VENICE

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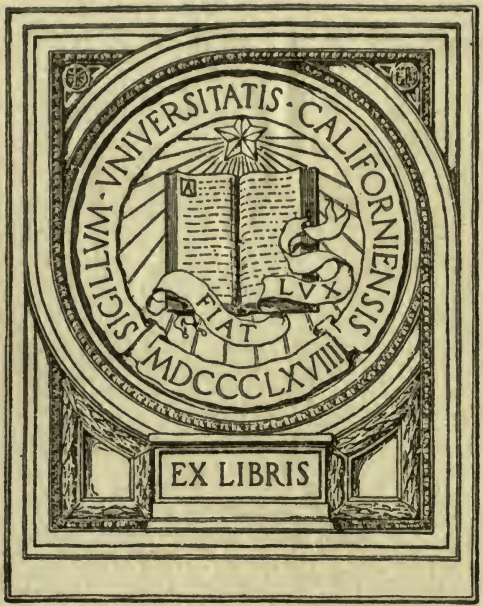
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EDITED BY SELWYN BRINTON, M.A

THE LANGHAM SERIES OF ART MONOGRAPHS

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VENICE

SEEN FROM THE HARBOUR

VENICE

AS AN ART CITY

BY

ALBERT ZACHER

Author of

"ROME AS AN ART CITY," ETC.

A. SIEGLE

2 LANGHAM PLACE, LONDON, W.

1904

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. VENICE AS AN ART CITY	1
II. THE ACADEMY OF VENICE	9
III. VENICE IN THE MID-RENAISSANCE . .	17
IV. THE DUCAL PALACE	27
V. MONUMENTS OF VENETIAN FAME . .	44
VI. THE CHURCHES OF VENICE	55
VII. THE VENETIAN PALACES	71
VIII. CONCLUSION	85

ILLUSTRATIONS

VENICE SEEN FROM THE HARBOUR (*Photogravure*) *Frontispiece*

Facing page

CATHEDRAL OF SAN MARCO AND THE CAMPANILE 8

MADONNA WITH S. CATHERINE AND MAGDALEN: By Giovanni Bellini (*Photogravure*) . . 14

DUCAL PALACE 26

APOTHEOSIS OF THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO: By Paul Veronese 36

MADONNA OF THE PESARO FAMILY: By Titian 48

MONUMENT OF BARTOLOMMEO COLLEONI . 54

ALTAR-PIECE OF S. BARBARA: By Palma Vecchio 58

GRAND CANAL, WITH THE CHURCH OF S. MARIA DELLA SALUTE 72

CÀ D'ORO 82

I

AS AN ART CITY

VENICE, sovereign in Art, is likewise imperious in mood. To one a hard unbending task-mistress, to another the gracious and radiant Queen, she pours forth the glittering abundance of her treasures only on him who approaches her throne in the true spirit of appreciation. Her favours are not for those—too numerous, alas! in these utilitarian days—who hasten through the temples of her Art, checking with the prosaic zeal of an accountant the inventoried items of their catalogues; neither are they for those who, ambitious for fashion's sake of returning from their travels with the reputation of the expert, are so absorbed in tabulating and classifying the masterpieces of Art and their creators, that they never lift their eyes to the glory that lies beyond mere names and details.

But the man who has made of Life a study, and of Travel an art—who has abjured the vain desire of seeing everything and anything, and only seeks in each city that which is most typical, which is most characteristic—to him shall the Fairy City reveal all that is best and most precious among her countless marvels, whose glittering roll months would not suffice to exhaust.

The Fairy City! When we have said this, we have said all. It is in no everyday mood that the Sea Queen should be approached—nay, with high festival in heart and mind, untrammelled by the cares and trivialities of a previous prosaic existence, with a certain poetic devotion let the student cast his first glance around him. If he be not tied to time, let him, at least on the day after his arrival, leaving the guide-book undisturbed in his pocket, saunter and lounge, on foot or in gondola, through canal and alley, over bridge and piazza; let him look the denizens of the city, her palaces, churches, and gardens full in the face, that he may learn to know their characteristic physiognomy; and then—and not till then—let him go "methodically" to work. For it is only when we have studied Venetian humanity that we begin to understand Titian's and Paul Veronese's types of beauty; and the visitor who, gliding at sunset in a gondola back to the city from the Lido or Murano, keeps his eyes busy, comes near the secret of that golden tone which distinguishes Venetian painting—even as the paintings of the Umbrian masters are perfectly intelligible only to those who themselves have stood on the balcony of the Choir of *San Pietro Fuori* in Perugia, and in quiet rapture absorbed the "Umbrian colour-tones" of the superb expanse of plain and mountain.

Our first visit is naturally to the "Salon" of the city—the festival hall, throne-room, and theatre of Venice, called the *Piazza San Marco*. Even as Venice is unique among all cities, so is this Square unique among the Squares of the world. It is true that one only gradually learns to appreciate its full enchantment, but even the first impression suffices to attune us to the festal mood

appropriate to the aristocratic beauty of Venice. And now we behold the Campanile rise up in its pride and beauty [1]—emblem of the power of Venice, even as San Marco is the symbol of her glory.

How it soars aloft! slender and yet imposing in solitary grandeur, unsupported by any other building—an island like Venice herself.

It was commenced in the tenth century, when Venice had already been for six generations a sea power under her Doges. We ascend, and stand amazed at the bewilderingly beautiful and, at the same time, quaint panorama of the Island City. Gradually we begin to perceive how this pile-supported city and sea-fortress, inaccessible to the mail-clad land-rats of the Lombard, Frankish, and German hordes, was marked by destiny to become a bridge between the lands of the North and the South—the most renowned trade-centre, as well as the headquarters of shipping and finance, in the Middle Ages; how she also became the treasure-house into which the riches of three continents poured, and became converted into springs of luxury and wealth.

The Cathedral of San Marco awakens different ideas. First of all it carries us back to the Byzantine epoch of Venetian art, and causes us to reflect why these beginnings of Art in Venice should have been necessarily Byzantine. The ancient Romans in the times of their Republic were unable to develop an indigenous art, because they

[1] These words were written a few days before July 14, 1902, on which disastrous day the Campanile collapsed in ruins. I let them stand, however, as preparations are already completed for the rebuilding of the tower, demanded by the whole civilised world.

had other work to do; and it was not until after the conquest of Greece that they obtained their first glimmerings of art and beauty of form from the art-treasures they had plundered, and the connoisseurs and artists they bore away captive. Even so, in like manner, the Venetians in the first centuries of their empire, absorbed in the busy commercial struggle in which they were engaged, had no time to acquire any ideas of art—all the more so that upon the mainland, shattered by never-ending war, art-life no longer flourished. Only in Ravenna, that offshoot of old Byzantium, did art still find a home. The closer became the relations, cultivated with careful policy, between Venice and the capital of the Eastern Empire, the more freely did works of art find their way from the latter to the City of Lagoons. Later on, too, these works of art spontaneously sought refuge in Venice from the barbarous Iconoclasm of brain-sick Eastern Emperors; and what was left Venetian warriors bore home in their galleys from expeditions either to Byzantium itself, or the Peloponnesus.

Abundant proof of this is furnished by the Façade of San Marco alone, which forms a veritable museum of architectural ornament, brought together by means of research, purchase, or downright theft. In this museum the connoisseur may find antique Greek columns of porphyry, white and black pillars from the Temple of Jerusalem, capitals from the churches of Ravenna, even an entire portal from the Cathedral of Santa Sophia at Constantinople; while, above all, in the upper storey, over the midmost doorway, stand the four antique gilded Bronze Horses which the Doge Dandolo, when already

past his ninetieth year, carried off in 1204 from Constantinople—which he had just conquered with the help of the Provençal Crusaders, whom he had persuaded to make this slight *détour* on their way to Jerusalem.

Even the glorious church itself owes its especial sanctity to an act of robbery. It was at the beginning of the ninth century that the Venetians followed the example set by so many cathedral chapters and monasteries of the time (Aix-la-Chapelle is an instance) which —just as certain *parvenus* of the present day endeavour to create family traditions by means of galleries of artificial ancestors—strove to attract increased consideration to their churches, and by implication to themselves, from the acquisition of the noblest martyr-relics; and conceived the idea of themselves, too, lying in wait for some pre-eminently holy remains, in order thereby to enhance the reputation of their cathedral and of their State. However devoutly they might themselves venerate relics, they also knew how much political capital might be made out of their own and, still more, out of other people's piety—just as the ancient Greeks had known, too, in ages past; for not without reason were the holy shrines of Delos and Delphi at the same time highly important trade-centres. What joy then when, in 828, the two Venetian tribunes (*i.e.*, district magistrates), cast away at Alexandria, discovered in a church there, and were able to steal, the bones of the Apostle Mark! At last Venice had found her "palladium"; especially as S. Mark was highly esteemed as a Saint in all the country around, owing to the tradition that he was the first to preach the Gospel in Venetia.

The mosaics in the first storey of the cathedral Façade

deal with the kidnapping of the dead Apostle. The first mosaic (of the thirteenth century) is interesting for the reason that it portrays the translation of the relics to San Marco, and consequently shows the Façade as it then existed. The second, which dates from the beginning of the eighteenth century, and gets quite away from the character of the period, since both figures and costumes are taken from the Renaissance, depicts the veneration of the holy remains by the Magistrate of Venice. It is also distinguished from the other pictures by its brilliancy of colouring. After an interlude which treats of the Last Judgment, and contains a beautiful and expressive Christ, the narrative again proceeds, on the right, with the embarkation of the precious and holy spoil, and finally sets forth in gruesomely realistic fashion the actual smuggling process. The clever thieves concealed their treasure under a layer of ham and salted meat—both an abomination in the eyes of pious Mussulman—and we are therefore shown how the Customs officials turn away full of loathing.

The fact that the Signory of Venice assigned to these tales such a place of honour amply proves of what priceless value was S. Mark to them. Now we can also understand how the symbol of the Evangelist, the Winged Lion, became the emblem of the city, and his name its war-cry; and why later on we so often find the Saint depicted on canvas and portrayed in stone within church and palace.

The mosaics in the upper storey of the Façade are conventional pictures of the seventeenth century, describing the Redeemer's acts and miracles after the Crucifixion; while the ceiling-mosaics of the vestibule carry us back

again to the Byzantine period. We find the same elongated, stiffly-attired figures as at Ravenna, with among them, here and there, some entirely undraped—as, for instance, on the right, in the presentation of the story of Creation. When we have paid our due meed of admiration to all these ancient Bible stories, the church, floating in a mystic twilight, is waiting to receive us—creating in our minds the impression of an enchanted palace out of the "Thousand and One Nights," or of a gigantic plaything fashioned out of gold, and set about with jewels. Golden lights dance, glitter, sparkle on every side, and only by degrees does one acquire a clear idea of the skeleton of the structure—commenced as an ancient Basilica, finished inside as a Byzantine cupola-church in the form of a Greek cross, and finally completed in Gothic and Lombard style. As we grow by degrees accustomed to the marvellous changes of light, shade, and *chiaroscuro* produced by this medley of naves, apses, cupolas, and galleries—just as in that Church of S. Francis at Assisi, which is at once the delight and despair of the artist—we may turn our gaze to the glittering play of colour on the mosaic floor, and thence to the overwhelming abundance of Byzantine mosaic-pictures on the walls and in the cupolas, from the unintelligible subjects of the Apocalypse down to the events of the story of Christ's passion, and then—we terminate for the time our visit to the church.

We go forth, wending our way again to the flagstaffs, around which the pigeons cluster and flutter, and embrace once more with critical gaze the Façade's harmonious whole. Out of that dazzling riot of colour—in which blue, gold, and purple-red are the predominant notes,

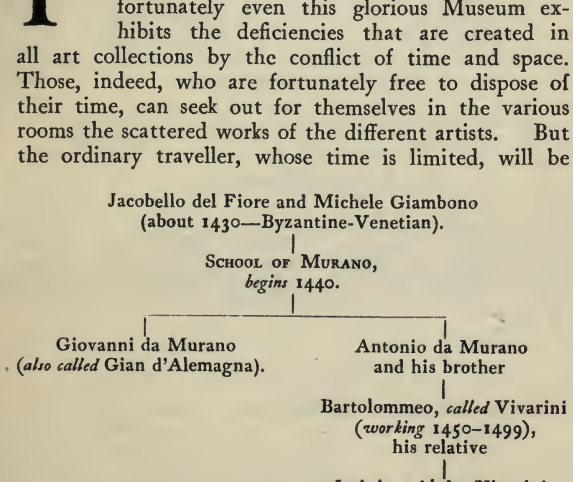
and, blending with the isolated intense red-brown of the porphyry columns, contrast boldly with the Façade's grey-white ground stained with brownish incrustation—gradually there comes within our grasp all the wealth of artistic detail overtopped by those picturesque cupolas; the stone leaf-ornamentation over the gables, the sheaves of pillars round about the five portals, the carved trellis-work over the doors, with its suggestion of Arabian palaces, the richly varied urn-bearers beneath their Gothic pinnacles.

CATHEDRAL OF SAN MARCO AND THE CAMPANILE

II

THE ACADEMY OF VENICE

PROCEEDING with due method, we next visit the *Accademia delle Belle Arti*. Unfortunately even this glorious Museum exhibits the deficiencies that are created in all art collections by the conflict of time and space. Those, indeed, who are fortunately free to dispose of their time, can seek out for themselves in the various rooms the scattered works of the different artists. But the ordinary traveller, whose time is limited, will be



School of Padua-Venice.

Mantegna at Padua,
1431–1506

his pupil and father-in-law,
Jacopo Bellini (father),
1400–1464.

Gentile Bellini (son),
1424–1507.

Pupil,
Carpaccio,
1470–1519.

Giovanni Bellini (son),
1428–1516.

Pupil,
Cima da Conegliano,
1460–1519.

Zenith of Venetian Art.

Giorgione of Castelfranco,
1478–1511.

TITIAN,
1477–1576.

Pupils and Imitators.

Palma Vecchio,
1480–1525.

Lorenzo Lotto,
1480–1556.

Pordenone,
1483–1539.

Paris Bordone,
1500–1571.

PAUL VERONESE,
1528–1588.

Tintoretto,
1519–1594.

Pupils, the three brothers.[1]

Bonifazio I.,
† 1540.

Bonifazio II.

Bonifazio III.,
1525–1579.

[1] A correction here becomes necessary to Mr. Zacher's excellent little table. The three Bonifazios now resolve them-

compelled to rely either on his own knowledge of art history or on that of others; unless he prefers to construct for himself a genealogical table, somewhat after the foregoing fashion, in order to keep the evolution of Venetian painting from Vivarini up to Tintoretto clearly before his eyes.

Our attempt at a genealogical table, which is in no sense to be accepted as a critical novelty, but merely as a modest clue to the intricacies of this labyrinth of pictures, fortunately finds its complement in the name-plate with which each picture is furnished, in addition to its number.

The reader need not fear that in his progress through these spacious and well-lighted galleries he will be "personally conducted" by the author, somewhat after the manner of the officially certified guides—those human parrots whose mission is to torment the peaceful seeker after quiet enjoyment by the loud and rapid enumeration of their stock-in-trade, and who, while engaged in hustling one victim through the rooms (for time is money!), already have their eye on the next to take his place. Those of us who love to linger over their Art, and whose aim is intellectual enjoyment, will know better than to suffer themselves to be deprived of the joy of discovering new beauties for themselves, or of the pleasure of seeing with their own eyes.

