have Dante Alighieri here,  
 The greatest of all poets ?

*FRA SEBASTIANO.*

And the dullest ;  
 And only to be read in episodes.  
 His day is past. Petrarca is our poet.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

Petrarca is for women and for lovers,  
 And for those soft Abati, who delight  
 To wander down long garden walks in summer,  
 Tinkling their little sonnets all day long,  
 As lap-dogs do their bells.

*FRA SEBASTIANO.*

I love Petrarca.  
 How sweetly of his absent love he sings,  
 When journeying in the forest of Ardennes !  
 " I seem to hear her, hearing the boughs and breezes

And leaves and birds lamenting, and the waters  
Murmuring flee along the verdant herbage."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Enough. It is all seeming, and no being.  
If you would know how a man speaks in earnest,  
Read here this passage, where St. Peter thunders  
In Paradise against degenerate Popes  
And the corruptions of the church, till all  
The heaven about him blushes like a sunset.  
I beg you to take note of what he says  
About the Papal seals, for that concerns  
Your office and yourself.

FRA SEBASTIANO, *reading*.

Is this the passage?

"Nor I be made the figure of a seal  
To privileges venal and mendacious;  
Whereat I often redden and flash with fire!" —  
That is not poetry.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What is it, then?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Vituperation; gall that might have spirted  
From Aretino's pen.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Name not that man!

A profligate, whom your Francesco Berni  
Describes as having one foot in the brothel  
And the other in the hospital; who lives  
By flattering or maligning, as best serves



His purpose at the time. He writes to me  
 With easy arrogance of my Last Judgment,  
 In such familiar tone that one would say  
 The great event already had occurred,  
 And he was present, and from observation  
 Informed me how the picture should be painted.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

What unassuming, unobtrusive men  
 These critics are! Now, to have Aretino  
 Aiming his shafts at you brings back to mind  
 The Gascon archers in the square of Milan,  
 Shooting their arrows at Duke Sforza's statue,  
 By Leonardo, and the foolish rabble  
 Of envious Florentines, that at your David  
 Threw stones at night. But Aretino praised you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

His praises were ironical. He knows  
 How to use words as weapons, and to wound  
 While seeming to defend. But look, Bastiano,  
 See how the setting sun lights up that picture!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

My portrait of Vittoria Colonna.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It makes her look as she will look hereafter,  
When she becomes a saint !

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A noble woman !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, these old hands can fashion fairer shapes  
In marble, and can paint diviner pictures,  
Since I have known her.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And you like this picture ;  
And yet it is in oils, which you detest.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When that barbarian Jan Van Eyck discovered  
The use of oil in painting, he degraded  
His art into a handicraft, and made it  
Sign-painting, merely, for a country inn  
Or wayside wine-shop. 'T is an art for women,  
Or for such leisurely and idle people  
As you, Fra Bastiano. Nature paints not  
In oils, but frescoes the great dome of heaven  
With sunsets, and the lovely forms of clouds  
And flying vapors.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And how soon they fade !  
Behold yon line of roofs and belfries painted

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

Upon the golden background of the sky,  
 Like a Byzantine picture, or a portrait  
 Of Cimabue. See how hard the outline,  
 Sharp-cut and clear, not rounded into shadow.  
 Yet that is nature.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

She is always right.  
 The picture that approaches sculpture nearest  
 Is the best picture.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Leonardo thinks  
 The open air too bright. We ought to paint  
 As if the sun were shining through a mist.  
 'Tis easier done in oil than in distemper.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Do not revive again the old dispute ;  
 I have an excellent memory for forgetting,





But I still feel the hurt. Wounds are not healed  
By the unbending of the bow that made them.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

So say Petrarca and the ancient proverb.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But that is past. Now I am angry with you,  
Not that you paint in oils, but that, grown fat  
And indolent, you do not paint at all.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Why should I paint ? Why should I toil and sweat,  
Who now am rich enough to live at ease,  
And take my pleasure ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When Pope Leo died,  
He who had been so lavish of the wealth  
His predecessors left him, who received  
A basket of gold-pieces every morning,  
Which every night was empty, left behind  
Hardly enough to pay his funeral.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I care for banquets, not for funerals,  
As did his Holiness. I have forbidden  
All tapers at my burial, and procession  
Of priests and friars and monks ; and have provided  
The cost thereof be given to the poor !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have done wisely, but of that I speak not.  
Ghiberti left behind him wealth and children ;

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

But who to-day would know that he had lived,  
 If he had never made those gates of bronze  
 In the old Baptistery, — those gates of bronze,  
 Worthy to be the gates of Paradise.  
 His wealth is scattered to the winds ; his children  
 Are long since dead ; but those celestial gates  
 Survive, and keep his name and memory green.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But why should I fatigue myself ? I think  
 That all things it is possible to paint  
 Have been already painted ; and if not,  
 Why, there are painters in the world at present  
 Who can accomplish more in two short months  
 Than I could in two years ; so it is well  
 That some one is contented to do nothing,  
 And leave the field to others.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O blasphemer !  
 Not without reason do the people call you  
 Sebastian del Piombo, for the lead  
 Of all the Papal bulls is heavy upon you,  
 And wraps you like a shroud.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Misericordia !  
 Sharp is the vinegar of sweet wine, and sharp  
 The words you speak, because the heart within you  
 Is sweet unto the core.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How changed you are  
 From the Sebastiano I once knew,

When poor, laborious, emulous to excel,  
You strove in rivalry with Badassare  
And Raphael Sanzio.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Raphael is dead ;  
He is but dust and ashes in his grave,  
While I am living and enjoying life,  
And so am victor. One live Pope is worth  
A dozen dead ones.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Raphael is not dead ;  
He doth but sleep ; for how can he be dead  
Who lives immortal in the hearts of men ?  
He only drank the precious wine of youth,  
The outbreak of the grapes, before the vintage  
Was trodden to bitterness by the feet of men.  
The gods have given him sleep. We never were  
Nor could be foes, although our followers,  
Who are distorted shadows of ourselves,  
Have striven to make us so ; but each one worked  
Unconsciously upon the other's thoughts,  
Both giving and receiving. He perchance  
Caught strength from me, and I some greater sweetness  
And tenderness from his more gentle nature.  
I have but words of praise and admiration  
For his great genius ; and the world is fairer  
That he lived in it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

We at least are friends ;  
So come with me.

## MICHAEL ANGELO.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

No, no ; I am best pleased  
 When I 'm not asked to banquets. I have reached  
 A time of life when daily walks are shortened,  
 And even the houses of our dearest friends,  
 That used to be so near, seem far away.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Then we must sup without you. We shall laugh  
 At those who toil for fame, and make their lives  
 A tedious martyrdom, that they may live  
 A little longer in the mouths of men !  
 And so, good-night.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Good-night, my Fra Bastiano.

[*Returning to his work.*]

How will men speak of me when I am gone,  
 When all this colorless, sad life is ended,  
 And I am dust ? They will remember only  
 The wrinkled forehead, the marred countenance,  
 The rudeness of my speech, and my rough manners,  
 And never dream that underneath them all  
 There was a woman's heart of tenderness.  
 They will not know the secret of my life,  
 Locked up in silence, or vaguely hinted  
 In uncouth rhymes, that may perchance survive  
 Some little space in memories of men !  
 Each one performs his life-work, and then leaves it ;  
 Those that come after him will estimate  
 His influence on the age in which he lived.

## V.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND TITIAN: PALAZZO BELVEDERE.

TITIAN'S studio. *A painting of Danaë with a curtain before it.* TITIAN, MICHAEL ANGELO,  
and GIORGIO VASARI.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So you have left at last your still lagoons,  
Your City of Silence floating in the sea,  
And come to us in Rome.

TITIAN.

I come to learn,  
But I have come too late. I should have seen  
Rome in my youth, when all my mind was open  
To new impressions. Our Vasari here  
Leads me about, a blind man, groping darkly  
Among the marvels of the past. I touch them,  
But do not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There are things in Rome



*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

That one might walk bare-footed here from Venice  
But to see once, and then to die content.

TITIAN.

I must confess that these majestic ruins  
Oppress me with their gloom. I feel as one  
Who in the twilight stumbles among tombs,  
And cannot read the inscriptions carved upon them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I felt so once ; but I have grown familiar  
With desolation, and it has become  
No more a pain to me, but a delight.

TITIAN.

I could not live here. I must have the sea,  
And the sea-mist, with sunshine interwoven  
Like cloth of gold ; must have beneath my windows  
The laughter of the waves, and at my door  
Their pattering footsteps, or I am not happy.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then tell me of your city in the sea,  
Paved with red basalt of the Paduan hills.  
Tell me of art in Venice. Three great names,  
Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto,  
Illustrate your Venetian school, and send  
A challenge to the world. The first is dead,  
But Tintoretto lives.

TITIAN.

And paints with fire,  
Sudden and splendid, as the lightning paints  
The cloudy vault of heaven.



GIORGIO.

Does he still keep  
Above his door the arrogant inscription  
That once was painted there, — “ The color of Titian,  
With the design of Michael Angelo ” ?

TITIAN.

Indeed, I know not. ’T was a foolish boast,  
And does no harm to any but himself.  
Perhaps he has grown wiser.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When you two  
Are gone, who is there that remains behind  
To seize the pencil falling from your fingers ?

GIORGIO.

Oh, there are many hands upraised already  
To clutch at such a prize, which hardly wait  
For death to loose your grasp, — a hundred of them :  
Schiaivone, Bonifazio, Campagnola,

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

Moretto, and Moroni ; who can count them,  
Or measure their ambition ?

TITIAN.

When we are gone,  
The generation that comes after us  
Will have far other thoughts than ours. Our ruins  
Will serve to build their palaces or tombs.  
They will possess the world that we think ours,  
And fashion it far otherwise.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I hear  
Your son Orazio and your nephew Marco  
Mentioned with honor.

TITIAN.

Ay, brave lads, brave lads.  
But time will show. There is a youth in Venice,  
One Paul Cagliari, called the Veronese,  
Still a mere stripling, but of such rare promise  
That we must guard our laurels, or may lose them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

These are good tidings ; for I sometimes fear  
That, when we die, with us all art will die.  
'T is but a fancy. Nature will provide  
Others to take our places. I rejoice  
To see the young spring forward in the race,  
Eager as we were, and as full of hope  
And the sublime audacity of youth.

TITIAN.

Men die and are forgotten. The great world







Goes on the same. Among the myriads  
Of men that live, or have lived, or shall live,  
What is a single life, or thine or mine,  
That we should think all nature would stand still  
If we were gone? We must make room for others.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now, Maestro, pray unveil your picture  
Of Danaë, of which I hear such praise.

TITIAN, *drawing back the curtain.*

What think you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That Acrisius did well  
To lock such beauty in a brazen tower,  
And hide it from all eyes.

