

Stories
of the
German Artists

By
Prof. Dr. Hans W. Singer

With Illustrations

Toronto
The Musson Book Company
Limited

THE AMBASSADOR
From the print
King of Holstein in the National Gallery

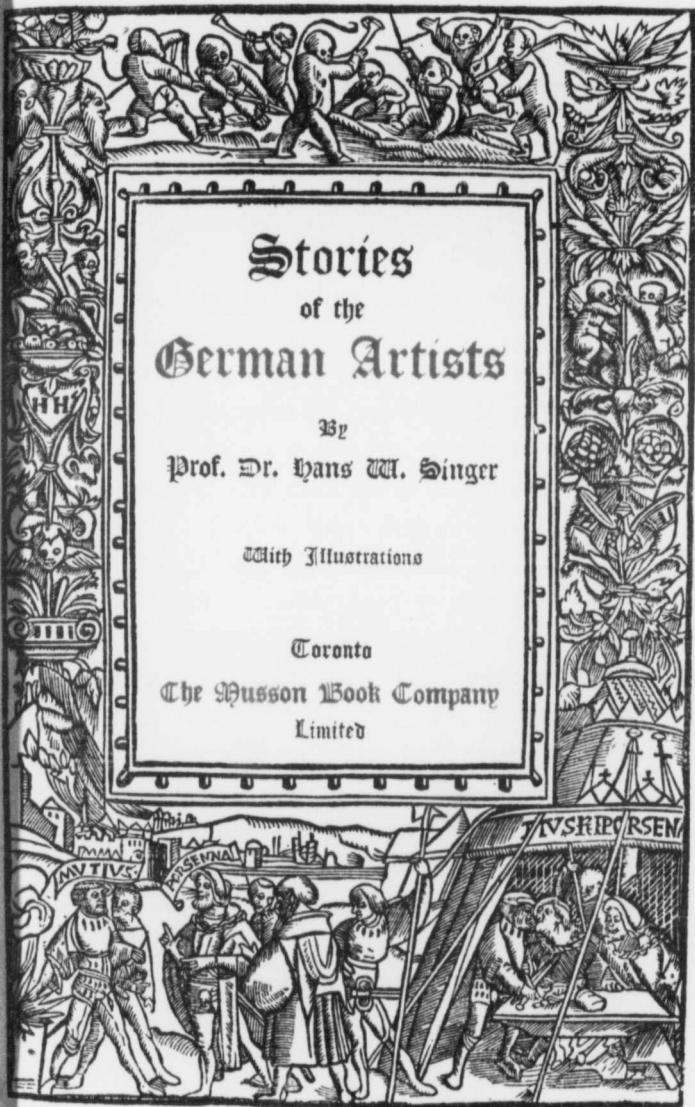


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THE AMBASSADORS. *From the painting by Holbein in the National Gallery*





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PREFACE

THE existence of a book like Sandrart's *Teutsche Akademie* made it possible for me to carry out the present volume on the lines mapped out for the whole series. Sandrart, however, is no Vasari, and it would not have been advisable merely to furnish a translation of Sandrart alone. After once having given the reader an impression of *quasi* contemporary criticism as it is to be found in Sandrart, I have considered it necessary, in most cases, to add such facts and corrections as had been left for later ages to discover. But although Sandrart, the main source of the present book, lived more than a hundred years after the great epoch of German art, his accounts may be accepted as in a way contemporary. For he always endeavoured, and was sometimes able, to interview old men whose teachers had seen and spoken with the great artists, and whose vivacious accounts Sandrart thus had by word of mouth.

The plan of the book has imposed restrictions upon the present writer. If minor men are

treated more at length than some artists of prime
 importance, it is, of course, merely because the
 "sources" contained more information about the
 one class than about the other. It is necessary
 to call to mind the title of the volume, which
 runs, "Stories of the German Artists," and not
 "History of German Art."

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STORIES OF THE GERMAN ARTISTS

CHAPTER I

THE EARLY MASTERS OF THE SCHOOL OF COLOGNE

THE historian of modern Italian art can follow his subject back as far as the thirteenth century, and in his researches about its very birth he encounters definite personalities, names that have the ring and touch of something real about them. We possess a good deal of precise information about Cimabue, for example, and can follow him on his way from Florence to Rome and Assisi; pretty sure records of his birth and death, his works and his pupils, have been handed down to us. When we come down to the next generation, we find very little that is hazy, or left to conjecture only, about a man like Giotto di Bondone.

How differently do matters lie as soon as we

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cross the Alps and direct our research towards the primitive stages of German art! It is, of course, scarcely a matter of surprise that here every new departure should have occurred at least a full century later. The art of the brush is known to the true mediæval ages only in two forms—as practised by the illuminator of manuscripts, and, again, by the mural decorator. Each of these practitioners was dependent, a minor agent who scarcely could claim to be considered the bearer of a separate and self-reliant art. The independence of painting rested upon the introduction of the *easel* picture, and this occurred north of the Alps in the course of the fourteenth century; but how slight was the recognition achieved when the novelty had come! No less a man than Dante mentioned and celebrated Cimabue. Who ever mentioned, let alone immortalised, the painters of the Cologne School? It is an astonishing fact that from the earliest times down to the beginning of the sixteenth century the name of only *one* single artist among them all has been handed down to us in connection with his work, and even this we do not owe to contemporary writers, but to a much later man—a man, indeed, who was among the first to claim for the artist that degree of atten-

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tion and esteem which he has since so plentifully received—to Albrecht Dürer.

There are many circumstances which apprise us of the low estimation in which art was held during the evanescence of the Middle Ages, but none enforces the point upon us with greater effectiveness than this. Truly, indeed, the man whom later ages have looked up to almost as to a special kind of being, and about whose work more hubbub has been raised than about any other profession almost, was then held for a mere craftsman, an artisan like every one else. And though he may have done as charming work as he whom we now style Master Wilhelm, or as beautiful and important work as he whom we now style the Master of the Life of the Virgin, or as strangely uncommon and startling productions as the Master of the St. Thomas Altarpiece, yet he was no more deemed worthy of being cherished in the memory of ages to come as an individual than the good fellow who tailored well-fitting clothes, or he who joined tables and chairs well, or he who perhaps excelled as a pastry-cook.

Knowing this to have been the condition of affairs, we will not be surprised to learn that a story of early German art must present an alto-

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gether different appearance from that of its Italian counterpart. It is a difficult and, at the very outset, not exactly a satisfactory thing, for history to begin with conjectures, intangible things, and supposititious names. Until one or two generations ago the story of German art began virtually with the sixteenth-century men. Recent research, labouring in the face of unparalleled difficulties, has done much, miraculously much, to throw a light upon the work and the men prior to the year 1500. The Schools of Tyrol, of Nuremberg, of Suabia, Switzerland, and the Middle Rhine, have been investigated. Many a separate personality begins to loom up out of the haze in distinct and clear outlines—distinct and clear as to everything except his name and the facts of his life; in other words, clear as to his artistic intentions and achievements. But all of this concerns as yet the special student only. There are only two features or items prior to Dürer and his contemporaries which can claim the interest of the general public so far—they are Martin Schongauer and the School of Cologne.

The popularity of the School of Cologne is of itself a proof of the fact that it is the most important school among the German Primitives. That this should have come to be the case is neither

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a matter of chance nor one for wonder. Until the year 1450 or thereabouts, Cologne was distinctly the metropolis of Germany. Its vicinity to the Netherlands, the Burgundian realm, and to France will have gone for much to effect this end. Above all, its commanding position upon the great thoroughfare, the Rhine, will have gained for it a position which insured importance and wealth. Though the fine arts were despised, as we have seen, they were even at that time a luxury, and they depended upon superfluity of money for their very existence then as they do now. Cologne assumed at that early age a position which was occupied much later by a town that had in a similar way become exceptionally rich through commerce—I mean London. It became the great attractor of talent ever since it was become the great market. For, strange to say, as far as we have been able to ascertain, not one of the many masters that form the School of Cologne—certainly none of the most important ones—was a native of the town. The earliest came from Suabia and the Upper Rhine; later ones from Westphalia, the Middle Rhine, then from the Dutch and the Flemish Lowlands. Each brought some home features with him, yet each seems to have accommodated his style at

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once to the spirit that prevailed at Cologne; and though we can trace their schooling every time, we should never think of merely classing them with the schools they originally came from. They all have a distinct Cologne character, protean as it is, about them. Thus we are, after all, very well justified in speaking of the School of Cologne.

In passing the principal members of the School in review before the reader, there will be scarcely any biographical facts to be submitted, and scarcely more of contemporary or even early notices. In the main the account will have to consist of an enumeration of the principal works of each artist, and a brief indication of the peculiarities of his style, to be left as objective as possible.

Master Wilhelm of Herle and Hermann Wynrich of Wesel are the names of two early painters of Cologne that are met with in the records. In the Chronicle of Limburg we find, *sub anno* 1380: "About this time there lived a painter at Cologne, whose name was Wilhelm. He was the best painter in all countries of the German tongue, and he was esteemed by the masters, for he painted every man of any kind, just as if he were alive."

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From Guild-books, and other contemporary documents, we learn that there was a master painter Wilhelm living at Cologne about that time. His name was Wilhelm von Herle, and he bought, with his wife Jutta, one of the houses opposite the Augustine convent in the year 1358. During the years 1370 and 1371 his name recurs several times in connection with pecuniary transactions, and he must by that time have been pretty well off, for he buys annuities for himself and his wife, the said Jutta. About this time we also find several records of payments to him for work executed on behalf of the city. Particularly on the 14th of August 1370, he is paid nine marks for illuminating the book in which oaths were registered. This very frontispiece, however — probably representing a "Crucifixion" — has been torn out of the book by some ruthless hand, which is exceedingly deplorable, since it would be, if we still possessed it, at least one example of this master's art, the authenticity of which would be above suspicion. He is not mentioned again before the year 1378, but this time as having died, and the occasion refers to the disposal of his property among his heirs. It is divided between his widow Jutta and his sister Christina, share and share alike. In the course

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of various transfers it appears that presently Jutta invests part of the property again in an annuity, and this annuity is registered in her favour and in that of Hermann Wynrich of Wesel, Master Wilhelm's principal scholar and prop of his studio, whom, according to the guild custom of the times, the widow Jutta had married. In August of the year 1378 they established each other as sole heirs in the case of either's demise. Purchases of annuities and of houses, some of them effected in Jutta's name along with his own, prove that Hermann thrived as a painter. Jutta had died by midsummer 1395; she had borne neither of her two husbands any children. Hermann was married a second time within two years of his first wife's death. He prospered and accumulated more wealth. He was chosen into the Municipal Council in 1397, 1400, 1403, 1410, and 1413, in which last-named year he must have died, leaving a widow and four children.

Such are the scanty records which have been handed down to us concerning the everyday life of these men. It has become customary to ascribe to the elder of the two a number of paintings, clearly the best of the School, and clearly by one and the same hand. The only

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grounds for this were that it is natural to connect the best work of the time with that name whom contemporary accounts call the most renowned painter. Thus it happens that to this day this set of pictures is ascribed in gallery catalogues to Master Wilhelm of Cologne. Later criticism has sought to establish that the paintings in question more likely belong to the end of the century, that is, to a period subsequent to Master Wilhelm's death. Consequently it is claimed that Hermann Wynrich of Wesel is their author, if indeed they may be ascribed to either of the two. But even this is a matter of conjecture.

The principal picture of the set, perhaps, is a "Madonna with the Pea-blossom" at the Cologne Museum. It is a moderate-sized triptych, showing in the centre the Madonna, a half-length, holding a pea-blossom in her left hand, and supporting the Christ-child on her right arm. The child itself is almost naked, and it holds a golden rosary in its left, while it raises its right hand to its mother's face. The interior wings show St. Catherine and St. Barbara, the exterior the mocking of Christ. "The interior panels are exquisitely finished, and the power of coloration is equal to that of oil painting,

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with an extremely soft *sfumato*. The type of the heads displays a refined, longish oval, round open eyes, a small mouth, and a long chin. The draughtsmanship of the heads is by no means correct, yet they display uncommon charm, and the expression is one of unsullied simplicity and purity."

"In sweet chaste modesty the Virgin looks down, as if some one had just exclaimed: 'Happy mother!' and she had not found a word to reply, flurried as she was with her secret joy. The reply is contained in the gesture of the Christ-child." There is an attempt to emphasize the purely human element in the scene, to characterise the mutual love between mother and child, and further, there lies the truly human worship of fair womankind embodied in the painting. The mainspring of this work, and all that are grouped with it, is a joyous but peaceful youthfulness, a certain sanguine ardour and admiration for loveliness. We scarcely ever find any dramatic grasp, and the bitter sides of life do not seem to exist for this master or these masters, for even the solemn and tragic incidents of the Passion are touched with a light hand that desires not to harp upon what is saddening.

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Museum in Nuremberg, not quite as fascinating as the Cologne example, however, and the same holds good of a "St. Veronica with the Sudarium," now in the Museum at Munich.

The largest and, from one point of view, most important work of this group is a large altar-piece now in a chapel of the cathedral at Cologne, which was painted originally for the Franciscan Nunnery dedicated to St. Clara. This nunnery was founded at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and soon became a sort of place of refuge for the noblest dames and virgins of Cologne and its vicinity. In the year 1327 certain relics of St. Constance, St. Ursula, and her martyrs were unearthed and housed here, which gave additional splendour to the place.

The altar-piece is divided into twenty-four compartments, separated by Gothic carvings, and in them the life of the Saviour is told. It was in its time an ideal representative of what painting originally purported to be, the literature of the unlettered, a book of information for those unable to read. Even a person of our own time, contemplating this large altar-piece, will be struck by a certain kind of vivacity that the scenes display, almost as much as by the apparent imperfections in drawing and limitations of

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colouring, which are, of course, part and parcel of the early period during which the pictures were completed. There are little *genre-traits*, if one may call them so, to be detected in almost every panel. The little Christ-child apparently enjoys its bath in an altogether human manner, the contemplation of which is likely to distract pious beholders, who look solely for elevation. Again, when it is presented in the temple, it gaily leaves the priest with the swaddling clothes in his hand, and runs across the altar-table to its mother. In short, everywhere there is some feature taken directly from the life, more convincing and captivating than anything which merely originated in the imagination of some painter ever could be. It has been conjectured with great plausibility that these and similar scenes of the Passion and the Life of our Saviour bear a distinct relation to the common performances of mysteries and miracle plays. These shows were during the Middle Ages even a more important feature of daily life than the theatre is to us nowadays, and it is therefore only natural that they should have exercised some influence upon the art of the times. Even such a creation as Schongauer's famous "Bearing of the Cross" no doubt rests,

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as far as the composition goes, upon some representation that the artist had witnessed. The sets of Passion pictures follow the arrangement and order of the scenes in the mysteries, and it is a most natural explanation of the realistic features in the paintings, if we agree to deduce them from the religious stage representations. They must have suggested many a thing to the painter which he, during the mere process of designing a biblical picture, would never have hit upon.

Within the last year or two the paintings of the group just discussed have been receiving extraordinary attention at the hands of the student. It has been discovered that at the beginning of the nineteenth century these works were sorely tampered with and extensively repainted. When these modern coatings were removed from the panels of the St. Clara altar-piece, quite a different kind of type and draughtsmanship appeared. The main lines of the design remain the same, even after the removal of the later repaintings, but the character of the work corresponds more to what we would expect of an earlier period, and so perhaps, after all, we may be justified in looking upon Master Wilhelm as the author.

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Master Wynrich seems to have had no pupil who carried on his style; it was taken up about a generation later by a stranger who came to be the most important painter Cologne ever possessed, and who was clearly held for such already early in the sixteenth century. On his journey to the Netherlands Dürer passed through Cologne, and there he enters a notice in his diary such as does not reappear on any other one of all its many pages: "Paid two white pence for the unlocking of the altar-shrine which Master Stephen painted at Cologne." In those days paintings were placed to be seen, not hidden from view with the object of mulcting the traveller for a tip. We may well conclude that the picture must have been something quite extraordinary to have been guarded like a treasure which is too choice to be ordinarily on view. To this notice of Dürer's we owe the possibility of ascribing the painting, which was kept in the chapel of the Town Hall, to a known painter. Other authors, such as Georg Braun in his "Description of Cologne," which appeared in 1572, and Gelenius in his *De Magnitate Coloniae* (1645), testify to the regard in which this work was held; of all paintings in the town they mention only it, and

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say that it is one of the treasures which artists especially admire. One Quadt von Kinckelbach published a book on the "Glory of the German Nation" in 1609, and there we find a curious passage relative to Dürer's seeing the picture. He writes: "Nineteen years ago I worked for a goldsmith, who was an old, able artificer and a man well versed in things. He told me about a time when, as he understood from old, well-informed people, Albrecht Dürer came, in passing down (the Rhine), to an important and right worthy city, which it is not opportune to name this time, where, perhaps more out of service to (emperor) Maximilian than out of love of art, a masterly and uncommonly beautiful piece was shown him, and he was asked what he thought of it. Albrecht Dürer was hardly able to give utterance to his thoughts from wonder and astonishment at what he saw. Whereupon these men said to him: 'This fellow died in a hospital here' (intending a hidden sting at Dürer, as being one of those artists who seem to think so mighty much of themselves, and yet do not achieve more than wasting away in an almshouse in the end). 'Ah!' replied Dürer, 'be sure to boast of that; indeed, it will contribute much to your honour that you should refer

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disparagingly, and even contemptuously, to this man, who could have shed lustre upon your very name.'”

From the archives of Cologne we have gleaned that Stephen Lochner, for this was his name, bought a house in October 27th of the year 1442, along with his wife Lysbeth. Two years later he sold it and bought a better one near St. Alban's Church. But after that fortune does not seem to favour him any longer; he is compelled to mortgage his property in 1448. He had attained the rights of citizenship in the previous year. If his worldly affairs did not thrive, that did not injure his reputation, for in 1447 he was elected into the Council, and a second time in the year 1450, about Christmas time. Within the following twelve-month he died. The plague was raging at Cologne at that time, more especially in the quarter of the town in which he lived. Possibly it attacked him and he was transported to the hospital. This would account for the jibe about the hospital of the worthy councillors whom Dürer answered so pertinently. It is highly probable that he had been ailing for some time, and this would explain why, in spite of the esteem which he met with, he was unable



Stephen Loch



Stephen Lochner

Elser & Speckerman

MADONNA IN THE ROSE BOWER
(Cologne)

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to achieve a fortune. The conjecture as to his illness is based upon a statement of his inability to travel, which is contained in a letter written upon the 16th of August 1451, by the Council of Cologne to the Burgomaster at Meersburg on the Bodensee. The gist of this interesting document, shorn of its queer verbiage, is something like this: "We, the Council of Cologne, send best greetings to the Burgomaster and Council of Meersburg, wishing them everything good that we can. Wise, honourable, and especially good friends! Our citizen, Master Stephen the painter yclept Lochner, legitimate son of George Lochner and Alheid Lochnerin of sacred memory, your citizens deceased, has informed us that various goods and property have descended upon him by inheritance from his aforesaid parents in your town, which he would like to claim, but begs that grace may be granted him, since he is not yet able to go upon a journey. Therefore we beg of your honours and your kindness that the said inheritance, descending to him from the aforesaid parents, may be kept undivided and unmoved until the time, which shall be the very earliest possible, that he can travel and come to claim it."

From this document we learn that Stephen's

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family name was Lochner, and that he was a Suabian hailing from Meersburg, not far from Constance. We may also assume with a good deal of probability that he died comparatively young, seeing that his death occurred in the very same year as that of his parents.