The first room, with the antique gilding of its ceiling, harmonises well with those pictures on gilded back-

selves in one, Bonifazio Pitati—b. 1487, d. at Venice 1553—a grand Venetian colourist, worthy to stand beside Palma or (almost) Titian. But as this is a matter of very recent criticism, I leave Mr. Zacher's statement here unchanged.—*Editor.*

grounds executed by the pioneers of Venetian painting after the old Byzantine fashion, amid which the modern portraits of distinguished Venetians, lining the frieze, strike a discordant note. At the first glance it strikes us as almost incredible that the methods of the mainland could have remained so long without influence on Venetian art—even though Giotto lived and laboured in neighbouring Padua; for Jacobello del Fiore, whom we first encounter, and who painted more than a century after Giotto, is none the less entirely Byzantine. It is true that in Giotto's time the conflicts in which the Venetians were engaged around Constantinople afforded them little opportunity for the cultivation of art. At the close of the thirteenth century they were fully occupied with the development of their Constitution, and in the succeeding one with the internecine struggle with their rival Genoa, which found its issue in the sanguinary war of Chioggia, 1379–1381. At the commencement of the fifteenth century began the first negotiations with the Turks.

Jacobello del Fiore is represented by an enthroned Madonna, crowned by her Son, and his fellow-worker, Michele Giambono, by a Christ habited in pilgrim guise. All the *naïveté* of the period is concentrated in Lorenzo Veneziano's "Annunciation," in which God the Father is sending forth the dove headlong in its downward flight. Quaint, too, are the elongated Saints, and the angels with their fin-like wings.

Marked progress is displayed by the pictures of the School of Murano. Observing them more closely, we detect in them an almost sudden transformation from the gradual development of the old style to one new

in character, which is explained by the visit to Venice of Gentile Fabriano (represented in Sala III. by a Madonna), and of the Veronese Vittore Pisano. Still greater was the influence of the masters of the neighbouring Paduan School—Francesco Squarcione and his pupil, *Mantegna* (the latter of these closely following the inspiration of the antique), whose superb S. George, standing triumphant over the transfixed Dragon, is the glory of Sala XVII. (No. 588). It is to him that his father-in-law, *Jacopo Bellini*, is indebted for his emancipation from the old-fashioned technique; and strenuous is the competition between Jacopo and his two sons and the last representatives of the School of Murano—notably Alvise Vivarini. Sala XVII. contains a Madonna painted by Jacopo Bellini, whose background shows a throng of cherubs with their chubby faces set close together.

With the three large pictures of his elder son, Gentile Bellini, in Sala XV. (563, 567, and 568), we find ourselves translated into quite another world. They serve to illustrate three miracles effected by the relics of the Holy Cross. Here we no longer find Gothic altar-windows or niches separating the single figures, but large canvases which have a story to tell, and which portray the Venice of those days with her buildings and her popular types. Especially fine are No. 567, a picture nearly sixteen feet long, the "Festival Procession in the Piazza San Marco," and No. 568, the "Miraculous Rescue of the Relics of the Cross from a Canal"—quaintly though the swimming figure of the clerical rescuer is rendered.

The technique of the younger Bellini forms the most

decisive turning-point in the art of the time, for Giovanni was not only instrumental in the victory of the recently introduced oil-colours over tempera, but he also broke away from the harshness and severity of form characteristic of the older school. The glowing brilliance of his colouring and the intensity of his feeling reach their highest point in his Madonnas. From his father, Jacopo, he derived grace and tenderness, and from his brother-in-law, Mantegna, the sense of form and plastique; thus in him we hail the emancipating atmosphere of the approaching Renaissance. His "Madonna with the two Trees" (Sala XVII., No. 596) we can only contemplate in a spirit of heartfelt reverence and grateful devotion. We know not which most to admire—the lofty expression of the Mother, the sweetness of the Child standing on the parapet, or the marvellous gleaming landscape visible on either side of the curtain. Not less are we enthralled by his picture (No. 610), "Madonna with S. George"; the latter, a magnificent figure, is alone enough to rank this master among the Immortals. No. 613, "Madonna with S. Catherine and the Magdalen," also appeals strongly to us.

But Giovanni's masterpiece in Room II., a grandly-conceived and superbly-executed composition, with the architectural accessories of the Renaissance, is of the number of those pictures which the first glance suffices to fix in the memory for ever. The Virgin, her gaze devoutly raised on high, sits upon a throne, the back of which is a gilded recess. On her left and right, superb in characterisation, stand six familiar figures of Saints—among them John the Baptist, SS. Francis and Sebastian are particularly fine; and the loveliness of

GIOVANNI BELLINI

MADONNA
WITH S. CATHERINE AND MAGDALEN

the child-angels making music on the steps of the throne, with whom copies innumerable have already made us familiar, excites our vivid admiration.

In the same room the "Presentation in the Temple" of *Vittore Carpaccio*, pupil of Gentile Bellini, demands our closest attention, since according to the tradition of experts it was painted in actual rivalry with the above picture of Giovanni's. At any rate, it contrasts distinctly with Carpaccio's usual technique, of which we have an example near at hand in Room V. in his "Crucifixion of the 10,000 Martyrs on Mount Ararat"; a bewildering picture, presenting an absolutely inextricable confusion of human forms against an equally frantic landscape. But it is not until we reach Room XVI. that Carpaccio appears in his true light as a contemporary chronicler and novelist, with his cycle of nine pictures in which he narrates the story of S. Ursula and her 10,000 Virgins.[1] The student who desires to strengthen or to correct his impression of certain periods of the past through the ocular evidence furnished by contemporary studies of costume and manners, will delight in these pictures, which are alive and instinct with colour.

Next to the pupil of Gentile, the pupil of his brother Giovanni, *Cima da Conegliano*, claims our attention. Of him the Academy possesses several examples, as, for instance, the "Madonna Enthroned" in a sort of open Renaissance hall like a *baldacchino* in its style, the "Incredulity of S. Thomas," and the "Burial of Christ"—to name only the more important. Cima is less tender

[1] Let me here note that these pictures are numbered in a misleading manner. The proper order is: 578, 572, 573, 574, 575, 577, 579, 580, and 576.

than Giovanni Bellini, and his figures are more severe in drawing, but his colouring remains strong and brilliant. We shall encounter him yet more frequently elsewhere.

Among the lesser painters of this period is Basaiti, who is often overlooked, but for that very reason all the more appreciated by artists. The student is particularly attracted by his picture, "Christ upon the Mount of Olives," in which the peculiar lamp, hanging in the gateway which affords a view of the olive grove, forms a striking and characteristic detail.

III

IN THE MID-RENAISSANCE

THE name of Cima da Conegliano marks the close of an epoch in Venetian art. The phase upon which it now enters is so novel, so unique, so overpowering in its grandeur that we are impelled to pause and cast a retrospective glance upon the age which produced a Titian and a Paul Veronese, in order that we may grasp the conditions which made it possible for such sovereigns in art to arise.

Titian was born in 1477, and it was thus at the beginning of the sixteenth century that he began to create. Those were the days of the brilliant courts of Rome, Florence, Milan, Ferrara, and Urbino—the days of Julius II. and Leo X., names eloquent in themselves. In Rome Raphael and Michael Angelo, and in Milan Leonardo da Vinci, reigned supreme, and on the other side of the Alps the Flemish School was already achieving fame. Enormously developed commercial relations afforded facilities for the ready interchange of artistic ideas. Venice herself was at the height of her power. It is true that the Turks, who in 1453 had taken Constantinople, were assuming a threatening attitude, and that the discovery of America was already commencing

to cast dark shadows over the future of the Island City's trade; but the evil days were yet to come, and Venice, at the zenith of her glory, adopted as her watchwords: "Magnificence, profusion, and serene joy of life." It seemed as though the proud aristocratic islanders, at this period of approaching stagnation, were determined to extract the very uttermost measure of enjoyment from the giddy height of power to which they had attained, and from the boundless wealth which that power had brought in its train—ever goaded and stimulated to fresh outbursts of profusion and extravagance by the fear that the hard struggle for existence would shortly put a limit to the pleasures of their lavish indulgence.

But this period of luxury and pageant was ennobled by culture and art. Among the Greek refugees from Constantinople were many scholars of high attainments, who had already contributed in no slight degree to the purification of Venetian taste and the refinement of Venetian life. The frequent embassies, too, which journeyed to and from foreign courts all over the then known world, and the Venetian ambassadors permanently in residence at those courts, all worked to a common end. The reports of the latter, which might still serve as models, and which, as do those of the great journals of our own day, embraced all the developments of politics, court life, art, and science, undoubtedly exercised great influence. And not only that, but in Venice reasons of State rendered the cultivation of gorgeous ceremonial and glittering pageant a matter of policy.

Oligarchical communities, which leave to the masses of the people only the burdens and duties of citizenship, without its privileges, have always experienced the

necessity—the history of ancient Rome and of the Papacy prove this—of dazzling the majority, deprived of civil rights and excluded from all share in the government, by means of pomp and display, feasting and bribery. It was not to be expected that the Venetian aristocracy would remain blind to this necessity; on the contrary, they went still further than their prototypes, since they indulged the masses in a laxity of morals such as would have excited the sternest condemnation of our modern Catos. This leniency found its explanation in the sentiment that too much could not be done to compensate the subject classes for their forced abstinence from politics and affairs of state. Life in Venice, then, at that epoch bore the stamp of the gayest sensuality, luxury, and never-ending holiday—one continuous unbroken carnival. Not merely were the public buildings and palaces decorated in the brightest coloured and sunniest fashion, but even the very churches were made, by their iridescent splendour of adornment, to preach the lesson of joyousness and delight.

In such times artists were naturally never without commissions, which explains their fertility—to us almost incredible; just as the sunny serenity, the joyous glow which pervades all their work is explained by the glad sensuousness characteristic of the time. It would seem as though the artists of those days saw the Venetian colouring through a more golden medium than that provided by nature; and that the gold, which had served the old Byzantine pictures as background, now transfigured the entire composition, irradiated all its figures, glowed in their flesh-tints, shone in their eyes and lineaments, and streamed from every pore, until

the very landscape gleamed in festal brightness, and even the walls and hangings exhibited a transparency of colour such as never since has been equalled. Life must indeed in those days have been worth living. The age of sensuous delight and joyous brightness, exiled from ancient Hellas, appeared to have found a new home in Venice—with the sole difference that the Venetian Olympus was peopled by Christian saints, instead of the older divinities.

Titian, the brilliant representative of this gala period of Venetian art—who is represented in Venice by four-and-forty pictures, scattered through the Academy, the Ducal Palace, and the churches—here in the Academy at once proclaims his genius by one of his best works, the "Assumption" in Sala II. In the lower plane of this grand composition are the Apostles, whom Titian has placed to some extent in shadow, and who give the most varied expression, in wonderfully individualised dramatic movement, to their terror, consternation, and bewilderment, and also, in part, to their delighted rapture.

But if we go into detail, if we gaze upon the divinely-painted angel-children who bear up the chariot of clouds, whereon Madonna soars upwards to the glory amid which God the Father stretches out his arms in welcome, and then follow the gradations of golden light up to the canopy of cherubs which spreads, melting away into haze, above the Lord of Heaven, even the most confirmed sceptic will be impressed and compelled to sympathetic reverence by this triumph of Art. It is only after long contemplation that we estimate at its proper value the glow of the red garments—particularly that of the

Virgin, through which the fire of her fervent love seems to shine out.

It is in Sala XX. that we learn to know Titian as the illustrator of his times, as the monarch of the Art of the Renaissance, where his theme is the "Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple."

The master was already past his sixtieth year when he painted this picture for the *Scuola* (Guild) of S. Maria di Carità, the site of which is now occupied by the buildings of the Accademia. No sympathetic beholder will ever forget the child Mary ascending the magnificent staircase with such lightness and confidence to meet the High Priest. In the representation of these two figures, together with that of the mother of Mary, who, standing at the foot of the stairs, watches the proceedings with devotional enthusiasm, the artist has exhausted the sacred character of his theme. The rest is a pæan to the magnificence and the glory of the period, which proclaims itself from out the gleaming, lofty, many-columned Palace, and the proud assembly of stately patricians and high officials, who in their grave consciousness of dignity are real and mighty men indeed. The picturesque huckster woman below the staircase acts as a realistically humorous foil to all this splendour, and a note of tender playfulness is struck by the introduction in the background of the rocks of Cadore—Titian's home.

The portrait of the Procurator of State, Soranzo, which is in the same room, shows to what extent the master knew how to render incarnate in one single subject the spirit of his times. Similar power animates his John the Baptist. We have here none of the sugary conventional

types which one encounters by the hundred. Here we have the partisan and tribune of the people, pervaded through and through by the sense of his high mission, and the consciousness of his courage and power—a type which is of no one age, but belongs to all time. Sala X. displays two more pictures by Titian, his last, "The Entombment of Christ," painted in his extreme old age, and finished by Palma Giovane, and an "Annunciation." The former, indeed, has become very dark, and does not at the first glance offer what one is accustomed to expect from Titian, but its architectural merits are undeniable. The group of Mother and Son also is worthy of note on account of its composition, which is full of feeling. The second picture is very simply conceived. The Madonna, in a blue robe, gazes as if bewildered, and in incredulous ecstasy, at the angel descending from the ceiling on the left.

By the side of Titian, and working in the same spirit with him as a pupil of Giovanni Bellini, stands *Palma Vecchio*. Those who have visited the church of S. Maria Formosa will not need to have him critically labelled. In the Academy we have of his (in Room X.), "Jesus Christ and the Woman of Cana" (310), which is distinguished by a series of gloriously painted heads; also "Christ and the Apostle Philip," in which the countenance of the Saviour arrests our attention. Room VII. contains one of his masterpieces, a so-called "*Santa Conversazione*," [1] as pictures are usually christened in which a Prince or Princess of Heaven is (if we may

[1] We have to thank the energy and keen *flair* of the present Director for this glorious and quite recent addition to the Gallery.—*Editor*.

use the modern expression) " receiving." The Madonna sits enthroned amidst a triumphantly beautiful landscape, attended by S. John and S. Barbara. Still more excellent is another picture: S. Peter, in his capacity as ruler of the Apostles. He is here represented with six other Saints paying him homage.

Room X. boasts an added glory in the imposing picture of world-wide reputation by Titian's pupil, *Paris Bordone* (to whom is also ascribed a certain leaning towards Palma Vecchio)—" The Fisherman presenting the Ring to the Doge." This legend, which recalls that of the Ring of Polycrates, relates how a fisherman found and brought back to the Doge the ring which the latter had cast into the Adriatic, at the festival of his symbolical marriage with the sea. An introductory remark, which we made above with regard to Titian and Paul Veronese, applies also, in the case of this picture, to Paris Bordone; since the latter merely uses this legendary episode for the purpose of displaying the magnificence of Venice. Especially superb is the architectural *mis-en-scène*, the Palace in the background painted in marvellous perspective, and the Doge's throne; masterly is the grouping of the retinue that surrounds the two principal actors—the humble fisherman and the dignified Doge, instinct with the consciousness of power.