TITIAN.

The model truly  
Was beautiful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And more, that you were present,  
And saw the showery Jove from high Olympus  
Descend in all his splendor.

TITIAN.

From your lips  
Such words are full of sweetness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have caught  
These golden hues from your Venetian sunsets.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

TITIAN.

Possibly.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Or from sunshine through a shower  
 On the lagoons, or the broad Adriatic.  
 Nature reveals herself in all our arts.  
 The pavements and the palaces of cities  
 Hint at the nature of the neighboring hills.  
 Red lavas from the Euganean quarries  
 Of Padua pave your streets ; your palaces  
 Are the white stones of Istria, and gleam  
 Reflected in your waters and your pictures.  
 And thus the works of every artist show  
 Something of his surroundings and his habits.  
 The uttermost that can be reached by color  
 Is here accomplished. Warmth and light and softness  
 Mingle together. Never yet was flesh  
 Painted by hand of artist, dead or living,  
 With such divine perfection.

TITIAN.

I am grateful  
 For so much praise from you, who are a master ;  
 While mostly those who praise and those who blame  
 Know nothing of the matter, so that mainly  
 Their censure sounds like praise, their praise like censure

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Wonderful ! wonderful ! The charm of color  
 Fascinates me the more that in myself  
 The gift is wanting. I am not a painter.

GIORGIO.

Messer Michele, all the arts are yours,



Not one alone ; and therefore I may venture  
To put a question to you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, speak on.

GIORGIO.

Two nephews of the Cardinal Farnese  
Have made me umpire in dispute between them  
Which is the greater of the sister arts,  
Painting or sculpture. Solve for me the doubt.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Sculpture and painting have a common goal,  
And whosoever would attain to it,  
Whichever path he take, will find that goal  
Equally hard to reach.

GIORGIO.

No doubt, no doubt ;  
But you evade the question.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When I stand  
 In presence of this picture, I concede  
 That painting has attained its uttermost ;  
 But in the presence of my sculptured figures  
 I feel that my conception soars beyond  
 All limit I have reached.

GIORGIO.

You still evade me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Giorgio Vasari, I have often said  
 That I account that painting as the best  
 Which most resembles sculpture. Here before us  
 We have the proof. Behold those rounded limbs !  
 How from the canvas they detach themselves,  
 Till they deceive the eye, and one would say,  
 It is a statue with a screen behind it !

TITIAN.

Signori, pardon me ; but all such questions  
 Seem to me idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Idle as the wind.  
 And now, Maestro, I will say once more  
 How admirable I esteem your work,  
 And leave you, without further interruption.

TITIAN.

Your friendly visit hath much honored me.

GIORGIO.

Farewell.

MICHAEL ANGELO *to* GIORGIO, *going out.*

If the Venetian painters knew  
But half as much of drawing as of color,  
They would indeed work miracles in art,  
And the world see what it hath never seen.

## VI.

PALAZZO CESARINI.

VITTORIA COLONNA, *seated in an arm chair*: JULIA GONZAGA, *standing near her.*

JULIA.

It grieves me that I find you still so weak  
And suffering.

VITTORIA.

No, not suffering ; only dying.  
Death is the chillness that precedes the dawn ;  
We shudder for a moment, then awake  
In the broad sunshine of the other life.  
I am a shadow, merely, and these hands,  
These cheeks, these eyes, these tresses that my husband  
Once thought so beautiful, and I was proud of  
Because he thought them so, are faded quite, —  
All beauty gone from them.

JULIA.

Ah, no, not that.  
Paler you are, but not less beautiful.

VITTORIA.

Hand me the mirror. I would fain behold  
What change comes o'er our features when we die.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

Thank you. And now sit down beside me here.  
 How glad I am that you have come to-day,  
 Above all other days, and at the hour  
 When most I need you !

JULIA.

Do you ever need me ?

VITTORIA.

Always, and most of all to-day and now.  
 Do you remember, Julia, when we walked,  
 One afternoon, upon the castle terrace  
 At Ischia, on the day before you left me ?

JULIA.

Well I remember ; but it seems to me  
 Something unreal, that has never been, —  
 Something that I have read of in a book,  
 Or heard of some one else.

VITTORIA.

Ten years and more  
 Have passed since then ; and many things have happened  
 In those ten years, and many friends have died :  
 Marco Flaminio, whom we all admired  
 And loved as our Catullus ; dear Valdesso,  
 The noble champion of free thought and speech ;  
 And Cardinal Ippolito, your friend.

JULIA.

Oh, do not speak of him ! His sudden death  
 O'ercomes me now, as it o'ercame me then.  
 Let me forget it ; for my memory  
 Serves me too often as an unkind friend,



And I remember things I would forget,  
While I forget the things I would remember.

VITTORIA.

Forgive me ; I will speak of him no more.  
The good Fra Bernardino has departed,  
Has fled from Italy, and crossed the Alps,  
Fearing Caraffa's wrath, because he taught  
That He who made us all without our help  
Could also save us without aid of ours.  
Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara,  
That Lily of the Loire, is bowed by winds  
That blow from Rome ; Olympia Morata  
Banished from court because of this new doctrine.  
Therefore be cautious. Keep your secret thought  
Locked in your breast.

JULIA.

I will be very prudent.  
But speak no more, I pray ; it wearies you.

VITTORIA.

Yes, I am very weary. Read to me.

JULIA.

Most willingly. What shall I read ?

VITTORIA.

Petrarch's  
Triumph of Death. The book lies on the table ;  
Beside the casket there. Read where you find  
The leaf turned down. 'T was there I left off reading.

## MICHAEL ANGELO.

JULIA, *reads.*

"Not as a flame that by some force is spent,  
 But one that of itself consumeth quite,  
 Departed hence in peace the soul content,  
 In fashion of a soft and lucent light  
 Whose nutriment by slow gradation goes,  
 Keeping until the end its lustre bright.  
 Not pale, but whiter than the sheet of snows  
 That without wind on some fair hill-top flies,  
 Her weary body seemed to find repose.  
 Like a sweet slumber in her lovely eyes,  
 When now the spirit was no longer there,  
 Was what is dying called by the unwise.  
 E'en Death itself in her fair face seemed fair." —

Is it of Laura that he here is speaking?  
 She doth not answer, yet is not asleep;  
 Her eyes are full of light and fixed on something  
 Above her in the air. I can see naught  
 Except the painted angels on the ceiling.  
 Vittoria! speak! What is it? Answer me! —  
 She only smiles, and stretches out her hands.

[*The mirror falls and breaks.*]

VITTORIA.

Not disobedient to the heavenly vision!  
 Pescara! my Pescara!

[*Dies.*]

JULIA.

Holy Virgin!  
 Her body sinks together, — she is dead!

[*Kneels, and hides her face in Vittoria's lap.*]

*Enter* MICHAEL ANGELO.

JULIA.

Hush! make no noise.



NO MAN  
ARRIVED

MICHAEL ANGELO

How is she ?

JULIA.

Never better.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then she is dead !

JULIA.

Alas ! yes, she is dead !  
Even death itself in her fair face seems fair.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How wonderful ! The light upon her face  
Shines from the windows of another world.  
Saints only have such faces. Holy angels !  
Bear her like sainted Catherine to her rest !

*[Kisses Vittoria's hand.]*









## PART THIRD.

### I.

MONOLOGUE : MACELLO DE' CORVI.

*A room in MICHAEL ANGELO'S house. MICHAEL ANGELO standing before a model of St. Peter's.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

BETTER than thou I cannot, Brunelleschi,  
And less than thou I will not ! If the thought  
Could, like a windlass, lift the ponderous stones,  
And swing them to their places ; if a breath  
Could blow this rounded dome into the air,  
As if it were a bubble, and these statues  
Spring at a signal to their sacred stations,  
As sentinels mount guard upon a wall,  
Then were my task completed. Now, alas !  
Naught am I but a Saint Sebaldus, holding  
Upon his hand the model of a church,  
As German artists paint him ; and what years,  
What weary years, must drag themselves along,  
Ere this be turned to stone ! What hindrances  
Must block the way ; what idle interferences  
Of Cardinals and Canons of St. Peter's,  
Who nothing know of art beyond the color  
Of cloaks and stockings, nor of any building  
Save that of their own fortunes ! And what then ?  
I must then the short-coming of my means  
Piece out by stepping forward, as the Spartan  
Was told to add a step to his short sword. [A pause.

And is Fra Bastian dead ? Is all that light  
Gone out, that sunshine darkened ; all that music

And merriment, that used to make our lives  
Less melancholy, swallowed up in silence,  
Like madrigals sung in the street at night  
By passing revellers? It is strange indeed  
That he should die before me. 'Tis against  
The law of nature that the young should die,  
And the old live; unless it be that some  
Have long been dead who think themselves alive,  
Because not buried. Well, what matters it,  
Since now that greater light, that was my sun,  
Is set, and all is darkness, all is darkness!  
Death's lightnings strike to right and left of me,  
And, like a ruined wall, the world around me  
Crumbles away, and I am left alone.  
I have no friends, and want none. My own thoughts  
Are now my sole companions, — thoughts of her,  
That like a benediction from the skies  
Come to me in my solitude and soothe me.  
When men are old, the incessant thought of Death  
Follows them like their shadow; sits with them  
At every meal; sleeps with them when they sleep;  
And when they wake already is awake,  
And standing by their bedside. Then, what folly  
It is in us to make an enemy  
Of this importunate follower, not a friend!  
To me a friend, and not an enemy,  
Has he become since all my friends are dead.



## II.

## VIGNA DI PAPA GIULIO.

POPE JULIUS III. seated by the Fountain of *Acqua Vergine*, surrounded by Cardinals.

JULIUS.

Tell me, why is it ye are discontent,  
 You, Cardinals Salviati and Marcello,  
 With Michael Angelo? What has he done,  
 Or left undone, that ye are set against him?  
 When one Pope dies, another is soon made;  
 And I can make a dozen Cardinals,  
 But cannot make one Michael Angelo.

CARDINAL SALVIATI.

Your Holiness, we are not set against him;  
 We but deplore his incapacity.  
 He is too old.

JULIUS.

You, Cardinal Salviati,  
 Are an old man. Are you incapable?  
 'T is the old ox that draws the straightest furrow.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Your Holiness remembers he was charged  
 With the repairs upon St. Mary's bridge;  
 Made cofferdams, and heaped up load on load  
 Of timber and travertine; and yet for years  
 The bridge remained unfinished, till we gave it  
 To Baccio Bigio.

JULIUS.

Always Baccio Bigio!

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

Is there no other architect on earth ?  
 Was it not he that sometime had in charge  
 The harbor of Ancona ?

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Ay, the same.

JULIUS.

