

At first sight, Cellini seems an anomaly. Not easily understood is such a mixture of tiger and saint. Hand in hand go bloodshed and brutality with thanksgiving and prayer to God. Explaining his many duels and murders, he simply says he was 'by nature somewhat choleric.' Stabbing in the dark, beating women, drunken brawls, wholesale butcheries, were not only every day doings, but seemed to him right, and inevitable results of a gentleman's life. And once offended, his rage so fevered his blood that he could neither eat nor sleep till he had slain or beaten some one. Once having been insulted by a man, he tells how he entered the room where the offender, and his family and relations were gathered together, and beat, kicked, cursed and stabbed them indiscriminately. Again having a verdict rendered against him in a French court of law, falling upon one of his opponents, and taking care not to wound him in a vital part, he so slashed his arms and legs as to make him incapable of carrying on the proceedings. And for this and every other mercy, Cellini forthwith 'returned thanks to the Supreme Being.'

Now after any unusually bloody and foolhardy deed, Benvenuto always gave thanks to God, 'Who extricated him from so many trials and difficulties.' Indeed he was not only religious, but the idea that he was favored of Heaven with a miraculous life, wholly swayed him. And to prove it he tells of his many wonderful sights and experiences. When a small child he once saw a salamander crawling in the fire. To impress the sight on his memory his father struck him a heavy blow. At another when sick, he vomited a marvelous worm, all hairy, black, green and red. While as a climax, after having escaped from the dungeons of St. Angelo, he relates that, as around the heads of saints and martyrs, so about his head, there shone from then till death a beautiful golden aureole.

Now lack of fear, frankness, and a love of noble qualities in man, were Cellini's best characteristics. To this last, a witness was his intense, profound hero-ship for Michael-Angelo Buonarroti. Of human dangers he had no fear: while supernatural terrors he faced with a courage rarely seen in superstitious times. Thus in the Colosseo, when the legions of raging devils called up by the Sicilian priest became 'above a thousand more in number than . . . . designed,' Cellini not only stilled his own terrors, but even calmed the trembling necromancer himself. However, his daring, to which was added a fierce, uncurbed temper, caused him endless trouble.

Of practical joking, Benvenuto was very fond. But as a rule his playful acts ended in blows and bloodshed. Once a society of artists being about to give a dinner, and Cellini having neglected to provide himself with a lady, put dresses on a beautiful boy named Diego, the contours of whose face, surpassed those of the ancient statue of Antonius, led him adorned with jewels to the entertainment. There the supposed woman created a great sensation. Even Michael-Angelo was so moved that kneeling down he said, "See in what form