Of the pupils and contemporaries of Titian and Palma Vecchio, Lorenzo Lotto (who is indifferently represented in the Academy), Pordenone, and Palma Vecchio's direct imitators, the three Bonifazio, chiefly affected religious subjects, although they, too, did not escape the tendency of the age, and in their accessories bore witness to the power and greatness of Venice. We learn to know

Bonifazio I. through his celebrated picture (Room X.) of "Dives and Lazarus," which translates the Biblical scene, in all that concerns costume and architecture, into Venetian surroundings. Bonifazio I. and II. in collaboration painted "Christ and the Woman taken in Adultery," a picture which shows the Piazza San Marco in the background, and, afterwards, the "Judgment of Solomon," distinguished by its pleasing landscape, and the "Adoration of the Magi."[1] *Pordenone* (also in Room X.) has a brilliant rendering of the "Apotheosis of S. Lorenzo Giustiniani," whose upright, ascetic figure, standing out from a recessed background richly ornamented in gold-mosaic, reminds one of Dante.

And now let us turn to Titian's mighty rival in the worship of Venice's splendour and greatness, Paul Caliari of Verona, thence called simply "Il Veronese"; he here challenges our admiration and wonder with his masterpiece, "Christ in the house of the Rich Pharisee," which takes up the whole of the narrow wall on which it hangs. This superb picture brought the artist much annoyance, as the clerical guardians of piety and morals found the work unorthodox, and consequently cited Veronese to appear before their tribunal.

What a wealth of architectural detail we behold through the three open windows of the banqueting-hall; what a cheerful bustle among the servants and attendants, what gastronomic fervour among the guests! And what richness of colouring! And, finally, the Shakespearean humour of the accessories gives zest to the whole.

[1] The magnificent series of portraits of Saints — eleven pictures in all—must not be omitted. These (like all the above under Bonifazio I. and II.) are by Bonifazio Pitati.—*Editor.*

We shall not again encounter the painter of *this* picture until we meet him in the Ducal Palace. His remaining works in the Academy are all of a religious character. An enthroned Madonna, with Peter, Mark, S. Roch, and S. Justina is remarkably fine, as is also an "Annunciation."

Before Paul Veronese his contemporary Tintoretto seems to pale. Indeed, it was the fashion for a time to depreciate him. But *Jacopo Robusti*, the "Little Dyer" (so called from his father's occupation), has much that is very beautiful to say to those who are able with unfailing instinct to select the best from the interminable tale of his pictures. Thus it is in the Academy in the case of his much-criticised masterpiece, "S. Mark delivering a Christian Slave." It is true that at first we are struck by the startlingly unconventional manner in which S. Mark hurls himself down from Heaven, disturbing, by the radiance which he diffuses, the orderly working of the regulation supply of sunlight. If, however, one appreciates the fondness of the *virtuoso* for playing with difficulties which he has himself created, it becomes hard to tear one's self away from this picture, which simply teems with dramatic life.

The same painter's next work also, the "Fall of Man" (in Room II.), attracts at first sight by its truly Titianesque loveliness. Eve, leaning against a tree, facing the spectator, presents so bewitching a picture that it is impossible to be angry with Adam for his amiable docility. Noteworthy, too, are the master's "Death of Abel," a "Crucifixion," and a Madonna receiving the adoration of Venetian senators; as well as a series of portraits of high dignitaries.

Of the later and decadent Venetian masters the Academy contains little that is worthy of remark. The *Canaletto*, who rendered views of Venice with photographic accuracy, are better represented in London and Paris. *Tiepolo*, the great "decorator," whom one first learns to appreciate at his true value in the Palazzo Labia on the Grand Canal, is chiefly distinguished here by the "Invention of the Cross by S. Helena," and by two paintings of Saints.

Lovers of art should not neglect the treasures to be found in the room devoted to drawings, nor the works of *Pietro Longhi*, the Goldoni of painting, who affords us precious glimpses of the everyday Venetian life of the Rococo period; nor yet again the paintings of "Il Padovanino," whose "Marriage of Cana" here shows him as a late but not unworthy inheritor of the great tradition of Paolo Veronese.

DUCAL PALACE

IV

THE DUCAL PALACE

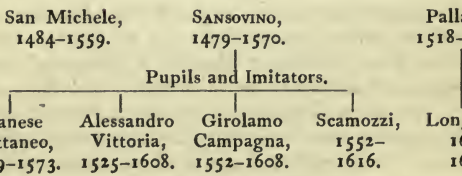
IT follows, as a matter of course, that from the Academy we should next bend our steps in the direction of the *Palace of the Doges*, eager to pursue our acquaintance with those heralds of Venetian fame—Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto.

But before we reverently set foot in the glorious Council House of the City of Lagoons, it is necessary that we should form a clear idea of the development of Venetian Sculpture and Architecture, which so far we have only studied in the Byzantine portion of San Marco: otherwise we run the risk of failing to duly gauge the correct perspective of the Palazzo Ducale.

No roll of fame, no minstrel's lay of Gothic times records the glory of those "Masters of Masonry" who —sculptors and architects both—created churches and palaces; just as in Germany it is only in isolated cases that the names of masters of early Cathedral architecture are known. Only now and again there seem to flash upon us out of the darkness the names of families of architects, in which the craft of the builder and the art of the mason were handed down by tradition from father to son. Thus we hear, in the middle of the fourteenth century, of the family of the *Masegne*—creators of the

glorious rood-screen which divides choir and nave in San Marco. Then follow the *Buon* family, of whose life-history we know nothing, save that we are told that Giovanni Buon (1375–1445) seceded from the Gothic style to that of the Renaissance. Within Venice, too, there lived and worked the *Lombardo* family of sculptor-architects, who made a speciality of the florid monumental tombs which it was then the fashion to erect, for the greater honour and glory of the Republic. We shall frequently again encounter Pietro Lombardo and his sons, Tullio and Antonio, in the course of our review. In the same category with them we must reckon *Lorenzo* and *Antonio Bregno*—the latter also called "Rizzo," on account of his curly hair—as well as the master *Scarpagnino*, and *Alessandro Leopardi*, with whose work we are already familiar in the bronze bases of the flagstaffs upon the Piazza San Marco.

The culminating point of Renaissance architecture, however, is signalised by the names of three great Venetian architects :—



But at the first glimpse of the Ducal Palace all interest in chronological tables vanishes. Just as the finest poems and songs often survive, while the names of their creators are forgotten, so it is with this poem

in stone. Who thinks or cares about its author, when, with feelings of uncontrollable amazement, he beholds the Palace for the first time? The structure lies so completely outside the scope of the commonplace, and departs so utterly from all canons sanctified by usage, that only simple people who at one time or another have imbibed some dim ideas on the subject of the Alhambra, are able to relieve their pent-up feelings by an appropriate epithet.

Yet those who have already beheld the magic edifice on previous occasions, experience feelings akin to those of the newly wedded husband, who, returning home after a prolonged absence, makes the joyful discovery that his bride has grown yet fairer than before. After the first rapturous embrace he steps back, and, holding her at arm's-length, convinces himself again and again afresh that he has made no mistake. In like manner travellers to whom the Ducal Palace is an old acquaintance, are continually seeking fresh points of view, in order—well, let us say, in order to get behind the mystery of its enigmatic beauty. Those who know the town-halls of Flanders in their soaring pride, those who have seen the Tuscan city-palaces, such as those of Florence and Siena, are surprised that a totally different spirit breathes in the Venetian building. How could it be otherwise? Just as the entire art of Venice is only to be explained by her history, in like manner this structure is inconceivable in any other city. Few buildings have ever sprung from the soil that produced them, or materialised from their surroundings in such an harmonious whole—like Minerva, who issued ready-armed from the head of Jove—and hardly any other

Civic Palace on earth symbolises so strikingly the community of which if formed the seat of government.

Examine it closely : the rose-red, yellow, and brownish upper fabric resembles the Tabernacle of the Jewish Ark of the Covenant, to which the people had no access. The people, who are symbolised by the groaning pillars of the ground floor, only had access to this lower storey ; while the upper cube, which, supported on its double rank of pillars, contained the inner mystery, was only accessible to the ruling caste. Approach nearer, and the sighing and groaning of the abject pillar-folk dies away, for Art had sweetened their toil with smiling holiday—true to the ancient recipe of the Venetian oligarchy, which was to cast so potent a spell over the masses by means of an easy and frivolous existence that they were blinded to their own state of bondage.

The shafts of the lower range of pillars blossom into most graceful capitals, which would claim the attention of many an hour, were one to examine them in detail. These capitals are surmounted by rounded arches, and these again by the attic, from which the pointed arches of the second storey spring. Their function of supporting the upper cube is lightened by elegant tracery between the arches, representing a perforated four-leaved clover, around which there foams and ripples the most graceful carving that the tenderest fancy can conceive. Now, as we gaze upon the upper fabric, instead of resting inert upon its supports, it seems rather to fly—like a Venetian galley of the Middle Ages, driven through the foam by the straining sinews of hundreds of brawny arms. Once more compare it with the Florentine Palazzo Vecchio, and the difference between them be-

comes clear. The trade of Florence was of a clumsier type; it was carried on by means of land transport, and had to be protected by iron-clad men-at-arms: whereas the Venetian merchandise was borne by ships with swelling sails, escorted by yet fleeter galleys.

But time fails us for weaving fancies around the Venetian Council House. Let us return, rather, to the capitals of the ground-floor arcade, each differing from its fellows, but united in celebrating the joys and sorrows both of the State and its citizens. Or, reluctantly tearing ourselves away, let us repair to the principal entrance, near San Marco, the *Porta della Carta* (the "Paper Gate," so called because public announcements were affixed to it). This gate is one of the fairest jewels of Gothic art, and its beauty is greatly enhanced by its truly unique surroundings. It was wrought by Giovanni and Bartolommeo Buon, father and son, about 1440, when the power of Venice had reached its zenith, and when Francesco Foscari, who had already been Doge for twenty years, had as yet no presentiment of the melancholy fate in which the rancour of the Loredan family was destined to involve both himself and his son seventeen years later. We see this mighty ruler, whose very power proved his undoing, as he kneels over the door before the emblem of Venice, the Winged Lion. The splendid window, which rises above him, shows in the arch the half-length statue of the Apostle Mark, and is crowned by the enthroned figure of Justice, about whom the proud aristocrats of trade made, as we shall yet see, almost too much ado.

Entering the Court, we pause—in involuntary admiration of the beauty of the opposite façade, to which the

Venetian art-lover, Selvatico, a few years ago indited an eloquent hymn of praise. It was begun by Antonio Bregno (Rizzo); Pietro Lombardo, head of the above-mentioned family, continued, and Scarpagnino completed it. Proceeding, we next notice in the Courtyard the two gigantic bronze vases, decorated in relief, which cover the celebrated wells; then the façade of the Clock Tower, and the statue of the Duke of Urbino, which adorns the right exterior side of the Entrance Hall. We then return to this latter, in order to reach the objects of interest in the State apartments by means of the grand staircase, called, on account of the statues of the two "Giants" which adorn its upper landing, the *Scala dei Giganti*. These two statues are the work of Sansovino; on the left the beardless Mars, who wears an expression of somewhat lachrymose defiance, and on the right Neptune, using a dolphin as a walking-stick. Standing between these two gods, who personify the dominion of Venice both on land and sea, one enjoys a glorious survey of the Court and the Gate of Entrance, which, besides other picturesque adornments, contains two statues by Rizzo—an Adam, looking upwards, as though in poetic rapture, and an Eve, the very model of a German Gretchen.

And now the staircase itself bids us halt, for our imagination peoples its steps with the actors who alone befit them, since we of to-day, with our inartistic garb, strike a note of screaming discord with its harmonious beauty. In fancy we behold the long succession of Doges taking up in turn the burden of sovereignty, and themselves assuming on this spot, after their election, before all the people, the Ducal cap, the symbol of their

dignity, instead of receiving it from the representative of the Church—the Patriarch. For the relations of Church to State had inspired the shrewd Venetians with such political independence of all pontiffs that the Patriarch was assigned a position *below* the Doge, or at the most, on festive occasions, among his retinue—as a concession to popular prejudices. This feeling explains also why in the whole of Venice there is hardly a single portrait or statue of a Patriarch to be found. If by chance here and there a high ecclesiastic has been commemorated in Venetian art, it is simply because he was, in addition to his spiritual functions, also a member of a Doge's family, or a State official. Those who have read the various tragedies which exist on the subject of Marino Faliero from the pens of Byron, Heyse, and others, know that it was upon the Scala dei Giganti that Faliero expiated his attempt to liberate the authority of the Doge from the paralysing surveillance of the nobles. He was executed in 1355, on the spot upon which we stand.[1]

On the right of the two giants a staircase, which, owing to the richness of its decorations, especially in the stucco-work, has been called the *Scala d'Oro*, leads from the corridor to the upper storey. These stairs, built by Sansovino and decorated by his highly-gifted pupil, Alessandro Vittoria, and now trodden by all sorts and conditions of men, once formed a sanctuary, access to which was permitted only to those nobles whose names were inscribed in the Golden Book, and whose

[1] To be exact, we might say on a corresponding staircase of the old palace of that time. Sansovino's actual work dates nearly two centuries later.—*Editor.*

forefathers had separated themselves in 1296 from the remaining nobility and the citizens, and constituted themselves the ruling class, in whom alone the privilege of government was permanently vested. The *Scala d'Oro* brings us at once into the *Atrio*, the anteroom to the gorgeous State chambers of the Republic, and straight to one of the three heralds of Venetian art, on whose immediate account we so eagerly sought out the Ducal Palace—to Tintoretto. From his brush are the eight portraits of Venetian dignitaries of State which adorn the walls, as well as the splendid painting of the ceiling, which has retained the true Titianesque golden tones, and which represents Justice—a charming and stately female figure—handing her sword to the Doge Priuli.

The next Hall, built by Palladio—that of the Four Doors, which are in themselves noteworthy objects—brings us again to Titian. His celebrated picture "The Doge Grimani kneeling before Faith," which he painted when long past his seventieth year, hangs on the entrance wall. Faith, represented as a noble virgin, holding in her right hand a chalice, and with her left the great cross whose foot is borne up by quaint child-angels, appears to float in golden radiance beneath a canopy of cherubs. From her expression, and from the manner in which she holds the chalice on high, she seems to be calling to the mail-clad Doge, wavering between faint-heartedness and confidence, "*Sursum corda!*" The subordinate figures, also, are lovingly treated, such as S. Mark on the left, and the powerfully characterised foot soldier on the right.

And now the marble statues, Gods and Heroes, on the frieze, whose stooping forms bear up the vaulted

ceiling, attract our gaze to Tintoretto's ceiling-painting, framed in a decoration of the richest gold. The golden-hued square centre-piece represents Apollo on the Chariot of the Sun, relating his travelling experiences to the Council of the Gods; while, among this group, Jupiter, vividly recalling the figure of Christ, with a courteous gesture displays to Venezia the world at her feet, and bestows upon her the sovereignty of the sea. On the right and left of this work Tintoretto painted two circular pictures, and these again are surrounded by four small medallions, representing in symbolical female forms the cities and countries reduced to subjection by Venice. The left-hand circular picture shows us Venus with nymphs; the right-hand one Venezia triumphantly breaking her chains. The walls also display many other works, besides that of Titian—for the most part historical pictures by Carlo and Gabriele Caliari, sons of Paul Veronese. On the narrow wall to the right a beautiful allegory of Tiepolo greets us. Venezia, entrenched behind her proudest demeanour, is accepting with stern countenance and imperious gesture the homage of Neptune, who pours forth his gifts from a cornucopia.