Then let me tell you that your Baccio Bigio  
 Did greater damage in a single day  
 To that fair harbor than the sea had done  
 Or would do in ten years. And him you think  
 To put in place of Michael Angelo,  
 In building the Basilica of St. Peter !  
 The ass that thinks himself a stag discovers  
 His error when he comes to leap the ditch.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

He does not build ; he but demolishes  
 The labors of Bramante and San Gallo.

JULIUS.

Only to build more grandly.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

But time passes :  
 Year after year goes by, and yet the work  
 Is not completed. Michael Angelo  
 Is a great sculptor, but no architect.  
 His plans are faulty.

JULIUS.

I have seen his model,  
 And have approved it. But here comes the artist.

Beware of him. He may make Persians of you,  
To carry burdens on your backs forever.

*The same: MICHAEL ANGELO.*

JULIUS.

Come forward, dear Maestro! In these gardens  
All ceremonies of our court are banished.  
Sit down beside me here.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *sitting down.*

How graciously  
Your Holiness commiserates old age  
And its infirmities!

JULIUS.

Say its privileges.  
Art I respect. The building of this palace  
And laying out these pleasant garden walks  
Are my delight, and if I have not asked  
Your aid in this, it is that I forbear  
To lay new burdens on you at an age  
When you need rest. Here I escape from Rome  
To be at peace. The tumult of the city  
Scarce reaches here.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How beautiful it is,  
And quiet almost as a hermitage!

JULIUS.

We live as hermits here; and from these heights  
O'erlook all Rome, and see the yellow Tiber  
Cleaving in twain the city, like a sword,  
As far below there as St. Mary's bridge.  
What think you of that bridge?

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

MICHAEL ANGELO

I would advise  
Your Holiness not to cross it, or not often ;  
It is not safe.

JULIUS.

It was repaired of late.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Some morning you will look for it in vain ;  
It will be gone. The current of the river  
Is undermining it.

JULIUS.

But you repaired it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I strengthened all its piers, and paved its road  
With travertine. He who came after me  
Removed the stone, and sold it, and filled in  
The space with gravel.

JULIUS.

Cardinal Salviati  
And Cardinal Marcello, do you listen ?  
This is your famous Nanni Baccio Bigio.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *aside.*

There is some mystery here. These Cardinals  
Stand lowering at me with unfriendly eyes.

JULIUS.

Now let us come to what concerns us more  
Than bridge or gardens. Some complaints are made

Concerning the Three Chapels in St. Peter's;  
Certain supposed defects or imperfections,  
You doubtless can explain.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

This is no longer

The golden age of art. Men have become  
Iconoclasts and critics. They delight not  
In what an artist does, but set themselves  
To censure what they do not comprehend.  
You will not see them bearing a Madonna  
Of Cimabue to the church in triumph,  
But tearing down the statue of a Pope  
To cast it into cannon. Who are they  
That bring complaints against me ?

JULIUS.

Deputies

Of the commissioners ; and they complain  
Of insufficient light in the Three Chapels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Your Holiness, the insufficient light  
Is somewhere else, and not in the Three Chapels.  
Who are the deputies that make complaint ?

JULIUS.

The Cardinals Salviati and Marcello.  
Here present.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *rising*.

With permission, Monsignori,  
What is it ye complain of ?

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

We regret  
 You have departed from Bramante's plan,  
 And from San Gallo's.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Since the ancient time  
 No greater architect has lived on earth  
 Than Lazzari Bramante. His design,  
 Without confusion, simple, clear, well-lighted,  
 Merits all praise, and to depart from it  
 Would be departing from the truth. San Gallo,  
 Building about with columns, took all light  
 Out of this plan ; left in the choir dark corners  
 For infinite ribaldries, and lurking places  
 For rogues and robbers ; so that when the church  
 Was shut at night, not five and twenty men  
 Could find them out. It was San Gallo, then,  
 That left the church in darkness, and not I.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Excuse me ; but in each of the Three Chapels  
 Is but a single window.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Monsignore,  
 Perhaps you do not know that in the vaulting  
 Above there are to go three other windows.

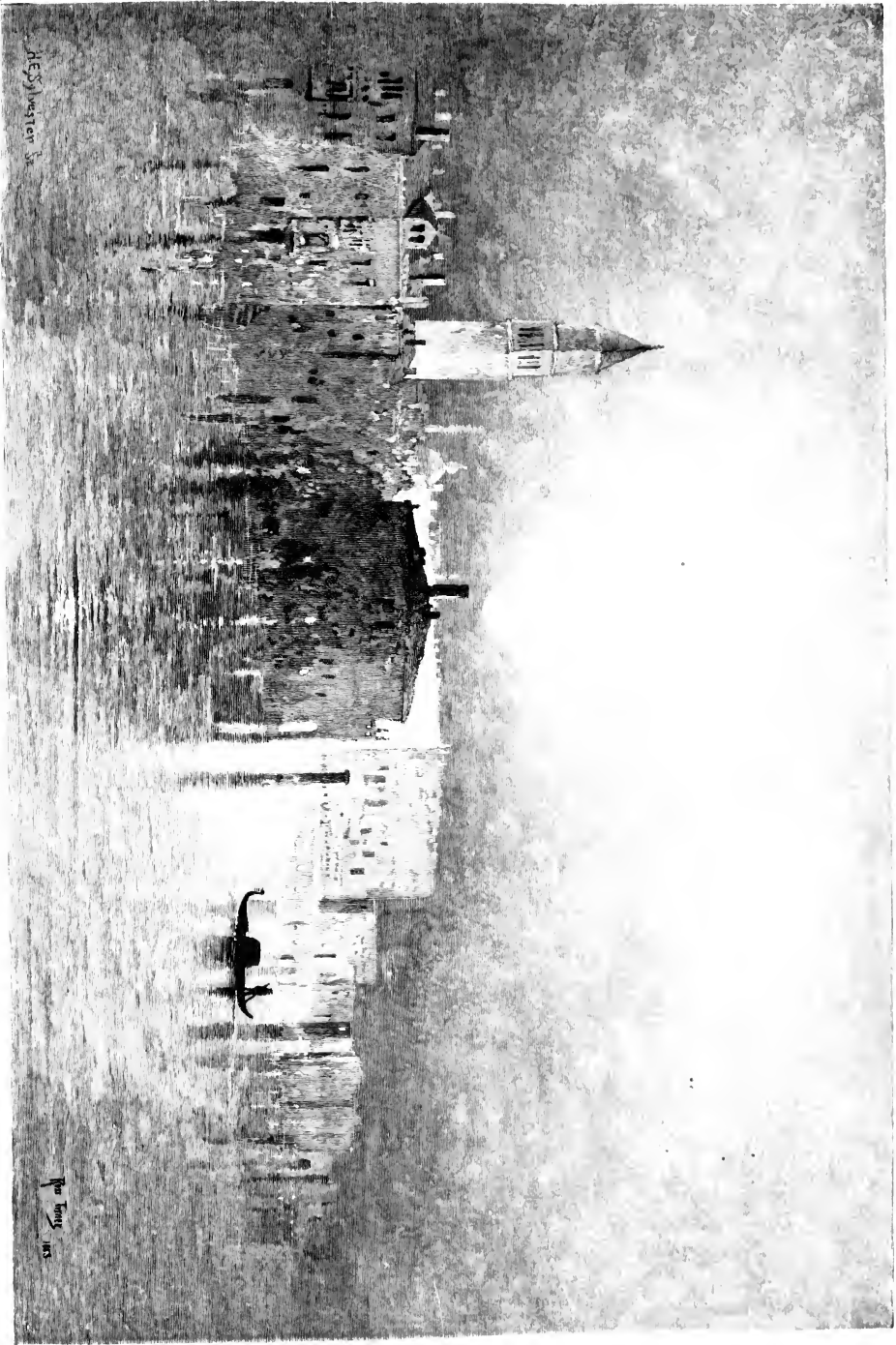
CARDINAL SALVIATI.

How should we know ? You never told us of it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I neither am obliged, nor will I be,





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To tell your Eminence or any other  
 What I intend or ought to do. Your office  
 Is to provide the means, and see that thieves  
 Do not lay hands upon them. The designs  
 Must all be left to me.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Sir architect,  
 You do forget yourself, to speak thus rudely  
 In presence of his Holiness, and to us  
 Who are his cardinals.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *putting on his hat.*

I do not forget  
 I am descended from the Counts Canossa,  
 Linked with the Imperial line, and with Matilda,  
 Who gave the Church Saint Peter's Patrimony.  
 I, too, am proud to give unto the Church  
 The labor of these hands, and what of life  
 Remains to me. My father Buonarotti  
 Was Podestà of Chiusi and Caprese.  
 I am not used to have men speak to me  
 As if I were a mason, hired to build  
 A garden wall, and paid on Saturdays  
 So much an hour.

CARDINAL SALVIATI, *aside.*

No wonder that Pope Clement  
 Never sat down in presence of this man,  
 Lest he should do the same ; and always bade him  
 Put on his hat, lest he unmasked should do it !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If any man could die of grief and shame,

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

I should. This labor was imposed upon me ;  
 I did not seek it ; and if I assumed it,  
 'T was not for love of fame or love of gain,  
 But for the love of God. Perhaps old age  
 Deceived me, or self-interest, or ambition ;  
 I may be doing harm instead of good.  
 Therefore, I pray your Holiness, release me ;  
 Take off from me the burden of this work ;  
 Let me go back to Florence.

JULIUS.

Never, never,

While I am living.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Doth your Holiness  
 Remember what the Holy Scriptures say  
 Of the inevitable time, when those  
 Who look out of the windows shall be darkened,  
 And the almond-tree shall flourish ?

JULIUS.

That is in

Ecclesiastes.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And the grasshopper  
 Shall be a burden, and desire shall fail,  
 Because man goeth unto his long home.  
 Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher ; all  
 Is vanity.

JULIUS.

Ah, were to do a thing  
 As easy as to dream of doing it,

We should not want for artists. But the men  
 Who carry out in act their great designs  
 Are few in number ; ay, they may be counted  
 Upon the fingers of this hand. Your place  
 Is at St. Peter's.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I have had my dream,  
 And cannot carry out my great conception,  
 And put it into act.

JULIUS.

Then who can do it ?  
 You would but leave it to some Baccio Bigio  
 To mangle and deface.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rather than that,  
 I will still bear the burden on my shoulders  
 A little longer. If your Holiness  
 Will keep the world in order, and will leave  
 The building of the church to me, the work  
 Will go on better for it. Holy Father,  
 If all the labors that I have endured,  
 And shall endure, advantage not my soul,  
 I am but losing time.