Stephen Lochner's main creation, the so-called "Dombild," which to-day forms one of the principal treasures of the cathedral at Cologne, was painted to order by him for the chapel of the Town Hall. This chapel was consecrated in the year 1426, and about this time Stephen will probably have completed his picture. In it he had to introduce all the elements of the legend, which accounts for some of the patron saints of the town. On Twelfth Night, in the year 1268, the nobility in the neighbourhood of Cologne conspired with the Archbishop, and ventured an attack upon the city at night while everybody was asleep. Thereupon there was a great scare, the streets were filled with distracted people, and there was a wild helter-skelter. The enemy appeared to be on the verge of gaining their point, when, lo! a spectral army appeared upon the top of the walls of the town. It was St. Ursula, with her eleven thousand virgins and the Three Magi; the enemy fled before the apparition.

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tion. The citizens, on their part, claim to have seen distinctly how the assembled saints blessed the city.

Besides these, St. Gereon and his three hundred knights are patron saints of Cologne, whereas the chapel itself was dedicated to the Holy Virgin. Lochner relegates the two saints with their retinue to the wings, and introduces the Magi as adoring the Mother and Child in the centre-piece. The shutters on the outside show an "Annunciation." There is only one German master of the fifteenth century who can show up anything that will bear comparison with this formidable and delicious altar-piece: it is Martin Schongauer. The happy observation has been made that the two painters diverge upon the matter of their conception of Mary. Schongauer reveals to us, above all, the Mother of God; Stephen Lochner, the Virgin. In the work of the one she betrays depth of feeling, greatness of soul destined to suffer and to bear up in grief; in the work of the other she is the demure, fresh, and innocent handmaid of God.

As such she reappears in a "Madonna with the Violet" (now in the Episcopal Museum at Cologne) and in the exquisite "Madonna with the Christ-child" in a rose arbour, attended by glorifying

angels, now in the Museum at Cologne. This latter shows Lochner's brilliant—one may say, sparkling—coloration to perfection. Up to now the tendency of the School was towards a very light, mild, roseate, as one might call it, scheme of colours. Lochner introduces vivid and full colours. It is as if he had received his inspiration in this respect from the precious caskets for relics, studded with sparkling gems and richly enamelled, of which Cologne possessed untold beautiful specimens. Indeed Lochner has a peculiar fondness for goldsmith's work; he delights in rich costumes, and decks his saints out with various rich jewellery, which he paints with special care.

One other important work attributed to Lochner must be mentioned, the "Last Judgment," now in the Cologne Museum. The Saviour is seated in the middle, on high; to the left and right of him Mary and St. John kneel on promontories. Out of the gulf between them there issues a stream of departed souls, who are received on the right side of Jesus by angels that lead them into the gate of Paradise and Heaven, on the left by multi-shaped devils that torment them and drive them on towards Beelzebub and the fiery gates of Hell. Many of the details

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of the scene, the approval which the angels express as well as some of the incidents of the tortures inflicted on the opposite side, verge upon the comical, or at least seem to us to do so. But that is a characteristic of the times, and it must be remembered that pictures were then to a great extent meant to serve as books—books, indeed, for the most illiterate, for a set of folk which nowadays it would be probably difficult to come across within civilised countries. We may still meet with unbounded ignorance and with stupidity, no doubt. Yet, upon the whole, the human brain, by sheer compulsion and force of circumstances, must have come to work more easily in course of these centuries. Presentations which carry with them some elements of exaggeration and quaintness that cannot fail to excite our risibility must, five hundred years ago, have been barely forceful enough to do more than just cause duller powers of conception to grasp them.

A man like Lochner did not neglect the story, and did not hesitate to introduce many incidents that would bring the advantage of bliss, or the terrors of damnation, home to the people. Yet this part of his work did not engage him as much as the purely artistic side. In his flesh

colour, he, a Suabian, approaches most of all to another famous Suabian, his junior by one or two generations, Hans Holbein the younger. The type of St. John, on the other hand, reminds one very strongly of the type of a youthful, manly face which Dürer delighted in.

The death of Stephen Lochner signalises a break in the tradition of the Cologne School. He has some followers who continue in the path he has laid out for them. But they are not men of the first rank, and they cannot compare with their model. The next important Cologne painter, however—as far as we have been able to establish a chronology—departs altogether from Lochner's manner, and his work presents an altogether different appearance. At first sight, indeed, they appear to have scarcely any point in common, and it seems astounding that so important a painter as Lochner should have utterly lost his influence within less than a generation's time. For the Master of the Life of Mary must have had some, if not all, of his schooling before Lochner died. But he had it in the Netherlands, and his manner follows that of Rogier van der Weijden, and more particularly that of Dirk Bouts.

With the death of Lochner another new



Stephen Lochner

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MADONNA WITH VIOLETS
(Dusseldorf)

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feature is introduced in the story of the art of the Colognese School; namely, all biographical data of every kind cease. From Lochner down to Barthel Bruyn, who flourished exactly a hundred years later, we have not been able to identify a single painter among the men whose work has been successfully sifted and classified. We are thus compelled to take the principal achievement of each man, and, until good luck will have it that some document is discovered which gives us the information we require, we must designate him by means of his principal work.

Such being the case, a lengthy treatment of these painters is out of the question in a book like the present one, the chief object of which is to convey a lifelike picture of the man in the artist. This is impossible, where there are no biographical data, and I must restrict myself to a short characterisation of a few of the remaining principal masters.

The Master of the Life of Mary receives this appellation from a set of eight scenes illustrating the life of the Virgin, seven of which are now at Munich, and one in London. Each panel is nearly a yard in height and somewhat over a yard in length. In spite of these modest dimensions

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the series may well be looked upon as a worthy counterpart of Giotto's famous mural paintings in the Arena chapel at Padua. There is the same sort of calm grasp, the same happy faculty of choosing the most pregnant moment of each scene, the same moderation as to the introduction of dramatic accent, prevalent in both series. The Master of the Life of Mary tells his story earnestly and soberly. There is not any unusual degree of idealism about him. He neither revels in the charms of colour nor is he sentimental or ecstatic. His men are a good deal more worldly than those of Lochner; his women have seen more of care and are more matter-of-fact. They have discarded the charms of taste and beauty as being not essential virtues. They have become more humane, and commiseration with people beset by worldly woes seems their distinguishing characteristic. They seem to think that there is something more practical and valuable to live for than the mere pleasure they bestow by exhibiting proper loveliness for the contemplation of him who beholds.

All the stories with a sad vein in them come to the fore now. The legends, and even the martyrdom, of most saints contain fantastic and ideal elements. The veneration of heavenly



Master of the Life of Ma



Master of the Life of Mary

Elsner & Spieckerman

CHRIST ON THE CROSS
(Cologne)

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ministers, the adoration of the Virgin and of the Child in all its forms, in fact, evokes purely optimistic, pleasurable sensations. Now the tales of suffering and of grief, those in which all the protean forms of human woe are displayed, take the first rank in the choice of the painters as subjects for their work. Stories of the Passion, the suffering of the Mother of God, and single pictures in which psychical rather than bodily pain are embodied, appear in greater number.

Again, the people have become better educated. Before this period a painter rested satisfied with the attempt of bringing the truth embodied in each story vividly and convincingly home to the unlettered man for whom his picture was made. Now there is some attention paid to *how* everything happened. There is, of course, not yet any historical accuracy as we know it to-day. Still, the details are more carefully considered, and it is plainly the desire of the artist to be realistic in quite a different sense from Lochner for example: he is debarred from attainment only by the imperfections of his own knowledge, not by any failing desire on his part. The Virgin of Lochner is Lovely Womanhood, with dreams of happiness glistening out of her eyes, a

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subject for the worship of mankind. With the Master of the Life of Mary she is a mother of man, full of earthly cares and not at all above the ordinary worry of everyday life, such as troubles us all.

Not that the painter is exceptionally dismal or pessimistic; he is only matter-of-fact. One of the paintings of the series from which he gets his name, the "Nativity of the Virgin," is replete with homelike, pleasant touches that betray warmth of feeling. The bedroom in all its neatness, with the clean sheets, orderly bed, wardrobe, box, painstakingly depicted, betray the evident delight the master took in perpetuating the outward appearance of a well-ordered household in his day. The neighbouring women have come in to help and nurse Mother Anna; one of them selects linen for the new-born infant and seems to inquire of the others whether she has got hold of the right piece. Another warms some linen, a third pours water in a bath, and a fourth dips her finger in it to see whether the temperature is right, while the remainder busy themselves with the mother herself. The whole scene is depicted with such a degree of animated, yet unobtrusive, matter-of-fact realism, that this picture is an invaluable aid to us in our study

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of manners and customs quite apart from its value as a work of art.

The question of donors' portraits has also taken a step in the direction towards realism in the meanwhile. Early paintings which contain, besides the main subject of the picture, effigies of the donor or donors who paid for the picture, show these effigies in the form of miniatures relegated to an obscure corner of the picture. Steadily the comparative size of the donor-portrait increases, and, by the time we are discussing at present, it has grown to reach the same scale as the principal figures of the painting; the donor is, in fact, occasionally shown as taking part in the action of the painting, such as it is, and portraits of donors in pictures of these later times have been mistaken for saints.

If indoor scenes, as we have already noticed, have become quite realistic, out-of-door scenes have at least made great strides in the same direction. The development of landscape in the Cologne School is very interesting. Early pictures, dating from about the year 1350, display most shy and primitive attempts. A corner of the gold-sky background perhaps shows a diminutive attempt at clouds. The

gold background itself is embossed with an ornament embodying a floral design. But that is as far as the attempt to compass nature beyond the human figure goes. In the Claren altar-piece one detects here and there a detached feature or element of landscape; a rock here, a single tree there, a few yards of meadow with some sheep yonder, each and all of them placed isolated upon the gold background.

Then at last the foreground, between the actors and the footlights, so to speak, is turned into a naturalistic bit of landscape, a flowery meadow with pebbles or rocks. This bit of landscape gradually rises, encroaching slowly upon the gold background. Occasionally, when the very subject of the picture imperatively demanded it, bits of real landscape appear. Thus there is a "Virgin in the Celestial Garden," which shows a real garden, set about with walls, filled with plants of all kinds; only the blue sky is missing.

A special artistic trick, almost peculiar to the Cologne School, tended to retard the natural progress of development of landscape art. The painters, more especially when they depicted one or several saints in full figure, stood them up in a row on a stage, as it were, and extended

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a rich curtain, generally made of some brocaded stuffs, behind them. This, going up to about the height of the shoulders, set off the figures most effectively. But it scarcely left any room for landscape. And yet, landscape will not be suppressed; we soon find it forcing its way in between the upper edge of the curtain and the unavoidable gold-sky background.

This gold-sky background is another peculiarity of the Cologne School. It seems to have been the main stronghold of tradition in art there. It is common everywhere in the early stages of painting. But it falls into desuetude with the other schools as soon as the skill of the artists suffices for an attempt at more realistic delineation. In Cologne even the Master of the Life of the Virgin, who is plainly a follower if not a pupil of Dirk Bouts, abides by the gold-sky background, though his prototype does not retain it any longer and he himself is quite realistic in the whole of his landscape art excepting this one feature, the sky.

The Master of the Life of Mary has introduced, as we have seen, several new traits into the Colognese School; his Netherlandish types, his sobriety of tone, his realism in general conception and in landscape particularly. Another

novelty is a tendency to psychology in art. There is a "Christ Crucified" in the Cologne Museum by him which goes far beyond anything that previous Colognese art can display. The customary arrangement of placing the Cross in the middle, Mary on Christ's right-hand side, St. John on the other, Magdalene at the foot of the Cross, has been departed from. The Christ Crucified is at the right side of the picture, and Magdalene kneeling beyond it. Mary stands to the left, and beyond her is St. John supporting her. These are distinctly types that predict the spirit of the reformation. This is the St. John of the fourth, not of the first or second or third Gospel. The artist plainly attempts to betray in the faces of the people whom he has painted what is passing in their minds, in quite a different manner from his predecessors. In fact, his attempt touches upon the highest stage of devotional art of all times. For he wishes to portray a St. John moved by the sensations and sentiments that he would have had, had he lived in the artist's own day!

The same desire to offer in his panel something more than a simple delight for the eye is likewise apparent in other works by this

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master, especially the "Madonna with St. Bernard." This picture marks one more novelty introduced by the Master of the Life of Mary into the Colognese School. It shows half lengths before a sort of balustrade. In this arrangement the figures have about them the realism of a portrait group.

The Master of the Holy Kinship may, in a way, be considered to have taken up the style of the Master of the Life of Mary. He, again, has studied and learnt abroad; consequently he displays in some directions a novel character. His prototypes are the painters of the southern Flemish Lowlands—for example, Gerhard David and the painters of Antwerp. But, like all the others, he turns distinctly Colognese, as soon as ever he reaches the town. The manner of his continuing in the tracks of the Master of the Life of Mary consists in his adoption of a similar sobriety of conception. If we may say that Lochner lived in heavenly spheres, and the Master of the Life of Mary came down to the plain matter-of-fact world, we may further characterise the Master of the Holy Kinship as having become the painter of the middle class. There is little variation in his types, and he imbues them with those virtues or characteristics

which give them the air of high respectability so dear to middle-class life. They are exceedingly proper—they all have their best apparel on, and they are careful of it; in other words, a little awkward and stiff in proportion. His coloration is roseate, again, and distinctively pretty; he paints well, and is a skilled technician. But his gamut of colours is limited, and purely artistic motives do not govern his work to the same degree as they governed a genius like Stephen Lochner. The principal piece by this master, the picture from which he derives his name, shows the kinship of the Saviour seated amidst the columns of an unreal bit of architecture. Mary and St. Anne, seated on a throne in the middle, hold the Christ-child between them; it extends its right hand over to St. Catherine, about to solemnise the mystic marriage. Joachim and Joseph, St. Barbara, St. Mary Cleophas, and all the rest are placed round about rather stiffly; they all "look well," but they do not introduce any action into the picture. An altar-piece with "Scenes from the Legend of St. Sebastian" (like the kinship altar, now in the Museum of Cologne), a "Crucifixion" at Nuremberg, and an altar with "Scenes from the Life of the Christ-child" at Munich, are other important works by

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this master. He is, besides, the author of the three splendid stained-glass windows in the north aisle of the Cologne Cathedral.

One of the strangest artists of the school is the Master of St. Bartholomew. He is one of the earliest specimens on record of the type which we now call decadent and a mannerist. In an age where we find every other artist singularly naïve and simple, he alone is of a reflective—one might be tempted to say scheming—turn of mind, and there is an air of disingenuous affectation about his work. With all that he is an extremely intelligent artist, a most conscientious craftsman, and a singularly interesting personality. Judging from the looks of his figures, and from the fact that he often falls back upon Schongauer for his compositions, we may safely conclude that he hails from Suabia or the Upper Rhine. One of his principal paintings, "The Altar of the Crucifixion," was painted round about the year 1501 for the Odæum of the Carthusian Church at Cologne. Another, "The St. Thomas Altar-piece," was painted for the same place about fifteen years earlier. For the latter piece he was paid the comparatively large sum of 250 gold florins, which shows that he had established a high reputation as early as the year 1485. This

is the limit of the information we get out of the archives about him.

If the Master of the Kinship Altar was the painter of the stolid middle class in Cologne, the Master of St. Bartholomew seems to have been the painter of high life. His types are more refined, more intellectual than those of the other master; but towards the end of the fifteenth century there seems to have been among the upper class a sort of hyper-æsthetic circle which embraced all the hysterical, overstrained women and the mysteriously deep poets—in short, a club of Bunthornes and the “new women” of that day. This is the set the Master of St. Bartholomew paints; but he does not satirise them—he takes them seriously. All his biblical scenes and martyrdoms look as if they had been done from the private theatricals of this company. The amateur actors flirt with the audience and with each other. The ladies, all full round faces with straight noses and tiny mouths, smile nervously and self-consciously, or they weep hysterically. There is no end of affectation in their bearing and in the strained gestures of the spidery fingered hands. The Magdalen in the “Descent from the Cross” (now in the Louvre at Paris) supports the left foot of the dead Christ with her



Master of St. Bar



Master of St. Bartholomew

Elsner & Spieckerman

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS
(Cologne)

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right hand, brings up her left to her breast, achieving all with a most elegant pose, and looking out upon us with a degree of vivid realism that is really astonishing; she plainly begs for our applause. On the "Crucifixion" now in the Museum at Cologne, St. John carries his hand with a gesture of wild despair to his head, but by the time it has reached it he seems only to be trying whether his wig sits firmly. The saints do not stand orderly in rows side by side, as they used to. But on the left shutter of this same "Crucifixion" St. Cecilia is leaning over to the Baptist, evidently to whisper some *médisance* to him (for she is smiling), while the others are acting the principal scene; and on the other wing, he who is impersonating St. Alexius casts a most sentimental look of love at the charming St. Agnes. It is ten to one that, when this affair with all its rehearsals, &c., is over, there will be an engagement. On the St. Thomas altar the Saviour steps out of the clouds on to a marble pediment with the air of a favourite tenor; and he looks sleek and well fed and altogether too handsome, the very picture of a tenor—one of those who were most wildly adored.

All the "costumes"—one cannot help using the expression—are most elaborate and beautiful.

There are magnificent silks and brocades, and a mass of exquisite jewellery, which the master paints most painstakingly, with evident delight in the work. His drawing and perspective, likewise his coloration, place him in the front rank of the School. Yet he, too, abides by the gold background; his tendency towards realism draws the line at that.

Though the Master of the St. Bartholomew—so called, by the way, after a fine triptych, now in the Munich Gallery, representing six saints to the right and left of St. Bartholomew, all full figures standing in a row before a brocaded curtain—is an anomaly in so far as he paints religious subjects in an altogether irreligious vein; though, then, he may not be ranked as an artist possessing propriety of conception, his virtues in other respects are manifold enough, as has already been indicated. He is certainly more interesting, and more of an out-of-the-way personality than the last important artist of the Cologne School, Barthel Bruyn the elder.

Bruyn was a native of Wesel, where he was born in 1493. He must have been a pupil of Jan Joest of Kalkar, and turned up at Cologne in 1513. He was a painter of recognised standing in this town by the year 1521. With his wife

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Agnes he obtained, in the year 1533, possession of the very same house in which Stephen Lochner lived a century earlier. In 1550 his wife Agnes, who had borne him five children, died; two of the sons, Arnold and Barthel the younger, adopted the profession of their father, who died in 1555. Bruyn had been elected councillor in 1549 and in 1552. In 1529 his reputation was so well established that he received orders from abroad, notably for a big altar-piece for the Church of St. Victor at Xanthen. He was much sought after as a painter of portraits.

From these dates it appears that Bruyn can have very little connection with the School as it has been described so far. One would probably not think of connecting him with it were it not for the fact that with him painting at Cologne virtually stops. He is a post-Dürerian artist—a man who, of course, no longer uses the gold background. Bruyn is an able craftsman; more can scarcely be said of him, except with reference to his portraits. Some of these—for example, the “Burgomaster Arnold von Brauweiler” in the Museum of Cologne—are really excellent. It speaks well for his work that much of it has been taken for that of Holbein. His coloration is somewhat cheerless, and the general

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tone of his work is pessimistic—not so buoyant and interesting as that of the painters previously treated. The flame which was lighted up so gloriously at Cologne has died out, and its last flickering is represented by Bruyn's work.

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CHAPTER II

MARTIN SCHONGAUER

“JUST as it would be unfair to despise spring sources, on account of their not having as much water as the creeks that issue from them and steadily increase as they progress, so it would be an unfair thing if one should allow the fame of the excellent artist, Martin Schoen of Kallenbach, quite to suppress the masters previously considered. He hailed the light of day for the first time in Kallenbach, and then graced Kolmar with his residence; he was commonly called ‘handsome Martin.’ It is, indeed, quite certain that he surpassed all his predecessors throughout Germany as to draughtsmanship, painting, and engraving upon copper, but he himself, out of natural modesty, readily granted them the fame of having been his preceptors.