With all its splendour this room is but a prelude to the next, the *Anticollegio*, or waiting-room for the foreign ambassadors; for this is the temple that contains one of the most glorious works of Paul Veronese—his "Rape of Europa," of world-wide fame. This picture requires no description. Peerless though it reigns in the small room, the true lover of art will not on that account be unjust to the lesser stars which revolve around the glorious sun of Paul Veronese, especially to

Tintoretto's lovely "Bacchus and Ariadne," instinct with true Hellenic grace, and joyous with brilliant colouring. How buoyant is the pose of the hovering angel, who offers to Ariadne the crown of rays; how respectful and bashfully gallant the attitude of the fair young God; how exquisite the atmosphere and the mountain background!

No less worthy of attention are the other pictures of Tintoretto; notably "Mercury and the Graces," in which the Messenger of the Gods plays the Connoisseur of female beauty—and no wonder! Such sweet Titianesque faces, especially bewitching as to chin and mouth, he does not always see. Next we turn to "Minerva and Mars." The Goddess stands with bowed head, obviously hard put to it to resist the God of War, clad in glittering mail, who employs all the resources of experience in order to approach a beauty veiling her bosom in modest confusion. The "Forge of Vulcan," though brown in tone, nevertheless impresses us by its vigour of movement.

But in the next apartment (*Sala del Collegio*) a more sumptuous feast awaits us. Passing through Scamozzi's fine doors, adorned with statuary by Alessandro Vittoria, we gaze in reverent admiration upon Paul Veronese's superb work, the "Apotheosis of the Battle of Lepanto." If one appreciates the full significance of this naval victory over the Turks, which after the lapse of three hundred and thirty years is celebrated to this day in all the ports of the Adriatic, one can also understand why the Republic should have desired to commemorate it by such a magnificent work, and should have given that work the place of honour over the Doge's throne.

Venice Academy

APOTHEOSIS OF THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO

By Paul Veronese

At the first glance it is impossible to determine which feature of this picture is most entitled to admiration, but there is no doubt that many observers will bestow the palm upon the Venetian patrician lady on the left in the foreground, arrayed in shimmering white satin, who symbolises Faith. (How different to Titian's "Faith" in the *Sala delle Quattro Porte!*) We next turn our attention to the picture of the battle in the background, and then we remark the white-bearded Doge, Sebastian Venier, one of the victors of the fight, who appears in a ceremonial robe of gold brocade, almost plastic in execution, and is presented to the Saviour by S. Mark and the martyr, S. Justina, venerated in Padua. Above the Doge the manly figure of the black-bearded Provveditore Barbarigo, who fell in the battle gallantly fighting, is next visible. He is holding the banner of victory, while on his right the fair blonde Venezia with graceful demeanour wears the Doge's *berretta*. An air of high distinction animates the whole of this sumptuously brilliant picture, and with the self-restraint which befits the strong, only allows subdued expression to the proud jubilation of the victors.

By the importance of the picture we can gauge that of the Hall itself, which undoubtedly must have served a lofty purpose, or it would not have been honoured by the installation of this superb work. Let us glance around us. The apartment is large, long in proportion to its breadth, and decorated in sober brown, which acquires an added impressiveness from the gilded columns and pilasters which break the monotony of the wainscoting. It served for the sittings of the *Collegio* of the "Lesser Council," whose significance in Venetian

political life deepens our impression of the solemnity of this room.

For the better comprehension of the entire scheme of the Ducal Palace, a slight digression might not be out of place. The Venetian system of government constituted such an artistic, as well as artificial, structure, that its like is hardly to be found in the whole range of history. At the present day there only exists one ruling body which can in any way be compared to it—the College of Cardinals of the Roman Church. The Venetian edifice of government formed a pyramid, built up of component parts which mutually supervised and formed a check on one another. The base consisted of the "Great Council" (*Gran Consiglio*, of 480 members) elected from the Nobles of the Golden Book. Then followed the "Lesser Council," in whose audience-chamber we are now standing, which acted as the first buffer between Parliament and executive. Over the "Lesser Council," in the capacity of Senate, stood the *Consiglio dei Pregadi* ("Council of the Summoned," from *pregare* = to request), which originally officiated as a commercial tribunal. As a check upon this body the disciplinary court of the "Council of Ten" (*Consiglio dei Dieci*) was established in 1310, after the abortive conspiracy of Tiepolo, the representative of the nobles who had been excluded from the Golden Book. Finally, in the sixteenth century, the terrible secret Council of the Three State Inquisitors was placed in supreme control over all; so that the entire pyramid from base to summit came under its supervision, and the Doge upon his throne became nothing more than a prisoner of the Inquisition.

We may now devote our attention to the examination

of the gorgeous ceiling, which Paul Veronese completed unassisted. At first sight the setting of the single pictures, almost overladen with richness, may appear to us oppressive, but on surveying the entire chamber, this impression vanishes. Inlaid tablets explain the subjects of these seventeen ceiling-paintings, of which Venezia, enthroned on a gigantic terrestrial globe, is the most pleasing. Among the great wall-pictures the two Tintorettos stand out boldly. One, dark in tone, represents the Doge Andrea Gritti praying before the Madonna; the other, lighter in tint, the Marriage of S. Catherine. In this graceful composition we are charmed by the affectionate attitude of the Madonna as she leans forward, her sweet countenance full of benevolence; the lustrous white bridal dress, too, of S. Catherine, represented as a lady of rank, is admirable.

Through the door on the right we now enter the Hall of the Senate (*Sala dei Pregadi*)—its prevailing hue also a most sober brown. The pictures which decorate this room are of less importance than those in the apartments we have already visited, but are nevertheless well worthy of attention. This is especially the case with Tintoretto's picture over the throne, "Christ, surrounded by Angels, receiving the adoration of two Doges," and also with Palma Giovane's, "The brothers Lorenzo and Girolamo Priuli in prayer." Historically interesting is the same master's allegory, in which Venice, with her Winged Lion for aid, draws the sword at her Doge's bidding to oppose successfully the League of Cambrai—symbolised by a bull (signifying Europe)—in which the Powers that were devastating Italy joined hands with the Pope to crush and despoil Venice.

The rooms which demand the attention of the traveller are still so numerous that, if one does not wish to fritter away all one's capacity for enjoyment before reaching the goal to which Paul Veronese beckons us, it is only possible now to spare a hasty glance for much that is worthy of note. Thus we hasten through the Antichiesetta and the Chiesetta (the Doge's private chapel), return to the *Sala delle Quattro Porte*, and enter from thence the *Sala dei Dieci* (Hall of the Ten), which arouses in us mingled feelings; for, recalling the nature of the sittings which formerly took place within the four corners of this room, grim in its brown uniformity, it is hardly possible to repress a slight shudder. But, fortunately, there greets us on the right a fine wall-painting by Leandro Bassano, in which he handles a favourite theme of Venetian history, the meeting of Pope Alexander III. with the Doge Ziani after the defeat of Frederic Barbarossa. This work is a feast for the eyes of students of historical detail. The painter has immortalised himself in the white canopy-bearer, with pointed black beard and moustache, who stands behind the cardinal. As a pendant, there hangs opposite a picture by Titian's son, Marco Vecellio, "The Conclusion of Peace at Bologna between Charles V. and Clement VIII." This picture, of a golden red-brown tone, is conspicuous by its powerful colouring (especially its fine reds), and its graceful composition. The chair-bearer in the foreground is the artist's own portrait. At the back of the room hangs an "Adoration of the Magi," by Aliense.

On the ceiling, to the right, is the celebrated picture by Paul Veronese of an "Oriental with Young Girl,"

to which the attendant draws one's attention as a curiosity of perspective, since the eyes of the beautiful *décolletée* damsel seem to follow the spectator everywhere, like those of the celebrated "Girl with the Rose" in the Musée Wiertz at Brussels. The principal ceiling-painting is unfortunately only a copy of Paolo Veronese, as the original is in the Louvre. It represents Jove annihilating with his thunderbolts the transgressors whose crimes (adultery, false coining, sacrilege, and murder) came within the province of the Council of Ten. The interest of the remaining apartments is purely historical; they were the seat of the Secret Tribunal, and stood in intimate relations both with the "*pozzi*," those ill-famed underground dungeons, and with the torture-chamber.

A broad staircase leads down to the Library on the second floor, in the principal room of which, besides Paul Veronese's ceiling-painting, the "Adoration of the Magi," there are priceless miniatures to be admired.

But, leaving the Library, we enter now the "*Sala del Maggior Consiglio*," overpowering in its bare immensity. At the very entrance wall we stand rooted to the spot with amazement before the largest oil-painting in the world—Tintoretto's "*Paradiso*." It is unfortunately much darkened by time, and the multitude of figures is so overwhelmingly great as to tempt the scoffer to flippant comparisons. Those, however, who have time at their disposal and who reverence the creations of great artists, will spare no pains in sifting out of an apparently desert waste of canvas its beauties of detail, and will admire the master whose work unfortunately no longer has the effect on us that it had on his con-

temporaries, who were captivated above all by the beauty of his colouring.

We should now, in conformity with the character of this Hall, which is a sort of Venetian Temple of Fame, observe the stately series of wall-pictures. Yet we may well content ourselves with investigating their subjects from an historical point of view, by the aid of their explanatory tablets, since the best of them offer but little other attraction, being merely defective copies which have replaced originals destroyed by fire. At the same time they will amply repay careful examination to students of history, especially as regards details of costume, arms, ships of war, &c.

But all other feelings must vanish into thin air the moment we lift our eyes to Paul Veronese's divine allegory, "The Apotheosis of Venice."

In a hall of Renaissance architecture, supported by two twisted columns which remind us of those celebrated pillars supporting the Baldacchino in S. Peter's at Rome, we see the power and glory of the Venetian Aristocracy, crystallised into enchanting groups. On the steps below the people are swarming, hemmed in and shepherded by stately horsemen. The hall itself is resplendent with the most wonderful types of noble Venetian female beauty, surrounded by Venetian *Nobili* and ambassadors from the Orient. On high, amidst golden clouds, the deified abstract virtues and forces of the Venetian State are floating—the Art of Government, Commerce, Agriculture, Valour, &c.—partly symbolised by women in superb nudity, while, over all, the sublime Venezia sits enthroned, in gold-embroidered garments of state. Her proud, commanding, and yet graceful

carriage breathes the whole consciousness of power of the sea-ruling Republic.

A glance into the *Sala del Scrutinio* (Voting Hall), in order to see the Triumphal Arch which a grateful Venice erected in 1624 to the Doge Francesco Morosini, who had reconquered the Peloponnesus, and then a hasty visit to the former private apartments of the Doge, now the *Museo Archeologico*, which contains some glorious antique sculptures, and we have done with the Ducal Palace—for the present. For what traveller will rest satisfied with a single visit to this precious casket of Venetian art.

Before July 14, 1902—the *dies nefastus* of Venice—no visitor to Venice ever left the Ducal Palace without, by way of dessert (possibly not for the first time by many), revelling in admiration before the *Loggetta*—that marvellous structure by Sansovino, facing toward the *Porta della Carta*. It was unfortunately destroyed by the collapse of the Campanile, whose base it adorned, and only a few fragments were preserved. What master will conjure up the beautiful structure afresh from its ruins, and breathe into it the spirit of Sansovino? In the meantime we must derive what poor consolation we may from the photographs of this symphony of beautiful columns, marvellous relief, elaborate carving, and graceful figures.

V

MONUMENTS OF VENETIAN FAME

AFTER the Ducal Palace, those who desire to make of their progress through the City of Lagoons one continuous *crescendo* of enjoyment, will visit the two Pantheons of Venice —the Churches of *S. Maria dei Frari* and *S. Giovanni e Paolo*—in order to widen their comprehension of the history of Venice, and at the same time to make a closer study of the development of her sculpture. This accomplished, they may turn their attention to the art of the other churches; and, finally, thus equipped, enjoy the buildings of the Piazza San Marco, and the Palaces of the Grand Canal.

Before visiting the *Frari* one must return in spirit out of the Renaissance into the earlier Gothic period, and at the same time recall to mind the few landmarks in the history of Venetian sculpture given above (p. 27). At the very outset, the exterior of the church, and the façade with its fine portal, make a striking impression, but far more so the general view of the interior, since it is seldom that such pure Italian Gothic is found in other churches. But our attention is speedily diverted from the architectural features of the walls to the museum of sculpture which they contain.

At the entrance we are captivated by the holy water basin with its beautiful statuette of "Chastity," by Girolamo Campagna; and next, on the right, by the modern tomb of Titian, erected after the style of the Lombardo family. It forms a triple triumphal arch. In the middle sits the Prince of Painters, unveiling the statue of the Goddess of Sais (known to us perhaps through Schiller's poem), while the symbolical figure of Genius bends over him. To the right and left, statues of the four Creative Arts form a guard of honour. The background, and also the frieze of the monument are adorned with reliefs reproducing the principal works of the Master. In the centre we behold the "*Assunta*" from the Academy, and on the left "S. Peter Martyr"; but the sight of this latter relief only recalls melancholy associations, since the original picture perished in the conflagration that destroyed the Chapel of the Rosary in *S. Giovanni e Paolo*. We must examine more closely the right-hand relief—the "Martyrdom of S. Lawrence," for it reproduces one of Titian's noblest pictures, which is indeed still preserved, but hangs in the *Gesuiti* in such an unfavourable light that a preliminary study of the bas-relief here is bound to be advantageous to the student. The two reliefs in the frieze represent our old acquaintances from the Academy, the "Entombment" and "Visitation." The statue at the nearest altar on the right forms the best complement to the Titian monument; for this S. Jerome, by Alessandro Vittoria (the master who wrought the ornamentation of the *Scala d'Oro* in the Ducal Palace), not only enchants us by its "rest in motion," but also reproduces the features of Titian himself. We find further treasures on our

passage to, and also within, the Sacristy—two fine pictures—first of all a triptych with Renaissance frame, by Bartolommeo Vivarini, and a Madonna enthroned in a Renaissance niche, by Giovanni Bellini.

It is not until we reach the Choir that we meet with any more sculpture worthy of remark—the monument, on the right, of the unfortunate Doge Francesco Foscari, whom we last encountered at the *Porta della Carta*. This tomb gives us food for reflection. The aristocracy persecuted Foscari as a man, but after his death they remembered that he had also been Doge, and for reasons of State they honoured him as such. Foscari is represented lying in state on a canopied bed. The monument, which is the work of Pietro and Antonio Rizzo (the latter the artist of the east façade in the court of the Ducal Palace), is interesting for the reason that its style wavers between Gothic and Renaissance. On the other hand, in the monument of the Doge Niccolo Tron opposite, Antonio Rizzo displays art of a purely Renaissance character. It is a magnificent four-storeyed erection in the form of an arch borne on pilasters, which are broken by niches filled with statues. Its interior space, divided into four floors, displays statues and reliefs, and on the third floor the sarcophagus with the effigy of the Doge. In the centre of the arch the Doge is once more portrayed in stone, but this time in an upright position. The whole is distinguished both by the wealth of idea expressed in the allegorical figure ornamentation, and by the harmony of the composition.

