TAPESTRIES IN AMERICA.

By "ORUX."

OME weeks ago I gave the readers an account of that great and unique art of tapestry-making, with the story some of the most famous es of tapestry in Europe, as well as of the most famous tapestry-work ers of the past. It is a well fact that since Americans have com ed to accumulate millions, they have also begun to purchase some o e great masterpieces of painting and sculpture in Europe. The result is that many a costly gem of art is to be found in America to-day. And the same may be said of the great tapestries of the old world- not few have found their way across the Atlanti

In 1854, an enterprising American antiquarian, Mr. O. L. Sypher, se cured from the Barberini family which was forced to part with many heirlooms, to give a dowry to daughter of that house, three scenes, in tapestry, from the famous Roman elli and Riviere series of "scenes from the Life of Christ." Through this gentleman these tapestries came into the possession of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, on Morningside Heights. Every Sunday after service, the old verger shows and explains and tells the story of the tapestries to all who are curious to see them. The pieces cost \$75,000. The scenes represented are: "The Visit of the Wise Man," "The Resurrection." and "The Last Supper." It must be remarked that all who go to see these splendid wonks of art are told that they are specimens of the famous Goblein tapestries. How ever, they are no such a thing; they are from the Papal Manufactory, es tablished in Rome, in 1633, under Pope Urban VIII. They were made for Cardinal Francois Barberini, nephew of Pope Urban VIII., and for centuries they covered the walls of the Throne Room of the Cardinal's palace. It is a strange fate that these holy pictures worked with such masterly skill into a fabric of such exquisite texture, and so long the property of the Church that has been mothen and patroness of the arts, should have become the property of an alien church, and of one in which they no longer play the double roll as works of art and of devotion But such is the case. It was only Eugen within recent years that Muntz, Director of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, at Paris, unearthed mass of manuscript, long hidden in the famous Barberini Library, and which gives the history of the Papal Manufactory of Tapestries. The world associates tapestries with the Goblein factories of France. Yet we have learned of late that no member of the Goblein family ever made a yard of tapestry. One of the Gobins, in the fifteenth century, had a large dye house, some of his descendants secured some skilled tapestry workers from Flanders. Taking credit for the products of these men soomus, the Gobleins identified their names with the tapestries produced In 1625, their factories were at their zenith, when Cardinal Francois Barbecame Papal Legate to the Court of Louis XIII. He was SO much impressed by the beauty of the tapestries that he found in the churches and palaces of France, that resolved to found a like industry at Rome. He spent three years in studying the matter, at Blauvais and in Flanders. The Papal Manufactory was established under the patronage gested. The cartoon was the crea-

tione-degli-Scolari. The subject was the visit of the Virgm Mary to Elizabeth. To this day, the picture is regarded a chef d'oeuvre. The genius evinced so delighted the Fathers, that they encouraged the boy to re-turn to Rome and study with the gneat masters. His struggle with poverty soon ceased. One day while Romanelli was painting in the halls the Vatican, Cardinal Magolotti of

of the household of Pope Urban VIII, peeped over his shoulder and critic ally examined his work. So great was his pleasure in the talent displayed, that his interest in the . lad quickened. Subsequently he presented him to the all-powerful Cardinal Barperini, who, captivated by the boy, took him into his household, treated him as a gentleman of his suite, and encouraged him to apply himself diligently to his art, as ing him that if successful in his studies a brilliant career awaited Romanelli became the pupil of the famous Cortona, whose decoration of the ceiling of the Throne Room of the Barberini palace remains one of the masterpieces of art, and an ob ject of pilgrimage to art students at When Romanelli reached man hood, Cardinal Barberini commissioned him to paint two immense pic tures, designed as presents to the King of England. Before they were finished, however, the revolution the Protestants of England against the Catholic sovereign broke out The pictures never crossed the Channel, and they are to-day in the Bar berini palace, together with a "Pie-