“He was an intimate friend of Pietro Perugino, and each frequently delighted the other by sending some original drawing, and profited by the other’s art, as connoisseurs may readily

40 STORIES OF GERMAN ARTISTS

glean from a perusal of their work. Beyond that, indeed, they resembled each other in so much as Italy owes her perfection in the noble art of painting to the famous school of its Pietro Perugino and the Raffaello d'Urbino issuing therefrom, and Germany, at that time still pretty much of a pauper as to art, owes its enrichment to Schongauer.

“Very few of the works of this gifted hand are still to be seen, yet such as have been handed down to us—a very trim picture of ‘Mary,’ an excessively lamentable ‘Christ Carrying the Cross,’ the well-devised ‘Magi,’ and the all but perfect ‘Temptation of Saint Anthony’ (which Michelangelo frequently copied in his younger years, and never grew tired of praising), among them—prove what a master-mind this artist was as to composition and draughtsmanship. Consequently it is quite right that we should enter his name in the book of eternity, although his hand had to waste away after the heart had received the death-blow from the insatiable reaper of men, as early as 1486, in which year Dürer travelled to him in order to learn his art.”

To this we may add the words of Vasari, who says in his “Life of Raimondi” that the engravings of “Martino of Antwerp” were introduced into



THE HOLY FAMILY

(From the painting by Martin Schongauer at Vienna)

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glean from a perusal of their work. Beyond that, indeed, they resembled each other in so much as Italy owes her perfection in the noble art of painting to the famous school of its Pietro Perugino and the Raffaello d'Urbino issuing therefrom, and Germany, at that time still pretty much of a pauper as to art, owes its enrichment to Schongauer.

“Very few of the works of this gifted hand are still to be seen, yet such as have been handed down to us—a very trim picture of ‘Mary,’ an excessively lamentable ‘Christ Carrying the Cross,’ the well-devised ‘Magi,’ and the all but perfect ‘Temptation of Saint Anthony’ (which Michelangelo frequently copied in his younger years, and never grew tired of praising), among them—prove what a master-mind this artist was as to composition and draughtsmanship. Consequently it is quite right that we should enter his name in the book of eternity, although his hand had to waste away after the heart had received the death-blow from the insatiable reaper of men, as early as 1486, in which year Dürer travelled to him in order to learn his art.”

To this we may add the words of Vasari, who says in his “Life of Raimondi” that the engravings of “Martino of Antwerp” were introduced into



THE HOLY FAMILY

(From the painting by Martin Schongauer at Vienna)

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Italy in great numbers. "The first were the 'Five Foolish and the Five Wise Virgins' with their burning and their extinguished lamps; a 'Christ upon the Cross,' with St. John and the Madonna at his feet—an engraving, so good, that the Florentine miniature-painter, Gherardo, undertook to copy it with the burin, and succeeded very well too as far as he went, though he could not finish it, death intervening.

"Martino then issued four rounds with the Evangelists, and on small sheets Christ and the twelve Apostles; then St. Veronica, with six other Saints of the same size, and some coats of arms of German gentry, supported partly by clothed, partly by nude men and women. In the same manner he issued a 'St. George Slaying the Dragon'; 'Christ before Pilate washing his Hands'; and the 'Ascension of the Virgin,' rather large, with all the Apostles, and this is one of the best prints of this master. Upon another sheet he represented 'St. Anthony,' tortured by devils and borne by numbers of them up into the air, the most variegated and strangest shapes, which delighted Michelangelo" (Buonarroti) "in his youth to such a degree that he illuminated them."

With regard to this last statement Condivi

reports that Michelangelo went so far as to execute a careful copy in oils of Schongauer's engraving, and did not undertake the colouring without making conscientious studies from nature on the fish market.

The Schongauers hailed originally from the village of Schongau, in Upper Bavaria, and settled in Augsburg. Caspar, a goldsmith, migrated thence to Colmar, where he became a citizen on the 29th of May 1445. He had five sons. Three of them were goldsmiths, Caspar the younger, George, and Paul; two of them turned painters, Ludwig and our Martin Schongauer, the most important German artist during the second half of the fifteenth century.

Caspar must have come to Colmar about the year 1440, for in the very same year in which he acquired citizenship he also became a member of the Council, and that always presupposed a residence of at least five years. Caspar owned a house in the Schädel Gasse, or Skull Street, a quarter frequented by artists; he often executed goldsmith's work for the town, and he is mentioned in one document as being still alive in the year 1481.

The documents are, however, somewhat confusing, and many of those referring to the

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Schongauers have been tampered with. Our Martin is mentioned as a house-owner in the Schädel Gasse as early as 1469, and this seems to clash with the above date of his father's death.

Schongauer was also known by the sobriquet "Schon" or "Schön", which was not an abbreviation of his name, but used in the sense of "beautiful," as appears from the circumstance that the alternative "Hübsch," "Hipsch Martin," was sometimes used. Hans Burgkmair painted a copy of Schongauer's self-portrait, and pasted a slip of paper on the back of the panel, on which he wrote, "Master Martin Schongauer, painter, called beautiful Martin on account of his craft." He further states the name of Martin's father correctly, says that he came of an Augsburg family, and cites Colmar as his birthplace, also stating the date of his death; this, however, has been partly obliterated in course of time.

It is fairly certain that our Martin Schongauer was born at Colmar between 1440 and 1450, probably after 1445. He was his father's pupil, seems further to have studied under one L. Rüst, and also, if we may believe Lambert Lombard, under Rogier van den Weijden. Lambert wrote

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to Vasari: "In Germany an engraver appeared at that time, who remained true to the manner of his master, Rogier, but did not quite attain to this one's excellence of coloration. On the other hand, he acquired greater facility in his engravings, which were marvellous for their time, and, for that matter, they are esteemed highly enough by our educated artists to-day, since their workmanship is perhaps a trifle archaic and stiff, yet otherwise right brave."

In the year 1465 Schongauer visited Leipsic, where he was matriculated at the university. Four years later he is registered as the owner of the house in the Schädel Street. In 1477 he was probably at the zenith of his fame, and bought other houses. In the year 1488 he most likely fell ill, and consequently founded a mass for his soul, to be held annually in the church of St. Martin. In the following year he can be traced at Basle on the 15th of June; it is supposed, however, that he had worked in this town before. Then, in 1489, he became a citizen of Breisach, where he died on the 2nd of February 1491, probably of the plague. This much, or rather this little, is the limit of our knowledge regarding Martin Schongauer's life. We know of copies of Schongauer's paintings,

which are none of single or engraving mark, but

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which are dated 1477, 1481, 1482, 1485, but none of his own paintings were dated, nor is a single one among them really authenticated. His engravings are signed with his monogram and mark, but none of these either is dated.

Wimpheling, a Strassburg compatriot and humanist, writing in 1505, about fifteen years after Schongauer's death, reports about him: "He was so excellent in his art that his easel paintings were carried to Italy, Spain, France, England, and other parts of the world." To-day very little of all this work is extant; even Colmar possesses not much. Wimpheling speaks of paintings in the churches of St. Martin and St. Francis; but the Renaissance, and more especially the eighteenth century, did not cherish old "Gothic" art, and such as may have been spared until then suffered during the years of the French Revolution. It is reported that in 1796 many works of art, some Schongauers among them, were trampled upon and publicly burnt in the market-place of Münster, near Colmar.

The church of St. Martin in this town, however, still harbours the altar-piece which has always been considered *the* Schongauer. It is a "Madonna in the Rose-bower." The Virgin,

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seated, supports the naked Christ-child upon her left arm. She is dressed in red, both she and the Christ-child look down upon us, but in various directions. Many-coloured birds enliven the rose-bushes which hedge in the place where the Virgin is seated. Angels above her hold a crown over her head. God the Father and the Holy Ghost formerly hovered above her, but this part of the panel has been lost. The figure of the Virgin is above life-size; the whole was painted upon a gold background; the coloration is lustrous yet harmonious.

There are a number of paintings ascribed to Schongauer in the Museum at Colmar, among which prominence should be given to the wings of an altar-piece, formerly at Isenheim, and a set of sixteen scenes from the story of the Passion, formerly in the Church of the Dominicans at Colmar. Yet it is very likely that none of them were painted entirely by his hand. Nor can any of the other paintings, ascribed here and there to Schongauer, be regarded as more than the productions of his studio. They probably owe their composition to his idea, but very little of them did he execute himself. Such are a beautiful little "Madonna with Grapes" in the Gallery at Vienna, a small "Nativity" in the Gallery



Martin Schongauer



Martin Schongauer

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MADONNA IN THE ROSE BOWER

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at Munich, one of the panels that came to Munich from the old Palatinate Collection at Mannheim, and another "Nativity," somewhat loud in its coloration, and with rather less founded claims to be considered authentic, now in the Berlin Gallery.

Considering the dearth of paintings still extant, the existence of more than a hundred engravings on copper by Schongauer is to be doubly welcomed. Not only do they allow us to form a good idea of the style of his art, they embody—it may safely be assumed—the most important part of his work as an artist.

A German predecessor of Schongauer, whose name has not been handed down to us, but whom we call the Master "E S", from the monogram with which some of his plates are signed, was the engraver who raised the art of the burin, technically speaking, from its infancy to its stage of maturity. He lived at Strassburg probably, and, since this is not far from Colmar, we may well assume that Schongauer was actually his pupil as far as engraving is concerned. At any rate, he acquired his craft through the study of the Master "E S's" plates, if he did not learn under him personally. Whereas the Master "E S" was the one to establish engraving as

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a fine craft, Schongauer was the man to raise it to the state of a noble art, and through his work it had become a perfect peer of the arts of painting and sculpture.

Schongauer's plates reveal qualities at once mystical and realistic. He engraved religious subjects, a few scenes from everyday life, some heraldic designs and ornaments—the time for mythological themes and allegories with nude figures had not yet come. His quiet, sweetly charming Madonna is a noble type, an idealisation of nature reflecting a deep and earnest mind. "The Temptation of St. Anthony"—the plate which excited the admiration of Michelangelo—offers a curious instance of realistic study. The saint is beset and tortured by diabolical figures, each of which is pieced together out of various fragments or organs of different animals. The chimeras thus created are quite fantastic, but the single members of each have, most of them, been accurately studied from nature. This is a print which embodies the spirit of the century. Schongauer's contemporaries and successors came to accept his treatment of the subject as their own, and his conceptions reigned supreme for many years to come. The "Carrying of the Cross by Christ," on His way to Golgotha,

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is another instance of his vaticinal gift, to divine the yearning of his age and embody it in a form which was to be accepted as a standard for generations to come. The last-named composition was imitated again and again, and it was a canon for even so independent a spirit as that of Albrecht Dürer's.

The set of plates illustrating "The Passion of Our Saviour" give evidence of Schongauer's rich powers of imagination. He was never at a loss for a vivid presentation of the incidents of each theme, and many items which, in the art of the age before him, were mere abstractions, were infused by his genius with life and verisimilitude. Thus, for instance, the tormentors of Christ, who scourge Him and crown Him with thorns, are almost ludicrous caricatures in the treatment of German artists prior to Schongauer, because of these masters' inability truly to characterise villainy. Schongauer, with too much realistic feeling and too much sagacity to exaggerate, became convincing and forceful. He is symbolical, as it were, of the liberation of Cisalpine art from its period of subjection. True genius and personality in the fine art, had lived and worked before him; but, in the economy of the world, it had appeared to be so

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small a thing that all individuality and every name had been submerged in the general flow of progress. Schongauer is the earliest *name* in the annals of Cisalpine art, the first artist whom even contemporaries esteemed so highly that they agreed to preserve his memory along with that of other men who had achieved fame upon other fields of human activity.

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CHAPTER III

ALBRECHT DÜRER

ON the 25th day of June, in the year 1455, Philipp Pirkheimer celebrated his wedding with much splendour and gaiety up at the Castle in Nuremberg. While the dancing and festivities were at their highest, a poor, weary mechanic, or rather craftsman, entered the town with the purpose of settling there, and became a looker-on. Neither he nor the bridegroom knew or imagined, of course, that a descendant of each of them would once become famous citizens of Nuremberg—famous for their achievements each in his line, and famous for their mutual friendship.

The artisan was Albrecht Dürer the elder, a goldsmith hailing from the German colony in the far east, in Hungary, who had just completed his pilgrimage through Germany, and especially the Netherlands. There he had improved his craft under the guidance of well-known masters, and had come now to settle down in the Fran-

conian capital. He served Jerome Holper here for many a year, until Holper gave him his daughter Barbara in marriage; this was in the year 1467. They had no less than eighteen children, among whom Albrecht, the great artist, was the third, born on the 21st of May 1471. At his baptism Anthony Koberger, the famous printer, acted as sponsor. Only three boys out of all the eighteen children reached maturity. Hans became a painter, pupil of Wohlgemuth and his brother Albrecht, and was finally court-painter to the King of Poland at Cracow. Andrew was a goldsmith like his father, lived for a time in Nuremberg, and finally went to Cracow upon the death of his brother Hans, whose affairs he regulated.

Albrecht the younger, our Albrecht, was a most affectionate son, and upon all occasions he is full of gratitude to his father, and sounds the praise of his probity. His life, he says, was one of trials and tribulations throughout, but he never made an enemy, and never swerved an inch from the straight path of righteousness and piety. Twice, at least, Albrecht the younger furnished a material proof of his filial love in the shape of carefully painted portraits of his father. The expression of his emotions towards

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his old mother were not less sincere, though they may be called a shade less warm. When she had become a widow, and penniless, he took her to his own home and cherished her for ten years until her death. She lay ill in bed in his house for exactly a year, and it broke his heart that, when she did die finally, it happened so suddenly that he could not be called in time to solace her and receive her final blessing. He made a drawing of her when she was old and already approaching death, but it appears that he never painted her.

Albrecht the goldsmith, says his son, was intent upon bringing up his children in the fear of God, so that they should be placable and pleasant to their fellow-men. His daily admonition—one which the widow Barbara continued long after the sons were grown up—was that they should love God and act faithfully towards their neighbours. He took a particular delight in our Albrecht, as he noticed how diligent and eager for knowledge the lad was. So he allowed him to attend school, and, after Albrecht the younger had learned to read and write, he was taught the goldsmith's craft. Being industrious in this, too, he was after a while able to execute neat work ; but, at the same time, he discovered

that his inclination lay in another direction—towards the art of painting.

Several drawings gave evidence of Dürer's precocity. The most famous among them is the strangely grave portrait of himself done at the age of thirteen, upon which he scribbled on a later day: "I portrayed this after my own image in a glass in the year 1484, when I was still a child." Another is a sketch, probably of one of the Wise Virgins, very likely copied from an old print, upon which the quondam owner wrote: "This is also old. Albrecht Dürer made it for me, before he came to the painter, in Wohlgemuth's house in the upper attic of the rear building, in presence of Conrad Lomayer, defunct."

When young Dürer communicated his wish to his father, the latter was naturally in nowise delighted, for he regretted the waste of time which had been spent upon learning the goldsmith's craft. However, he assented in the end, and apprenticed his son, on the 30th of November 1486, to Michael Wohlgemuth for a term of service to last three years. Dürer was industrious again, and he learnt well. He further says something about this period, the phrasing of which may possibly be construed to mean that he was much left to the care of Wohlgemuth's men (*i.e.* that Wohl-

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gemuth himself did not trouble much about him), though it is more likely that he simply wants to say that he suffered a good deal at the hands of Wohlgemuth's men, who were his elders and treated him roughly. After his term of service had expired, Dürer was sent abroad by his father, as was the custom of those days.

His first goal was Colmar and Martin Schongauer, whose reputation had spread all over Germany. But, by the time he reached Colmar, Martin had died. Dürer stayed a short while with Schongauer's brothers, and he also went to Basle. How long he remained there we do not know. Dürer fortunately jotted down much about his life, but nothing about this most perplexing period of his prentice peregrinations, in which we should have been especially interested. Thus it happens that we are uncertain about his first visit to Venice and Italy. It possibly occurred in the course of these early travels. Some contemporary notices and dates on drawings, however, seem to indicate that this visit took place shortly after his marriage.

He was married within a few months after his return. He had been sent abroad by his father on the 11th of April 1490, and had been called back so as to arrive home at

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Nuremberg on the 18th of May 1494. Thereupon Hans Frey came to terms with Dürer's father, and, on the 7th of July, Frey's daughter Agnes was given in marriage to our Albrecht. Her dowry was two hundred florins, at least as much as so many pounds in our day. It would have been rather an unusual thing for him to go off upon another journey, straightway. Yet, he certainly did visit Venice before the year 1495 was over.

Dürer did a sympathetic sketch of Agnes when she was still his betrothed; but his drawings of her later on in life, as his wife, are certainly not lovable of themselves, nor does he seem to have wasted much love upon them. She certainly had something forbidding about her, and was beyond a doubt not the wife of his bosom. Dürer's great friend, Willibald Pirckheimer, who was referred to in the opening lines of this chapter, wrote about Agnes after Dürer's death, in a letter to a mutual friend. "I have received," he says, "your letter, in which you speak so nicely of me and praise me much more than I feel I deserve; all of which, however, I will lay to the door of our dear friend, Albrecht Dürer. For since you loved him so sincerely for his virtues and

his genius, friends, and deserts, I can see I have lost a world, and he should have been able to lay to the door of his wife, who was emaciated and thin as a billet. She was a visit people care depart no excuse night and be able to. And she rack and r left her al there is n she alone often held what it w little than was well c tect him, greatly so

his genius, you doubtless love them who were his friends, and to his friendship, not to my own deserts, I owe your praise. Indeed, in Albrecht I have lost the very best friend I had in the world, and I grieve at nothing more than that he should have had such a bitter end, which I can lay to no one's account but that of his wife, who worried his heart and was nagging at him in such wise, that in the end he was emaciated and worn down to nothing, like a billet. She did not allow him to seek cheer, or visit people. This shrewish woman never let care depart, for which behaviour she indeed had no excuse: and she egged him on to work night and day, that he should earn more and be able to leave her something when he died. And she still carries on as if she must go to rack and ruin, in spite of the fact that Albrecht left her almost the value of 6000 florins. But there is no contentment apparent, and, in short, she alone is the cause of his death. I myself often held up her distrust to her, and prophesied what it would come to in the end; but very little thanks I got for my pains. For whoever was well disposed to this man and tried to protect him, he was deemed an enemy by her, which greatly sorrowed Albrecht and hurried him to

his grave. I haven't seen her since his death, and haven't admitted her, though I have been of use to her since in many ways. But she lacks confidence, and whoever upholds his own opinion, and doesn't yield to her in all points, him she suspects and his enemy does she become. Therefore, I would much rather that she were far away from me than in my neighbourhood. To be sure, she and her sisters aren't rogues; on the contrary, I don't in the least doubt that they are honest and pious women. But it were better for one to have a rogue, who in other respects is kind to one, rather than such nagging and scolding pietists, who never give a moment's peace, night or day. Be that as it may, we must rest the matter with the Lord; may He be gracious to poor Albrecht. For he was a pious, righteous man, and as he lived so he died. We need not fear for his salvation. May God grant us grace to follow him into bliss when our time comes."