JULIUS, *laying his hands on MICHAEL ANGELO'S shoulders.*

You will be gainer  
 Both for your soul and body.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not events  
 Exasperate me, but the purest conclusions

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

I draw from these events ; the sure decline  
 Of art, and all the meaning of that word ;  
 All that embellishes and sweetens life,  
 And lifts it from the level of low cares  
 Into the purer atmosphere of beauty ;  
 The faith in the Ideal ; the inspiration  
 That made the canons of the church of Seville  
 Say, " Let us build, so that all men hereafter  
 Will say that we were madmen." Holy Father,  
 I beg permission to retire from here.

JULIUS.

Go ; and my benediction be upon you.

*[Michael Angelo goes out.]*

My Cardinals, this Michael Angelo  
 Must not be dealt with as a common mason.  
 He comes of noble blood, and for his crest  
 Bears two bull's horns ; and he has given us proof  
 That he can toss with them. From this day forth  
 Unto the end of time, let no man utter  
 The name of Baccio Bigio in my presence.  
 All great achievements are the natural fruits  
 Of a great character. As trees bear not  
 Their fruits of the same size and quality,  
 But each one in its kind with equal ease,  
 So are great deeds as natural to great men  
 As mean things are to small ones. By his work  
 We know the master. Let us not perplex him.

III.

BINDO ALTOVITI.

*A street in Rome.* BINDO ALTOVITI, *standing at the door of his house.* MICHAEL ANGELO,  
*passing.*

BINDO.

Good-morning, Messer Michael Angelo !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Good-morning, Messer Bindo Altoviti !

BINDO.

What brings you forth so early ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The same reason  
That keeps you standing sentinel at your door, —  
The air of this delicious summer morning.  
What news have you from Florence ?

BINDO.

Nothing new ;  
The same old tale of violence and wrong.  
Since the disastrous day at Monte Murlo,  
When in procession, through San Gallo's gate,  
Bareheaded, clothed in rags, on sorry steeds,  
Philippo Strozzi and the good Valori  
Were led as prisoners down the streets of Florence,  
Amid the shouts of an ungrateful people,  
Hope is no more, and liberty no more.  
Duke Cosimo, the tyrant, reigns supreme.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Florence is dead : her houses are but tombs ;  
Silence and solitude are in her streets.

BINDO.

Ah yes ; and often I repeat the words  
You wrote upon your statue of the Night,  
There in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo :  
“ Grateful to me is sleep ; to be of stone  
More grateful, while the wrong and shame endure ;  
To see not, feel not, is a benediction ;  
Therefore awake me not ; oh, speak in whispers.”

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, Messer Bindo, the calamities,  
The fallen fortunes, and the desolation  
Of Florence are to me a tragedy  
Deeper than words, and darker than despair.  
I, who have worshipped freedom from my cradle,  
Have loved her with the passion of a lover,  
And clothed her with all lovely attributes  
That the imagination can conceive,  
Or the heart conjure up, now see her dead,  
And trodden in the dust beneath the feet  
Of an adventurer ! It is a grief  
Too great for me to bear in my old age.

BINDO.

I say no news from Florence : I am wrong,  
For Benvenuto writes that he is coming  
To be my guest in Rome.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Those are good tidings.  
He hath been many years away from us.





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BINDO.

Pray you, come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I have not time to stay,  
 And yet I will. I see from here your house  
 Is filled with works of art. That bust in bronze  
 Is of yourself. Tell me, who is the master  
 That works in such an admirable way,  
 And with such power and feeling ?

BINDO.

Benvenuto.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah ? Benvenuto ? 'T is a masterpiece !  
 It pleases me as much, and even more,  
 Than the antiques about it ; and yet they  
 Are of the best one sees. But you have placed it  
 By far too high. The light comes from below,  
 And injures the expression. Were these windows  
 Above and not beneath it, then indeed  
 It would maintain its own among these works  
 Of the old masters, noble as they are.  
 I will go in and study it more closely.  
 I always prophesied that Benvenuto,  
 With all his follies and fantastic ways,  
 Would show his genius in some work of art  
 That would amaze the world, and be a challenge  
 Unto all other artists of his time.

[*They go in.*]

## IV.

IN THE COLISEUM.

MICHAEL ANGELO *and* TOMASO DE' CAVALIERI.

CAVALIERI.

What have you here alone, Messer Michele ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I come to learn.

CAVALIERI.

You are already master,  
And teach all other men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nay, I know nothing ;  
Not even my own ignorance, as some  
Philosopher hath said. I am a school-boy  
Who hath not learned his lesson, and who stands  
Ashamed and silent in the awful presence  
Of the great master of antiquity  
Who built these walls cyclopean.

CAVALIERI.

Gaudentius  
His name was, I remember. His reward  
Was to be thrown alive to the wild beasts  
Here where we now are standing.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Idle tales.

CAVALIERI.

But you are greater than Gaudentius was,  
And your work nobler.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Silence, I beseech you.

CAVALIERI.

Tradition says that fifteen thousand men  
Were toiling for ten years incessantly  
Upon this amphitheatre.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Behold

How wonderful it is ! The queen of flowers,  
The marble rose of Rome ! Its petals torn  
By wind and rain of thrice five hundred years ;  
Its mossy sheath half rent away, and sold  
To ornament our palaces and churches,  
Or to be trodden under feet of man  
Upon the Tiber's bank ; yet what remains  
Still opening its fair bosom to the sun,  
And to the constellations that at night  
Hang poised above it like a swarm of bees.

CAVALIERI.

The rose of Rome, but not of Paradise ;  
Not the white rose our Tuscan poet saw,  
With saints for petals. When this rose was perfect  
Its hundred thousand petals were not saints,  
But senators in their Thessalian caps,  
And all the roaring populace of Rome ;  
And even an Empress and the Vestal Virgins,  
Who came to see the gladiators die,  
Could not give sweetness to a rose like this.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I spake not of its uses, but its beauty.

CAVALIERI.

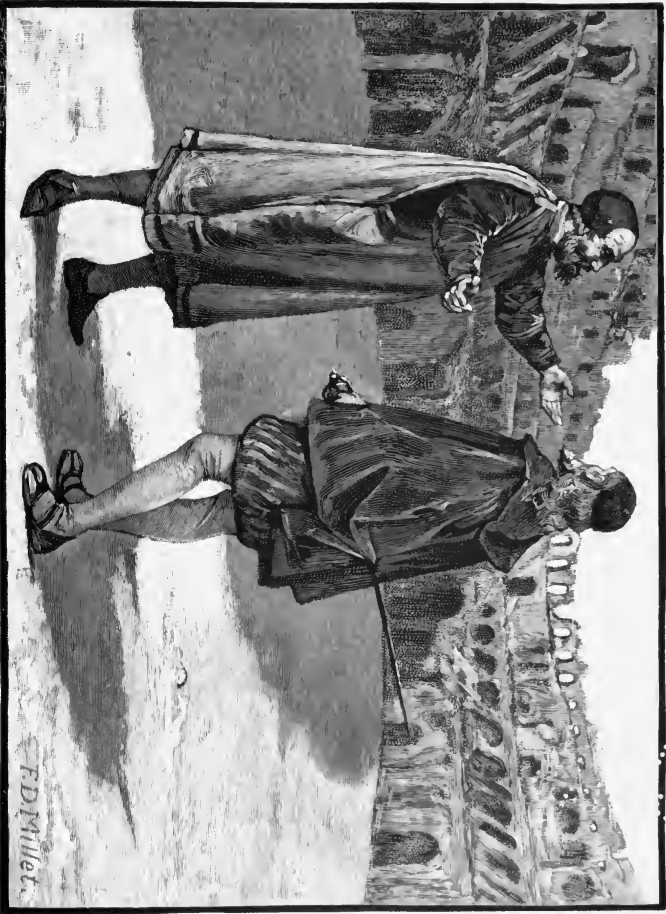
The sand beneath our feet is saturate  
 With blood of martyrs ; and these rifted stones  
 Are awful witnesses against a people  
 Whose pleasure was the pain of dying men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Tomaso Cavalieri, on my word,  
 You should have been a preacher, not a painter !  
 Think you that I approve such cruelties,  
 Because I marvel at the architects  
 Who built these walls, and curved these noble arches ?  
 Oh, I am put to shame, when I consider  
 How mean our work is, when compared with theirs !  
 Look at these walls about us and above us !  
 They have been shaken by earthquakes, have been made  
 A fortress, and been battered by long sieges ;  
 The iron clamps, that held the stones together,  
 Have been wrenched from them ; but they stand erect  
 And firm, as if they had been hewn and hollowed  
 Out of the solid rock, and were a part  
 Of the foundations of the world itself.

CAVALIERI.

Your work, I say again, is nobler work,  
 In so far as its end and aim are nobler ;  
 And this is but a ruin, like the rest.  
 Its vaulted passages are made the caverns  
 Of robbers, and are haunted by the ghosts  
 Of murdered men.



NO MORE  
ABSTRACT



MICHAEL ANGELO.

A thousand wild flowers bloom  
From every chink, and the birds build their nests  
Among the ruined arches, and suggest  
New thoughts of beauty to the architect.  
Now let us climb the broken stairs that lead  
Into the corridors above, and study  
The marvel and the mystery of that art  
In which I am a pupil, not a master.  
All things must have an end ; the world itself  
Must have an end, as in a dream I saw it.  
There came a great hand out of heaven, and touched  
The earth, and stopped it in its course. The seas  
Leaped, a vast cataract, into the abyss ;  
The forests and the fields slid off, and floated  
Like wooded islands in the air. The dead  
Were hurled forth from their sepulchres ; the living  
Were mingled with them, and themselves were dead,—  
All being dead ; and the fair shining cities  
Dropped out like jewels from a broken crown.  
Naught but the core of the great globe remained,  
A skeleton of stone. And over it  
The wrack of matter drifted like a cloud,  
And then recoiled upon itself, and fell  
Back on the empty world, that with the weight  
Reeled, staggered, righted, and then headlong plunged  
Into the darkness, as a ship, when struck  
By a great sea, throws off the waves at first  
On either side, then settles and goes down  
Into the dark abyss, with her dead crew.

CAVALIERI.

But the earth does not move.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Who knows ? who knows ?

There are great truths that pitch their shining tents  
 Outside our walls, and though but dimly seen  
 In the gray dawn, they will be manifest  
 When the light widens into perfect day.  
 A certain man, Copernicus by name,  
 Sometime professor here in Rome, has whispered  
 It is the earth, and not the sun, that moves.  
 What I beheld was only in a dream,  
 Yet dreams sometimes anticipate events,  
 Being unsubstantial images of things  
 As yet unscen.

## V.

BENVENUTO AGAIN : MACELLO DE' CORVI.

MICHAEL ANGELO, BENVENUTO CELLINI.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So, Benvenuto, you return once more  
 To the Eternal City. 'T is the centre  
 To which all gravitates. One finds no rest  
 Elsewhere than here. There may be other cities  
 That please us for a while, but Rome alone  
 Completely satisfies. It becomes to all  
 A second native land by predilection,  
 And not by accident of birth alone.