Romanelli painted for the Pope. ta' "His fame spread throughout Europe: his work was known in every court, so munificently did his patro employ him in designing gifts for the reigning sovereigns. Pope Urban commissioned him to paint the frescoes in the Salon Clementina in the Vatican, and there he opened school of painting, to which pupils came from all parts of Italy. The school was only abandoned when Romanelli was summoned to Paris by the King of France, where he reseveral years in the royal mained service. Ripe in the best traditions of the schools of Paris, he returned to Rome and began his career as Director of the Papal Tapestry Manu-

factory. "Scarcely less gifted than Roman elli was Riviere, the superintendent of dyers and weavers. Of French birth was this master weaver, whose fame was carned in Italy. The first work executed at the Papal Manufactory by Riviere, of which there is authentic account, was a "Nativity destined for the high altar in the chapel of the Apostolic Palace. More important were the six tapestries voven in gold, silver and silk, one fon the top, four for the sides, and an altar screen, all for the ornamentation of the Sistine Chapel. The subjects were the "Nativity of Christ," 'His Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem," "His Glorious Resurrection." etc. No trace of these Sistine tapes tries can now be found. In the Sciarra Palace at Rome there are / two tapestries by Riviere representing events in the life of Pope Urban VIII. They are fnamed like pictures and form part of a rich collection of paintings, so highly are they prized as works of art. No less than one hundred and twenty-five tapestries comprise the collection of the Barberini family, the greater part of which are signed by Rivierer and bear the princely crown and family coat of arms.

The master weavers of that day did not servilely copy the cartoons of the painters. While adhering to design and subject, they wove ac cording to their individual interpretation of the subject, changing th colors and altering background and accessories, where their skill and experience and in textile art sug-

while it took Riviere and his ants sixteen years to translate them into tapestry. Each piece varies in size from fifteen feet in height to twelve by seventeen feet in width. In the four corners of each tapestry are the armorial bearings of Urban VIII. This emblazonry is a field of azure with three golden bees encircled by a wreath. In the centre of the tor borders shines a sun, which the Bar berini adopted, as a crest to their escutcheon. It symbolizes the luster shed upon the family name by elevation of Urban to the Papacy. In the centre of the top border several of the tapestries there is an old Roman plough to which are har-nessed two bees, while a third bee acts as ploughman. The harne bees are emblematic of the increasing activity of the great Papal states man in the advancement of the affairs of Church and State. In the centre of the sides and bottom borders of most of the pieces there is in the right a figure of Faith, holding a cross; on the left, Hope clasps her below is Charity suckling and; child. Woven in each tapestry is the signature of the cantoonist, Roman elli, and the superintendent of the weavers, de la Riviere. Frequently the signatures are accompanied by the date of manufacture. Variation in design adds interest to the borders. In "The Flight into Egypt" and "Map of the Holy Land" (dated the 1652), the middle of the top borders is decorated with two winged cherubs, one crowned by a circlet of flowers, the other supporting a medallion wreath. In "The Flight into Egypt," the wreath encircles the words Aegyptus Snactificata (Ble Egypt). In "The Map of the Holy it frames Terra Sancta Land,' (Holy Ground). Palm tnees, alligators and the Pyramids of Egypt sustain the interest of this lower border, while in panels on the sides are reproduced the picturesque wayside chapels to be seen to-day along the

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

painted the cartoons in one

roadways of Southern Italy. Each picture of the tapestry is framed, as it were, by richly decorated interior and exterior borders. The interior encloses the scene, and the exterior the border proper. "So indelibly are the scenes in the Life of Christ impressed upon the eye and in the heart of every Christian, that it is needless to reproduce

here the subject matter of these wonderful Barberini tapestries. Aside from skilled draughtsmanship and exquisite harmony of coloring, they re flect vividly, despite the ages, the reverential faith, fervor and devotion of that Christian art, which under the fostering love of the Church continues to preserve the Word. Only pure, simple, fervent faith could have guided the brush of Romanelli and thr broche of Riviere in depicting these events in the life of our viour. How could the humility and submission of Mary in the presence of the angel; the earnest and profound homage of the Shepherds and the Magi, and the reverential awe and holy joy of Mary in the Adoration; the unflinching faith and thust in the repose before the flight into Egypt the religious fervor of John and the abnegation of the Saviour in the Baptism; the bewildering astonishment of the Disciples and the glory of Christ in the Tnansfiguration; th ntense solemnity and anxiety of the Disciples, and the loving sadness of our Saviour in the Last Supper; temptation and suffering of Christ the beauty of the ministering ind Angels in the Passion; the agony and resignation of our Saviour and th pitiful sorrow and devotion of the Marys in the Crucifixion: the glorious offulgence and heavenly triumph the Resurrection-appeal to us powerfully through the warp and yoof of these time-worn tapestries, had not cartoonist and weaver paint-

Uur Curbstone Observer last moments there was to be heard a hymn of jubilation, in honor of the jubilee of Montreal's beloved Archbishop. But like all things human the year expired with a piero cry of anguish. The fearful catastrophe that wiped out six hundred ON MIDNIGHT BELLS lives-principally young and hopeful