Pirkheimer's integrity is beyond suspicion, though he may have coloured matters just a little. For no doubt he was a man to have led Dürer into an expense occasionally, which Agnes might well look upon as an extravagance in their state of life. And, again, he will surely have

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encouraged Dürer in the pursuit of his ideals, which did not tend to the enlargement of his estate. But we have the testimony of one whose voice is a good deal more important than Pirkheimer's on this issue—the voice of Dürer himself. He who is the model of affectionate gratitude whenever he speaks of his father and mother, and who even speaks, in a way, kindly and considerately of his father-in-law and brother-in-law, is rigidly cold and reticent about his wife. Not a word breathes of love or even respect for her; and ten years after his marriage he cracks a joke at her expense—in a letter to this same Pirkheimer—which, even taking the coarseness of the age into consideration, is cynical past endurance, and is altogether unthinkable as having been made with reference to a person for whom he had a vestige of affection left. She had borne him no children, and thus—as sentiment went in those times—the main link that might have bound them together in closer intimacy was missing.

Upon his return to Nuremberg Dürer immediately went to work in earnest, and we must remember the practice of his profession was, in those days, more like the pursuit of some business than like the free and unrestrained life of

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an artist as we know it. His first activity was directed to such things as could be readily changed for money. The art of the copper-engraver was the one which appealed to a wide public, and was thus sure of a large custom; while, on the other hand, it was rated and paid for higher than the other popular art, woodcut. Dürer did not see Schongauer, but he must have seen and studied Schongauer's plates—the principal output of the Colmar artist's life—and he was also acquainted with the engravings of Schongauer's predecessors and contemporaries.

The governing impulse of his early engraved work becomes apparent when we consider his choice of subjects. He desires to supply his customers with all the kinds of pictorial print that they possibly can crave for. Madonnas, biblical subjects, and saints catered for religious wants and were sold at church doors, whence they were offered up to the Virgin or some patron saint who had responded to the devotee's prayer; or they were taken home to serve as diminutive altar-pieces in some nook of the room. Again, Dürer engraved pictures of strange soldiers and Turks; or of figures from everyday life, such as the gallant standard-bearer; or even of monstrosities, like the double-bodied, eight-footed

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pig; and, finally, he began to reflect the growing "humanism" of his age, that revival of interest in and study of antiquity, by venturing upon mythological subjects.

Almost every child nowadays has seen pictures of some of the Greek and Roman statues. Homer and Virgil and their heroes are common bywords of the household. Dürer had *seen* nothing of all this; what little literary knowledge of antiquity he possessed in these early days he had mostly by hearsay. It is not strange, therefore, that some of his early mythological pictures are quite fantastic and quite unintelligible to us. We can scarcely imagine which of the gods or heroes he intended some of his figures to represent.

Every subject which he touched, Dürer's sincerity and love of beauty turned into a fine work of art. The men of his day, however, looked upon most of them doubtless rather as valuable pieces of news. The pictures were to them pretty much what our newspapers are to us.

Few of these early engravings are dated; but we are able to date them approximately with the help of drawings, and by paying attention to the signatures—Dürer's monogram—which gradually changes as the years go by.

The metal engravings of these early years are his *pot-boilers*. The work that really filled his artistic soul was executed upon an entirely different field of art—namely, upon that of woodcut. Very soon after his return to Nuremberg he commenced a series of fifteen large woodcuts to illustrate the Book of the Revelation of St. John. The size indicates Italian influence. Besides, the landscapes on several sheets are plainly reminiscent of South Tyrolese scenery, and on one picture, "The Martyrdom of St. John" (Bartsch 61), we behold the lion of St. Mark on his column. All of this corroborates the assumption that Dürer must have visited Venice at some time before the completion and issue of this series. The Revelation pictures were published in 1498. The theme seems, upon first consideration, unsuitable for pictorial treatment; yet some Bibles prior to Dürer, which contained but very few New Testament pictures, devoted a comparatively large number to subjects chosen from the Book of Revelation. Dürer was, above all, attracted by the opportunity for speculative fancies offered by the subject. The play of his imagination is wonderful, and it is marvellous how he compasses subjects that apparently defy all attempts to handle them pictorially. The

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fact that he should have undertaken so serious a task becomes all the more startling when we consider that he was scarcely twenty-five years old when he began it! This alone gives us a splendid insight into his artistic nature.

Before the series was completed Dürer had already commenced two new ones of equal importance; these were the so-called "Larger Passion," an intensely dramatic version of the story told in twelve sheets, and the "Life of the Virgin," a beautiful epic, in which contentment and even the charm of grace reign supreme, in twenty pictures. These two were, however, not completed and issued as sets before the year 1511. Besides these, the early years produced several detached large woodcuts.

Why Dürer was particularly attracted by this form of art, it is not difficult to determine. It was, as far as he was concerned, the easiest process. He was not hampered by the tediousness of the cutting of the blocks, as in his day the professional woodcutter was already a standing fixture. Dürer had only to draw his design upon the block. This was a boon eagerly to be grasped at by an artist whose mental eye was so full of visions as Dürer's was. He was too full for any slow method of utterance; engrav-

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ing upon copper was slow work, and painting still more so. The rapidity of the pen was scarcely equal to the task of crystallising the creations of his genius. And if the woodcutter lagged behind, it did not matter; for his slowness did not detain Dürer.

He does not at first seem to have been much in sympathy with the art of painting. The earliest works we know are painted with water-colours apparently, upon fine canvas. Among the best known are the "Portrait of Himself" as a young man, the "Portrait of Elector Frederick the Wise," and the "Triptych Altar-piece," formerly in the Chapel at Wittenberg and now in the Dresden Gallery. The coloration is light, but there is no lustre, and the medium has an unlovely effect when used in this manner upon canvas.

The two last-named pictures were possibly done at Wittenberg in 1494 or 1495. But the Saxon Court may have ordered them at Nuremberg. It is certainly strange that Dürer, if he made a trip to Venice and a second one to Wittenberg all within a year and a half of his wedding day, should not have jotted down the least note of them. For he is very communicative, and he wrote a short account of his

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family and life, composed a diary on one journey, as we shall see later on, and became an author of several books, in which he occasionally refers to facts of his life.

Even after Dürer takes up painting in oils seriously, he sometimes reverts to his old technique of water-colours on canvas. Some of his first work in oil has the appearance of being a sort of stepping-stone from the earlier style to the latter. Thus there are two wings of an altar-piece (the central portion of which seems to be lost, two other wings being by Hans Suess von Kuhnbach and not by Dürer), upon which we see "Job in his Trials" (in the Frankfort Gallery), and a "Fifer and Drummer" (in the Cologne Gallery), where the figures are distinctly outlined, and where we perceive so much "drawing" that they look tinted rather than painted.

The so-called Paumgartner altar at Munich—the central piece of which is a "Nativity," and upon the wings of which Dürer painted, as tradition goes, two of his friends, the one as St. George, the other as St. Eustace—displays a good deal more of painter-like qualities. Pupils, however, had a good deal to do with the execution. Of painter-like qualities, how-

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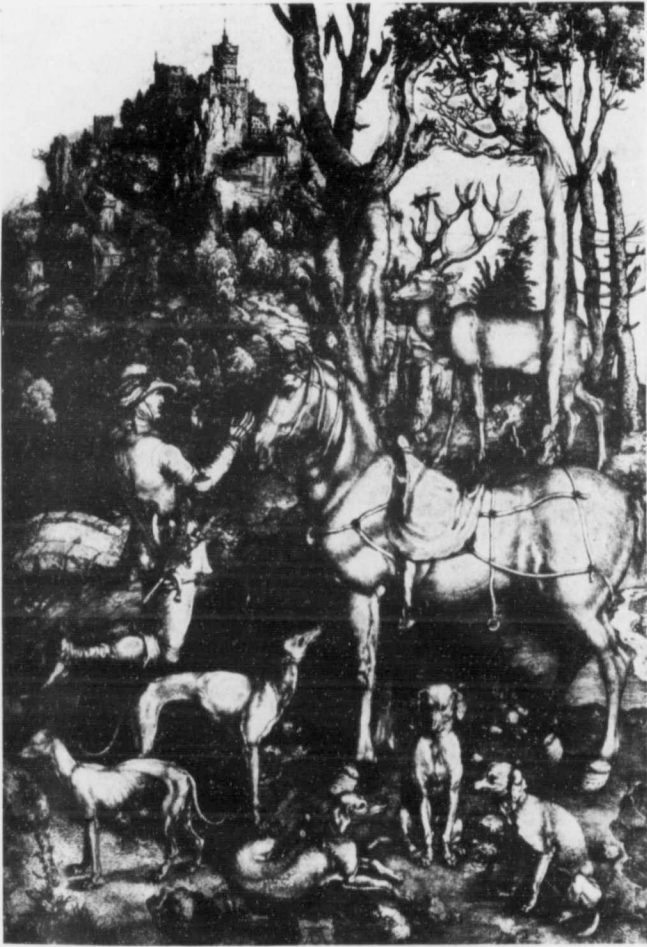
ever, more appear—as far as the early work goes—in a picture of small dimensions, the portrait of one Oswolt Krel. In this he has become really painter-like, and, more than that, has become truly Dürerian; in other words, has attained a proper style. For, though we find him now seriously striving to master the true technique of an artist in oils, his inborn inclinations toward energetic, forceful draughtsmanship, and towards a suggestive delineation of his model's character, have in no wise abated.

Within ten years of his return Dürer had succeeded in making a name for himself. He received sufficient orders for work; his engravings and woodcuts sold well. The latter had spread his fame far beyond the limits of his own town, or even his country, and news came from Venice that they were fraudulently copied there. He no longer needed to consider what sort of article the public liked to buy; he was now pretty sure that they would welcome everything he issued.

The year 1504 witnesses the completion of several important works which were done in this spirit. Foremost among them are three engravings on copper, "The Nativity," an enchanting idyl; the "St. Eustace," Dürer's



From the Engr.



From the Engraving by Düver

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largest plate, important as an embodiment of his principles of landscape art; and the "Adam and Eve," which is the earliest published indication of his studies of proportion—studies that occupied his mind throughout almost the whole of his life. In Dürer's own estimation these will have been secondary to a set of drawings of the Passion, called the "Green Passion," from the colour of the paper on which they are drawn. They represent the third, possibly the fourth time that he had taken up this theme. Often enough the inventive powers of an artist fail him before he finishes a single set of Passion pictures. Dürer's wealth of imagination and his creative powers seem boundless. There is no single repetition to be found in the "Green Passion." Compared with his (in the main) earlier versions this one is freed from dross, simplified, and raised to a higher standard of beauty.

This same year—1504, in fine—is the date of production of Dürer's "Adoration of the Magi," the most important among his early paintings. The figures are fewer than on his previous altarpieces; they are not yet life-size, but they lack the many imperfections which characterised them formerly, as being more or less related to "Gothic" predecessors. The poses are un-

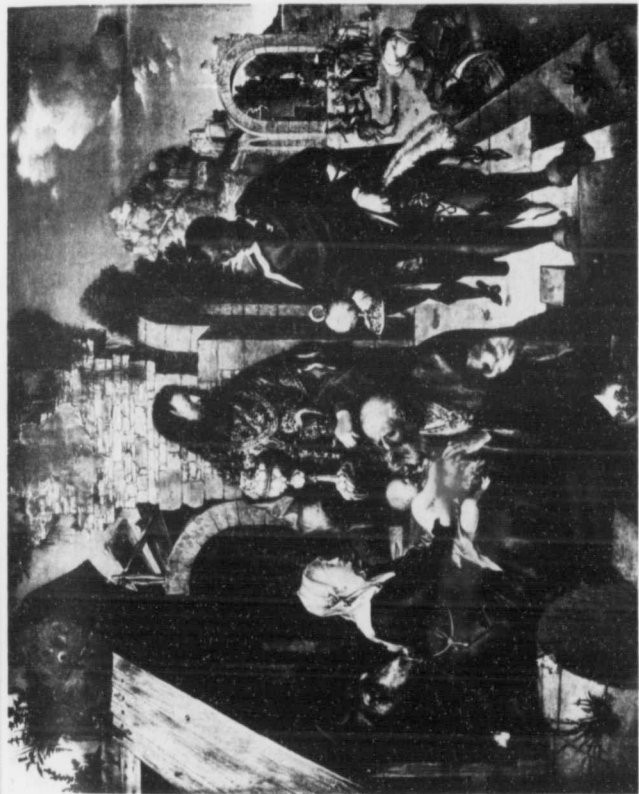
affected, the folds of the draperies flow gracefully, and all is more simple than it had been ever before in Dürer's work.

So far the development of Dürer as an artist had been progressing on smooth lines. Now there came a sudden interruption.

We do not know for certain what may have induced Dürer to leave his home and his *clientèle*, if we may so call it, in the year 1505, to visit Venice. It has been suggested that he went for business reasons, to suppress piratical copies of his works. Yet, the earliest dated copies of this sort engraved by Marc Antonio, the sale of which infringed upon his own rights, hail from the year 1506, and Dürer's energetic appeals to the Signoria of Venice to stop this nuisance are still later. Probably, after all, the mere desire to free himself for a time at least from the depressing trammels of everyday life, and the yearning towards a more liberal art-atmosphere than that of Nuremberg, were the real factors which decided him to undertake the journey. At any rate, this is the spirit which the ten letters he wrote to his friend Pirkheimer at home breathe. They are most valuable indicators of the man and the artist at that time.

Pirkheimer had a keen sense for the require-





Dürer

ADORATION OF THE MAGI
(Uffizi)

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ments of genius, and it was probably he who decided Dürer finally to go upon this journey. It was he, too, who loaned him the necessary funds, asking Dürer at the same time to do some commissions for him, probably in order to make Dürer's obligations seem less. "I pray you to have patience as regards my debt," writes Dürer in his first letter; "I think of it oftener than you do. If God helps me home, I shall surely pay you back with the greatest thanks. The Germans here have ordered an altar-piece from me, and will give me 110 Rhenish florins for it, my outlay being less than five florins. Within eight days I shall have prepared and finished my white ground. Then I will commence to paint straightway; for, God willing, it must be upon the altar a month after Easter. I hope to save all this money, and out of it I intend paying you."

From the next letter, written a month later, upon the 7th of February 1506, it appears that Pirkheimer has been vexed not to have heard from Dürer. Dürer begs forgiveness humbly, "for I have no other friend in the world but you. Nor can I really believe that you are angry with me; for I think of you not otherwise than of a father." He then writes what

fine people there are in Venice, and how well he is esteemed there. "I have many good friends among the Italians, who warn me not to eat and drink with the painters. Many among them are hostile to me, though they copy my things wherever they can find them; but afterwards they decry it, and say it isn't after the antique manner, and therefore not good. But Gian Bellini openly and highly praised me in the presence of many noblemen. He wanted something of mine, and came to me himself and asked me to paint him something, and he would buy it. And all people tell me how pious he is, which predisposes me straight off in his favour. He is very old, and to this day remains the best of all, as far as painting goes. But the thing which pleased me so well eleven years ago doesn't please me any more" (Dürer refers to Jacopo de' Barbarj); "and if I hadn't seen it myself, I wouldn't have believed any one else. . . . To-day I began the composition of my picture: for my hands were so hard and stiff that I couldn't work before I had had them cured."

Upon the 28th of the month Dürer writes that he has sold all the pictures but one which he had brought along with him. "I wish some

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cause or other could bring you here. I am sure time would pass quickly enough for you. For there are a lot of very agreeable people here. And such crowds of Italians come to see me, that I am compelled occasionally to hide. The nobility are all well-wishers; but among the painters few only wish me well."

The commissions which Pirkheimer had entrusted play an important part in all the letters. But they cause Dürer much trouble. He writes that the precious stones which his friend wants are to be had much cheaper in Germany; he is constantly in fear of sharpers, and once he has been swindled, but friends mediate and he recovers his money, having merely to "set up" a fish dinner as a sort of forfeit. An emerald ring which he sent on was returned by Pirkheimer.

Dürer complains that his wife doesn't write. His experience on the subject of matrimony seems to have given the impulse when he advises Pirkheimer: "It looks like all the world as if you had taken a wife. Look to it lest you have taken a master."

On the 2nd of April there is a renewed complaint of the animosity of the Venetian painters, who forced him to pay four florins

into their "school." "I might have made much money by this time were it not for the altar-piece which the Germans have ordered. For this is a very large work, and I cannot finish it before Whitsuntide. The eighty-five ducats it brings will all be gone by that time. I've bought several things, too, and sent some money home. But, believe me, I do not intend to leave this place before, with God's help, I'm in a position to pay you and have a hundred florins besides. It would be an easy matter, too, were it not for the Germans' picture. For, excepting the painters, everybody wishes me well. Please speak to my mother about my brother, that she go to Wohlgemuth and ask him whether he can give him work to do until I return. I would have gladly taken him along to Venice. It would have been profitable for me and him, if merely for the sake of learning the language. But she was afraid the heavens might fall down upon him. Please look after him; it is a sorry job with the women-folk. Talk with the boy. . . . For myself, I wouldn't come to grief; but to support many is beyond me. For nobody throws away money" (*i.e.* upon art).

The next letter is full of worry about a ring

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that Dürer has sent, and the receipt of which Pirkheimer has not yet acknowledged. But after that the tone of the letters is totally changed. As far as we know, four months elapse before Dürer writes again, and he has become a different man. He is elated and buoyant—he leads off with mock-grandiloquent tirades in queer Italian, casts all care far away from him, and is above petty annoyances. “If those rings don’t please you, break them and throw them away. What, think you, do I care about such dirt as that! I have grown to be a nobleman at Venice.” But this is all meant in fun, and he reports conscientiously about further purchases for Pirkheimer. “My picture sends greeting, and would give a ducat to be seen by you. It is good and beautiful in coloration. I have earned much praise but little profit. And I have silenced all the painters, who used to say that I was good in engraving, but didn’t know anything about the handling of colours. Now everybody says they have never seen finer colours. My French cloak sends its best regards, and so does my Italian coat. Item, the Doge and the Patriarch have also come to see my altar-piece.” And, on the 23rd of September 1506, he continues in

the same strain: "I have finished my altar-piece and another canvas, such as I've never accomplished heretofore. Since you are well pleased with yourself" (this refers to a passage in one of Pirkheimer's letters), "I for my part don't mind telling you that there isn't a finer Madonna in all the country than mine. Just as all the gentlefolk praise you, so do all the artists laud my picture. They avow they have never seen a more exalted and pleasing painting." Then there follow some remarks about further commissions for his friend, notably about Oriental carpets—Dürer can't find a square one, they are all long and narrow—and he adds that he has at least four more weeks before him at Venice. He has some portraits on hand, which he promised to do. During the time he spent upon the altar-piece he refused orders to the value of 2000 ducats, he says. And he has found the first grey hair upon his head, from work and worry.

And now follows the tenth and last of the letters written to Pirkheimer, so full of import. It contains the excessively gross passage about his own wife, which Dürer—even if we make thorough allowance for the spirit of the age—could not have written had he the slightest bit

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of affection left for Agnes. He renders final account of all his commissions, and says he will be done with Venice in ten days' time. He is elated still, but the prospect of having to leave these surroundings depresses him mightily, and the famous passage betrays this. "I shall ride to Bologna for the sake of art, some secrets in Perspective which somebody there is going to teach me. I shall stay there about eight or ten days, and then ride back to Venice. Then I will make for home, by the next carrier. *Oh, how shall I starve for lack of this sun ! here I am a gentleman, at home a parasite !*"

In Venice he had, towards the last, become the favoured of fortune, with a full light of fame turned upon him. At Nuremberg an artist was at bottom a craftsman, scarcely better than the shoemaker and the tailor ; he feels that there he will, to say the least, again sink into a daily routine of drudgery.