The seven side chapels on the left near the Choir also contains a great deal of artistic adornment. Two pictures constitute the most prominent features—one by

Bernardo Licinio da Pordenone, a lovely Madonna; the other by Luigi Vivarini, and that under-valued artist Basaiti, the "Triumph of S. Ambrose." The sixth chapel contains some important sculptures; as, for instance, the tomb of the admiral, Trevisani, who is perpetuated in knightly panoply; and the altar with its splendid carvings and six statues of Saints, which came from Florence, and also brought with it in the "S. John" a work of Donatello's.

There awaits us in the left aisle another glorious creation of Titian's—the celebrated "Madonna of the Pesaro Family." This picture fascinates us at first sight, because it is so different from the votive pictures one is accustomed to see. The Madonna does not take the centre of the picture, but sits on the right by one of the two pillars which dominate the whole composition. Our attention is first attracted by S. Peter, who is seated below the Madonna as if presiding over a court of Justice, and listens with dignity to the matter brought before him by Bishop Jacopo Pesaro, as witness in his own cause, in order that he may refer it to the supreme tribunal—the Madonna; this bishop, the conqueror of the Turks (indicated by the Saracen behind him) kneels to the left, at the Apostle's feet. Not till then do we notice the Madonna herself looking down unaffectedly, yet full of sympathy, upon the scene that is being acted below, on the right. The Child Jesus, however, with winning wilfulness seems desirous of playing with S. Francis, who is pleading as advocate for the Senator Benedetto Pesaro, addressing himself directly to the Madonna. How exquisitely painted are Benedetto and his four brothers, of whom the youngest looks out from

the picture in frank curiosity at the spectator! The masterly colouring is throughout in perfect harmony, and the whole noble composition takes hold of us and carries us away! Proceeding further we must not miss the John the Baptist on the Font, for it is the work of the creator of the lovely Loggetta, Jacopo Sansovino; nor, on the right, the sepulchral monument of the Bishop-General Jacopo Pesaro, who is thus immortalised in colour and in stone within the same walls. Once again the name of Pesaro falls upon our ear, but this time in a less agreeable connection; for a greater contrast than that between the "Madonna of the Pesaro Family" and the monument of Doge Giovanni Pesaro of the year 1669 it is difficult to conceive: the former a noble conception nobly carried out, the latter seeming as if executed to order by an inartistic tradesman for a wealthy commercial magnate. One need not be an enemy of the *barocco*—for Bernini has done some admirable things in this style—to find the last-named monument at least peculiar; nor will any one object on merely conventional or *à priori* grounds to the employment of such unheroic beasts as camels; for the tombs of the Malatesta at Rimini prove that it is not always necessary to use lions and eagles as symbols, but "it is the key that makes the music." In all Venetian works of art that we have hitherto seen, the dry prosaic side of the Venetian commercial spirit has never been accentuated, and on that account we here feel ourselves at fault. The emaciated camels, bellowing with hunger or distress, which bear up the sarcophagus, the negro slaves who support the middle storey on coffee-sacks resembling bolsters, will never gain our approbation. It

MADONNA OF THE PESARO FAMILY [*Frari*

By Titian

is not until we view the tomb in its entirety, with its beautiful pillar-decoration, that we are able to perceive any redeeming features. We breathe again when we turn to the noble pyramid of the Canova monument, which the master intended for Titian, and now occupies himself. In its wholly modern and almost pagan conception, to some minds it might appear as hardly suitable to this church. But this consideration need not disturb us; for, even as it is, it excites our deep emotion. We can only contemplate it with respectful wonder and admiration. Seldom indeed has any artist conveyed the idea of mourning for a great man so convincingly as Canova has done here.

The Church of *SS. Giovanni e Paolo* forms a pendant to the Frari, in the same manner that its possessors, the Dominicans, formed a (frequently hostile) pendant to the Franciscan masters of the Frari. Now, however, both churches may claim an equality as treasure-houses of the noblest sculpture Venice can show. The façade of SS. Giovanni e Paolo recalls that of the sister church but is richer in detail; the beautiful nave also resembles that of the Frari, but is more spacious and lofty. Immediately on entering, our attention is arrested by a fine work on the right, the monument of the Doge Pietro Mocenigo (d. 1476). This is the creation of Pietro Lombardo and his sons, Tullio and Antonio. In contrast to the last Doge's monument that we inspected, that of Giovanni Pesaro, this is a fitting memorial for the tomb of a prince. It presents an arched porch of considerable size, whose sides are flanked by three niches, standing one over the other. An architecturally ideal gateway stretches around and above the whole. The

combined effect is one of pleasing elegance. Three antique figures support the sarcophagus, upon which the hero stands erect, accompanied by two youths. The niches, right and left, are occupied by figures of warriors. On the base we observe bas-reliefs, representing the combats of Hercules with Cerberus and the Hydra. The next monument, that of Marcantonio Bragandino (d. 1571), has more historical value, inasmuch as it introduces to our notice the luxuriantly-bearded Venetian Marsyas, whose skin was torn from his living body by the Turks in Cyprus in 1571 upon the fall of Famagosta, which he had nobly defended. A much darkened fresco over the tomb commemorates the scene of martyrdom. At the second altar there follows a sadly-faded altar-piece in six compartments, generally attributed to Alvise Vivarini, in which the figures of SS. Christopher and Jerome are particularly pleasing; and the *barocco* monument of the Valier family is at least typical of its epoch.

In the right transept we find a single-handed work of Bartolommeo Vivarini's—a "S. Augustine." Cima da Conegliano, whom we have not seen since the Academy, now appears before us with a "Coronation of the Virgin," as does Lorenzo Lotto also, with a "St. Anthony in Glory," its colouring still fresh and bright. Of past glories we still see, over Bartolommeo Vivarini's "S. Augustine," the gilded equestrian statue of the General Nicholas Orsini, as well as a glorious stained-glass window designed by Girolamo Moceto in 1478.

The Choir yields more abundant treasures. On the right, after we have passed the tomb of Baron Windsor, from England (d. 1574), we admire the rich Gothic tomb of the Doge Michele Morosini, who died in 1382, con-

sisting of a Gothic porch flanked by two pointed turrets of the most exquisite pierced workmanship. The lunette over the sarcophagus contains a mosaic picture of the Crucifixion, with the Doge and his consort kneeling to the left and right of it respectively. Farther on, to the right, and dating from the late Renaissance, is the monument of the Doge Leonardo Loredan (d. 1521), a member of the well-known family noted for its hostility to the Foscari. Girolamo Campagna, the pupil of Sansovino, was twenty years old when he executed this work. The remaining statues which adorn the monument are by his fellow-pupil, Danese Cattaneo.

Let us now turn and admire one of the noblest works of the early Renaissance by Alessandro Leopardi—the monument of the Doge Andrea Vendramin, who died in 1478. This is a magnificent triumphal arch supported by Corinthian columns. The plinth is ornamented in relief with arms, children, and angels. The pedestal, upon which two eagles bear up the bier, displays in its niches figures symbolising the Christian Virtues. The Madonna, with Saints, is enthroned in the tympanum. In the side niches two antique warriors are proudly posed.

The monument on the left carries us back to an earlier period, the fourteenth century. It was wrought in the Gothic style by the Masegne, creators of the rood-screen in San Marco, and was erected to the Doge Marco Corner. Above the sarcophagus, but unconnected with it, there rises a stone altar-work, in which we see the Madonna with four Saints. After this follow several monuments of the same period, but before inspecting these we will make our way to the left aisle, and view the busts of Titian, Palma Vecchio, and Palma Giovane

in shell medallions over the Sacristy; also, below, the glorious wood-carvings of Brustolone, which betray an astonishing richness of fancy and beauty of form. The statue of S. Thomas Aquinas, the work of Antonio Lombardo, next attracts our attention. Among the monuments, those of the Doge Pasquale Malipiero (in the Tuscan style), and of Doge Tommaso Mocenigo strike us as remarkable. The latter reminds us of the tomb of Francesco Foscari—a similar bed of state, a similar transition from Gothic to Renaissance. Farther on we see the monument of the Doge Niccolò Marcello (d. 1474). It is a two-storeyed triumphal arch, with ogee-shaped wings, each containing two statues in niches. Pedestal and sarcophagus completely fill the lower storey of the centre part, so that the latter presents a somewhat squat appearance. At the altar close by we see an early copy of Titian's lost picture, "Peter Martyr." How beautiful the original must have been we can form some idea from this transcript.

The last altar on the left displays a fine statue of "S. Jerome" by Alessandro Vittoria, which, however, hardly recalls the same master's "S. Jerome" in the Frari. Further we admire, at the entrance wall, the monuments of two members of the Mocenigo family. The first, that of the Doge Giovanni Mocenigo, is the work of Tullio Lombardo, who wrought together with his father and brother on the monument which we first examined in this church, that of Pietro Mocenigo.

Finally we return to the left transept and seek out the *Cappella del Rosario*, destroyed in 1867 by the fire in which the above-mentioned "Peter Martyr" of Titian perished, as well as a noble picture of Giovanni

Bellini's. This chapel, however, which was decorated by Alessandro Vittoria in commemoration of the battle of Lepanto, and whose restoration is still delayed by want of funds, contains ten sadly-damaged bas-reliefs in marble by unknown masters of the eighteenth century, which are among the most admirable works of their kind. Especially beautiful is the "Adoration of the Magi."

Leaving the Church, we observe close by, and at right angles to it, a building with a fine façade, which appears to be a cross between a church and a palace, and which must therefore have been well suited to its purpose; for this was the club-house of the Guild (*Scuola*) of San Marco. It is well known that in the Venetian Guilds, as in nearly all those of mediæval Italy, religious and worldly aims were combined—to the profit and advantage of both—in the most unreserved fashion. Unfortunately, this palace is at present closed, as it has been turned into a hospital; but we shall see later on, in the almost equally distinguished palace of the Guild of San Rocco, how the spiritual and the mundane were so interwoven that the same building served as church and council-chamber.

But however pleasing an effect this palace may have on us, the attention of the observer is speedily diverted from it by the monument of the Condottiere *Bartolommeo Colleoni*, which rises on the Piazza before the Church, and vividly reminds the connoisseur of the noted monument of another *condottiere*—that of Erasmo da Narni [1] at Padua. The latter is the work of Donatello, and in like manner the former also owes its origin to a

[1] The statue of Erasmo da Narni, better known as Gattamelata, also General of the Venetian Republic, still stands untouched before "S. Antonio" at Padua.—*Editor.*

Florentine master, Verocchio—who, however, mainly furnished the design, while Alessandro Leopardi completed the actual casting. The classical pedestal is also the work of the latter. Few monuments, even in Italy, are of their kind so classical, so perfect, so grand in their very simplicity as this. One needs to know nothing about the bronze horseman—one recognises him all the same; for the reason that in his memorial the monumental art, absolutely unassisted by any adventitious device, has reached its highest manifestation. Recalling to ourselves the fact that at the beginning of the fifteenth century the shrewd Venetian merchants were waging war also on the Italian mainland, and were therefore compelled to have recourse to those military impresarios whom the political exigencies of the period had created, and who in their turn sold their services to the highest bidder, it is easy to imagine the painful anxiety with which they watched these their tools; for they never knew when these unscrupulous mercenary leaders might turn against their employers. In 1432, indeed, one of their most skilful Captains fell a victim to their mistrust. Carmagnola, summoned from his camp in Upper Italy, and escorted to Venice by an embassy of honour, with the pomp befitting a victorious general, was executed before the Ducal Palace, having been previously gagged, so that he might be afforded no opportunity of justifying himself. And yet Colleoni, this haughty hero on whom we are looking, was so pampered by these same Venetians that he himself, in 1475, when lying on his deathbed, warned the Signory never again to allow any of his successors to enjoy so great a measure of power as they had bestowed upon himself.

MONUMENT OF BARTOLOMMEO COLLEONI

VI

THE CHURCHES OF VENICE

A REVIEW of the Venetian Churches is now the order of the day. Our best plan will be to renounce all idea of grouping these edifices according to the exigencies of style and period, and simply, map in hand, to take them as they come. Following this plan, we divide the city into three districts, viz., the neighbourhood of San Marco, the Northern quarter, and the district of the Giudecca.

We commence our first excursion, then, from the Telegraph Office on the lower, western side of the Piazza San Marco, with the Church of *San Fantino* as our objective. This Church, built by the Lombardo family, has a fine Choir by Sansovino. In the same direction, a little farther on, lies *Santo Stefano* in the Piazza Morosini, which latter derives its name from the reconqueror of the Peloponnesus, whose triumphal arch we remember to have seen in the Ducal Palace, and who also lies buried in this Church. This Gothic edifice contains some fine sculpture by Pietro Lombardo, among other works a particularly beautiful "S. Anthony of Padua"; also two charming brass candelabra by Alessandro Vittoria.

We now turn our wandering steps in a north-easterly direction, across the Campo Sant' Angelo, past the

Teatro Rossini, and across the Campo Manin to *San Luca*. In the Piazza Manin we pause to view another monument, that of the Liberator and Dictator Manin, who from 1848 to 1849 defended the independence of the re-established Republic of Venice against the overwhelming might of Austria. The chief ornament of the Church of San Luca is Paul Veronese's picture, "S. Luke and the Madonna." The painter-Evangelist is seated in ecstasy, as though the Madonna—a half-length figure in a natural attitude—were appearing to him in a vision. From the Campo San Luca, by following the Calle della Vida, we arrive at the courtyard of the *Palazzo Contarini del Bovolo* (now the Congregazione di Carità), where we enjoy a close view of one of the oldest and most characteristic architectural beauties of Venice, the celebrated circular winding staircase, whose pillared arcades remind one of those of the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

The next Church, *San Salvatore*, demands a somewhat lengthy inspection, as, in addition to rich sculpture, it possesses precious pictures by great masters; notably a "Transfiguration" by Titian on the high altar (which is adorned by a silver altar-cover of the thirteenth century), and an "Annunciation" by the same artist. The best painting, however, in this Church (on the left in the Choir) is from the brush of Carpaccio—"The Supper at Emmaus." In the background the light falls from the left, through a window in the middle of the wall, on the majestic figure of Christ, thus illuminating his red garment with magic effect; while on either side two disciples stand out from the brown shadow, their varying sensations effectively characterised.

The treasures of sculpture in this beautiful vaulted Church, erected by Tullio Lombardo in the noblest style of the Renaissance, owe their origin in part to no less a hand than that of Sansovino; as, for instance, the tomb of the Doge Francesco Venier, the predecessor of that Sebastiano Venier whom Paul Veronese immortalised as the victor of Lepanto. Under a triple triumphal arch, supported by Corinthian columns, lies the sarcophagus, flanked in the side wings by two fine statues of Faith and Charity, while in the tympanum there is a Pietà. The organ gallery is also by Sansovino. The fine statuette of S. Jerome to the left of this is the work of Danese Cattaneo. On the beautiful altar by G. Bergamasco, farther on to the left, stands another statuette of S. Jerome by Tommaso Lombardo. Close by is the fine monument of the two Doges of the Priuli family, whom we have already so often encountered in the Ducal Palace; the statues being the work of Giulio del Moro. More remarkable historically is the tomb opposite of the last Queen of Cyprus, Catherine Cornaro, who resigned the island to her native city, Venice. Her grave, marked by a simple tablet, lies in the floor of the Church; while her monument on the wall displays, beneath the sarcophagus, a relief in which she is represented at the moment of handing over her crown to the Doge.