HEN Poe wrote his famous poem of "The Bells," he included, as he thought every imaginable kind of bell that can awaken a sentiment-joyous, or sad, of triumph or of terror-in the heart of man. The sleigh-bells; the alarm-bells; the fire bells; the funeral-bells; the tocsin; all find a place in those harmonic verses But the poet has not sung the midnight bells; yet they also have their importance. I have heard them mor than once, and I always found them sublime. On many a Christmas Eve have heard the bells calling the faithful to the Midnight Mass. Or one occasion it was out in the country, I was very young, and greatest is that of life. When first time I had been allowed to go to that grand ceremony in honor of dreds who have fallen by the the birth of Christ. As we neared the village, on the cold, crisp, forsty air of the night came floating a cross the white fields the notes of the old Church bell, and they seemed to of witnessing the dawn of me, under that starry canopy, like the prelude to the song of the angels that rang over Judean hills.

On another occasion the bells the night-time produced a wonderful effect upon me. Some of the readers will recall that famous pilgrimage to Rome taken by the Irish Catholics of Montreal. The vessel that carried the pilgrims was long overdue. Day after day passed and no news of her arrival on the other side came. The anxiety was greater than I can describe. Finally the calls for inform ation became so numerous and 80 persistent that it was decided that the moment news reached the Palace the bells of the city churches would announce it to the people. From that moment forward every ear was strained for the sound of the bells. I remember it, as if it had been yesterday. I was talking to a friend that night on the corner of Bleury and St. Catherine streets. We were in the midst of a conversation when uddenly the air vibrated and the boom of the big Bourdon rolled, like a minute-gun, over the city. A score of bells took up the carillon, until the steeples and domes seemed to shake with unwonton sound. It was a message of intense joy, of almost stunning nelief; it told the city that the pilgrim ship was safe. Ten thou sand hearts beat, that night, in ac-

THE KNELL OF 1903 .- All these recollections arose in my mind Thursday night last, when, standing outside my own door-just at midnight-I heard the alarm bells and the Church bells ring out the passing of one year and the birth of anothe one. That was a solemn moment and it was rendered many-fold more solemn by the might crash of the city bells. I stood for several minlistening to those midnight utes bells, and as their notes vibrated on my ears I had visions of the past and glimpses of the future; I beheld the scenes of the past twelve month go by in solemn and panoranic proession; and these were followed 53 the ghostly figures of scenes that may come to us in the year that we now commence. There was no mis-taking the events of 1903; but those had not cartoonist and weaver paint-ed and woven into them the inmost they were taking place behind a cur-

SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1904.

Then coming nearer home I had a rision of the political turmoil of the

ongest and most extraordinary ses on that our Dominion has even

-in the Chicago theatre.

personal recollections, all of

the whole, the year that has

had its share of blessings, its

unto the day."

shouting, blowing

ment later a poor woman,

that was cheerless on that

which I had learned by heart

They ran thus:-

surround;

giddy mirth,

dance along,

And all the sad variety of pain

death,

bleed,

and man.

mon use

bread

winds

hut,

on-glooms; 1

drink the cup

flood,

10

of

of

How

proud,

singing

lives

wn. And as the year neared its

The social tear would rise, the social And into clear perfection, gradual still, the social passions Refining

work.' . . .

This passage tells more eloquently than I could ever pen the sentiments that, with the midnight chiming, welled within the breast, and accompanied the last adieu to 1903.

These are some of the leading events that arose before me as I VISIONS OF 1904. - And even in that brief moment did I dream of all that might come to us with heard the bells ring out the Old dawning year. When Campbell wrote Year. Then there were not a few his "Pleasures of Hope" he touched which his "Pleasures of Hope" he touched upon one of the tweest chords that vibrates in that "harp of a thou-sand strings"—the human heart. We do not interest the public. Each individual has his or her share of the same and each can better recall them live in perpetual hope. We hope for than I can do so for them. There were disappointments that have left the best from the year upon whose course we enter. We expect that the their impress, there were sorrows sorrows of the dead year will not be that have left their scars. But, on renewed in the year to come; gone look upon the silver side of the porshield, and we behold reflected in its tion of good things, and for all of these did my heart feel grateful to mirror, ambitions satisfied, anticipations realized, loves increased, joys the expiring year as its knell was rung. Rather should I say my heartmultiplied. It is well that we should felt grateful to God for those many have that glorious hopefulness; for favors. Amongst them the first and even when it proves to be a mere we marsh-light on our pathway, still we have had the pleasure of its enjoylook around and think of the hunment for a time. It is this, waythinks, that lends such a glow to the side-"tired pilgrims on life's jour Christian's life-the "hope in a union ney"-during the year just gone, we hereafter," in the neward promised be thankful to a kind Provifor all the sufferings of earth. dence who has given us the privilege must be a cold and hollow life, that year. Then there is the boon of one into which no ray of hope comes. health; when one sees all that How much the poor atheist is deserving of pity. The heart feels for curbstone observer beholds in his rounds, he can appreciate the blesshim, and a great charity takes posing of health. It is needless to now ession of it when the mind reflects upon the blank, chill, meaningless enumerate all the other good gifts of future that he digs out of the yet to God-food, clothing, shelter, friend be and into which he is content to ships, endearments-they are all summed up in the one word "sufficient plunge. No hope means always no faith, and no faith implies no char-