The altar-piece, so often referred to in these letters, is the "Feast of the Rosary," or adoration of the Madonna, by Maximilian, &c., now at Prague, belonging to the Strahow Convent there. Emperor Rudolf II. prized it so highly that he had it *carried* upon the shoulders of four strong men from Venice to Prague. On being trans-

ported to Vienna it suffered greatly, and again in the course of the nineteenth century. By about 1860 it was in a very bad condition, and was at that time "restored" by one, Anton Grus, who ruthlessly bedaubed Dürer's masterpiece with his own florid colours, scraped the face down to the panel, and painted in his insipid daughter's portrait. An old copy, at Vienna, probably gives us a better idea of the picture as Dürer painted it than the wreck of the original now at Prague. Other paintings of the time—for example, "The Crucifixion" at Dresden, "The Portrait of a Young Man" at Hampton Court, "The Madonna with the Finch" and "The portrait of a Young Woman," both at Berlin—convey to us an excellent impression of the picturesque style Dürer had developed into at Venice, especially the fine coloration, of which he is deservedly proud.

The general feeling of elation which had come over him towards the end of his Venetian sojourn was sufficiently well founded. For he had gained the admiration of the Signoria to such an extent that they offered him a yearly pension of two hundred ducats if he would settle in Venice.

Upon his return to Nuremberg Dürer took up engraving again, and painted the life-size "Adam and Eve" now at Madrid. These are really

studies in Bologna and them. The engravings were like engraving, beneath the

Dürer's paintings, the dom of the from Eleonora a wealthy Jacop He "The M Coronation at Munich Frankfort main by J Dürer ea the picture it was sent to Helle work.

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studies in human proportion, and his work at Bologna may have furnished the direct impetus for them. They are singularly more painter-like than the engraved "Adam and Eve" of 1501, which were likewise studies in proportion. In the engraving, however, art is almost lost sight of beneath the display of science.

Dürer then received two commissions for paintings, the one for a picture of the "Martyrdom of the Ten Thousand Christians in Persia" from Elector Frederick the Wise, the other from a wealthy merchant of Frankfort-on-the-Main, Jacop Heller, for a "Coronation of the Virgin." "The Martyrdom" is now at Vienna; of "The Coronation" the centre-piece was lost by fire (1674) at Munich, and only the wings are preserved at Frankfort. But these wings were executed in the main by pupils. Heller, as far as we know, visited Dürer early in 1507 at Nuremberg and bespoke the picture; it was not before August 1509 that it was sent to him. Several letters from Dürer to Heller tell us all about the history of the work.

On the 28th of August 1507, Dürer writes that he has bought the panel, had it prepared and grounded, but cannot begin to work upon it before he has finished the Elector's picture, as

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he doesn't like to work upon too many things at the same time. The Elector's picture is more than half finished, and Dürer promises to deliver a painting to Heller, such as not many men can do.

On the 19th of March, in the following year, Dürer writes that the Elector's picture will be finished in fourteen days. The outer wings of Heller's altar are already sketched. They are to be *en grisaille*. The centre-piece he will allow no one to touch but himself. He further writes that, if it were not to please Heller, he wouldn't paint it all, and never again will he be persuaded to take an order of this kind. The Elector's picture has taken him a year to do, and the 280 florins that were paid him for it weren't enough, after deducting expenses, to pay for his keep during that time.

Now follows an interesting letter, but one which vexed Heller greatly. Dürer reports that he has already finished two coatings of paint, and there are to be five or six in all. Evidently the altar was executed in some kind of tempera technique which necessitates painting in various layers. As he progresses, however, Dürer discovers that he'll never be able to see his own again if he continues the way he has begun. He writes



Dürer



Dürer

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(Vienna)

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that if he really is to finish a first-class piece of work he must have 200 florins. Even that isn't half of what he would ask for a new order, if such a one should turn up. If Heller, however, doesn't want to pay more than the 130 Rhenish florins originally stipulated, Dürer will still paint him something worth far more than the price paid.

This aggravates Heller, as he supposes Dürer is trying to break the agreement and force a higher price out of him. Dürer tries to justify his conduct in a long letter of the 4th of November 1508. He writes that he hasn't the slightest doubt that all connoisseurs will value the painting at 300 florins when it is once finished. He makes use of the very best colours, and his outlay on ultramarine alone amounts to twenty florins. He estimates the time that it will take him to finish the centre-piece at thirteen months, to say the least. He denies that he could ever have been insane enough to promise to finish the picture "with all the greatest care possible." Any single head "finished with the greatest care possible" would take him half a year, and at that rate the Heller picture couldn't be finished within a lifetime. Besides, it would be a waste of energy to "finish" a large altar-piece after

this fashion. After all things are said, Heller, he supposes, doesn't want Dürer to lose money on his work, and he, on the other hand, doesn't wish to have it reported that he doesn't stick to the fulfilment of his contract. He begs Heller to have patience pending the completion of the altar-piece. He feels sure that he will like it, and all unpleasantness will be resolved.

In the previous letter he had asked Heller whether he couldn't find a purchaser for the "Madonna" which Heller saw in Dürer's house. It's a thing he wouldn't do again under 50 florins as an order; but now that he has it lying upon his hands, he'll sell it for thirty, and, rather than not sell it, let it go for twenty-five. In this letter he writes to Heller not to trouble any more about the "Madonna," as the Bishop of Breslau has in the meantime bought it for 72 florins.

Once more, towards the end of March 1509, Dürer asks Heller to be patient. He has worked most conscientiously upon the picture, and used up 24 florins worth of paint. He wouldn't undertake another such for 400 florins. He has been asked to sell it elsewhere (at a profit), but he will remain true to his agreement.

The continued broad hints that Heller is receiving at least twice the value of his payment,

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grate upon the Frankfort merchant's sensibilities, and the result is some acrimonious correspondence. It is easy to gather from Dürer's replies what Heller must have written. In the end Dürer agrees to send him the picture to Frankfort, and let him have it for 100 florins less than Dürer can get for it elsewhere. Heller's friendship, he says, outvalues the loss of 100 florins; but, if Heller doesn't want it, Dürer is ready to take it back. He has painted it carefully five or six times, and even after it was ostensibly finished he has gone over it again twice. For he wants it to last 500 years, if kept clean. He begs Heller to have it kept clean, and not to allow them to sprinkle it with holy water. Even now he cannot withhold repeating his oft-proclaimed losses at this kind of work. If he were to go on painting like this he would soon turn beggar. So he will return to engraving. Had he stuck to that, he says, he would now be richer by a thousand florins. He tells Heller how the altar must be hung, and gives directions as to careful treatment. No one must be allowed to varnish it. In a year or two he himself will come to Frankfort to varnish it again with his own particular varnish; all others are yellow and would spoil the painting. From the last letter,

dated October 12, 1509, we learn that Heller, when the picture arrived at last, was quite delighted with it. So everything ended in harmony at last.

Dürer now turned with especial assiduity to woodcut and engraving, as he had predicted he would in his letter to Heller. The following years rounded off the small woodcut "Passion," the large woodcut "Passion," and the engraved "Passion," besides giving birth to many of the best-known other prints, such as the "St. Jerome in his Cell," the "Melancholia," and the "Knight, Death, and Devil," the dry-point "St. Jerome under the Willow-Tree," &c.

For the chapel of a home for old men in Nuremberg, founded by E. Schildkrot and Mathew Landauer, Dürer painted at this time a beautiful "All Saints" altar-piece, for which he designed an original frame. His Italian coloration is blended with German design and thoroughness. The picture was bought, 1585, by Emperor Rudolph II., and is now in Vienna; the frame is still to be seen in Nuremberg at the Germanic Museum.

The dates on drawings and manuscripts by Dürer show us that, from about 1510 onward, two things were to engage his attention to such

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a degree as to hinder his development into a great painter, the possibility of which is vouched for by the "All Saints" if by nothing else. One of these two things is his scientific research, the other his work for Emperor Maximilian.

The former resulted in a book on the "Art of Perspective" (issued 1525), a second book "On the Fortification of Cities, Castles, and Villages" (1527), and "Four Books on the Proportions of the Human Body" (1528). Dürer was by nature meditatively disposed; but he had not received an education which enabled him to grapple successfully with scientific problems. Perhaps it would be better to say that on account of this failure he was unable to grasp his ideas definitely, and, above all, to express himself clearly. His books (and manuscript sketches for them) are troublesome reading, full of contradictions, scarcely ever lucid in their deductions and phraseology. Upon the whole, we must lament this side of his activity as a waste of energy. He had received the first impetus thereto from Leonardesque traditions, and especially from the painter Jacopo de' Barbarj. That he went to Bologna expressly to pursue such studies we have already learned above.

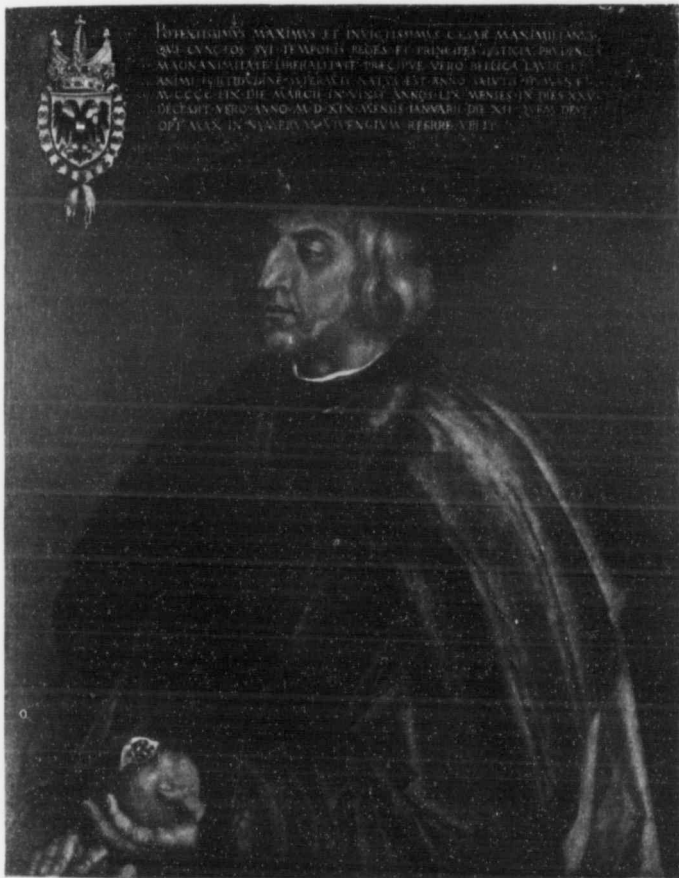
Here and there are to be found some most interesting and also some uncommonly fine statements. For example: "But life in nature lets you recognise the truth as to these things. Therefore look at her diligently, defer to her, and do not depart from nature in the belief that you yourself can invent anything better; then you would be led astray. For, truly, art is encompassed by nature; whoever can tear her out holds her as his own." Or, "As far as it (your work) is contrary to nature, so far it is bad;" or, "But in such things tempered effects are the most beautiful, although the others, viz. those full of strong contrast, excite more wonder, yet they are not all so pleasant," &c. Dürer's diffidence as to his own success in these scientific works finds various and constant expression. Almost every precept he gives is followed by some sort of reservation to the effect that there are also other ways of attaining this, and he is, as an author, justly more modest than as an artist. If the last aim of all his scientific work is to discover what beauty is, then what else but a confession of his own weakness as a theorist is that famous often-quoted sentence of his: "But what Beauty really is, that I cannot tell!"

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PORTRAIT OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN
(From the painting by Albrecht Dürer at Vienna)

Here and there are to be found some most interesting and also some uncommonly fine statements. For example: "But life in nature lets you recognise the truth as to these things. Therefore look at her diligently, defer to her, and do not depart from nature in the belief that you yourself can invent anything better; then you would be led astray. For, truly, art is encompassed by nature; whoever can tear her out holds her as his own." Or, "As far as it (your work) is contrary to nature, so far it is bad;" or, "But in such things tempered effects are the most beautiful, although the others, viz. those full of strong contrast, excite more wonder, yet they are not all so pleasant," &c. Dürer's diffidence as to his own success in these scientific works finds various and constant expression. Almost every precept he gives is followed by some sort of reservation to the effect that there are also other ways of attaining this, and he is, as an author, justly more modest than as an artist. If the last aim of all his scientific work is to discover what beauty is, then what else but a confession of his own weakness as a theorist is that famous often-quoted sentence of his: "But what Beauty really is, that I cannot tell!"



PORTRAIT OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN
(From the painting by Albrecht Durer at Vienna)

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"This is Emperor Maximilian, him have I, Albrecht Dürer, portrayed at Augsburg up in his little room in the castle, in the year 1518, on Monday after St. John the Baptist's day" (28th June 1518), is the legend which Dürer wrote on a drawing now in the Albertina at Vienna. From it, principally, he did the oil portrait of this same prince, finished in the ensuing year, and now in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, which is the most painter-like of all his portraits, and may well be placed side by side with the "All Saints" altar-piece. Chronologically they form the nucleus about which Dürer's work for Maximilian is to be grouped. The great "Triumphal Arch" dates from the year 1515; the "Triumphal Chariot," which forms the *pièce de résistance* in the long triumphal procession, a large series of woodcuts glorifying Maximilian, dates from the year 1522. Besides these two there are some woodcut portraits and single sheets, all connected with Maximilian, and it is possible that Dürer helped to forward some of the other fine-art schemes of the Emperor, although none of the designs actually executed is attributed to him.

Maximilian I. commissioned a large number of woodcut series, in which he and his

house were to be glorified. The "humanist" *litterati* of his court mapped out pompous allegorical schemes, which Dürer and his *confrères* had to clothe in artistic garb as best they could. The most pretentious among these schemes was the "Triumphal Arch," consisting of ninety-two woodcuts, which, when pieced together and mounted, measure about 9 feet by 6. The main arch discovers Maximilian enthroned, his pedigree, and the arms of the 102 countries he ruled over. The smaller arches, right and left, are decorated with twenty-four representations of his most famous battles and achievements. There are, besides, pictures illustrating the Emperor's various virtues and noble deeds, numerous portraits of his relatives, &c., and, finally, a great deal of purely ornamental decoration.

The "Triumphal Chariot" is composed of eight elaborately finished sheets. From the year 1514 on, Dürer illuminated more than fifty pages of the famous Prayer Book of Maximilian with pen drawings.

Two notes written by Dürer to a friend, C. Kress, and to the Burgomaster and Council of Nuremberg, tell us what return he received for all this work.

To Kress he writes on the 30th of July 1515:

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"Firstly I pray you to find out from Stabius whether he has had any success with His Imperial Majesty in my behalf, and how my affair stands. If he has not had any, will you please try to do something for me with H.I.M.? And especially remind His Imperial Majesty that I have served him now for three years, neglecting my interests meanwhile, and if I hadn't been so diligent, the graceful piece of work (*i.e.* 'The Triumphal Arch') would never have come to be finished, and I consequently beg H. Imp. Maj. to reward me with 100 Florins. And, know too, that I have done many another drawing for H. Imp. Majesty beyond the 'Triumph.'

The Emperor wanted to free him from all taxation, but the Council at Nuremberg naturally objected to this, since they did not see why they should be held to pay the Emperor's bills. From Dürer's letter to the Council, written on the 27th of April 1519, we glean that he voluntarily relinquished his claim, and he was rewarded in the end by an annual payment of 100 florins out of Maximilian's Nuremberg revenues. Dürer reverts to the matter in a letter, written in the beginning of 1520, to Georg Spalatin. There he writes, among other things: "Item, I am

sending my most worshipful Lord (*i.e.* Elector Frederick, whose chaplain Spalatin was) three impressions of a plate which I have engraved at his desire, the portrait of his Lordship of Mayence. I have sent His Grace the Elector his plate (portrait) with 200 proofs, which I dedicated to him, in return for which the elector treated me most graciously. His Grace made me a present of 200 florins in gold and twenty yards of Damast for a coat. I accepted this in joy and gratitude, all the more so as I was at that time in need. For His Imperial Majesty of renowned memory, who died too soon for me, had indeed the bounty to recompense my long trouble, worry, and work. But the hundred florins to be paid annually until my end, out of the city revenues, and which I received during His Majesty's lifetime, these the Council no longer want to pay me."

The reason why the Council of Nuremberg suspended the payment of this pension was, probably, because they first wanted to ascertain whether Charles V., Maximilian's successor, would confirm the grant.

It has been supposed that the principal object of Dürer's tour to the Netherlands, which will occupy us next, was to look after the confirma-

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tion of this grant personally. He kept a journal during his voyage, manuscript copies of which have been handed down to us. It was in the main a diary of expenses, but often he discusses things and people that he has seen and events that happened.

Before entering upon the details of this journey we must just make a note of some valuable information about Dürer during the few years previous to his setting out upon it, which we owe to Lorenz Behaim, a canon of Bamberg, who conveys it in his letters to W. Pirkheimer. This Behaim had sojourned for a long time at Rome, and had become intimate with Pope Alexander VI. He is rather given to taking Dürer lightly, and, in a mild manner, pokes fun at him on account of his vanity. Dürer wore a full beard, carefully attended to, which was an uncommon thing at that time. According to Behaim he must have been somewhat of a "gay Lothario" in his day; several passages in the Venetian correspondence corroborate this view. Behaim set up a horoscope for Dürer. In the fall of the year 1517 Dürer visited Bamberg and put up at Behaim's house. Writing to Pirkheimer, in October, Behaim reports that Dürer has made portraits of the Bishop of Bamberg and of his

jester, Sella. "Dürer is always invited out, so that he is never at home for lunch. He was at the Bishop's to-day, portrayed Sella, and will portray the Bishop himself. This evening he dines with the Bishop; he occupies the place of honour at the table." On the next day Behaim writes: "I would like to write more about Dürer, but he is always disturbing me by his chaffing the cook." On the 11th of the month he reports great honours which have been bestowed upon Dürer. Two years later he mentions that Dürer intends "visiting England, or that miserable country Spain. But he had better abandon that project. He is no longer a young man, and one of delicate build. He might not be able to stand the strain of the journey, let alone the difference of climate. Since he has no children to provide for, let him rest satisfied with his income, and select the fulfilment of a quiet life in the service of God."

But the spirit of wandering had again seized Dürer, and, though nothing came either of his English or his Spanish project, the special inducement already noted to go to the Netherlands was probably a most welcome excuse since it came just at a time when Dürer was burning to travel anywhere.

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Dürer set out with his wife and a maid, on the 12th of July 1520, for Bamberg, where he presented a painting of a "Madonna" and some prints to the Bishop, who received him graciously and granted him letters patent, with the help of which he might proceed along the river Main exempt from duties. The trip by boat took eight days to Frankfort, another to Mayence, and twenty-three in all (including the resting days in the towns) to Cologne. Here he meets his cousin Nicholas and is fêted in the Franciscan Convent. On the 28th the journey is continued down the Rhine and Maes; Antwerp is reached on the 2nd of August. "Then we put up at Jobst Planckfeldt's, and on the very same evening the Fugger agent, Bernhard Stecher by name, invited me, and gave us a dainty meal; but my wife ate at the inn. . . . Item, on Saturday after Vincula Petri mine host brought me to the Mayor's house at Antwerp, newly built, large beyond measure and well arranged, with unusually fine, big rooms, and many of them, a beautifully ornamented tower, a very large garden, in fine, so magnificent a house as I have not seen anywhere in Germany. . . . And on Sunday, St. Oswald's day, the painters invited me along with the

wife and maid to their hall, and all was laid out with silver plate and other precious decorations and superfine fare. All their womenfolk were also present. And as I was led to table, everybody got up at both sides, just as when great lords are led in. And among them there were quite famous men, of name, who all behaved most respectfully, bowing low before me. And they said they would do everything, as well as they knew how, to please me. And as I was sitting honoured thus among them, a messenger of the Council of Antwerp came to me with four cans of wine, and offered me their respects and assured me of their goodwill." And others pay their respects in a similarly flattering manner. He visits Quentin Matsijs' house, and Joachim Patenier places his assistant and working material at Dürer's disposal. Dürer admires the extravagant decorations of the Antwerp gild prepared for Charles V.'s entry. Sebald Fischer improves the shining hour (viz. the advertisement that Dürer's presence affords), and buys of him, for retailing purposes, sixteen sets of the "Little Passion," thirty-two of the "Large Passion," "Apocalypse," and "Life of Mary," six of the "Engraved Passion," and a great number of the single prints, which are sold indiscriminately according to their size

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ADORATION OF THE TRINITY
(From the painting by Albrecht Dürer at Vienna)

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ADORATION OF THE TRINITY

(From the painting by Albrecht Dürer at Vienna)

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as half sheets and quarter sheets. Dürer draws likenesses of a great number of people to whom he is indebted, and gives these drawings to the sitters; also many of his prints to friends.