If we have already found gratification in our visit to S. Salvatore, there now awaits us in the neighbouring Church of *S. Maria Formosa*, which lies to the east, a veritable feast of the eyes in Palma Vecchio's "Santa Barbara." At the very entrance our glance falls upon the convex altar on the right, the centre of which en-

shrines the celebrated picture. If we possessed nothing else of the master's, this work would suffice to make him immortal. Our previous observation on the blending of the spiritual and the mundane in the Scuola di San Marco applies also to this triumphant female figure; for, since S. Barbara was venerated by the Artillerymen of Venice as their patron saint, Palma Vecchio was commissioned to paint her under the inspiring guise of a female warrior. This task he discharged in a brilliant manner. In the background the tower of a fortress indicates the chief object of the employment of artillery. The heroic patroness of this arm appears in a red tunic and mantle; the right knee is a little advanced, and she holds a palm in her right hand in such a manner as to suggest a battle-flag; the left hand rests lightly on her hip. The proud self-confident pose of the head, the glance of the firm, clear eye, unite calmness and pride; while at the same time the general impression is softened by that grace which is the sign of the period made illustrious by Titian and Paul Veronese.

S. Zaccaria, situated in the east of the city, between the Ducal Palace and the Riva degli Schiavoni, contains also one of the finest pictures in Venice, apart from the fact that it is well worthy of inspection from an architectural point of view, and possesses several fine works by Alessandro Vittoria, as well as his tomb commenced by himself. The Façade, which was the first utterance of the Renaissance in Venice, appeals to us by its originality. It is a five-storeyed arcaded structure, crowned by a semicircular pediment, while the three-storeyed side wings terminate above in the form of quadrants. The graceful alternation of columns and

ALTAR-PIECE OF S. BARBARA [*S. Maria Formosa*

By Palma Vecchio

pilasters is very beautiful; fine, too, is the statue of the patron saint of the Church by Alessandro Vittoria over the principal doorway. In the interior we are charmed by the Choir, half Gothic and half Byzantine (after the manner of San Vitale at Ravenna), which has all the more unique effect in that the side aisles, instead of terminating abruptly, are continued around it until they meet.

At the second altar on the left the greatest treasure of the Church is enshrined, the "Madonna and Child," the latter in an attitude of benediction, by Giovanni Bellini. The architecture in this picture is treated with much richness; the composition, too, is broader than in other of the master's works. Instead of a cramped recessed niche we see a broad vaulted dome, which in addition to the Madonna, who sits upon a narrow throne holding her Son, has room also for her suite and a young violin player. The first feature of this picture that strikes us is the almost mathematically harmonious grouping of the heads; next, we observe the brownish tone of the background; and, finally, our gaze is attracted by the exquisitely differentiated figures, above all by S. Jerome, who does not appear half-naked, as usual, but in full gala attire, and learnedly perusing the Scriptures. This picture, in which beauty of colour and deep feeling are united, breathes a spirit of earnest devotion. The Chapel of S. Tarasio also contains artistic treasures, three works of the period before the Bellini, glorious carved altars whose panels were painted by Gian d'Alemagna and Antonio da Murano.

Farther to the east, on the Riva degli Schiavoni, stands *S. Maria della Pietà*, with an excellent ceiling-painting

by Tiepolo, and a large picture by Moretto—"Christ and the Magdalen." The neighbouring Church of *San Giovanni in Bragora*, containing several works of the Vivarini, carries us back to the times of the School of Murano. It contains, besides, an example of Cima da Conegliano, and a fine picture by Paris Bordone, a "Last Supper."

Lovers of descriptive art will rejoice when, in the course of their further wanderings, they arrive at the little Dalmatian Church of *S. Giorgio in Schiavoni*. Flooded with golden-brown light that is intensified by the brown wood panelling of the walls and the black-brown gilded ceiling, it presents an interior full of warm and intimate charm. One is never tired of listening to the tales that the master who depicted the adventures of S. Ursula in the Academy relates to us here, in that comfortable fashion which the new school of "literati" repudiate as inane. These young gentlemen will also decidedly object to his again attiring his Saints in Venetian costume. How elegantly Carpaccio here portrays S. George for us as a curly-headed champion of the lists! He doubtless may have seen many such at the tournaments on the Piazza San Marco. How humorously he caricatures the monks fleeing before the lion of S. Jerome! On the other hand, how naïve he is in his description of the Burial of S. Jerome; but even on that theme how interesting!

In the Northern quarter, we commence in the neighbourhood of the Teatro Malibran (near the Rialto) with the Church of *S. Giovanni Crisostomo*, whose high altar displays a noble picture by Sebastiano del Piombo, elsewhere but little represented in Venice. The patron

saint of the Church is seated in a golden-brown light, with his back against the pillared front of a Palace, zealously writing, while on the right a castle-crowned hill is visible in the background. S. Augustine, on the left, is casting a sidelong glance upon the book, whilst the handsome John the Baptist in the foreground gazes admiringly into the author's eyes. The chief interest, however, is centred in the three beautiful female Saints, with the Magdalen at their head. The latter, with earnest gravity, looks straight at the spectator, as if requesting respectful consideration for the learned Saint, that he may not be disturbed in his writing.

The base of the altar is adorned with a relief by Sansovino's pupil, Girolamo Campagna, depicting the "Entombment"—and depicting it, indeed, in an admirably spirited manner and with especial beauty in the figures of S. John and the Magdalen. Giovanni Bellini, too, contributed to the adornment of this Church with a glorification of the favourite Saint of the Dalmatians, S. Jerome, who was also dear to the Venetians, not improbably on account of his constant companion, the lion; in any case, he frequently appears in Venice, both on canvas and in stone.

In the left aisle we further admire an altar-relief by Tullio Lombardo of the "Coronation of the Virgin," in which the Apostles are represented as stern Romans, draped in togas.

Connoisseurs of architecture, on resuming their wanderings, must not fail to visit Pietro Lombardo's graceful rectangular Church,[1] *S. Maria dei Miracoli*, one of the

[1] This may be best combined with SS. Giovanni e Paolo. The marble reliefs are of great delicacy and beauty.—*Editor.*

most elegant marble structures of the early Renaissance. Next comes the *SS. Apostoli*, a church which is outwardly unpretentious, but which has preserved, amid modern reconstructions, a chapel belonging to the original church, unfortunately very badly lighted. It possesses two monumental tombs of the School of Lombardo, which were erected to Ludovico and Giorgio Corner, and whose noble simplicity is most effective.

Our programme now prescribes a visit to the Church of the *Gesuiti*, which lies in a northerly direction; this church, whose exterior is spoiled by its *barocco* style, though its interior may well dazzle simple minds by its false splendour and redundant magnificence, contains Titian's nearest approach to the methods of Michael Angelo in the sadly-darkened "Martyrdom of S. Lawrence." The neighbouring Church of *Santa Caterina*, whose walls are covered by all sorts of paintings, has only one treasure to show—the "Marriage of S. Catherine," by Paul Veronese. Although the colouring seems unusually pale for the great Veronese artist, the action is again rendered by the master in such a cheerfully secular fashion, that the mystic character of the marriage entirely fails to suggest itself to the critical observer. With the best of good will we fail to recognise in this beautiful patrician, whose unbound golden hair streams over her robe of shimmering satin, the ecstatic enthusiast that the Saint really was. Also the nonchalant manner in which the rather petulant Child, lying on its back, receives the "bride" may well be Venetian according to Paul Veronese, but is certainly not reverent from a Catholic point of view. In spite of all that, this picture will charm all lovers of art as

the expression of that joyous gala-loving period; to say nothing of the force with which drawing, composition, and grouping will appeal to them.

The Church of *S. Maria del Orto*, lying to the north-west, which is intimately connected with the name of Tintoretto, has much awaiting to delight us. To begin with, the very Façade seems to welcome us, representing as it does, a distinct departure in style. It introduces to us a gladsome and picturesque Gothic, with which the originally-conceived tower, terminating in a small cupola, contrasts effectively. The centre portion of the Façade, crowned by canopied pinnacles, possesses a rich doorway, and over it a beautiful rose; its side wings resemble widely extended buttresses, each broken by a pointed window, and along their upper part, immediately below the cornice, run sloping arcades of pointed arches, in whose niches stand graceful statues. The interior, too, with its blue and gold ceiling, and its similarly blue and gold capitals, and its airy arches, has a cheerful effect.

At the first altar to the right (a beautiful Renaissance work by Alessandro Leopardi), the pious Cima da Conegliano, ever modestly amiable, presents John the Baptist for our veneration. Deep solemnity pervades this brown-toned picture, which is relieved by the lovely landscape. Together with the Baptist he associates the Apostles Paul and Peter, as well as the two "lion-Saints," SS. Mark and Jerome. This was his first painting in oils. Passing a small picture of "S. Lawrence," by Van Eyck, we come to Palma Vecchio's nobly characterised "S. Vincent," accompanied by four other Saints.

In the chapel to the right of the Choir a tablet in the floor records the grave of Tintoretto, to whose genius a slab let into the wall, and inscribed with a panegyric of modern composition, bears witness. But within the Choir the "Little Dyer" has set up his own beautiful monument—two colossal pictures, in the form of gigantic Gothic windows—which, in spite of the hand of Time, and the vast numbers of figures that they contain, delight us by their dramatic action. First let us examine a most animated "Last Judgment," and then proceed to the fascinating "Worship of the Golden Calf," directly opposite to it. Tintoretto has not, indeed, painted a literally golden calf, but simply a full-grown young ox, hung with gold, which is borne along in triumph on a litter by four naked fellows, while charmingly pretty women vie in tearing off their jewels, to cast them at the feet of the youthful bovine deity. To the right, high on the mountain, in the clouds Moses is receiving from the Lord the Tables of the Law. This splendid painting is all the more interesting on account of its portraits, for the naked bearer on the right is no other than Tintoretto himself; on his left we see Paul Veronese, and behind him Giorgione; while the lady in blue is Tintoretto's own wife, Maria.

The third and fourth chapels on the left contain further works of Tintoretto's. In the latter, in which the life-like busts of the Contarini family by Alessandro Vittoria are placed, Tintoretto glorified S. Agnes in the act of healing the blind son of the Proconsul. The grouping is extremely effective, as is also the management of the lighting; the main illumination, which proceeds from the marble basilica in the background, vying

with the glory that streams from the Saint on the group surrounding the blind youth on the ground.

In the adjoining chapel Tintoretto painted a "Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple." Beautifully treated in golden tones, the Child Mary upon the steps stands out picturesquely against the bright background. A figure instinct with life is that of a woman of the people, who is pointing out Mary to her own child. Of other pictures we must not overlook the following: an "Annunciation" by Palma Giovane, at the high altar; a "Madonna" by Bellini, in his early style; and an "Entombment" by Lorenzo Lotto.

Admirers of the master of decorative painting, Tiepolo, should not miss the neighbouring Church of *S. Alvise*, in the extreme west; since in its Choir the greatest of what may be called the "posthumous" painters of the Venetian School has left one of his best works, the "Journey to Calvary."

With Tintoretto we concluded our visit to the Madonna dell' Orto, and with Tintoretto we once more resume our progress, which is to bring us by a détour to the quarter of the Giudecca.

We commence then by a visit to the *Scuola di San Rocco*, situated near the Frari (v. p. 53). Rocco is the Italian name of that Provençal Ecclesiastic (S. Roch) who lived from 1295–1327, and was canonised for his loving ministrations to the plague-stricken sufferers, whom he sought out and tended throughout the whole of Italy. We know nothing of the Guild that bears his name; but we do not need to be told that it must have been extremely wealthy, otherwise it could never have borne the expense of such a sumptuous building

as Scarpagnino was commissioned to erect. The members of the Guild, who as ordinary citizens were excluded from any share in the government, must have desired to show the Nobles that even men of the people, outside the privileged classes, might possess the sense of magnificence and beauty. The structure, composed of five sections, is two-storeyed. Each storey is alike relieved by noble Corinthian columns and brightened by beautiful double windows. In few Venetian buildings can the Renaissance boast of greater triumphs. The ground floor consists of a single enormous Hall of Ceremony, which was at once church and council-chamber. Contemplating the sparkling floor, the gleaming ceiling, the walls partly panelled with beautiful wood-carving, and partly covered with the paintings of Tintoretto (the total number of whose works in the Scuola amounts to fifty-six), one cannot help regretting that this radiant hall stands empty, and that it is not employed from time to time as the scene of noble festivities.

It would be a wasted labour of love, were one to attempt to describe in detail all these pictures, which have lost much of their brilliance and beauty of colouring. We rapidly single out the more prominent examples—for instance, the "S. Mary Magdalen," and the "Massacre of the Innocents"—and then ascend the staircase on the right, on whose walls a surprise awaits us in the shape of an "Annunciation" by Titian, and a beautiful "Visitation" of Tintoretto's. The grand Hall of the upper storey, whose ceiling and walls are again adorned with the works of Tintoretto, contains also an altar with statues by Girolamo Campagna that is worthy of remark; while the Sala dell' Albergo, which we enter

from the side, enshrines Tintoretto's masterpiece, the "Crucifixion." Unfortunately this work has suffered equally with the "Paradiso" in the Ducal Palace; but a prolonged examination enables one clearly to discern its beauties. Tintoretto has not, like the majority of other artists, depicted the Crucifixion as an accomplished fact—for that would not have satisfied his intense energy—but has represented the executioners in the midst of their work. The cross, upon which the Saviour hangs already, towers aloft. The thief on the left, bound to the fatal beam, is actually being raised on high; whilst he on the right has just been flung down upon the prostrate cross, and is struggling to free himself from the first bonds with which he is being secured to it. This dramatic *crescendo* of action gave the artist an opportunity of introducing a rich variety of character among the crowd of actors. Although there are so many persons engaged, yet at no point in the picture have we the feeling that the composition is unpleasantly overcrowded. The manner in which the light that radiates from Christ illumines the surrounding masses is really wonderful; as too is that beautiful group of women in the foreground. In fact, many who have hitherto subscribed to hasty and irresponsible criticism of Tintoretto, on the score of excessive overproduction, after this visit will certainly retract the aspersion, and crave forgiveness of the Master they have slandered.

The Church of *San Rocco*, which offers fewer architectural attractions, is an appendage of the Scuola, and only possesses two pictures of importance—a "Christ bearing the Cross," an early work of Titian's, and

Pordenone's "S. Martin," here represented on horseback.[1]

Hence we proceed in a southerly direction to *S. Maria del Carmine*, with a glance on the way into the Church of *S. Pantaleone*. The former of these, the Carmelite Church, which surprises us with a very richly decorated nave, over the pillars of which are gilded statues, contains a "Nativity" by Cima da Conegliano, in which the landscape, lovingly treated, is especially effective, and one of Lorenzo Lotto's stateliest pictures, "S. Nicholas in Glory." The saintly Bishop is seated upon a throne with John the Baptist on the left, and the lovely S. Lucia on the right, as his supporters.