BENVENUTO.

I am but just arrived, and am now lodging  
 With Bindo Altoviti. I have been  
 To kiss the feet of our most Holy Father,

And now am come in haste to kiss the hands  
Of my miraculous Master.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And to find him  
Grown very old.

BENVENUTO.

You know that precious stones  
Never grow old.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Half sunk beneath the horizon,  
And yet not gone. Twelve years are a long while.  
Tell me of France.

BENVENUTO.

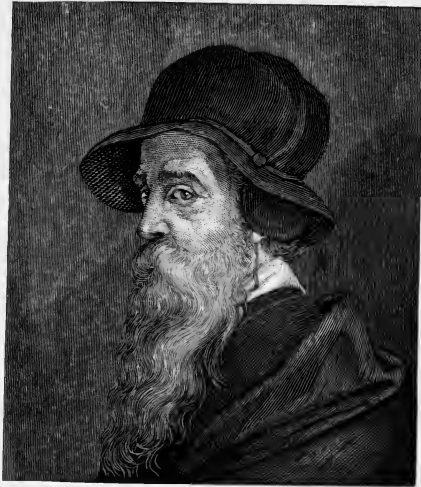
It were too long a tale  
To tell you all. Suffice in brief to say  
The King received me well, and loved me well ;  
Gave me the annual pension that before me  
Our Leonardo had, nor more nor less,  
And for my residence the Tour de Nesle,  
Upon the river-side.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A princely lodging.

BENVENUTO.

What in return I did now matters not,  
For there are other things of greater moment,  
I wish to speak of. First of all, the letter  
You wrote me, not long since, about my bust  
Of Bindo Altoviti, here in Rome. You said,



“ My Benvenuto, I for many years  
 Have known you as the greatest of all goldsmiths,  
 And now I know you as no less a sculptor.”  
 Ah, generous Master ! How shall I e'er thank you  
 For such kind language ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

By believing it.  
 I saw the bust at Messer Bindo's house,  
 And thought it worthy of the ancient masters,  
 And said so. That is all.

BENVENUTO.

It is too much ;  
 And I should stand abashed here in your presence,  
 Had I done nothing worthier of your praise  
 Than Bindo's bust.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What have you done that's better ?

BENVENUTO.

When I left Rome for Paris, you remember  
I promised you that if I went a goldsmith  
I would return a sculptor. I have kept  
The promise I then made.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Dear Benvenuto,  
I recognized the latent genius in you,  
But feared your vices.

BENVENUTO.

I have turned them all  
To virtues. My impatient, wayward nature,  
That made me quick in quarrel, now has served me  
Where meekness could not, and where patience could not,  
As you shall hear now. I have cast in bronze  
A statue of Perseus, holding thus aloft  
In his left hand the head of the Medusa,  
And in his right the sword that severed it;  
His right foot planted on the lifeless corse;  
His face superb and pitiful, with eyes  
Down-looking on the victim of his vengeance.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I see it as it should be.

BENVENUTO.

As it will be  
When it is placed upon the Ducal Square,  
Half-way between your David and the Judith  
Of Donatello.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rival of them both!

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

BENVENUTO.

But ah, what infinite trouble have I had  
 With Bandinello, and that stupid beast,  
 The major-domo of Duke Cosimo,  
 Francesco Ricci, and their wretched agent  
 Gorini, who came crawling round about me  
 Like a black spider, with his whining voice  
 That sounded like the buzz of a mosquito !  
 Oh, I have wept in utter desperation,  
 And wished a thousand times I had not left  
 My Tour de Nesle, nor e'er returned to Florence,  
 Or thought of Perseus. What malignant falsehoods  
 They told the Grand Duke, to impede my work,  
 And make me desperate !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The nimble lie  
 Is like the second-hand upon a clock ;  
 We see it fly ; while the hour-hand of truth  
 Seems to stand still, and yet it moves unseen,  
 And wins at last, for the clock will not strike  
 Till it has reached the goal.

BENVENUTO.

My obstinacy  
 Stood me in stead, and helped me to o'ercome  
 The hindrances that envy and ill-will  
 Put in my way.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When anything is done,  
 People see not the patient doing of it,  
 Nor think how great would be the loss to man  
 If it had not been done. As in a building

Stone rests on stone, and wanting the foundation  
 All would be wanting, so in human life  
 Each action rests on the foregone event,  
 That made it possible, but is forgotten  
 And buried in the earth.

BENVENUTO.

Even Bandinello,  
 Who never yet spake well of anything,  
 Speaks well of this ; and yet he told the Duke  
 That, though I cast small figures well enough,  
 I never could cast this.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But you have done it,  
 And proved Ser Bandinello a false prophet.  
 That is the wisest way.

BENVENUTO.

And ah, that casting !  
 What a wild scene it was, as late at night,  
 A night of wind and rain, we heaped the furnace  
 With pine of Serristori, till the flames  
 Caught in the rafters over us, and threatened  
 To send the burning roof upon our heads ;  
 And from the garden side the wind and rain  
 Poured in upon us, and half quenched our fires.  
 I was beside myself with desperation.  
 A shudder came upon me, then a fever ;  
 I thought that I was dying, and was forced  
 To leave the work-shop, and to throw myself  
 Upon my bed, as one who has no hope.  
 And as I lay there, a deformed old man  
 Appeared before me, and with dismal voice,

Like one who doth exhort a criminal  
 Led forth to death, exclaimed, " Poor Benvenuto,  
 Thy work is spoiled ! There is no remedy !"  
 Then, with a cry so loud it might have reached  
 The heaven of fire, I bounded to my feet,  
 And rushed back to my workmen. They all stood  
 Bewildered and desponding ; and I looked  
 Into the furnace, and beheld the mass  
 Half molten only, and in my despair  
 I fed the fire with oak, whose terrible heat  
 Soon made the sluggish metal shine and sparkle.  
 Then followed a bright flash, and an explosion,  
 As if a thunderbolt had fallen among us.  
 The covering of the furnace had been rent  
 Asunder, and the bronze was flowing over ;  
 So that I straightway opened all the sluices  
 To fill the mould. The metal ran like lava,  
 Sluggish and heavy ; and I sent my workmen  
 To ransack the whole house, and bring together  
 My pewter plates and pans, two hundred of them,  
 And cast them one by one into the furnace  
 To liquefy the mass, and in a moment  
 The mould was filled ! I fell upon my knees  
 And thanked the Lord ; and then we ate and drank  
 And went to bed, all hearty and contented.  
 It was two hours before the break of day.  
 My fever was quite gone.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A strange adventure,  
 That could have happened to no man alive  
 But you, my Benvenuto.





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BENVENUTO.

As my workmen said  
To major-domo Ricci afterward,  
When he inquired of them : “ ’T was not a man,  
But an express great devil.”

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And the statue ?

BENVENUTO.

Perfect in every part, save the right foot  
Of Perseus, as I had foretold the Duke.  
There was just bronze enough to fill the mould ;  
Not a drop over, not a drop too little.  
I looked upon it as a miracle  
Wrought by the hand of God.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now I see  
How you have turned your vices into virtues.

BENVENUTO.

But wherefore do I prate of this ? I came  
To speak of other things. Duke Cosimo  
Through me invites you to return to Florence,  
And offers you great honors, even to make you  
One of the Forty-Eight, his Senators.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

His Senators ! That is enough. Since Florence  
Was changed by Clement Seventh from a Republic  
Into a Dukedom, I no longer wish  
To be a Florentine. That dream is ended.  
The Grand Duke Cosimo now reigns supreme ;

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

All liberty is dead. Ah, woe is me !  
 I hoped to see my country rise to heights  
 Of happiness and freedom yet unreach'd  
 By other nations, but the climbing wave  
 Pauses, lets go its hold, and slides again  
 Back to the common level, with a hoarse  
 Death-rattle in its throat. I am too old  
 To hope for better days. I will stay here  
 And die in Rome. The very weeds, that grow  
 Among the broken fragments of her ruins,  
 Are sweeter to me than the garden flowers  
 Of other cities ; and the desolate ring  
 Of the Campagna round about her walls  
 Fairer than all the villas that encircle  
 The towns of Tuscany.

BENVENUTO.

But your old friends !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

All dead by violence. Baccio Valori  
 Has been beheaded ; Guicciardini poisoned ;  
 Filippo Strozzi strangled in his prison.  
 Is Florence then a place for honest men  
 To flourish in ? What is there to prevent  
 My sharing the same fate ?

BENVENUTO.

Why, this : if all  
 Your friends are dead, so are your enemies.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Is Aretino dead ?

BENVENUTO.

He lives in Venice,  
And not in Florence.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is the same to me.  
This wretched mountebank, whom flatterers  
Call the Divine, as if to make the word  
Unpleasant in the mouths of those who speak it  
And in the ears of those who hear it, sends me  
A letter written for the public eye,  
And with such subtle and infernal malice,  
I wonder at his wickedness. 'T is he  
Is the express great devil, and not you.  
Some years ago he told me how to paint  
The scenes of the Last Judgment.

BENVENUTO.

I remember.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, now he writes to me that, as a Christian,  
He is ashamed of the unbounded freedom  
With which I represent it.

BENVENUTO.

Hypocrite!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

He says I show mankind that I am wanting  
In piety and religion, in proportion  
As I profess perfection in my art.  
Profess perfection? Why, 't is only men  
Like Bugiardini who are satisfied

With what they do. I never am content,  
But always see the labors of my hand  
Fall short of my conception.

BENVENUTO.

I perceive  
The malice of this creature. He would taint you  
With heresy, and in a time like this !  
'T is infamous !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I represent the angels  
Without their heavenly glory, and the saints  
Without a trace of earthly modesty.

BENVENUTO.

Incredible audacity !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The heathen  
Veiled their Diana with some drapery,  
And when they represented Venus naked  
They made her, by her modest attitude,  
Appear half clothed. But I, who am a Christian,  
Do so subordinate belief to art  
That I have made the very violation  
Of modesty in martyrs and in virgins  
A spectacle at which all men would gaze  
With half-averted eyes, even in a brothel.

BENVENUTO.

He is at home there, and he ought to know  
What men avert their eyes from in such places ;  
From the Last Judgment chiefly, I imagine.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But divine Providence will never leave  
 The boldness of my marvellous work unpunished ;  
 And the more marvellous it is, the more  
 'T is sure to prove the ruin of my fame !  
 And finally, if in this composition  
 I had pursued the instructions that he gave me  
 Concerning heaven and hell and paradise,  
 In that same letter, known to all the world,  
 Nature would not be forced, as she is now,  
 To feel ashamed that she invested me  
 With such great talent ; that I stand myself  
 A very idol in the world of art.  
 He taunts me also with the Mausoleum  
 Of Julius, still unfinished, for the reason  
 That men persuaded the inane old man  
 It was of evil augury to build  
 His tomb while he was living ; and he speaks  
 Of heaps of gold this Pope bequeathed to me,  
 And calls it robbery ; — that is what he says.  
 What prompted such a letter ?