On the other hand, he receives numerous presents, and turns into a collector of curios as did Rembrandt about a century later. "The Rent-warden gave me a child's head on canvas. And a wooden weapon of Calcutta, and also one of those light wood reeds (bambus). And Tomasin gave me a hat made of serried elderberry-stones. . . . Master Erasmus (of Rotterdam, the famous humanist), gave me a Spanish mantle and three male portraits."

"Item, Our Lady's Church at Antwerp is extremely large, so that many different Masses can be going on at once in it, none disturbing the other. The Church boasts of much venerable paraphernalia and stone-sculptures, and above all a fine tower. And there are the best musicians which one can have anywhere. I was also in the rich Abbey of St. Michael, which has the most precious triforium of carved stone that I have ever seen, and exquisite stalls in the choir. And at Antwerp they don't economise in these things, for there there is money enough." Even he had to give a tip occasionally

when he wanted to see a painting in a church which was not generally on view. On August 19 Dürer sees the wonderful procession in honour of the Virgin, in which all the trades and gilds took part, and which took two hours to pass his house. He gives a short account of it, but says: "There were so many things that I couldn't describe them all in a whole book; so I'll let it rest there."

"On Sunday after St. Bartholomew's day I rode with Master Tomasin from Antwerp to Malines, where we lay over night; and I invited Master Conrad and a painter with him to supper. And this Master Conrad is the good sculptor whom Lady Margaret engages. From Malines we rode *via* the hamlet Vilvorde, and arrived at Brussels Monday noon. . . . I ate with the councillors at Brussels, . . . and I gave my letter of introduction, which my Lord of Bamberg had written to the Markgrave John, and made him a present of the engraved 'Passion' therewith, to make him think of me. . . . In the Town Hall at Brussels, in the Golden Chamber, I saw the four painted subjects which the great Master Roger has done. In the King's house at Brussels, out at the back, I saw the fountains, labyrinth, and deer-park; these are jolly things, which

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please me, like a paradise, better than anything I've ever seen. Item, Erasmus is the little man who set up my petition" (concerning the confirmation of the grant; see above), "at Master James Bonisius' for me. Item, at Brussels there is a very fine Town Hall, large and full of beautiful carvings, with a magnificent open-work tower. . . . I have also seen the things which they have brought for the King out of the new gold country—a sun entirely of gold a fathom broad, and a moon of silver just as large. Again, two chambers full of their armour and all kinds of weapons—breastplates, artillery, strange shields, queer dress, bedclothes, and various wonderful things for sundry usage, which are much more beautiful to look at than outright marvels. These things were all costly, so that they had been estimated at a hundred thousand florins value. And in all my life I've never seen anything that so delighted my heart as these things; for I perceived therein marvellously artful things, and I was surprised at the subtle ingenuity of the people in strange countries. And I can't express myself about the things I had there. I saw many a fine thing besides at Brussels, and especially a big fishbone, as if one had made it of masonry; and it was a fathom long and very thick, and

weighed 15 cwt., and had such a shape" (Dürer's drawing has been lost), "and was at the back of the fish's head.

"And I also was in the house of the Count of Nassau, which is so magnificently built and beautifully ornamented. Item, Lady Margaret" (Governess of the Lowlands) "sent for me at Brussels, and promised me to speak for me with King Charles. . . . Item, at the house of the Count of Nassau I saw the fine picture in the chapel which Master Hugh" (van der Goes) "has done. And I saw the two handsome, large halls, and all the treasures and the great bed, which might hold fifty people. And I also saw the big rock which the storm hurled down on the field next to my Lord of Nassau. This house is situated up high, and from it there is the most astonishingly beautiful view, and I don't believe there is anything like it in all German countries. Item, Master Bernard" (van Orleij), "the painter, invited me, and set out so delicious a banquet that I don't believe it can have been done for 10 florins. . . . And to Erasmus Roterodamus I made a present of my engraved 'Passion.' . . . I have made a second portrait-drawing of Erasmus Roterodamus."

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(He had already given one to Dürer's wife.) . . .
"Item, I gave a stiver for the printed description of the 'Entry at Antwerp,' where the King was received in glorious triumph. There the triumphal arches were decorated with plays, great gaiety, and dumb shows of nude maidens, such as I have seen only few." Another "sight" that he speaks about is the giant Brabo. The Bolognese painter, Tommaso Vincidor, tells him that all of Raffaello Santi's things have been scattered. He draws a portrait of Dürer (which was engraved later, in 1629, by A. Stock), and Dürer gives him a complete set of his prints; also a second set, for which he is to receive Raffaello prints in return.

On the 4th of October 1520 Dürer starts for a seven weeks' tour to Aix-la-Chapelle, to find the Emperor there. "At Aix-la-Chapelle I saw the proportioned columns, with their fine capitals of porphyry, green and red, which Charlemagne had brought thither out of Rome and inserted. They are really executed according to Vitruvius' writings." He inspected all the relics, and made a drawing of the Minster. "On the 23rd of October they crowned Emperor Charles at Aix-la-Chapelle, where I saw all splendid magnificence, such as nobody who lives among us ever saw

finer." At last Dürer can write: "On Monday after St. Martin's Day (12th of Nov. 1520), after much trouble and work, the confirmation of the Emperor for the Council at Nuremberg came to hand." *Via* Cologne and the Rhine he returns to Antwerp to fetch his wife; but nearly three-quarters of a year pass before he really starts for home. The seven weeks he was gone, his wife and the maid's keep cost seven crowns, and she had bought things for four further florins. "On St. Martin's Day some one cut off my wife's purse, in Our Lady's Church at Antwerp, in which there were 11 florins. The purse and what else there was in it was also worth a florin, and there were some keys in it."

Dürer hears of a tremendous whale that has been washed ashore near Ziericksee, and Dürer would like to see it. On December 3rd he starts out for a trip to Zeeland. From Berghen-op-Zoom the trip was continued by boat, and he passed flooded districts, where merely the tops of roofs appeared above the waters. At Arnemuiden he had a serious accident. When he was about to disembark, a large vessel ran up against the boat, so that the ropes broke and they were cast adrift. No one but he, a Nuremberg friend, two old women, a boy, and

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the boatman were on board, and a hurricane suddenly sprang up, forcing them out into the open. The sailors were on shore; nobody dared to come out and help them. Dürer quieted the frantic boatman, and told him to reflect what had best be done. They then raised a small sail and managed to pull up to the shore again. In Middelburg he admired the Town Hall, and the choir stalls in the St. Nicholas Abbey, and other beautiful works of art. By the time they reached Ziericksee, the flood—Fortuna, as Dürer calls it—had already washed the whale away.

Back at Antwerp again he dines several times in the company of Erasmus. Like our modern travellers he has to give a tip of a stiver in order to get up on the high cathedral tower. His accounts show that he sold not only his own paintings, drawings, and prints, but also work by other masters—for instance, fine prints by Hans Baldung.

Upon the 6th of April Dürer started upon another tour in the company of the painter Jan Prevost. He visited Bruges, where he admired the paintings of Rogier van der Weijden, Hugo van der Goes, and Jan van Eijck, and the so-called "Madonna of Bruges,"

which he speaks of positively as the work of Michelangelo Buonarotti. The Painters' Guild honour him with a great banquet and a gift of wine. Then he visits Ghent, where he is fêted similarly by the painters. He is enthusiastic about the famous Van Eijck altar-piece, which he styles "John's panel" (thus not mentioning Hubert). But the lions which happen to be kept at Ghent interest him scarcely less, and he sketches one of them.

Returned to Antwerp he falls ill. "Item, in the third week after Easter (April 14-20), I fell into a high fever, with fits of fainting and headache. And lately, when I was in Zeeland, a strange illness came upon me, such as I have never heard of from any man, and this illness I still am suffering from." Dürer drew a picture of himself later on, with his finger pointing towards the region where the spleen is located, and wrote on the sketch: "There where the yellow spot is, at which the finger is pointing, there I have pains."

Upon the 5th of June he seems gradually to be thinking of returning home; on this day, at any rate, he sends a great bale of goods to be taken home by the carrier Cunz Mez of Schlaudersdorf. On the next day he goes to

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Malines, where the painters honour him as they did everywhere else, and where he visits the Archduchess Margaret. She does not approve of his portrait of Emperor Maximilian, which he really had intended to make her a present of. He is, quite the contrary, very enthusiastic about her miniatures, paintings, and books. Shortly after his return to Antwerp, he writes: "Master Luke, the one who engraves on copper, invited me; he is quite a little man, a native of Leiden in Holland; he happened to be at Antwerp."

Just as he was on the point of departing, on the 2nd of July, the King of Denmark sends for Dürer. He eats with the King, and makes a portrait-drawing of him. The personal appearance of the King, and his courage—with only three retainers he boldly rode through the enemy's country—were greatly admired. In his following Dürer proceeds to Brussels, and witnesses the ceremonies of the meeting of Emperor, King, and Archduchess, enlivened by fine banquets. To the second of these, tendered by the King, Dürer is personally invited by his Majesty; he then paints the King's portrait, for which he receives thirty florins.

On the 12th of July he leaves definitely for

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home. Cologne is reached on the 15th, and there the diary stops.

After his return to Nuremberg Dürer drew some few designs for woodcuts, engraved only five portraits and three small plates of apostles, and painted probably not more than half-a-dozen pictures. The most important of these were—besides the Muffel and Holzschuher portraits, both at Berlin—the “Four Apostles,” also called the “Four Temperaments,” now at Munich. These “Four Apostles ” Dürer painted for the city of Nuremberg. Some time before the middle of October, in the year 1524, he had petitioned the Municipal Council of his native city with the following letter:—

“After many years I have, through no end of labour and with the help of God, earned and put by as much as a thousand Rhenish florins, which I would now very much like to invest for my maintenance. Although I know that it is not customary nowadays with your Honours to take up much money at the rate of one florin for twenty (*i.e.* 5 per cent. interest), as has already been signified to other people than myself and refused them, yet in spite of my misgivings about approaching you in this matter, I am moved by my want, and

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above all by the favourable disposition which, as I have frequently noticed, your Honours have towards me, also by circumstances which I am about to relate—to solicit your Honours in this wise notwithstanding. For, your Honours will well know, how obedient, willing, and conscientious I have shown myself heretofore, above many other persons here, in the execution of such affairs as your Honours entrusted to me, and that when Members of the Council or community, were in need of my help, art, or work, I served oftener for nothing than for a money consideration. And I have, as I may write with truth, throughout all the thirty years that I have remained at home, not had 500 florins worth of work in this town, which is a trifle and shameful, and of which not a fifth part will have been real profit; rather, the little I have, which God knows I had to work hard enough for, was earned off Princes, Lords, and other foreign people, so that I am really only spending here what I have earned abroad. Your Honours doubtless will know that the late Emperor Maximilian, of revered memory, wanted of his own accord to set me free (of taxation) in this city many years ago. But after several of the Elders of the Council, who dealt with

me about the matter, advised me, I voluntarily relinquished the privilege, so that the rights, customs, and prerogatives of the Council, my masters, should not be impaired. Again, the Signorie at Venice, nineteen years ago, desired to keep me and wanted to confer a yearly pension of 200 ducats upon me. And similarly the Council of Antwerp, recently when I was in the Lowlands, wanted to give me yearly a salary of three hundred Philipps florins, free me of the guild and present me with a nicely built house; and at both places they wanted over and above this, to pay for every single thing that I might work for the city. All of which I declined out of love for your Honours and for this city as my native place, and I chose to live with your Honours in moderate circumstances rather than be esteemed for much and made rich in other towns. And this then is my very dutiful petition to your Honours, that you, considering all these things, will take my thousand florins, which I could well place with other safe and sound companies here and elsewhere, but which I notwithstanding would like best to leave with your Honours, and out of particular graciousness give me fifty florins a year interest on them, so that I, with my wife, who are both of us grow-



Durer



Hans Holbein

THE FOUR APOSTLES
(Munich)

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ing old, weak, and unable to do work as the days go by, on account of which we require a decent maintenance all the more, may enjoy your Honours' particular favour and kindness as we have done until now."

The petition was granted, and this may have been one of the reasons to induce Dürer to dedicate what he deemed the crowning work of his life, the "Four Apostles," to his native city. The letter with which he accompanied the two panels runs thus: "Although I have for some time intended to present to your Honours one of my modest efforts, I have been prevented from carrying out this plan, because of the unworthiness of my work, which, I know, ought not to have dared to show itself in your presence. However, having recently painted a panel and devoted more care to it than to any other work, I esteem nobody more fit to keep it in memory of me than your Honours. Therefore I beg to proffer it herewith, begging you most humbly and earnestly, graciously to accept my little present with favour, and be and remain my esteemed, well disposed Masters, as I have found you in all matters heretofore. To deserve which, on the part of your Honours, I shall in all humility continue to strive."

Dürer selected texts from the New Testament for these pictures, which Neudorffer executed. They reflect the religious excitement of the times, and contain a plea for Lutheranism as well as a condemnation of Anabaptism. At heart Dürer inclined to Luther. To Spalatin he wrote: "And if God helps me so as to come to Doctor Martinus Luther, then I will try to take his portrait most carefully and engrave it, so as better to preserve the memory of this Christian man, who has helped me out of great tribulation." When the false report of Luther's capture reaches him in the Lowlands, he suddenly introduces an uncommonly warm defence of the Reformer, and lamentation over his supposed capture. He breaks out strongly against Popery. And after his return from the Lowlands, Dürer wrote intensely anti-Catholic words upon a copy of Ostendorfer's woodcut "The Veneration of the Virgin of Ratisbon." But Dürer was not the kind of man to be a martyr. He never actually renounced Catholicism. During his journey in the Lowlands his wife, and probably he, confessed; and it has been recently shown that his rather sudden return to Nuremberg in the end was the result of his being frightened of the Inquisition.

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As has already been stated, most of his time during the last years of his life was unfortunately devoted to theoretical publications. He died in the well-known house, which to this day is the goal of thousands of pilgrims, at Nuremberg, on the 6th of April 1528.

His death was mourned as never an artist's death in Germany had been before him. A lock of his hair was sent as a memento to his friend Hans Baldung. Pirkheimer was heartbroken. He and Eoban Hesse wrote funereal elegies which contained encomiums of the highest order. In a letter to Vanbühler, Pirkheimer wrote: "For among all people, who were not blood relations, I loved no one so dearly, nor esteemed any one so highly as him on account of his innumerable virtues and his rare righteousness." Luther wrote to Hesse: "As regards Dürer, it behoves a pious man to mourn for this best of men. You, however, may well esteem him happy, that Christ had enlightened him and took him off betimes out of this stormy and most likely soon still stormier era, so that he, worthy of seeing only the best, was not compelled to see the very worst. May he rest in peace, among his fathers. AMEN." Melanchthon wrote: "It grieves me sorely, to see Germany bereaved

of such an artist, such a man!" Erasmus of Rotterdam had just published the passage: "I have known Dürer's name for a long time as of first renown in the art of painting. Some style him the Apelles of our day. But I believe, were Apelles living, he would in honesty have yielded the palm to Dürer. Apelles made use of few and modest colours, yet he did use colours. Dürer, however, setting aside what else he is to be admired for—what does he not express by means of monochrome, *i.e.* by means of black lines! Shadow and light, brilliancy, the vanishing and protrusion in perspective; and further, as occasion offers, he presents not only the actual appearance of objects as we see them, but observes beyond this, perfect symmetry and harmony. Yes, indeed he knows how to put upon the canvas things that scarcely yield themselves to pictorial treatment, such as fire, rays, storms, lightning, heat-lightning, and fog, they say; all the passions, the entire soul of man divulged by the body, in fact, almost language itself! All this he presents to the eye so happily with those simple black lines, that the picture would suffer if one were to colour it. Is it not more admirable to attain that without the meretricious

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charm of colour, than with it as did Apelles?" And Camerarius said of Dürer: "If there was anything connected with this man, which at least resembled a fault, it was solely his immoderate application and his self-criticism which he frequently practised until he became unjust."

Not only his own countrymen, however, readily admitted Dürer's superior virtues. Vasari states, in the "Life of Andrea d'Angeli," that Andrea borrowed figures from Durer's engravings for his "St. John Baptizing," and for other pictures. Of Pontormo he relates that he likewise borrowed a landscape of Dürer for his "Pietà," and the compositions out of Dürer's sets for his series of the "Passion" in the Certosa near Florence. He adds: "Let no one believe that Jacopo deserves censure for imitating the inventions of Albrecht Dürer, for many painters have done this and still continue to do so." Speaking of a "Bacchanale" by Giovanni Bellini, Vasari says: "If there be some lack of flow in the drapery, according to the German taste, apparent in it, that does not matter much, for he was imitating a panel by Albrecht Dürer, who came to Venice in those days, which had been set up in the Church of St. Bartholomew, a rare

work with many figures painted in oils." In the "Life of Raimondi" he enumerates a great number of Dürer's engravings and woodcuts: "I would gladly believe that it was not a matter of chance that Dürer could do superior things, for he lacked good models, and when working from the nude, had to draw after one of his prentice lads, who must have been badly grown, as is commonly the case in Germany, though many a man there has fine enough a figure in his clothes." Speaking of the "Life of the Virgin": "It is so beautiful that it would be impossible to surpass it in invention, perspective, architecture and drapery, old heads and young. Indeed, if this rare and diligent artist had had Toscana instead of Flanders (*sic!*) for his home, and had been able like us to study the treasures at Rome, he would have been one of the best painters in our country, just as he was the rarest and most celebrated master Flanders ever possessed." Finally he lauds Dürer's paintings, and even his scientific works. Campagnola also belongs to the Italian artists who borrowed from Dürer, and the compliment Marcantonio Raimondi paid him by copying a whole set of his woodcuts is well known. To close with Raffaello Santi—with whom Dürer

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had a friendly interchange of works—he exclaimed, upon seeing some of Dürer's designs: "Indeed he would surpass us all, if, like us, he were to have continually the works of the old masters before him."

CHAPTER IV

HANS BURGKMAIR, HANS BALDUNG, AND
MATTHIAS GRÜNEWALD

“It is a matter for unceasing lament that our ancestors in Germany were so sluggish and dilatory, in so far as they, although they could claim many fine masters in art, neglected to make note of their repute, craft, and teaching, for the better information, imitation, and encouragement of posterity, and for the sake of history. It is quite certain that if I had not intervened with the present necessary book, and had jotted down that which I could gather, in part by word of mouth, from the oldest living artists, in part by my eyes (in the course of my travels), their great excellence might have quite vanished and been altogether forgotten, so that our descendants would have known nothing about their craft and virtue. This would have happened, beyond a doubt, in the case of Hans Burgkmair, who, as can be gleaned from his work, must have

been an apprentice and disciple of Albrecht Dürer, in which" (supposition) "I am confirmed by his own portrait, drawn in black crayon, which I keep in my book of drawings. It bears the monogram \overline{B} and Burgkmair's name, and that he was forty-four years old in 1517.