The next Church is consecrated to the memory of Paul Veronese, for the young painter was summoned from Verona for the special purpose of decorating *San Sebastiano*, and here he was also buried. In the course of five years' work the master, only occasionally assisted by his younger brother, Benedetto, painted first the Sacristy and then the entire church. On the ceiling of the Sacristy we see his "Coronation of the Virgin," and round about it the Four Evangelists; in the ceiling-paintings of the Church the story of Esther. It need scarcely be said that one is never tired of tasting the fulness of the beauty that Paul Veronese has scattered on all sides with such a lavish hand, even on the walls of the Choir and in the altar-pictures. Titian also is represented by the picture of "S. Nicholas." To the sculptural adornments of the little Church Sansovino contributed the monument of Livio Prodocataro, and

[1] Mr. Zacher here omits the fine paintings in the Choir, all by Tintoretto.—*Editor.*

Alessandro Leopardi the bust of the Procurator Grimani.

We have now arrived at the *Canal della Giudecca*, and first of all visit the little Church of *S. Maria del Rosario*, called also the Gesuati, in order to admire Tiepolo's glorious frescoes. Then we are ferried over to the Island of the Giudecca, that we may study the greatness of Palladio in his imposing Church of the *Redentore ;* for the Church of S. Francesco della Vigna, in the northern quarter of the city, can teach us but little of him, although it displays his sign-manual, *i.e.*, columns passing through all the storeys of the edifice. (One fully appreciates the greatness of this gifted architect only by a visit to Vicenza.) The entire building, façade as well as interior, of the Redentore proves how deeply Palladio had penetrated into the secret of ancient architecture, and how supremely great he was in his imitation of the antique. This is a Greco-Roman temple—not a gloomy Christian church.

The Church of *S. Giorgio Maggiore*, too, lying to the eastward on the island of the same name (so well known to every visitor to the Piazzetta, owing to the manner in which its pointed tower, rivalling the Campanile, impresses itself on his vision), is the work of Palladio —as its Greek façade testifies. The interior with its beautiful columns and pilasters, and its lofty cross-vaulting, breathes of classical serenity, and seems to invite the beholder to peaceful and prolonged contemplation.

In the way of artistic treasures the Church contains a few pictures by Bassano and Tintoretto, which, however, are outweighed in interest by the sculptures, and

especially by the animated bronze group by Girolamo Campagna of the Four Evangelists bearing up the Saviour on the terrestrial globe; to say nothing of the almost unique Choir stalls, carved by Albert of Brussels in 1594–1595. They relate the life of S. Benedict in such perfect beauty of form, that they carry away with them even the observer who has not yet learned to know the deeds and the sorrows of the Saint upon the actual scenes of his former activity—San Cosimato, Subiaco, and Monte Cassino.

VII

THE VENETIAN PALACES

IN the preceding pages we have endeavoured, so far as could be accomplished in the course of so brief a survey, to form an idea of the significance of Venice as an Art City. We have now reached a point in our study at which we may profitably devote ourselves, more thoroughly than we have hitherto done, to the beauties of the Piazza San Marco. Once again, then, we visit the Cathedral of *San Marco* and its various chapels; once more we admire the exterior of the Ducal Palace and its Court, the *Libreria* of Sansovino in the Piazzetta with the adjoining *Procuratie Nuove*, and opposite to these the *Procuratie Vecchie;* and when we have thoroughly steeped our senses in the indescribably gracious charm of the Piazza and Piazzetta, it will be time for a gondola expedition along the Canal Grande.

There can be no greater reversal of the proper order of things than to regard this aquatic thoroughfare as the first noteworthy object to be visited in Venice, and possibly even to attempt to enjoy its beauties from a swift steam-launch. There can be no pleasure or profit in such a course. One might as well visit an exhibition of wines, and be satisfied with an inspection of the labels on the bottles! The traveller beholds a

succession of Palaces, reads their names in his guide-book, or hears them monotonously recited by his gondolier, and—as a rule, dismisses them from his thoughts. But those who, like ourselves, have cultivated an acquaintance with the principal objects of interest in Museum, Ducal Palace, and Churches, have imperceptibly imbibed so much knowledge of Venice's history and of her most renowned glories, that to them the Palaces of the Grand Canal are no longer inanimate buildings. On the contrary, they are able to endow them with life—to people them in imagination with those who reared them, and with those who dwelt in them.

Many a sensitive traveller, recalling the anxiety and apprehensions excited by the fall of the Campanile, as he enters his gondola in order to pass in review the Grand Canal's glittering succession of Palaces, will recall with melancholy forebodings Byron's lines in *Childe Harold* :—

> " In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
> And silent rows the songless gondolier,
> Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
> And music meets not always now the ear."

" Her palaces are crumbling. . . ." Let us hope that Byron may remain the prophet merely of misfortune, and that the " Mene ! Tekel ! " of the 14th of July 1902 will not remain unheeded. The Campanile, sentinel and herald of San Màrco, will not then have perished in vain, but its sacrifice (to be shortly followed, let us hope, by a resurrection) will have brought salvation to the remaining architectural treasures of the Island City. Let us hope, too, that the feeling for art

in the breasts of wealthy amateurs may prove of assistance to an object which the unaided financial resources of the State and of Venice herself would be powerless to effect.

But away with these misgivings! Let us rather sing with Childe Harold again :—

> "I saw from out the wave her structures rise
> As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
> A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
> Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
> O'er the far times. . . ."

Unfortunately, this poetic mood, the only one suitable to the Grand Canal, can only be summoned to-day with great difficulty, for into the Temple of Venice's beauty have crept the hucksters, who not only send forth their decoys on the Piazza San Marco, but even on the Grand Canal have degraded nearly every third Palace to the uses of a caravanserai or an art shop. Even as in the days of Christ, the traders are busily turning their Temple into a market; and soon it will be only at night that the votary of beauty will be able to enjoy the full delight of gliding in a gondola along the Grand Canal, by the light of moon and stars, when the business turmoil is stilled.

But let us commence our journey. Starting from the steps of the Piazzetta, the gondolier points out on the right the Mint (Zecca) and the garden of the Royal Palace, and on the left the Dogana (Custom House), on whose turreted angle the gilded figure of Fortune aptly discharges the functions of a weather-vane. Farther on the left there stands a stately but insipid building, the

Seminary of the Cardinal Patriarch, which contains a small picture-gallery with works by Giorgione (the Apollo and Daphne) and other artists. Next, there towers before us the majestic cupola of *Santa Maria della Salute*, built in 1631–1656, to commemorate the plague of 1630, by Longhena, who, departing from Palladio's type, creates a novelty—a kind of Pantheon with an outer ring of chapels converging on the centre building. Its artistic treasures correspond to its architectural magnificence; thus one of its chapels contains Titian's "Descent of the Holy Ghost." Any one comparing this work with the mosaic in San Marco, which depicts the same episode, will be secretly amused. The vestibule of the Sacristy displays yet nobler works by the same master (S. Mark, with SS. Sebastian, Roch, Cosmo, and Damiano), and the ceiling of the Sacristy itself the unique and dazzlingly beautiful "Sacrifice of Abraham," as well as the "Death of Abel," and "David and Goliath."

Proceeding, we perceive on our right first the Palazzi *Emo* and *Giustiniani*, now turned into Hotels, and then the Palazzo *Contarini-Fasan*, which calls back to our thought the Madonna dell' Orto, where Alessandro Vittoria has immortalised certain members of the Contarini family in superb busts. The name also recurs to our memory of the hero Andrea Contarini, who surrounded the Genoese fleet at Chioggia in 1379. The little Palazzo, a Gothic building of brick, has a very charming effect with its beautiful pointed windows and its elaborately carved balconies. Together with the Palazzi *Ferro* and *Fini*, it is now merged in the Grand Hotel.

To the left, immediately after *S. Maria della Salute*, we are greeted by the fairy-like Palazzo *Dario*, dating from the middle of the fifteenth century, and the Palazzo *Venier*, whose name recalls to our recollection the victor of Lepanto, glorified by Paul Veronese. Directly opposite this Palace there rises the stately Palazzo *Corner della Cà Grande*, designed and commenced by Sansovino. Its columns exhibit the same sequence of orders as those of the Coliseum in Rome—Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian.

The neighbouring Palace on the right is one that has enjoyed good fortune. Originally belonging to the Cavalli family, it is now called—after the Mæcenas who has fully renovated and restored it, and yet, in true artistic spirit, left the ancient *patina* undisturbed—the *Palazzo Franchetti*. The feature which first strikes us in this building, dating from the end of the fourteenth century, is the reception hall of the middle storey, which displays the same lovely tracery, pierced with quatrefoils, over its pointed arches, as the Ducal Palace; next we admire the centre portion of the façade, which rises with such airy grace above the pointed doorway.

The Suspension Bridge, which leads to the Accademia delle Belle Arti, forms a new paragraph to this first section of our progress.

The next portion commences on the left with the Palazzo *Contarini-Corfu*,[1] the work of Sansovino's pupil, Scamozzi. Exactly opposite stands a small palace, shut in by modern buildings, which was once the home of the ill-fated Doge Marino Faliero. After an interval

[1] Also called Contarini degli Scrigni.—*Editor.*

there follows, on the left side of the canal, the Palazzo *Rezzonico*, a magnificent building, which reminds one of the Palazzo Corner della Cà Grande, from which, however, it is distinguished by the more elaborate ornamentation of the window arches, and by the ground-floor façade, —likewise faced with rustic masonry, but in this case relieved by columns and pilasters, instead of presenting an unbroken surface. The influence of Sansovino is unmistakable. Longhena, the architect also of S. Maria della Salute, obviously followed this model in his beautiful church. To English-speaking visitors this noble Renaissance Palace has an especial interest, as having been the home of the poet Robert Browning, where in 1889 he breathed his last, and where his son still lives.

Now, on the left, follow two Palazzi *Giustiniani*. Though now a mosaic factory, this name reminds us of the picture in the Academy in which Pordenone celebrates the Saint of this family. On the other hand, the façade of this palace recalls the Palazzo Ducale—reproducing the same graceful columns and tracery. The neighbouring Palazzo *Foscari*, a corner building, excites our liveliest interest, for this was the home of one of the most pathetic figures in Venetian history—Francesco Foscari, whose memory still clings also around the Porta della Carta and the Frari. As we gaze on this noble building, that scene of 1457 rises before us, in which the aged Doge, already deprived of his son—a martyred victim to the enmity of the Loredan—and deposed from his high office, weary unto death, totters for the last time down the Giants' Staircase, only to sink at its last steps—a dying man.

On the right side of the Canal, opposite the Palazzo Foscari, is the splendid Palazzo *Contarini delle Figure*, deriving its name from two marble heads under the balcony, which have reference to a family tragedy that came to pass once upon a time between a Contarini and his wife. This Palace dates from the early Renaissance, and was erected in the style of the Lombardi. The beauty of its ornamentation is especially striking. On the left, the Palazzo Foscari is succeeded by the Palazzo *Balbi*, erected by Alessandro Vittoria, whose acquaintance we thus make as an architect. On the right, the three Palazzi *Mocenigo* now claim our attention. Their name is not new to us; we have heard it repeatedly in SS. Giovanni e Paolo. Architecturally speaking, these Palaces, built at the end of the sixteenth century, are not particularly noteworthy; the interest attaching to them is mainly a sentimental one. For here dwelt Giordano Bruno—the martyr for liberty of thought—and Byron, who wrote here, among other works, his Venetian burlesque "Beppo," and the tragedy of "Marino Faliero."

On the left, the Palazzo Balbi is followed by Palazzo *Grimani*, built after the style of Sansovino. The name of Grimani carries us back to the Sala delle Quatro Porte, in the Ducal Palace, where in Titian's picture a Doge Grimani kneels at the feet of Faith. The neighbouring Palace, too, on the left, Palazzo *Tiepolo*, awakens historical recollections. A Tiepolo was Doge in 1249; but in 1310 his great-grandson, Baiamonte Tiepolo, stood forth as a leader of the opposition to the change in the Constitution effected by the Nobles in the Golden Book, and organised a conspiracy having as its object the

assassination of the Doge Gradenigo, which led to his banishment and to the institution of the secret Council of Three. The adjoining Palazzo *Pisani* (blue posts) reminds us, like the Palazzo Contarini-Fasan, of the sanguinary war of Chioggia, in which Vettor Pisani was defeated at Pola by the rulers of Genoa, the Doria. The Palace, which was built in the fifteenth century, no longer shows the pure Pointed style, but already betrays tendencies towards the revival of the antique. Its tracery is again like that of the Ducal Palace. Its neighbour, the picturesque Palazzo *Barbarigo della Terrazza*, with a well-developed façade towards the side canal, also acquires for us enhanced interest from the name of a former possessor; we remember the black-bearded standard-bearer in Paul Veronese's "Apotheosis of the Battle of Lepanto."

Exactly opposite, the black and white Palazzo *Corner-Spinelli*, still quite mediæval in appearance, claims our notice. It is said to have been built by Pietro Lombardo when making his first experimental advances towards the style of the Renaissance. On the left side of the Canal we pass another Palazzo *Grimani* (Renaissance), whose façade is picturesquely adorned with inlaid porphyry tablets; and then the Gothic Palazzo *Bernardo* —a thing of beauty in the colouring with which the artistic hand of Time has adorned it—in whose decoration may be observed capitals brought from Ravenna. Opposite, on the right side, we recognise, by its armorial figures of horses, the fifteenth-century Palazzo *Cavalli*.

At the next palace on the right we bid our gondolier rest his oar; for now we encounter for the first time

the great architect and military engineer, San Michele of Verona, who in this Palazzo *Grimani*, black with age (now the Corte d'Appello), created, in the middle of the sixteenth century, one of the most glorious buildings in Venice.

" Sic transit gloria mundi " is our reflection when the gondolier points out on the right a small Palazzo, almost crushed out of existence by its neighbours, in whose ground-floor a struggling café is established; and adds that this was the dwelling of the Conqueror of Constantinople, Enrico Dandolo. The building that comes next, the municipal offices (*Municipio*), consists of the Palazzi *Farsetti* (Dandolo) and *Loredan*. Loredan! we call to mind those enemies of the two Foscari, and also that Doge Pietro Loredan, who in 1416 defeated the Turks at Gallipoli (Aupulin) in their first encounter with the might of Venice. This Municipal Palace still displays in its façade remains of the oldest architectural period of Venice, the eleventh and twelfth centuries, especially in the pillared arches, of extended width in the upper part, which give the whole building a character of lightness.

Farther on the right follows the Palazzo *Bembo*, which brings to our thought one of the most celebrated and cultured among the Courtly Princes of the Church of Renaissance times; and next the Palazzo *Manin*, built by Sansovino, correctly classical in the order of its columns. Here dwelt the last Doge *Ludovico Manin*, who on the approach of the French in 1797 burned the Golden Book of the Republic, and proclaimed the extinction of the Free State of Venice.

Once more we call a halt. Childe Harold sings :—

> "But unto us she hath a spell beyond
> Her name in story, and her long array
> Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
> Above the dogeless city's vanished sway;
> Ours is a trophy which will not decay
> With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
> And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
> The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
> For us repeopled were the solitary shore."