BENVENUTO.

Vanity.

He is a clever writer, and he likes  
 To draw his pen, and flourish it in the face  
 Of every honest man, as swordsmen do  
 Their rapiers on occasion, but to show  
 How skilfully they do it. Had you followed  
 The advice he gave, or even thanked him for it,  
 You would have seen another style of fence.  
 'T is but his wounded vanity, and the wish  
 To see his name in print. So give it not  
 A moment's thought ; it soon will be forgotten.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I will not think of it, but let it pass  
 For a rude speech\* thrown at me in the street,  
 As boys threw stones at Dante.

BENVENUTO.

And what answer

Shall I take back to Grand Duke Cosimo?  
 He does not ask your labor or your service;  
 Only your presence in the city of Florence,  
 With such advice upon his work in hand  
 As he may ask, and you may choose to give.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have my answer. Nothing he can offer  
 Shall tempt me to leave Rome. My work is here,  
 And only here, the building of St. Peter's.  
 What other things I hitherto have done  
 Have fallen from me, are no longer mine;  
 I have passed on beyond them, and have left them  
 As milestones on the way. What lies before me,  
 That is still mine, and while it is unfinished  
 No one shall draw me from it, or persuade me,  
 By promises of ease, or wealth, or honor,  
 Till I behold the finished dome uprise  
 Complete, as now I see it in my thought.

BENVENUTO.

And will you paint no more?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

No more.



BENVENUTO.

"T is well.

Sculpture is more divine, and more like Nature,  
 That fashions all her works in high relief,  
 And that is sculpture. This vast ball, the Earth,  
 Was moulded out of clay, and baked in fire ;  
 Men, women, and all animals that breathe  
 Are statues, and not paintings. Even the plants,  
 The flowers, the fruits, the grasses, were first sculptured,  
 And colored later. Painting is a lie,  
 A shadow merely.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Truly, as you say,  
 Sculpture is more than painting. It is greater  
 To raise the dead to life than to create  
 Phantoms that seem to live. The most majestic  
 Of the three sister arts is that which builds ;  
 The eldest of them all, to whom the others  
 Are but the hand-maids and the servitors,  
 Being but imitation, not creation.  
 Henceforth I dedicate myself to her.

BENVENUTO.

And no more from the marble hew those forms  
 That fill us all with wonder ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Many statues  
 Will there be room for in my work. Their station  
 Already is assigned them in my mind.  
 But things move slowly. There are hindrances,  
 Want of material, want of means, delays  
 And interruptions, endless interference

Of Cardinal Commissioners, and disputes  
 And jealousies of artists, that annoy me.  
 But I will persevere until the work  
 Is wholly finished, or till I sink down  
 Surprised by death, that unexpected guest,  
 Who waits for no man's leisure, but steps in,  
 Unasked and unannounced, to put a stop  
 To all our occupations and designs.  
 And then perhaps I may go back to Florence ;  
 This is my answer to Duke Cosimo.

## VI.

## URBINO'S FORTUNE.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio*. MICHAEL ANGELO *and* URBINO.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *pausing in his work*.

Urbino, thou and I are both old men.  
 My strength begins to fail me.

URBINO.

Eccellenza,  
 That is impossible. Do I not see you  
 Attack the marble blocks with the same fury  
 As twenty years ago ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is an old habit.  
 I must have learned it early from my nurse  
 At Setignano, the stone-mason's wife ;  
 For the first sounds I heard were of the chisel  
 Chipping away the stone.

URBINO.

At every stroke  
You strike fire with your chisel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ay, because  
The marble is too hard.

URBINO.

It is a block  
That Topolino sent you from Carrara.  
He is a judge of marble.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I remember.  
With it he sent me something of his making, —  
A Mercury, with long body and short legs,  
As if by any possibility  
A messenger of the gods could have short legs.  
It was no more like Mercury than you are,  
But rather like those little plaster figures  
That peddlers hawk about the villages,  
As images of saints. But luckily  
For Topolino, there are many people  
Who see no difference between what is best  
And what is only good, or not even good ;  
So that poor artists stand in their esteem  
On the same level with the best, or higher.

URBINO.

How Eccellenza laughed !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Poor Topolino !

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

All men are not born artists, nor will labor  
E'er make them artists.

URBINO.

No, no more  
Than Emperors, or Popes, or Cardinals.  
One must be chosen for it. I have been  
Your color-grinder six and twenty years,  
And am not yet an artist.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Some have eyes  
That see not; but in every block of marble  
I see a statue, — see it as distinctly  
As if it stood before me shaped and perfect  
In attitude and action. I have only  
To hew away the stone walls that imprison  
The lovely apparition, and reveal it  
To other eyes as mine already see it.  
But I grow old and weak. What wilt thou do  
When I am dead, Urbino?

URBINO.

Eccellenza,  
I must then serve another master.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Never!  
Bitter is servitude at best. Already  
So many years hast thou been serving me;  
But rather as a friend than as a servant.  
We have grown old together. Dost thou think  
So meanly of this Michael Angelo  
As to imagine he would let thee serve,

When he is free from service ? Take this purse,  
Two thousand crowns in gold.

URBINO.

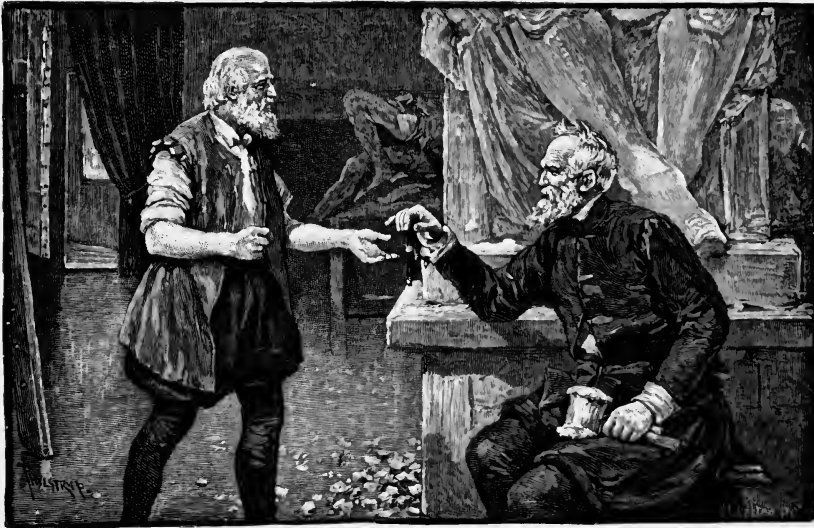
Two thousand crowns !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ay, it will make thee rich. Thou shalt not die  
A beggar in a hospital.

URBINO.

Oh, Master !



MICHAEL ANGELO.

I cannot have them with me on the journey  
That I am undertaking. The last garment  
That men will make for me will have no pockets.

URBINO, *kissing the hand of* MICHAEL ANGELO.

My generous master !

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Hush!

URBINO.

My Providence!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not a word more. Go now to bed, old man.  
 Thou hast served Michael Angelo. Remember,  
 Henceforward thou shalt serve no other master.

## VII.

THE OAKS OF MONTE LUCA.

*MICHAEL ANGELO, alone in the woods.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How still it is among these ancient oaks!  
 Surges and undulations of the air  
 Uplift the leafy boughs, and let them fall  
 With scarce a sound. Such sylvan quietudes  
 Become old age. These huge centennial oaks,  
 That may have heard in infancy the trumpets  
 Of Barbarossa's cavalry, deride  
 Man's brief existence, that with all his strength  
 He cannot stretch beyond the hundredth year.  
 This little acorn, turbaned like the Turk,  
 Which with my foot I spurn, may be an oak  
 Hereafter, feeding with its bitter mast  
 The fierce wild boar, and tossing in its arms  
 The cradled nests of birds, when all the men  
 That now inhabit this vast universe,  
 They and their children, and their children's children,

Shall be but dust and mould, and nothing more.  
 Through openings in the trees I see below me  
 The valley of Clitumnus, with its farms  
 And snow-white oxen grazing in the shade  
 Of the tall poplars on the river's brink.  
 O Nature, gentle mother, tender nurse!  
 I, who have never loved thee as I ought,  
 But wasted all my years immured in cities,  
 And breathed the stifling atmosphere of streets,  
 Now come to thee for refuge. Here is peace.  
 Yonder I see the little hermitages  
 Dotting the mountain side with points of light,  
 And here St. Julian's convent, like a nest  
 Of curlews, clinging to some windy cliff.  
 Beyond the broad, illimitable plain  
 Down sinks the sun, red as Apollo's quoit,  
 That, by the envious zephyr blown aside,  
 Struck Hyacinthus dead, and stained the earth  
 With his young blood, that blossomed into flowers.  
 And now, instead of these fair deities,  
 Dread demons haunt the earth; hermits inhabit  
 The leafy homes of sylvan Hamadryads;  
 And jovial friars, rotund and rubicund,  
 Replace the old Silenus with his ass.

Here underneath these venerable oaks,  
 Wrinkled and brown and gnarled like them with age,  
 A brother of the monastery sits,  
 Lost in his meditations. What may be  
 The questions that perplex, the hopes that cheer him?  
 Good-evening, holy father.

MONK.

God be with you.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Pardon a stranger if he interrupt  
Your meditations.

MONK.

It was but a dream, —  
The old, old dream, that never will come true ;  
The dream that all my life I have been dreaming,  
And yet is still a dream.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

All men have dreams.  
I have had mine ; but none of them came true ;  
They were but vanity. Sometimes I think  
The happiness of man lies in pursuing,  
Not in possessing ; for the things possessed  
Lose half their value. Tell me of your dream.

MONK.

The yearning of my heart, my sole desire,  
That like the sheaf of Joseph stands upright,  
While all the others bend and bow to it ;  
The passion that torments me, and that breathes  
New meaning into the dead forms of prayer,  
Is that with mortal eyes I may behold  
The Eternal City.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rome ?

MONK.

There is but one ;  
The rest are merely names. I think of it  
As the Celestial City, paved with gold,  
And sentinelled with angels.



MICHAEL ANGELO.

Would it were.  
I have just fled from it. It is beleaguered  
By Spanish troops and by the Duke of Alva.

MONK.

But still for me 't is the Celestial City,  
And I would see it once before I die.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Each one must bear his cross.

MONK.

Were it a cross  
That had been laid upon me, I could bear it,  
Or fall with it. It is a crucifix ;  
I am nailed hand and foot, and I am dying !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What would you see in Rome ?



## MICHAEL ANGELO.

MONK.