AND
"This most worthy man's laudable work appears in many books, such as the one in honour of Emperor Maximilian, his serious and light adventures, wherein are to be found numerous neat and beautiful woodcuts by his" (Burgkmair's) "hand, which show to a sufficiency the overflow of his understanding. Alongside of this he executed a still finer work, which embraces nigh upon 100 royal sheets in woodcut such as have never been issued anywhere before, likewise in honour of the said Emperor. It shows beautiful and variously shaped triumphal chariots—four among them by the hand of Dürer himself, others by Burgkmair, with and without horses—which are pulled by men or propelled by curious internal mechanisms; before others, however, stags and various other animals have been harnessed. He has further peopled some of the cars with musicians, and on some of them the virtues of the Emperor are impersonated, upon others a part of his retinue. Heralds head the procession

of riders, then follow officers of the law, and so on down to the military servants, on water, on horseback, and on foot, along with more than a hundred other persons; likewise rear-guard, sutlers, and such kind according to their rank, from the highest to the lowest, all done in so stately a fashion that never anything can have been done more magnificent, neat, and full of art. Why this beautiful work never appeared, whether it was on account of the lamentable departure of the Emperor, or for what other cause I do not know, for all that I have ever seen of it is a set of trial impressions, and a complete set with inscriptions has never been found. This same set my dear friend, Matthew Merian the elder, let me have as a great favour, who had the book of the art dealer Mitner. The said Mitner assured him at the time that the original blocks were kept in a shop" (Sandrart calls it a "vault") "at Augsburg. When, thereupon, the honourable Van Spiring saw this beautiful book in my possession, I did not desire to cross his art-longing, but tried with great trouble to see whether I could not lay hold of these blocks. But in the end I could not find anything except a sheet of the procession of noble Pioneers, and the march of a disordered band of



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“This Burgkmair painted a corner house of the Count Fugger residence at Augsburg on the Wine Market-place, most ingeniously, likewise a house opposite the Church of St. Anne, where he represented ingeniously and skilfully upon the walls various artists, done so well in colours that, although it is exposed to wind, rain, sunshine, and other inclemencies of the weather, it has not faded or lost a trifle after so many years. The Convent of St. Catherine, in the same city, possesses by his hand a very large panel in the cloisters, which represents the seven churches of Rome which are visited by pilgrims of all nations, among them St. Ursula with her large following. And although the figures are small, on account of their great numbers, still the work is to be highly esteemed on account of its rare invention, excellent action, and the strange costumes neatly done.”

The year 1473, as Burgkmair's birth-year, is corroborated by the inscription on his portrait of himself and his wife, now in the Gallery at Vienna, and by the inscription on a medallion-portrait, a wood-carving, at Berlin. He was not a pupil, scarcely an imitator, but a friendly rival

of Dürer; he had received his instructions from his father, and probably had visited Italy as an apprentice. He was freed of the Guild at Augsburg in the year 1498. The principal books for which Burgkmair designed woodcuts are the "Weisskunig" (119 sheets), the "Thewrdank" (14 sheets), and the "Genealogy of the Emperor" (77 sheets).

The set of remarkable proofs of the "Triumphal Procession," which Sandrart once owned, has passed into the possession of the Royal Print Room at Dresden. A most important feature of Burgkmair's woodcut work are his *clair-obscur*s. They belong to the earliest and most beautiful specimens of the art; most of them were probably cut upon the block by Jost de Negker. The "Saint George," an "Allegory of Death," "Emperor Maximilian II. on Horseback," a "Portrait of Baumgärtner," and one of "Pope Julius II.," are especially noteworthy.

The mural paintings on the house opposite St. Anne's Church have withstood the inclemencies of the climate down to our own times; but, in the middle of the seventies of last century, they are already spoken of as scarcely recognisable. The Fugger paintings have not been preserved.

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The work in the cloisters of the St. Catherine Convent consisted of a *series* of pictures representing the hallowed churches of Rome to which the pilgrims throng. Burgkmair painted three of the series, and they are now in the Augsburg Gallery. Other important paintings by him, beyond those already mentioned, are—at Augsburg, a Triptych (1519), the “Battle of Cannæ,” “Emperor Henry” and “St. George”; at Berlin, a “Holy Family” (1511); at Munich, a copy of Schongauer’s “Self-portrait,” “Duke William of Bavaria,” “Esther and Ahasuerus,” “St. John on the Isle of Patmos”; at Nuremberg, “St. Christopher,” “St. Vitus,” “St. Sebastian,” “The Virgin with the Grape” (1510), and a “Madonna” (with a fine landscape, 1509). Burgkmair died, 1531, at Augsburg.

The justice of Sandrart’s complaint as to the negligence of the early Renaissance generation, which has failed to collect and preserve information about its great artists for the use of posterity, appears in full force in the case of Hans Baldung. How well he was esteemed in his own day may be gleaned from the circumstance that he is referred to in Jean Pelerin’s *De Artificiale Perspectiva* (1521); further, by his friendship with Dürer, who took some of his work along with

him to sell on his journey to the Lowlands. A lock of Dürer's hair was sent to Baldung when Dürer died.

But Sandrart mentions him by his right name only in the brief passage where he establishes the priority and superiority of the Germans over the Italians in the matter of engraving and woodcut. He says the latter is proved by three works alone, namely, "St. Anne and the Virgin," by Dürer; "Adam and Eve," by Cranach; and "The Hostler," by Baldung. Farther on, Sandrart discusses this master, but under a wrong name. This is the way the passage runs:—

"At the same time" (as Matthæus Grünewald) "there lived another excellent man called Hans Grünewald, of whom just as little is known as of the said Matthæus, except that the wings of the altar-piece by Dürer, mentioned above, the outside of which Matthæus of Aschaffenburg painted, were painted inside, carefully and ably, by this Hans Grünewald. Over and above this, we possess a number of drawings by this hand, and also a woodcut of several fat, naked women, sitting about a fire, with ointment pots, pitchforks, and he-goats as if about to ride off to a witch assembly, and many other things of this kind. No more about the life and death

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of this artist is known; notwithstanding, I have deemed him worthy of being placed by the side of other famous masters, and being thus protected from the envious grasp of Time. May the report of his virtues and his art be awakened to renewed life by the laudable bugle call of Fame."

Hans Baldung was born about the year 1480 in the hamlet Weyersheim, not far from Strassburg. His family hailed from Gmünd, in Suabia. His father was a legal official in the service of the Bishop of Strassburg. It is very likely that Baldung learned his craft between the years 1500 and 1506, under Dürer at Nuremberg. The earliest known signed work is dated 1507. Two years later, on the 17th of April, he bought the right of citizenship at Strassburg, and in 1510 he married B. Margaret Herlin, who survived him. From about 1512 to 1516 he was living at Freiburg, in the Breisgau, about fifty miles distant from Strassburg, where he painted for the cathedral the large main altar, at least one side altar-piece, and a number of stained-glass windows. From 1517 he appears to have lived uninterruptedly in Strassburg, where he became court-painter to the bishop, and in 1545 member of the Municipal Council. He died in the same year. His

surname Grien (Grün) was bestowed upon him on account of his predilection for this colour, green, either in his own dress or in his pictures.

He experienced the influence of Schongauer and Grünewald, besides that of Dürer. This is shown plainly by the Freiburg main altar-piece, which, with its eleven panels, is one of the most important among the German religious paintings of the sixteenth century. The subject of the central panel is a "Coronation of the Virgin." The shutters outside discover four scenes from the life of the Virgin—a masterly 'night scene,' the "Nativity," and a charming "Flight into Egypt" among them.

Among other important paintings of his there are—at Basle, "Death Assaulting a Young Woman" (1517); at Berlin, "The Martyrdom of St. Stephen" and a "Pietà"; at Budapest, "Adam and Eve"; at London, a "Pietà"; several pictures at Strassburg; a portrait at Vienna. Baldung painted a number of works for Christopher Marggrave of Baden, a woodcut portrait of whom he had designed as early as the year 1511. We possess portraits by his hand from 1513 onward, and pictures of nudes—at that time still a rare subject for a Cisalpine painter to be interested in—from 1517 on.

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Baldung has also engraved a few plates on copper. The best-known one takes up a theme which was popular long before his day—the old dotard, who is beguiled by a young frail woman, and imagines she hankers after his love, whereas she is only interested in his money. The best is at once the least known, a wonderful, impressive “Pietà,” a rare little round piece, only two and a quarter inches in diameter.

Baldung felt most at home when he was designing stained-glass windows or disks, and when he was working for the woodcutter. The Minster at Freiburg preserves fine specimens of his craft as a stained-glass artist, others are to be found in the Museums of Applied Arts at Basle, Berlin, Freiburg, Karlsruhe, and Nuremberg. In his woodcuts his imagination plays freely, and he engages unrestrainedly upon work which interests him, whether it pleased the public of his times or not. He delights in bold drawing, difficult foreshortenings, and in a fine sensuous type of men and women. His studies of the nude are singularly powerful, and the style of his art is pre-eminently unconventional, of the type which we should characterise by the expression “art for art’s sake.” His large “Holy Family” with St. Anne and St. Joachim, the large “Holy

Family" with St. Anne only, "The Descent from the Cross" and "Lamentation," "The Ascension of the Saviour," "The Fall of Adam and Eve," "The Parcæ," the Düreresque "Madonna Reading, with Angels," "The Witches," and the "St. Christopher," belong to the most valuable specimens of the Black and White Art which the German Renaissance has produced.

"Matthæus of Grünewald, otherwise called Matthæus of Aschaffenburg, need yield to none of the best among the old German masters in the arts of Designing and Painting; on the contrary, he is in truth to be rated, if not superior to the most perfect and best, at least fully their equal. It is lamentable that this uncommon man could have fallen into such utter neglect that I do not know of a single man alive who could give even the slightest written or oral account of him. In order that an appreciation of him, however, may see the light of day, I intend to adduce with particular care, whatever has come to my knowledge, lacking which, this fine remembrance would vanish altogether within a few years.

"More than fifty years have already elapsed since the death of a very old but skilful painter at Frankfort, called Philipp Uffenbach, who was once upon a time an apprentice of the famous

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German painter, Grimmer. This Grimmer was a pupil of the said Matthæus of the Aschaffenburg, and he preserved carefully everything of his that he was able to collect. More especially did he obtain a number of magnificent drawings, mostly black crayons, and nearly life size, after the master's death, from his widow, all of which the said Philipp Uffenbach, as being a thoughtful man, secured subsequent to Grimmer's death. At that time I used to go to school near his lodgings, and often waylaid him, that he should show me, whenever he was in good sorts, this book of noble drawings by Matthæus of Aschaffenburg, whose manner he (Uffenbach) had painstakingly studied, and whose meritorious qualities and excellence he had discovered. This whole volume was sold at a high price, after the said Uffenbach's death, by his widow to the famous amateur, Abraham Schelken of Frankfort, who placed it (along with many other splendid works of art, the finest of old and modern paintings, rare books and engravings, which it would take far too much time to enumerate) in his far-famed Fine-Art Cabinet, to commemorate everlastingly this renowned hand, for the sweet delight of all amateurs: to which" (cabinet) "I wish in this wise to have directed the fair reader.

“This excellent artist lived round about the time of Albert Dürer, and the year 1505 is the date inscribed on the altar of the ‘Ascension of the Virgin,’ in the Dominican Convent at Frankfort, done by Albrecht Dürer, the four wings of which, outside, when the altar is closed, were painted by this Matthæus of Aschaffenburg, with grey and black colours. Upon one of them is depicted ‘St. Lawrence with the Grid-iron,’ upon the other a ‘Saint Elizabeth,’ upon the third a ‘St. Stephen,’ and upon the fourth another picture which has escaped my memory, all neatly posed, as can be seen to this day at Frankfort. His ‘Transfiguration of Christ upon Mount Tabor,’ above all, executed in water-colours, is most commendable, upon which we see first a beautiful cloud, wherein Moses and Elijah appear, beside the apostles who are kneeling upon the ground. In composition, coloration, and all niceties, this picture is executed so carefully, that for curiosity nothing may surpass it. Indeed, it is as to manner and properties incomparable, and a mother of all Graces.”

“Furthermore, there were by this noble hand, in the Cathedral of Mayence, on the left-hand side of the choir, three altar-pieces in as many different chapels. Each altar-piece had two wings

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Painted inside and out. The first discovered 'Our Lady with the Christ-child in a Cloud,' adored by many saints on the earth, St. Catherine, SS. Barbara, Cecilia, Elizabeth, Apollonia, and Ursula, all of them drawn ably, true to nature, finely and correctly, and coloured in the same fashion, that they seem rather to be of the heavens than of the earth. Upon another altar-piece one saw a blind hermit about to cross the frozen Rhine with the boy who leads him, who has been attacked by two murderers upon the ice. As he is being killed, he lies over his boy, who screams for help: a piece, overflowing as it were, with proper sentiment, fine execution, and strangely befitting, true conceits. The third piece was somewhat less perfect than the other two, and they were all removed in the year 1631 or 32, during the raging wars, and despatched to Sweden in a boat, where they went to the bottom of the sea, along with many other similar pieces, in consequence of a shipwreck.

"There is said to be yet another altar-piece by this hand at Eisenach, upon which a remarkable 'St. Anthony' may be seen, and in which the apparitions behind the windows are said to be deftly executed. Furthermore His Grace, Duke William of Bavaria, of sacred memory, a sage judge and

amateur of the Fine Arts, possessed a small 'Crucifix' with Our Lady and St. John, and a Magdalen kneeling in earnest prayer, painstakingly executed by this hand, without knowing by whom the picture was. This same piece was very remarkable, on account of the Christ upon the Cross, hanging limply down, and resting heavily upon his feet, as true to nature as the real life itself. And verily this 'Crucifix' appeared natural and true above all others, upon patient and intelligent perusal; therefore it was engraved in half-folio size, in the year 1605, by Raphael Sadeler on copper, at the express desire of the said Duke. His Grace, the late Duke Maximilian, of most sacred memory, was exceedingly pleased, when I revealed to him the authorship of the picture."

"Again there is a woodcut (set) of the 'Revelation of St. John,' difficult to obtain, which is said to be by this hand; and there was in my time at Rome a life-size 'St. John,' with clasped hands, standing and looking up as if at the figure of Christ upon the Cross, full of piety and emotion, and stately grace, which was esteemed so high as to be considered a work by Albert Dürer. As I, however, recognised by whom it was and made plain the difference of

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manner, I immediately thereafter was called upon to sign the picture with oil colours (the same with which I was at that time painting the effigy of the Pope), thus: 'Matthæus Grünewald Alemann *fecit.*' And this, then, is all of what has come to my knowledge of the art-work of this excellent German, beyond, that he lived most of his time at Mayence, and spent a retired, melancholy life, and was unhappily married. Where and when he died, I do not know, but rather believe that it must have been round about the year 1510."

Grünewald is one of the few artists of whom Sandrart speaks more than once. Reverting to him, in a later chapter he recapitulates what he said before, and mentions again the Schelkens and Spiring (Hague) collection. "I, for my part, gave as explicit an account of him as I was able to, and furnished in the former chapter a likeness of him, which Albert Dürer drew, at the time they set up Mr. Jacob Heller's altar-piece in the Dominican Church at Frankfort. But as that is a portrait done when he was young, and since Mr. Philipp Jacob Strömer, the honourable councillor in this city, showed me in his famous art cabinet, an older and still finer one of this master, therefore I have also

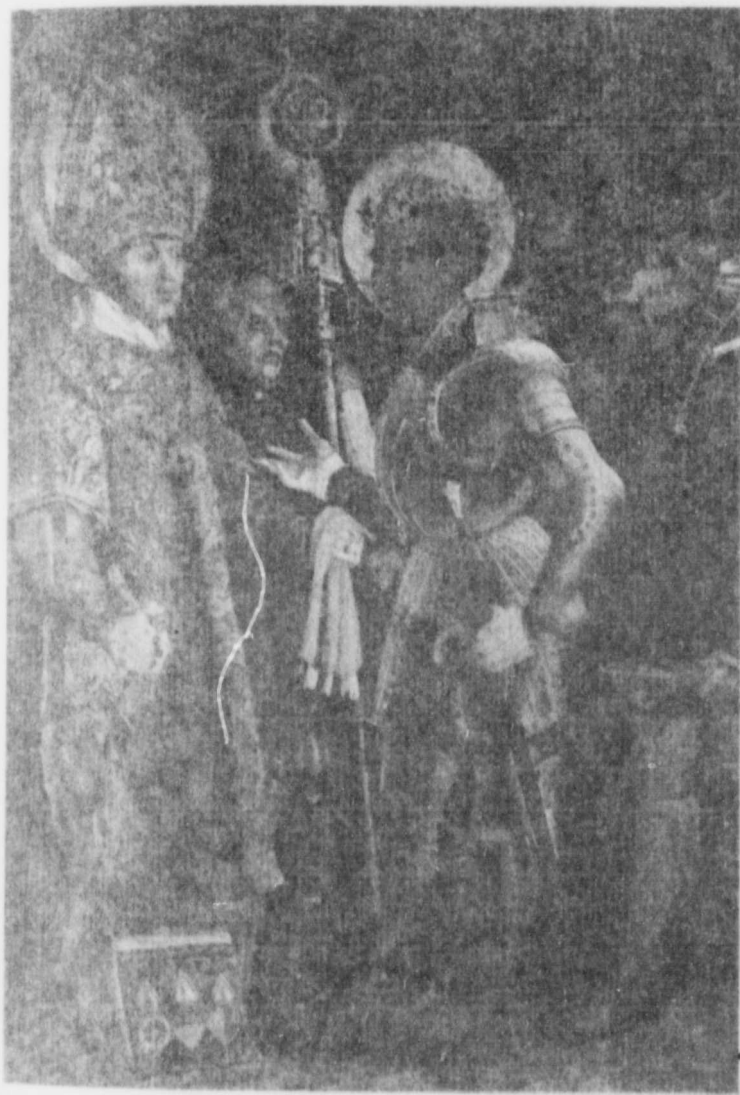
reproduced that (portrait) for the greater honour of this exalted German Correggio."

A hundred years before Sandrart published his account, Bernard Jobin, in his *Accuratæ Effigies* (1573), speaks of "Martin of Oschenburg (Aschaffenburg), whose precious painting is to be seen at Isna." And in 1620 Vincenz Steinmeyer, in his *Kunstabchlein*, mentions: "The most famous Albert Dürer, in whose lifetime lived the admirable artist and painter, Matth. of Aschaffenburg, whose skilful painting may be seen to this day at Lesheim near Colmar, likewise at Mayence in the Cathedral, at Aschaffenburg, and at other places."

Martin Grünewald was born about 1465, probably at Aschaffenburg, as far as can be ascertained, the son of one Hans Grünewald, a baker. He was still alive in 1529, which date is to be found upon a self-portrait.

The Isna, Lesheim, Eysznen, and Eisenach of the old authors is Isenheim, near Colmar, at which place the Antoniter Church once housed Grünewald's *chef d'œuvre*, now in the Museum of Colmar. The centre-piece of this polyptich contained three wood-carved statues. It was flanked by two stationary painted wings, each containing a life-size figure, "St. Anthony in

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THE CONVERSION OF ST. MAURICE
(From the painting by Matthias Grünewald at Munich)

reproduced that (portrait) for the greater honour of this exalted German Correggio."

A hundred years before Sandrart published his account, Bernard Jobin, in his *Accurate Effigies* (1573), speaks of "Martin of Oschenburg (Aschaffenburg), whose precious painting is to be seen at Isna." And in 1620 Vincenz Steinmeyer, in his *Kunstbüchlein*, mentions: "The most famous Albert Dürer, in whose lifetime lived the admirable artist and painter, Matth. of Aschaffenburg, whose skilful painting may be seen to this day at Lesheim near Colmar, likewise at Mayence in the Cathedral, at Aschaffenburg, and at other places."