ity. There are things that the coming AN OLD QUOTATION .- And while year will infallibly bring to us; those bells were minging there passed a sleigh laiden with young people, there are others that may, or may not come. Of the former some are sad to contemplate, others are very and 'exhibiting every sign of an expleasant to anticipate. Without a uberance of festive pleasure. A modoubt there are hundreds, and thouscarcely sands, in all walks of life who are clothed, in her rags, glided along in gay and full of health to-day and the shadow, carrying perhaps a load for whom the midnight bells will be of bread that Charity had bestowed soundless when 1904 goes out. Most certainly there will be sickness, mison her, destined may be to a home New ery, and crime during the coming Year's Eve. And as she flitted a year. We hope that none of all long, and the echo of the other joythese ills will come home to any of ous sounds died away, I could not our friends, to any of those who are dear to us. And if they should, we refrain from repeating to myself, lines from Thomson's "Scasons" have simply to accept them in the in same spirit that we accept the blessyears when my own cares were few. ings that are also sure to come. cannot control the events -good or 'Ah! little think the gay licentious bad-of the approaching year; but we can strive to labor, to unite, to

bend our energies in a proper direc-tion and to do, each in his individu-Whom pleasure, power, and affluence, They who their thoughtless hours in al sphere, all that lies in his power to hasten the advent of all that is good. Of the things that may hap-pen many now crowd upon my mind. And wanton, often cruel, riot waste; Ah! little think they, while they In the broad national field I can How many feel this very moment catch a glimpse of a new structure erected by patriotic hands and bless-ed by God. It is the stately edifice How many sink in the devouning of Ireland's legislative autonomy. Is it but a vision? I cannot tell; but I seem to see it in all its substantial perfection. I behold the mighty in-Or more devouring flame, llow many By shameful variance petwixt man fluence of Christ's immortal Church extending more and more over the How many pine in want, and dungeface of God's earth, and the cross driving before it-as in the days of Shut from the common air, and com-Constantine - the enemies of human happiness. I see plenty spread over the land and the just rewanded for their own limbs. How many their unceasing labors. I behold the baleful grief, or eat the bitter hydra-headed demon of social disorder crushed beneath the heel of a more noble and a more Christian misery. Sone pierced by wintry morality. I can detect the hand of mency effacing the tears that many shrink into the sordid have wrought channels down the cheeks of Of cheerless poverty. How many poverty. I see the red-hand of crim

The Lesson Of the Birth o

SATURDAY,

SEF PREA REV. D. J. C.S ST. CHU MONT

Mary brought fo Son, and wrapped

dling clothes, an manger. Luke 2:7 "The feast of th Our Lord and Sa From the year 51 tion of the world, beginning created 2957 from the del birth of Abraham and the exodus o Israel out of Egy anointment of Da 65th week, accord cy of Daniel, in th the 752nd year of the city of Ro of the reign of th tus, when there w out the whole we age, Jesus Christ, of the Eternal Fatl sanctify the world ed Advent, was co Ghost, and nine conception was b Judea, of Mary came man.

With these so brethren, the Chur birth of Jesus Ch Martyrology. In two panticular mentioned, which tion, and which we evening for our in cation, namely: Lord's birth and t the happy event of The Nativity of the time foretold The Patriarch Ja time of the comin, when he said: "Th be taken away from from his thigh to be sent, the expectat

According to this deemer was to com would have departe is to say, when lost their indepe longer be governed the tribe of Juda has been fulfilled in he was born the J dominion of the Herod was not a da, but an Idumeau selves acknowledge king, for they said have no King but The prophet Dar the year in which appear and accomp the Redemption.

