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The Lion of Lucerne.

(By Florence Mayo Adams, in 'Forward'.)

The famous Lion of Lucerne has become well known in Europe and America through its numerous reproductions in photographs and casts; but only those who have seen the original of this wonderful piece of sculpture can form a true idea of its combined pathos and grandeur.

This colossal work is carved from the solid rock in a grotto near the city of Lucerne, in Switzerland. It represents a wounded lion lying in the throes of death, but still faithfully guarding the royal escutcheon, which bears the fleur-de-lis of France.

Carved in the rock, above the grotto, is this inscription:

HELVETIORUM FIDEI AC VIRTUTI.

To the fidelity and courage of the Swiss.

Below the lion are the names of the officers and soldiers of the Swiss Guard who died in the defense of the Tuileries, in Paris,

eighty-six, who bent his knee to the king and swore fidelity unto death. The palace was defended by seven hundred and fifty Swiss soldiers, in the red uniforms hitherto so awe-inspiring to the common people.

The unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, who was doomed to expiate the sins of his fathers, declared himself unwilling that these brave soldiers should suffer death in his defense, but they replied: 'We are Swiss. A Swiss soldier never lays down his arms. We will let ourselves be killed to the last man rather than fail in honor or betray the sanctity of our oaths.'

And they were true to their word. Although unsupported by the royal troops, lacking cartridges, and suffering through unwise generalship, they never wavered in courage, devotion or discipline; and every one of the brave Swiss guard died at the post of duty.

It was a sad sacrifice, followed by the cruel deaths of the king and queen and of

ed by the Swiss republic in honor of its heroic sons who sacrificed their lives for the cause which they had sworn to defend.

This masterpiece of sculpture is the work of the famous Dane, Bertel Thorwaldsen, who, although born in the far north, seems to have had the instincts, the ideals and the genius of the ancient Greeks.

The story of this Danish sculptor is one of the most delightful romances of real life. He was the son of a poor wood-carver; and spent his boyhood in Copenhagen, where he became a student in the free school of the Royal Academy of Art. Here he took several prizes in drawing; and at the age of twenty was the happy recipient of the gold medal and an annuity of one hundred and twenty dollars during a three years' course of study in Italy. Having bidden farewell to his parents, who, in their fondest dreams, could not have foreseen the great honors which their son was to attain, Thorwaldsen went to Rome, where for nine years he studied and worked in poverty and under the most discouraging circumstances. Driven almost to despair, he was at last on the point of returning to Denmark, when an English banker, Mr. Thomas Hope, chanced to visit the studio in which stood the now famous statue of 'Jason with the Golden Fleece.'

The art-loving Englishman at once perceived the touch of genius in this statue, and purchased it, paying the modest sculptor a much larger price than he had asked. From that day Thorwaldsen's success was assured. New commissions came to him. Kings and princes and famous men and women sought his friendship. The Royal Academy of Florence offered him a professorship; and very soon the academies of art in other European cities overwhelmed him with honors, while his native city sent him five hundred dollars in recognition of his genius.

Thorwaldsen visited his old home in Copenhagen after an absence of twenty-three years. His father and mother had died; and the great sculptor, who had left home as an unknown, penniless youth, returned as the guest of the king, and was lodged in the palace of Charlottenburg and entertained in princely state.

In 1838 Thorwaldsen again made a triumphal journey from Rome to Copenhagen, where he was again received with royal honors. Boats decked with garlands of flowers came out to meet the ship which bore him to his native city. Bands of musicians and a joyous procession, headed by the members of the Academy of Fine Arts, waited to greet him on his arrival; and the enthusiastic citizens took the horses from Thorwaldsen's carriage and drew it themselves through the streets of Copenhagen.

The famous sculptor must have been reminded at this time of his own work, the triumphal entry of Alexander into Babylon. He was, however, not inflated with pride, but still retained the simple, modest, kindly nature of his youth. He liberally endowed the museum at Copenhagen and bequeathed to it many of his finest works.

Thorwaldsen died in 1844; and his native city was draped in mourning. Every one, from the king to the humblest citizen, loved



THE LION OF LUCERNE.

between August 10th and September 2nd, 1792.

To fully appreciate the power and impressiveness of this monument one needs to recall the story of the heroic Swiss Guard who laid down their lives for the king and the royal family during the fearful days of the French Revolution. All the horror and agony, as well as the heroism of that terrible period, are expressed in the face of the dying Lion of Lucerne. We read there not only the story of the brave defense the Tuileries, but also one of the most pitiful chapters of French history.

It was in those days of the downfall of royalty that Louis the Sixteenth and the beautiful but ill-fated queen, Marie Antoinette, were forced to shut themselves up in their palace and listen to the howling of the mob which clamored for their blood.

The king and queen were attended by a company of noblemen, who still remained faithful to the royal family. They were led by Marshal de Mally, a brave old man of

their innocent children; but we will not say that it was a useless sacrifice, for no soldier who dies in the name of honor perishes in vain, and this example of the immortal Swiss Guard is an inspiration to all who are brought face to face with the test of conscience in any cause.

Thus we see in the face of the dying lion not only the battle of the Swiss Guard for the lilies of France, but the ideal struggle of humanity for the right. It is this expression of exalted devotion to duty which makes the Lion of Lucerne such a powerful work of art.

In this respect we can but be impressed with the difference between the Lion of Lucerne and the famous Lion of Assyrian sculpture which is now in the British Museum. The Assyrian lion is also dying from the wounds of a spear, but its face and figure express only physical suffering. The work has no moral significance. It moves our pity, but does not inspire our souls.

The Lion of Lucerne is a monument erect-