His Holiness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Him that was once the Cardinal Caraffa ?  
 You would but see a man of fourscore years,  
 With sunken eyes, burning like carbuncles,  
 Who sits at table with his friends for hours,  
 Cursing the Spaniards as a race of Jews  
 And miscreant Moors. And with what soldiery  
 Think you he now defends the Eternal City ?

MONK.

With legions of bright angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So he calls them ;  
 And yet in fact these bright angelic legions  
 Are only German Lutherans.

MONK, *crossing himself.*

Heaven protect us !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What further would you see ?

MONK.

The Cardinals,  
 Going in their gilt coaches to High Mass.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Men do not go to Paradise in coaches.

MONK.

The catacombs, the convents, and the churches ;  
The ceremonies of the Holy Week  
In all their pomp, or, at the Epiphany,  
The Feast of the Santissima Bambino  
At Ara Cœli. But I shall not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

These pompous ceremonies of the Church  
Are but an empty show to him who knows  
The actors in them. Stay here in your convent,  
For he who goes to Rome may see too much.  
What would you further ?

MONK.

I would see the painting  
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The smoke of incense and of altar candles  
Has blackened it already.

MONK.

Woe is me !  
Then I would hear Allegri's Miserere,  
Sung by the Papal choir.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A dismal dirge !  
I am an old, old man, and I have lived  
In Rome for thirty years and more, and know  
The jarring of the wheels of that great world,  
Its jealousies, its discords, and its strife.  
Therefore I say to you remain content

Here in your convent, here among your woods,  
 Where only there is peace. Go not to Rome.  
 There was of old a monk of Wittenberg  
 Who went to Rome ; you may have heard of him ;  
 His name was Luther ; and you know what followed.

[*The convent bell rings.*]

MONK, *rising.*

It is the convent bell ; it rings for vespers.  
 Let us go in ; we both will pray for peace.

### VIII.

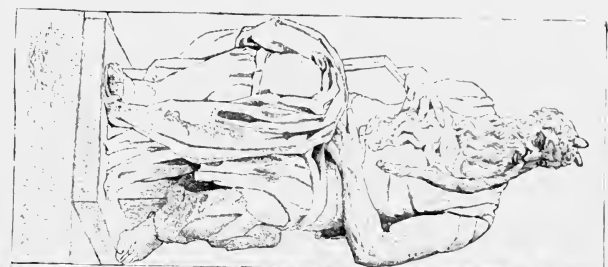
#### THE DEAD CHRIST.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *studio.* MICHAEL ANGELO, *with a light, working upon the Dead Christ.*  
*Midnight.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O Death, why is it I cannot portray  
 Thy form and features ? Do I stand too near thee ?  
 Or dost thou hold my hand, and draw me back,  
 As being thy disciple, not thy master ?  
 Let him who knows not what old age is like  
 Have patience till it comes, and he will know.  
 I once had skill to fashion Life and Death  
 And Sleep, which is the counterfeit of Death ;  
 And I remember what Giovanni Strozzi  
 Wrote underneath my statue of the Night  
 In San Lorenzo, ah, so long ago !

Grateful to me is sleep ! More grateful now  
 Than it was then ; for all my friends are dead ;  
 And she is dead, the noblest of them all.



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I saw her face, when the great sculptor Death,  
Whom men should call Divine, had at a blow  
Stricken her into marble ; and I kissed  
Her cold white hand. What was it held me back  
From kissing her fair forehead, and those lips,  
Those dead, dumb lips ? Grateful to me is sleep !

*Enter* GIORGIO VASARI.

GIORGIO.

Good-evening, or good-morning, for I know not  
Which of the two it is.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How came you in ?

GIORGIO.

Why, by the door, as all men do.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ascanio

Must have forgotten to bolt it.

GIORGIO.

Probably.

Am I a spirit, or so like a spirit,  
That I could slip through bolted door or window ?  
As I was passing down the street, I saw  
A glimmer of light, and heard the well-known chink  
Of chisel upon marble. So I entered,  
To see what keeps you from your bed so late.

MICHAEL ANGELO. *coming forward with the lamp.*

You have been revelling with your boon companions,  
Giorgio Vasari, and you come to me  
At an untimely hour.

*MICHAEL ANGELO.*

GIORGIO.

The Pope hath sent me,  
His Holiness desires to see again  
The drawing you once showed him of the dome  
Of the Basilica.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

We will look for it.

GIORGIO.

What is the marble group that glimmers there  
Behind you ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nothing, and yet everything, —  
As one may take it. It is my own tomb,  
That I am building.

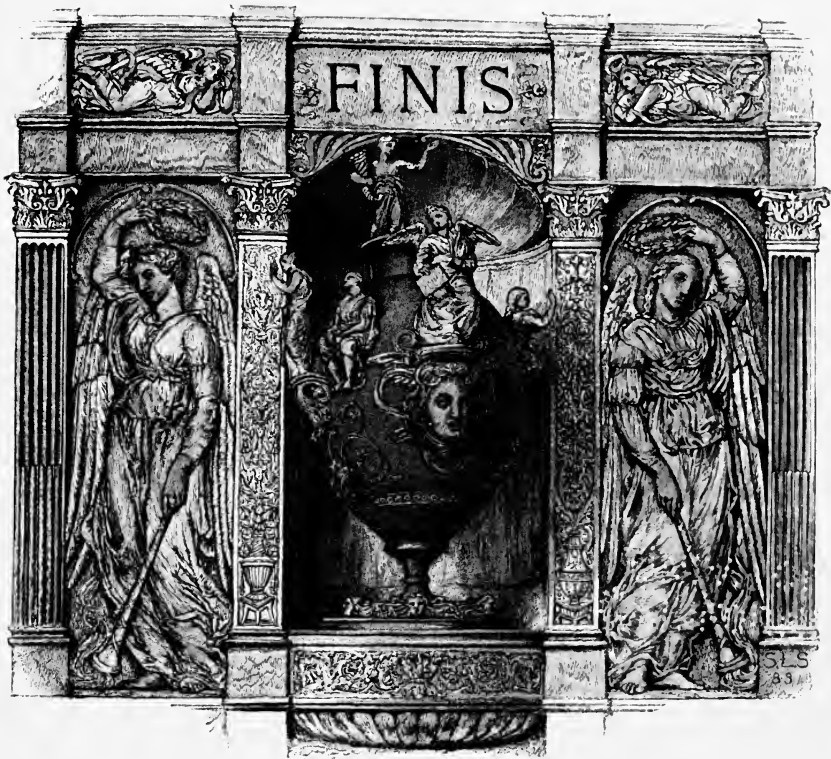
GIORGIO.

Do not hide it from me.  
By our long friendship and the love I bear you,  
Refuse me not !

MICHAEL ANGELO, *letting fall the lamp.*

Life hath become to me  
An empty theatre, — its lights extinguished,  
The music silent, and the actors gone ;  
And I alone sit musing on the scenes  
That once have been. I am so old that Death  
Oft plucks me by the cloak, to come with him ;  
And some day, like this lamp, shall I fall down,  
And my last spark of life will be extinguished.  
Ah me ! ah me ! what darkness of despair !  
So near to death, and yet so far from God !





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# NOTES.

## PART FIRST.

### I.

CONDIVI, in his "Vite di Michael Angelo Buonarroti," describes him, when seventy-nine years old, as "of middle height, with broad shoulders and thin legs, having a large head, a face small in proportion to the size of his skull, a square forehead, full temples, high cheek bones, and a nose made flat by the fist of that beastly and proud man Torrigiano de' Torrigiani." Torrigiani is said to have fled to England, and to have designed there, among other things, the tomb of Henry VIII. "His lips," continues Condivi, "are thin, and the lower, being the larger, appears to protrude when the face is seen in profile. His eyebrows are sparse; his eyes gray, spotted with yellow and blue lights, and ever varying; his ears of just proportion; his hair, once black, is streaked with gray, as is his thin, forked beard, which is four or five fingers' breadth in length." Vasari's description does not differ materially from this, so that the student is enabled to know with some certainty what the personal appearance of the great master was. These descriptions have unquestionably been of important service in the hands of artists who have studied to produce a satisfactory portrait of Michael Angelo. It is possible to find a large number of these portraits, and not easy to learn, even by a comparison of all the lives of the artist, which are founded upon the best authority. Mr. C. D. E. Fortnum, who owns the original medallion portrait in wax by Leo Leone, which he discovered and identified, gives in an article on the portrait, published in the "Archaeological Journal" for March, 1875, a list of the only likenesses which can be considered authentic, namely: 1. A bronze bust at the Capitol, referred to by Vasari as the work by Daniel of Volterra. 2. A bust in marble from a mask taken after death. 3. Leo Leone's medal. 4. A figure in the foreground of the Assumption of the Virgin in the church at Santa Trinita at Rome. 5. A head painted by Marcello Venusti in his copy of "The Last Judgment." 6. A portrait ascribed to the same painter at Casa Buonarroti. 7. The engraving (profile) by Buonasoni. Mr. C. C. Perkins, in his "Raphael and Michael Angelo," mentions a portrait which was reproduced in the "Zeitschrift für Bildene Kunst," vol. xi., page 64, with a short article by Mr. J. E. Wessely, who claims that it was drawn and engraved by Michael Angelo, and that it is the original from which Ghisi worked.



The bronze bust.



The marble bust.



The Leone medal.



Venusti's original.

The portrait used as a frontispiece to the present volume has for its original a recent steel engraving after Venusti's portrait by an eminent French artist. A *fac-simile* of Buonasoni's profile is given on page 36, and an engraving from it is the centre of the head-piece to Part First. Francesco D'Ollanda's profile, with slouched hat and cloak, is given in the half-title to Part Third. Above is a sketch from the bronze bust in the Capitol at Rome; the marble bust; a sketch

of Venusti's portrait; and the head from the Leone medal. This head is particularly interesting from the fact that it shows the artist when eighty-eight years old, and was made by his intimate friend Leo Leone. The reverse of the medal is a blind man led by a dog. Being much pleased with the work, Michael Angelo gave Leone a wax model of his Hercules struggling with Antæus.

The portraits of *Vittoria Colonna, Marchesa de Pescara*, which are given in this volume, are referred to in the notes at the proper places. She was born in 1490, betrothed to the Marquis de Pescara in 1495, and married to him in 1509. Pescara was killed in fighting against the French under the walls of Ravenna in 1512. It is not known when or where Vittoria Colonna first met Michael Angelo, but all authorities agree that it must have been about the year 1536, when he was over sixty years of age. She did not escape the espionage of the Inquisition, but was compelled in 1541 to fly to the convent at Viterbo. Three years later, she went to the convent of Benedictines of St. Anne in Rome, and just before her death, in 1547, she was taken to the house of Giuliano Cesarini, the husband of Giulia Colonna, her only relative in Rome. It was after she fled to the convent that she began to write sonnets to and receive them from Michael Angelo, whose love for her was not capable of being concealed.