briel appeared and that from the time a king, Jerusalem should be rebuilt. of Christ sixty-nine that is, four hu three years, shou and t ith its

cord with the clash and clang of the iron-tongued heralds of the gladsom

ed for fifty years. The artist Je Francois Romanelli was made pr veyor of cartoons for the factor include a second for the factor while Jacques de la Riviere was sector of weavers and dyers. The history of this industry and the biographies of these artists as the biographies of these artists as the biographies of these artists and the biographies of these artists and in a very concise manner, by hady writer, in a number of Dom hoe's, published some three year ago. I have only some extracts that article at hand, and the fir page, with the writer's name missing, hence the impossibility for me to give due credit to the one whi I will quote the following passage "Romanelli was a native of Vite ho, Italy. So remarkable was ha optitude for drawing, that his pa ents sent him, at the age of the years, to his uncle at Rome, whe he had not only a home, but oppo- tunities for instruction, which we beyond their humble means. The death of his uncle forced him, for years inter, to return to Viterby where he entered the schools of the Jasuit Fathers. So rapid was ha progress in art studies, that the F these commissioned him to paint.	 tion of one artist, the tapestry the combined labor of artist and master weaver. The difference between tapestry and embroidery is radical. The pictures produced in tapestry are an integral part of the texture, while in embroidery the design is laid on a tissue already existing. Tapestry, as is well known, is always the work of the hand. Mechanical reproduction to of the same design is impossible in its fabrication. Each picce turned trom the loom is distinctly original. Tapestries are as old as the Book of Proverbs, where we read: "I have covered it 'with painted tapestry in Belgium, and Germany, many nuns became celebrated as tapestry in Belgium, and Germany, many nuns became celebrated as tapestry in Belgium, and Germany, many nuns became celebrated as tapestry in Belgium, and Germany, many nuns became celebrated as tapestry is a for the Papal manufactory flourishing during the beginning of art decader its cartoonists. Of all the tapestries of the Fapal manufactory, which be of the Papal manufactory, which be ar the signature of Romanelli and Riviere, none perhaps surpass 'Scenes from the Life of Christ," which vicis situde of fortunes has brought to our shores. Romanelli is said to have 	viere learned from past experience the truth of the saying that "the vello of the future is woven by the Hands of the Mercy." But MEMORIES OF 1903.— The mild night bells rang for only a few min t of the so that brief space sufficed to allow the mind to range over the tweet works that brief space sufficed to allow the mind to range over the tweet works that have gone. One aur- ty one bright stars came out on the set- the sky of 1903, and one by one they rean. In that short vision I beheld the sky of 1903, and one by one they rean. In that short vision I beheld the sky of 1903, and one by one they rean. In that short vision I beheld the sky of 1903, and one by one they rean. In that short vision I beheld the crowned head of the illustrious tory Leo XIII., disappear from the scene upon which his august presence had, for over a quarter of a century, cast is son—even as the unbroken succession of Pontiffs from the days of Peter — the world beheld the unmistakable in action of the Holy Ghost in the in- spired election of the gentle and saintly Pius X. While gazing upon the vanishing the year I beheld the reigning sovereigm of Great Britin passing, as a friend amongst the people of Ireland, and	 shake with all the flercer tortures of the mind' Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse; Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life. They furnish matter for the tragic muse. Even the vale where Wisdom loves to dwell, With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation, joined. How many, tacked with honest passions, droop In deep-retired distress. How many stand Around the death-bed of their dearest friends, And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills That one incessant struggle render life. One scene of toll, of suffering, and of fate, VIOE in his high career would stand appalled. And heedless rambling IMPULSE learn to think; The conscious heart of CHARTTY 	been melted by the glowing sun. These and a thousand other plotures I behold; but the pity is that they may, after all, be only plotures and not realities. The midnight bolls have ceased to ring; the old year 1903, with its crimes and its follies. its virtues and its glories, is finally laid away in the vast tomb of the past. The new year, 1904, is with us, and, for good or for ill, with him have we to do until the sun shall again have reached the short- est days and the world shall once more experience the longest nights. Henceforth, for a time, the light will drive the darkness before it; the morns will be earlien and the even- ings later-and "the days of the spring will grow longer, the nearer the fulness of June." May the lives of each and all be like the days, constantly, gradually, surely grow- ing brighter, warmer, longen, more		three years, shou with the Redeemer death and those the void perish, and the perish, and the services of the Old and the Kingdom of actifices of the Old and the Kingdom of the very letter; when by the commer king, Artaxerse, J uilt to the time of Orisit, exactly sixty years, or four hum three years elapsed. the seventieth week of a the Romans, under we destroyed Jaruss on the Jaruss her to the Jaruss her
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