Before our eyes rises the "white marble splendour" of the *Rialto*—now, it is true, somewhat grey with age, which, next to the vanished Campanile, formed (and, let us hope, will long continue to form) the best-known symbol and emblem of Venice. Even we men of to-day, accustomed to very different structures, gaze in amazement on the mighty spring of the arch with which the master Antonio da Ponte spanned the Canal, at the end of the sixteenth century.

Beyond the Rialto, the left bank of the Canal shows a long stretch of buildings, none of which are of artistic interest, while the right bank is more favoured. Immediately behind the Bridge is the ancient warehouse of the German merchants, the *Fondaco dei Tedeschi*, which unfortunately retains no traces of its ancient splendour. No lesser artists than Titian and Giorgione adorned the façade with frescoes, which speedily crumbled away under the action of the salt breezes.

The neighbouring Palazzo *Corte del Remer* of the thirteenth century is worthy of notice as a product of the transition stage from round to pointed Gothic. The next, *Cà da Mosto*, is yet older—nominally of the ninth

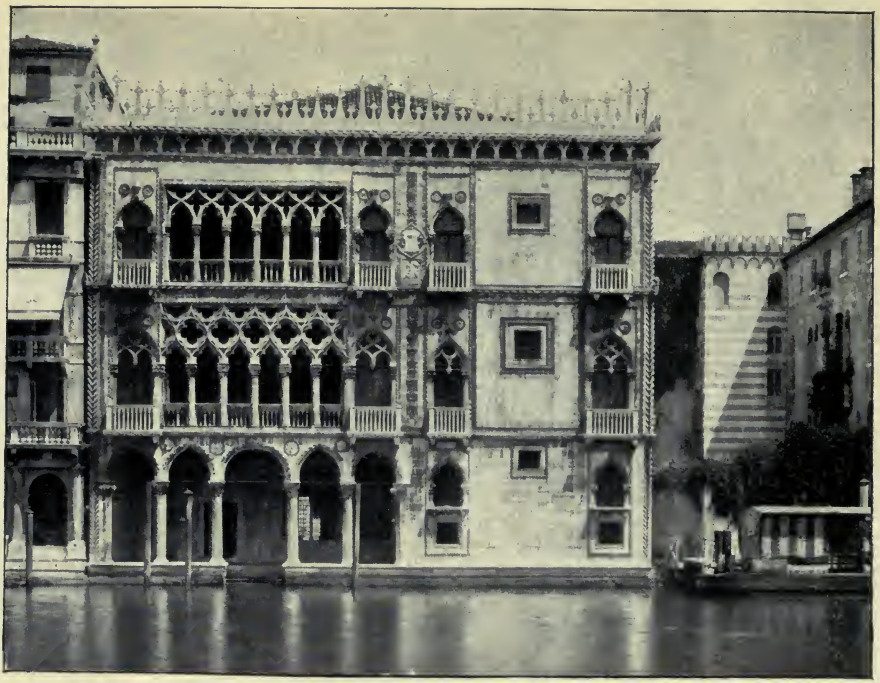
century. It displays, above the principal entrance, several antique reliefs and medallions. Then follows the Palazzo *Michiel da Brusa* (with blue posts) in the Pointed style—and then, the explorer of the Grand Canal holds his breath! For we are in the presence of the fairest gem of all—the *Cà d' Oro*, a vision of something between fairy confectionery and dainty filigree-work. To attempt to describe this superb relic of the fourteenth century, which has been restored by a wealthy proprietor, is to court inevitable failure; for one can more fully appreciate in one glance this glorious Gothic symphony, with its poetry of columns, its maze of interwoven arches, its tracery curving into soft tendrils, and its stonework blooming everywhere into frozen flowers—all one dream of delight—than by a world of explanatory description. As if for the very purpose that such tender charm, borne away, as it were, in a breath, should retain undisputed sway in our recollections, the whole remaining right side of the Canal, with one exception, offers no other Palace worthy of note.

Turning our attention to the left bank, exactly opposite the Cà d' Oro, we behold an imposing Palace, the ground-floor of which presents an imitation of rustic masonry, while the upper storey is relieved by two continuous balcony galleries. This Palazzo Corner della Regina dates from the eighteenth century, and occupies the site of an older structure, inhabited by the last Queen of Cyprus, Catarina Cornaro. We recall her tomb in S. Salvatore, as well as Makart's great picture depicting her home-coming to Venice.

At the next palace, too, the memory of a famous picture rises before us—Titian's "Madonna" in the Frari,

for it is the Palazzo *Pesaro* upon which we are gazing. At first sight this massive Palace appears solemn and stern, but we gradually discern how its architect, Longhena, has lightened its imposing mass by means of the galleries with their bold ornamentation. The masonry of the ground-floor is faced with square blocks, whose outer surfaces are pointed, and is broken up into most harmonious proportions by the arrangement of the doors and windows; in the centre are two portals, crowned by river gods, and divided by a space containing a niche, with two windows on either side. The beauty of this superb palace is much enhanced by the fact that the details of its left front, facing the side canal like that of the Palazzo Foscari, are also most scrupulously carried out.

The *Fondaco dei Turchi* hard by, upon the left side of the Canal, once the caravanserai of the Turks, transports us into quite another world, that of the Orient. It is a Byzanto-Romanesque structure of the tenth century, restored in the nineteenth, and in its rounded arches we again recognise capitals from Ravenna, as in the Palazzo Bernardo. It is now fitted up as the *Museo Civico*, a visit to which is indispensable to every traveller who makes a stay of any length in Venice and is desirous of studying not only art, but also trophies, weapons, costumes, &c., rich in historical associations, as well as artistic industries. The Museum contains also one or two interesting pictures; among others a Carpaccio, the subject of which is two young women drying their blonde hair in the sun. Besides this, we also again encounter the Goldoni of Venetian painters, Pietro Longhi, with his impressionist studies out of the every-day life of his period.



CÀ D'ORO

On the opposite side of the Canal rises the Palazzo *Vendramin-Calergi*, whose name reminds us of Alessandro Leopardi's glorious monument in SS. Giovanni e Paolo. It possesses melancholy associations for every lover of music; for in this house died *Richard Wagner*. The guide-books call it "the noblest and finest of all the palaces of Venice." Next to its glorious colouring, the observer is struck by the form of its façade, which decreases perceptibly in width towards the upper part; then he will remark its elegance, since to all appearance it consists entirely of pillars and windows. Pietro Lombardo, commissioned by a member of the Loredan family, built this palace in 1481 in the Renaissance style, just then coming into vogue. Examining the structure more closely, we notice that it is distinguished from all the palaces we have hitherto seen by its characteristic double windows, in which the two rounded arches are connected by loops or knots somewhat of the nature of tracery. Its columns, too, are of *one* order only, the Corinthian, with corresponding Corinthian pilasters on the ground-floor.

The two last visits we are to pay upon the Canal Grande are both on account of Tiepolo; not a Doge, but the prolific artist of that name. A little beyond the Palazzo Vendramin, on the right, the Canareggio joins the Canal Grande, and on its right bank we catch sight of the elegant Palazzo *Labia*, dating from the eighteenth century. In the principal Sala of this palace Tiepolo has immortalised himself by works which also give the impression that he, the last great painter of the Venetian Republic, foresaw the approaching end of his Free State, and therefore desired, in the spirit of a Paul Veronese,

to record his testimony to the might, the glory, the splendour, and brilliancy of Venice. Thus he chose as a subject for his wall-pictures the story of Anthony and Cleopatra, in order by its means to depict the brilliance of the joyous Venetian social life at the time of the Renaissance. Especially striking is the banquet scene, in which the voluptuous Egyptian Queen casts a priceless pearl into the wine-cup before the astonished eyes of Anthony, who is represented clad in knightly armour. Imposing is the gleaming marble hall in which the action proceeds, and delightful the retinue, the attendants, and the musicians in the high music gallery.

Having admired the Palazzo Labia, we proceed to the Church of *Santa Maria degli Scalzi*, which comes immediately before the railway station. It was built by Longhena, who, since he also created S. Maria della Salute, may be said with these two churches to dominate both the approaches to the Grand Canal. The interior of the Church is voluptuously brilliant, but our attention is immediately claimed by Tiepolo's large ceiling painting, "Angels transporting the Madonna's House to Loreto"; a work splendid in colouring, spirit, and skill of composition, which appears as though it might have been dashed off in sport, and yet is a masterpiece. The frescoes over the two altars, right and left, of which that on the right, "S. Teresa in Glory," is especially fine, are also by Tiepolo. The enraptured devotion of the Saint reminds one of Bernini's celebrated statue in S. Maria della Vittoria at Rome.

VIII

CONCLUSION

WE have reached the limit of this our last expedition, and our gondola swings round in a graceful curve until its prow points once more towards the Rialto. It weighs somewhat upon our spirits to have gazed only on the outer shell of the superb array of palaces bordering the Grand Canal; inclination strongly urges us to penetrate within, and behold also the treasures of art enshrined there. Yet even the comparatively few accessible palaces are so numerous, and their contents—both in art treasures and architectural beauties—so rich, that we should require many days, or even weeks, were we to pass in review, if only to a limited extent, all that is worthy of note in them.

Let us then postpone this æsthetic banquet to a future occasion, and console ourselves during our return journey towards the Piazza with the beauteous spectacle of that harmoniously blended colour-scheme with which the Sun, mirrored in the placid waters of the Canal, adorns the façades of stately palaces.

Now for the first time we perceive how the occasional masses of bloom that here and there gracefully overtop

the confining limits of garden walls, the red tapestries and window-cushions, the many-coloured posts before the palace watergates, all ring out as dominant notes in this bewildering and overwhelming symphony of colour —like trumpet blasts bursting through the smooth flow of a peaceful *Andante*.

Returning, then, to the haven of San Marco and the Riva degli Schiavoni, with senses exalted and pulses quickened by this riot of colour, our perceptions are keen to appreciate the living art presented by the motley throng of the populace. And once again are we confirmed in the truth of our previous contention—that the art of Venice can be thoroughly understood only by those who have previously loitered with observant eye amidst the daily round of Venetian life, marking the panorama of her streets and canals, the rich colouring of her harbour, the glory of her golden light, and her picturesque types of humanity.

Even the Piazza San Marco, with its wealth of glittering palaces, wears a new aspect in the eyes of those who return to it from a tour along the Grand Canal. For at last those eyes are opened to the truth which, as yet unrevealed, underlay their first impression of Venice, that she has remained unique among all the cities of the earth for the reason that she is the true and only Fairy City, whose magic charm holds us all the more strongly enthralled from the very ruthless manner in which the unsparing plane of practical Utilitarianism has reduced to one uniform dead-level the capital cities which form our remaining centres of Art Culture.

INDEX

ACCADEMIA, 9, 75
Artists—
Bellini, Gentile, 10, 13, 15
Bellini, Giovanni, 10, 14, 46, 52, 59, 61, 65
Bellini, Jacopo, 10, 13
Bonifazio, 10, 24
Bordone, Paris, 10, 23, 60
Bregno, Antonio (Rizzo), 28, 32, 46
Buon Family, the, 28
Buon, Giovanni, 28
Campagna, Girolamo, 28, 45, 51, 61, 66, 70
Canaletto, 26
Carpaccio, 10, 15, 56, 60, 82
Cima da Conegliano, 10, 15, 50, 60, 63, 68
Danese, Cattaneo, 28, 51, 57
Donatello, 47, 53
Giambono, Michele, 9, 12
Giorgione, 64, 74, 80
Jacobello del Fiore, 9, 12
Leopardi, Alessandro, 28, 51, 63, 83
Lombardo Family, the, 28, 55, 77
Lombardo, Antonio, 28, 49, 52
Lombardo, Pietro, 28, 32, 49, 55, 61, 78, 83
Lombardo, Tullio, 28, 49, 52, 57, 61
Longhena, 28, 74, 76, 82, 84
Longhi, Pietro, 26, 82
Lotto, Lorenzo, 10, 23, 50, 65, 68
Mantegna, 10, 13
Masegne Family, the, 27, 51
Murano, Antonio da, 9, 59
Artists (*continued*)—
Murano, Giovanni da, 9, 59
Palladio, 28, 34, 69, 74
Palma Giovane, 51, 65
Palma, Vecchio, 10, 22, 23, 51, 57, 63
Pordenone, 10, 24, 68, 76
San Michele, 28, 79
Sansovino, 28, 32, 43, 48, 55, 57, 68, 75, 76, 77, 79
Scamozzi, 28, 75
Tiepolo, 26, 35, 60, 65, 69, 83, 84
Tintoretto, 10, 25, 34, 35, 36, 39, 41, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 69
Titian, 2, 10, 17, 20, 21, 22, 34, 37, 45, 47, 51, 52, 56, 62, 66, 67, 68, 74, 77, 80, 81
Verocchio, 54
Veronese, Paolo, 2, 10, 24, 35, 36, 39, 40, 41, 42, 56, 62, 64, 68, 75
Vittoria, Alessandro, 28, 33, 45, 52, 53, 55, 58, 59, 64, 74, 77
Vivarini, Bartolommeo, 9, 46, 50, 60

BYRON, 72, 77

CANAL, the Grand, 71
Canova, Tomb of, 49
Chioggia, War of, 12, 74, 78
Churches—
S. Alvise, 65
SS. Apostoli, 62
S. Caterina, 62
S. Francesco della Vigna, 69
Frari, 44, 49, 65, 81

Churches (*continued*)—
Gesuiti, 62
Redentore, 69
S. Giorgio Maggiore, 69
S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni, 60
S. Giovanni Crisostomo, 60
S. Giovanni in Bragora, 60
S. Maria degli Scalzi, 84
S. Maria dei Miracoli, 61
S. Maria del Carmine, 68
S. Maria del Rosario, 69
S. Maria dell' Orto, 63, 65, 74
S. Maria della Pietà, 59
S. Maria della Salute, 74
S. Maria Formosa, 22, 57
S. Salvatore, 56, 81
S. Sebastiano, 68
S. Zaccaria, 58
SS. Giovanni e Paolo, 44, 45, 49, 77, 83
Colleoni, Monument of, 53

DUCAL PALACE, 27

FALIERO, Marino, 33, 75, 77
Fondaco dei Tedeschi, 80
Fondaco dei Turchi, 82
Foscari, the Doge Francesco, 46, 52, 76

GIANT'S STAIRCASE, 32

LIBRERIA, 71
Loggetta, 43

MANIN, 56, 79
Marco, Cathedral of S., 3, 4, 71
Marco, Piazza of S., 2, 71, 86
Murano, School of, 9, 12, 60
Museo Civico, 82

PALACES—
Balbi, 77
Barbarigo, 78
Bembo, 79
Bernardo, 78, 82
Cà d'Oro, 81
Contarini, 56, 74, 75, 77
Corner, 75, 76, 78
Dario, 75
Foscari, 76
Giustiniani, 74, 76
Grimani, 78, 79
Labia, 26, 83
Loredan, 79
Manin, 79
Mocenigo, 77
Pesaro, 82
Pisani, 78
Rezzonico, 76
Venier, 75
Vendramin Calergi, 83
Procuratie, 71

RIALTO, 80

SCUOLA DI S. ROCCO, 65

TITIAN, Tomb of, 45

VENDRAMIN, Monument of Doge, 51

ZECCA, 73

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