The profile of the Marquis de Pescara given here is from a medallion, an engraving of which may be found in Harford's "Life of Michael Angelo."

*Julia Gonzaga, Duchess of Trajetto*, was known as the most beautiful woman in all Italy, and as the intimate friend of Vittoria Colonna. She also spent the last of her days in a convent. The portrait on page 10 was drawn from Sebastiano del Piombo's painting known as "Saint Agatha." Another sketch of it, showing the veil, is given here.



With regard to Sebastian's portraits of Julia Gonzaga, the following, from Crowe and Cavalcaselli's "History of Painting in North Italy," will be interesting:—

"The real portrait of Giulia Gonzaga is supposed to exist in two different collections. In the National Gallery, we have the likeness of a lady in the character of St. Agatha, as symbolized by a nimbus and pincers. Natural pose and posture and dignified mien indicate rank. The treatment is free and bold, but the colors are not blended with the care which Sebastian would surely have bestowed in such a case. In the Stædel Museum at Frankfort, the person represented is of a noble and elegant carriage, seated, in rich attire, and holding a fan made of feathers. A pretty landscape is seen through an opening, and a rich green hanging falls behind the figure. The handling curiously reminds us of Bronzino. It is well known that the likeness of Giulia was sent to Francis the First in Paris, and was registered in Lepicie's catalogue. The canvas of the National Gallery was purchased from the Borghese palace, the panel at Frankfort from the heirlooms of the late King of Holland. A third female portrait by Del Piombo deserves to be recorded in connection with this inquiry,—that of Lord Radnor at Longford Castle, in which a lady with a crimson mantle and pearl head-dress stands in profile, resting her hands on the back of a chair. On a shawl which falls from the chair we read, '*Sunt loquei veneris cave.*' The shape is slender as that of Vittoria Colonna in the Santangelo palace at Naples, but the color is too brown in light and too red in shadow to yield a pleasing effect, and were it proved that this is really Giulia Gonzaga the picture would not deserve Vasari's eulogy."



Page 16. *Brighter than Titian's*. Titian's real name was Tiziano Vecelio, called Da Cadore. He was born in 1477 and died in 1576. He studied with Gio. Bellini, and succeeded Giorgione in his commissions. The original of the portrait on page 105 is a well-known engraving by Angostino Caracci. Herewith is given a sketch of another portrait of Titian, from Yriarte's "Venice."

## II.

Page 17. *Why did the Pope and his ten Cardinals come here to lay this heavy task upon me?* "The Last Judgment" was begun in 1534, when Paul III., Alessandro Farnese, was Pope. The portrait here given was drawn from one in Platina's "Vite de Pontifici," published in 1730.



Page 17. *The bones of Julius.* This refers to Julius II., Julian della Rovere, who became Pope in 1503. The portrait is given in various publications of Raphael's works.

Page 17. *Fra Bastian, my Fra Bastian, might have done it.* Sebastian del Piombo, whose real name was Luciano, was born in 1485 and died in 1547. At one time he placed himself under the tutorship of Michael Angelo. He first studied with Gio. Bellini and Giorgione. The portrait given on page 91 has for its original the one in Vasari's works.

## III.

Page 20. *Vittoria Colonna, Claudio Tolomei, and others.* Among the others was Francesco D'Ollanda, a miniature-painter, who was sent to Rome by the King of Portugal that he might study with the great artists. To him we are indebted for descriptions of two Sundays which he spent with Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo in the chapel of San Sylvestro. He painted the profile portrait which is given as a centre-piece to the half-title of Part Third.

## IV.

Page 30. *The Duke, my cousin, the black Alessandro.* The portrait given on page 32 was drawn from a medal by Cellini, reproduced in Plon's life of that artist.

Page 30. *The Wild Boar in the gardens of Lorenzo.* Lorenzo de' Medici. The portrait given here was drawn from one in Harford's "Life of Michael Angelo."



## V.

Page 36. *And you have had the honor, nay, the glory, of portraying Julia Gonzaga.* In 1533 Cardinal Ippolito de Medici, being madly in love with Julia Gonzaga, sent Sebastian with an armed force to paint her portrait. It was accomplished in a month, and the portrait is said to have been one of Sebastian's best. It was sent to Francis I. of France.

Page 67. *Head.* The original of this head was drawn in black chalk by Michael Angelo. There is a difference of opinion among the authorities as to whether this is a study made from Vittoria Colonna or not. It is often referred to as a portrait, in various writings.

## PART SECOND.

## I.

The profile which forms the centre-piece of the half-title has for its original a drawing which has been ascribed to Michael Angelo as a study from Vittoria Colonna, but much discussion has not established this beyond doubt. It is claimed that a sonnet by Michael Angelo describes the costume in this picture so fully as to leave no doubt, and the sonnet, although not addressed to any one, is thought to be one of the many written by the great artist in praise of Vittoria Colonna. An interesting article on this subject, giving both the head and the sonnet, will be found in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts" for January, 1875.

Page 73. *A fugitive from Cardinal Caraffa's hate.* Cardinal Caraffa became Pope Paul IV. in 1555. The sketch of the portrait is taken from Platina's "Vite."



## III.



Page 77. *Welcome, my Benvenuto.* Benvenuto Cellini was born in 1500 and died in 1570. His life was full of incident. At one time he was employed by Clement VII. as a musician as well as sculptor. The portrait on page 150 is the generally accepted one by Vasari. A sketch is given of the head used as a frontispiece to Plon's life of this artist.

Page 81. *I see the marvellous dome of Brunelleschi.* Filippo Brunelleschi was born in 1377 and died in 1448. He is called the father of Renaissance. The dome of the cathedral at Florence, which he completed, is the one referred to in the text. The sketch of his portrait is from Yriarte's "Florence."



Page 81. *Ghiberti's gates of bronze.* Lorenzo Ghiberti was born in 1370 and died in 1455. He was a goldsmith and sculptor. In 1400 he produced a design for the bronze gate to the baptistry at Florence, which was preferred to Brunelleschi's. Michael Angelo said, as Mr. Longfellow has made him say (p. 100), that these gates were "worthy to be the gates of Paradise." The portrait given here is from Yriarte's "Florence."

Page 81. *Giotto's tower.* Giotto di Bondone, born in 1276, died in 1336. He was a pupil of Cimabue, a painter as well as sculptor and architect. The bell tower of Santa Maria del Fiore in Florence is the one meant in the text. He did not live to see it completed. The head given here is from Yriarte's "Florence."



Page 81. *And Ghirlandajo's lovely Benci glides.* Domenico di Tomaso Curadi di Doffo Bigordi was born in 1449 and died in 1494. He was called Ghirlandajo from the fact that his father, a goldsmith, made beautiful garlands for the hair, so that the name signifying "garland twister" was given to him. The portrait is from Yriarte's "Florence."

Page 83. *Under Pope Clement at the siege of Rome.* Pope Clement VII., Giulio de' Medici, was made Pope in 1523. The portrait is given in Platina's "Vite."



## IV.



Page 96. *See how the setting sun lights up that picture!* The original portrait of which the head and shoulders is given in the engraving is in the museum at Florence. It was painted by Sebastian del Piombo, and has been called a portrait of Vittoria Colonna, but there seems to be no certainty of its identity. The sketch given here shows another head ascribed to Sebastian as a portrait of Vittoria Colonna.



Page 99. *When Pope Leo died.* Leo X., Giovanni de' Medici, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, was made Pope in 1513. The head here given was drawn from an engraving of Raphael's portrait.

Page 101. *You strove in rivalry with Baldassare and Raphael Sanzio.* Baldassare Peruzzi

was born in 1481 and died in 1537. He succeeded Raphael as architect of Saint Peter's. The sketch given here was drawn from an engraving of Raphael's portrait.

Raphael Sanzio was born in 1483 and died in 1520. He studied under his father, and later with Perugino. The two portraits given



are from authentic engravings of the originals.

## V.

Page 103. *Our Vasari here.* Giorgio Vasari, born in 1512 and died in 1574. His reputation rests upon his "Vite de più eccellenti Pittori, Scultori et Architetto," published in 1555. His portrait will be found in Yriarte's "Florence."



Page 104. *Three great names, Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto.* Giorgione di Castelfranco, whose real name was Barbarelli, was born in 1477 and died in 1511. He was the founder of the Venetian school. The portrait from which the one herewith is sketched is given in Yriarte's "Venice."



The real name of Tintoretto was Jacopo Robusti. He was called Tintoretto from the fact that his father was a dyer. He was born in 1512 and died in 1594. The portrait here given is to be found in Yriarte's "Venice."



Page 106. *One Paul Cagliari, called the Veronese.* Paul Cagliari was born in 1528 and died in 1588. He was the son of a sculptor. His portrait is given in Yriarte's "Venice."

## PART THIRD.

## II.

Page 125. *Pope Julius III.* Giovanni Maria Giocei, was elected in 1550. The original of the portrait given here is in Platina's "Vite," before quoted.



Page 126. *The labors of Bramante and San Gallo.* Donato Lazzari Bramante was born in 1444 and died about 1514. He was an architect, painter, engraver, and military engineer. He was a compatriot and perhaps relative of Raphael, and was his friend and guide. It is known that he designed for Raphael the portico that surrounds the "School of Athens." He received from Julius II. the task of rebuilding St. Peter's, and on his death-bed designated Raphael as the fit successor. The portrait given was drawn from an engraving of Raphael's portrait in the Louvre.



Antonio San Gallo was a nephew of Giuliano San Gallo. He was born in 1482 and died in 1546. His real name was Picconi. In 1509 he was one of the contractors for the wood-work in the Vatican and St. Peter's. He next became head carpenter at the castle, assistant to Raphael in 1516, and chief architect in 1520. The portrait is found in Yriarte's "Florence."



## III.

*Bindo Altoviti* was a wealthy banker in Rome. He was born in 1491, and was related to Pope Innocent III. through his mother. He devoted his fortune to the encouragement of art. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Cellini, Sansovino, and Vasari were his intimate friends. Michael Angelo gave him the cartoon from the Sistine Chapel called "The Intoxication of Noah." Raphael painted for him a Holy Family called "Madonna dell' Impannata," now in the Pitti palace. Below is given a sketch of Raphael's portrait of Altoviti, which in costume and in the pose of the head bears a striking resemblance to the well-known portrait of Raphael as a young man. See note to page 101. A sketch of Cellini's bust of Altoviti is also given here.



Page 137. *Duke Cosimo, the tyrant, reigns supreme.* Cosimo de' Medici, called The Great, was a son of Giovanni de' Medici. He was born in 1519, and on the death of Alexander in 1537 he was declared his successor. A sketch of Cellini's bust is given from the engraving in Plon's "Life of Cellini."



The Perseus.





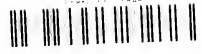












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