Martin Grünewald was born about 1465, probably at Aschaffenburg, as far as can be ascertained, the son of one Hans Grünewald, a baker. He was still alive in 1529, which date is to be found upon a self-portrait.

The Isna, Lesheim, Eyszen, and Eisenach of the old authors is Isenheim, near Colmar, at which place the Antoniter Church once housed Grünewald's *chef d'œuvre*, now in the Museum of Colmar. The centre-piece of this polyptich contained three wood-carved statues. It was flanked by two stationary painted wings, each containing a life-size figure, "St. Anthony in

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the garb of a Bishop" on the left-hand side, "St. Sebastian," the martyr, on the right. Two sets of shutters closed the centre-piece. On the outside of the outer set was painted a "Crucifixion"; on the inside, the "Annunciation" on the left-hand side, the "Resurrection of Christ" on the right. On the outside of the inner set was painted a "Virgin with the Christ-child" in a landscape; on the inside, "St. Anthony and St. Paul" on the left-hand side, and a weird "Temptation of St. Anthony" on the right. There was also a predella, a "Pietà." The paintings are all by Grünewald, the carved statues, &c., by other hands. The altar was executed between the years 1493 and 1516.

Of the Mayence altar-pieces no traces remain, nor of the "St. John" which Sandrart discovered at Rome, nor of the "Crucifixion" which Sadeler engraved. Only a few of the drawings out of the "great number" which Schelken possessed seem to have come down to us, among them a "Praying Saint" (possibly a "St. Joseph"), now in the Albertina Collection at Vienna. The woodcut "Apocalypse," which Sandrart, misled by the monogram, ascribes to Grünewald, is by M. Gerung.

The principal works by Grünewald which we

still have, besides the Isenheim altar-piece, are— at Aschaffenburg, a predella, a "Pietà"; at Basle, an early "Christ upon the Cross"; at Frankfort-on-the-Main, a "St. Cyriakus" and a "St. Lawrence" (two of the Heller altar wings); at Karlsruhe, a "Christ upon the Cross"; at Munich, a large painting with life-size figures of St. Erasmus and St. Mauritius, once the centre-piece of an altar painted for the Church of St. Morris at Halle, and transported to Aschaffenburg in the year 1540; at Stuppach, in Württemberg, a "Madonna with the Rainbow."

There is no Renaissance architecture or ornament in Grünewald's work, a sure sign that he never passed into Italy. Born before Dürer even, he is one of the oldest and indeed the most extraordinary of German sixteenth-century artists. Sandrart's appellation, "this German Correggio," is sagaciously appreciative; Grünewald is the only true colourist of the German Renaissance, the only true "stimmungsmaler," painter of the "passions." There is a certain reckless ferocity pervading his drawing; he does not avoid ugly, even deformed types. The brilliant coloration transfigures it all, and he is the first great naturalist of an intensity of feeling which scarcely any one has attained to since

his time, and which certainly nobody ever has surpassed.

The "Christ upon the Cross," now in the Karlsruhe Gallery, is a thing to repulse one at first; but slowly it exercises a growing fascination upon us, and in the end we are filled with admiration of the forceful, weird conception. "This is the Christ of St. Justinus, St. Cyrillus, Tertullian, the Jesus, as early Christianity knew Him, the unsightly Christ, whose bitter sufferings told upon Him as He took the heavy load of the World's sin upon Himself."

"The God of the Poor, He who kept company with the wretched, with the outcasts, with all of them whose misery and repulsiveness the world despises. The most human God, a Christ deserted by nature, of frailest flesh, to whom help from above did not come before He had drained the last dregs. The Christ with a mother for whom He cries out with the frightened voice of a child, just as every one when in greatest danger calls out for his mother. With the mother, who stands near by, powerless like every mother."

"In quest of lowest degradation, He had discarded Godhead from the moment when the first insults, the first whips of the scourge, struck Him.

"Only thus was He able to suffer—suffer like a human, like a felon, like a cur, low, soiled, down to the horror of decomposition."

"Since Grünewald, Naturalism has never dared to approach this theme. No painter ever again dared to point with such brutal audacity at the Holy wounds."

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CHAPTER V

ALBRECHT ALTDORFER AND THE NUREMBERG "LITTLE MASTERS"

ALBRECHT ALTDORFER—"little" Albrecht, as he was often called, to distinguish him from Albrecht Dürer, the form of whose monogram he imitated—is one of the most captivating artists of the German Renaissance. Sandrart's account of him is both spare and inaccurate. "Albrecht Altdorfer had his name from his natal city Altdorf, in Switzerland, where many of his pictures are to be seen, which closely resemble his engravings. He was strongest in small biblical pictures, which he thought out carefully, and he was full of application. In whatever he accomplished a spirited power of invention, and an element of unusual strikingness, can be detected, for all of which he deserves especial praise. For although his works appear a trifle confused, since the background, according to the custom of the time, stands out as defined as the foreground, still they are replete with deep

understanding, above all his large 'St. Jerome,' his 'Crucifixion,' and others. His large 'Ensign,' likewise, is a very decorative woodcut, as are, moreover, his 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' 'Abigail,' and the 'Passion,' in which a fine display of the passions is unfolded. He issued between fifty and sixty engravings upon copper, and rather more woodcuts than this, all of which are to be held in high esteem, and are kept in the portfolios among the little prints or masters; from which his industry, perseverance, and clever-headedness appear full well."

Very little of this—not even the critical part—holds good. We know now that Albrecht was born probably in Ratisbon, shortly before 1480, and most likely descended of an old Ratisbon family. His father appears to have been an artist, who migrated in 1499 to Amberg, as it seems. When our Altdorfer becomes a citizen of Ratisbon in 1505, he is described as a "painter from Amberg." Four years later the city magistrates pay in part for a painting which he did for the choir in St. Peter's; in 1513 he bought a house in Ratisbon; in 1519 he became a member of the "outer" Council. He took a hand in driving the Jews from Ratisbon. From 1526 until his death he was a member of the "inner" or, as we

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should put it, "superior" Council. His wife, Anna, had died in 1532; he himself passed away between the middle of February and the beginning of March of the year 1538. His life had been one of growing prosperity, and, as he left no children, his considerable property fell to the lot of his brother Erhard, who was a court-painter in Schwerin, and two married sisters at Nuremberg and Pfreimdt. He had not only painted, engraved, and designed upon the block in Ratisbon, but had also worked as an architect for the Municipal Government there.

Altdorfer has, with a great degree of justice, been called the originator of landscape painting. Not only does landscape predominate in such pictures as the "Susanna and the Two Elders," now at Munich, to a degree quite unknown in the art of Germany up to his day, but in the small landscape in the same gallery Altdorfer has given us presumably the earliest pure landscape known to German Renaissance Art. The picture shows no figure-work whatever. The Gallery at Vienna used to own another pure landscape, and the Museum at Berlin possesses a third, in which some allegorical figures play quite a minor part. A series of small panels, with subjects from the life of St. Quirin (now

scattered, and to be found in Nuremberg and Siena), a large polyptich altar in the Austrian Monastery of St. Florian, a "St. George" and the "Battle of Arbela" in Munich, "Christ upon the Cross" and a "Holy Family at the Well" in Berlin, and the "Conversion of St. Hubert" in Glasgow, are the most important among the paintings by Altdorfer which have been handed down to us.

As an engraver Altdorfer ranks with the so-called "Little Masters," the principal Nuremberg group of which will form the subject of the latter part of this chapter, and he is the most winning of them all. His mind does not soar as high as did Dürer's, as a draughtsman he is not above reproach, nor does he patiently elaborate the careful technique of men like the Behams. But he has strong personal convictions, and he does not adapt them to the style of the Italians or of any one else. He has more feeling, and takes a deeper interest in man and woman than any other artist of his day and country, barring Dürer alone. The younger generation of artists, to which he half belongs, delighted in art for art's sake, and when they are at liberty to work as they like, their produce is primarily a cult of beauty. Altdorfer employs art as a

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means to lay open the character, the inner life and souls of the men and women around him. Beham's or Aldegrever's Cleopatras or Lucreces pose as beautiful women, and they pose as silent statues; but every figure that Altdorfer ever engraved seems to be telling us something, and there is a vein of intimacy about it as if the communication were a thing between you and me alone. Not one of them all is satisfied with merely impersonating some given hero or heroine; they all seem to be doing or thinking something which only they, and no creations of any one else before or beside them, have thought or done. In short, whereas the rest seem to have seen what they drew with their mind's eye, Altdorfer seems to have fallen back upon his bodily eye alone, and in each case taken a momentary view of people, which he then fixes upon the copper without generalising it. He did not undertake to draw a Madonna; but he drew a mother and child as he saw them. If the design warranted the label, it was afterwards called a Madonna. He is the predecessor of the naturalistic and the *genre* painter.

Early in life, he worked as an engraver, and after a pause of a decade or so, again during the last eight years before his death. His devotional

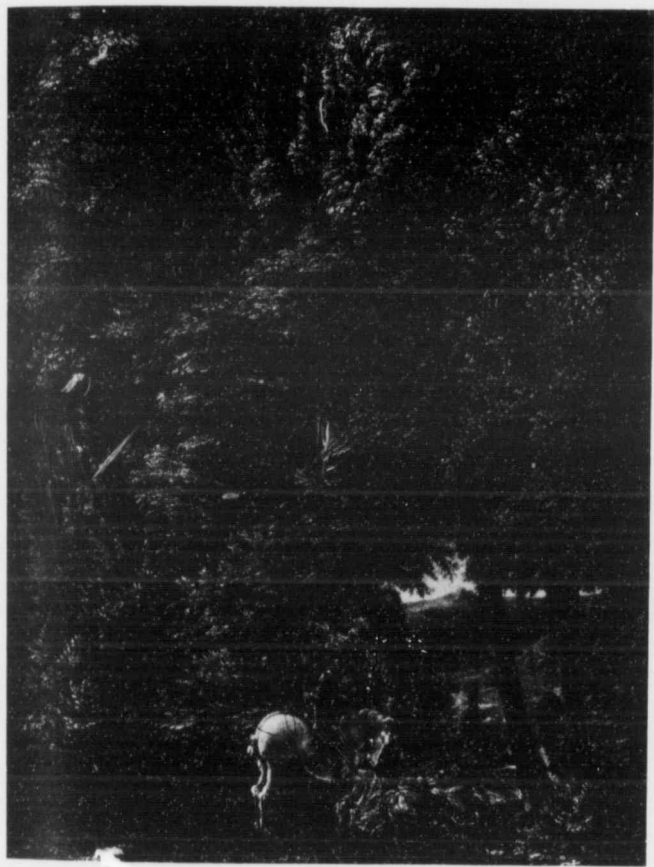
plates are very beautiful. He was one of the earliest men to take up etching for decorative work. His etched landscapes are not only rare, but extremely remarkable. They discover him, influenced by pretty much the same principles as Whistler; the similarity, after one has deducted the differences which are a natural consequence of the intervening space of about 350 years, is really astonishing. Altdorfer was also an able designer of woodcuts.

“In spite of the fact that the fine artist, BARTHEL BEHAM, was born a German, many among us as well as among foreigners have taken him for a foreigner, since he never attached his name or his mark to one of his engravings on copper (of which he published many), but only signed some of them between the years 1520 and 1528. In order that this Beham's (*i.e.* Bohemian's) praiseworthy name may not quite disappear, since scarcely anybody can tell anything about him nowadays, I will publish his undying fame here, which I have heard the octogenarian painter, Donauer, in Munich, tell about, who heard forty years ago, that this Beham was reckoned among the very foremost painters in his time. And this was confirmed to me by the famous and ingenious

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wax-embosser, Alexander Abondio, who gave me a circumstantial account of his work. In course of time I have bought there numbers of his beautiful drawings, which I prize highly in his honour.

"The most worshipful Elector of Bavaria possesses in his gallery various portraits by this hand, which yield to none in art and daintiness. They are 'Charles V.,' 'Ferdinand I.,' 'Elector Otto Henry,' 'Duke William,' and more of the same sort are preserved in the cabinet of His Excellency Prince Neuburg, all of which portraits are well drawn, well and neatly painted, true to nature in coloration, and well conceived in all parts.

"As to his engravings on copper—for the most part unknown, as stated above—and especially uncommon as to their subject, they are a 'Charles V.' and a 'Ferdinand I.,' of one and the same size, 'Duke William of Bavaria,' 'Leonard von Eck,' a certain 'Baldermann,' and others. He (Barthel B.) worked for a long time with Marc Antonio (Raimondi) in Rome and in Bologna, where many of his works were issued under the name of this Antonio. But it is to be remembered that Antonio engraved after the designs of Raphael d'Urbino whereas our Beham drew upon his

own knowledge, and sufficiently proved thereby his high-soaring understanding. Among such (engravings) there are, the 'Dying Child' lying on the ground near a skull with the inscription, 'Mors omnia æquat,' and another quite similar one with three skulls, and a 'Virgin Mary' seated within a window with the Christ-child, and many other smaller ones, and a 'Soldier on Horseback,' a dainty, naked 'Cleopatra,' many peasants, dances of children, ornamental foliage, and several elongated pieces of warriors, with very active figures, which show how admirably this Barthel understood such naked figures and the designing of them. Among them there is a 'Raptus Helenæ,' a 'Titus Gracchus,' and others, some of which, for instance, 'Adam and Eve with Death before the Tree of Life,' a 'Virgin,' 'The Untimely Birth,' 'Judicium Paridis,' and several unseemly bath-houses, were adroitly copied by his cousin and brother's son, Hans Sebald Beham, passing under this latter's name. Thus, indeed, Germany has been illumined by this commendable Barthel Beham, and it profited by him as regards its Art. He died in Italy, whither the Duke of Bavaria had sent him."

"Barthel Beham of Nuremberg was one of the earliest masters in Germany to comprehend

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the Antique, to practise intelligently the art of engraving, and to carry it from Germany to Italy. After the famous Italian, Marc Antonio, had engraved Raffaello Santi's designs upon copper, his mark is generally to be found upon the best of Raffaello's compositions, thus M.A.F., which signifies Marcus Ant. Fecit. The popularity and common practice of the art of engraving upon copper in Italy traces back to this Barthel Beham. For the earliest and best works which were issued under Marc Antonio's name were most of them executed with the help of Barthel. In consequence thereof, the masterly draughtsman Beham, compassed Raffaello's art of drawing so well and imitated it, so that he imported to Germany a much finer science of the art of drawing, gleaned from Raffaello and the Antiques. This Jacob Bink and George Pencz, two well-known masters of Nuremberg, prove in a measure, and a view of their work shows that they followed his manner. Barthel entered the service of the Duke of Bavaria, where he made many portraits, which couldn't be improved upon; and much of his work is to be seen in his and in the Prince of Neuburg's Cabinets, as I have already said.

"HANS SEBALD BEHAM was not only a pupil of his cousin Barthel, but, above that, copied him painstakingly; he engraved neatly upon copper, and followed the manner of his cousin very well. He finished much rare, small work at Nuremberg, for example, dances of peasants as they were common thereabouts, and peasants' huts of that neighbourhood; and he also issued a number of woodcuts. Because he lived rather loosely, and pictured a number of improper things, he went from Nuremberg to Frankfurt and settled there at the St. Leonard's Gate, where he painted a good deal, engraved upon copper, and more particularly drew fine designs upon the block. In fine, he set up a wine tavern, which, however, owing to his manner of life, received a bad name, and he brought this bad reputation with him to the grave, about the year 1545."

Sandrart's account of the Behams calls for correction in some details. Barthel was born in 1502, and was banished from Nuremberg in 1525. He never returned to Nuremberg, but was retained by the Dukes of Bavaria, for whom he painted at Munich and Landshut, portraits principally. Most of these are to-day at Augsburg, Berlin, Donaueschingen, Schleissheim,

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Nuremberg, and Munich, the last-named Gallery possessing also his most important biblical work, "The Finding of the Cross." He was of an independent spirit (as will appear in connection with the story of his banishment), and a leader. Sebald (the name Hans is conjectural) did actually follow and copy him, and this may have led Sandrart to believe him a younger cousin. As a matter of fact, Sebald was Barthel's older brother, born 1500. He was banished from Nuremberg at the same time as Barthel, but was allowed to return very soon. He soon got into trouble again, being accused, in 1528, of surreptitious publication of Dürer's theoretical work—of a sort of plagiarism, in fact. Sebald then spent some time at Ingolstadt and Munich, but returned to Nuremberg in 1529. Soon after, he migrated to Frankfort and settled there definitely in 1535, in which year he relinquished his rights of citizenship at Nuremberg. Hard times followed, and he set up his wine-tavern, no doubt because his labours as an artist failed to support him. The accusation of having lived a loose life are to be taken *cum grano salis*. They refer in part to his having turned heretic, and to the cultivation of the antique ideal in his art. The several improper prints which he did actually engrave seem

to have been intended as moral warnings, to judge by the texts with which he accompanied them. His inclination towards Mythology and Heathenism, was not altogether a matter of free will. The trend of the times lay towards banishing pictorial art from the churches and reducing the output of devotional prints, which some declared to be little less than idols. Therefore Beham and his friends had to look out for other subjects, since these were more or less out of vogue. The exact date of Sebald's death was the 22nd of November 1550.

“GEORGE PENCZ'S natal town was the noble imperial and commercial city of Nuremberg, where, along with life he compassed virtue and art. After his good understanding had furthered him to that point that he considered the eminent draughtsmanship evinced by the work of Raffaello d'Urbino as of the finest order, he travelled to Rome, and imitated this manner as well as he could, and in consequence attained to such excellency in historical and other pictures, that he surpassed every one in the Germany of his day in this manner; wherefore, too, the Bolognese engraver, Marc Antonio, passed many things after drawings of Raffaello (by Pencz) as

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his own. However, as he himself presently became rich in invention, in painting, as well as in designing, he published masterly engravings on copper under his own name, whereof the painted originals are to be seen in numbers, partly at the Town Hall in Nuremberg and partly in the Electoral Palace at Landshut.

"Mention must be made with considerable praise of the fact that our artist painted in oils in this same city of Nuremberg the upper part of a room, at the end of a gallery, in the honourable Mr. Volkamer's pleasure-garden. He pictured it as if the room were still open and unfinished, the carpenters still busy at work putting in the joists, girders, and planks. Others are erecting the roof-timber, all against an open sky, with clouds and birds flying about, all done so true to nature that many have been deceived, and mistaken the image for fact, which error is fallen into particularly by such as take the same point of view which our George Pencz had chosen.

"He engraved very many excellent works upon copper, which should be carefully collected and preserved by amateurs for the improvement and education of the young, for many of whom they form a most desirable object for study.

His best works he issued in the years 1530, 1540, and 1550. They are taken from the Old and New Testaments and the Gospels; further, there are histories—the ‘Seven Acts of Charity,’ the ‘Story of Joseph in Egypt,’ ‘Tobit,’ the ‘Good Samaritan,’ the ‘Story of Dives’; again, taken from secular history—‘Tomiris,’ ‘Lucrece,’ ‘Medea,’ ‘Titus Manlius,’ ‘Marcus Curtius.’ He was so famous as a draughtsman that the well-known master, Aldegrever, copied his ‘Four Evangelists’ most painstakingly. And since it would take too long to enumerate all his feats, I will only refer the reader more especially to his ‘Siege and Assault of Carthage by Night,’ and repeat in fine, that the work of George Pencz is a manual for all arts, by which they may gain for him, as he did for them, a never-fading laurel-wreath of art, virtue, and honours.”

Pencz was born about 1500, and it has been conjectured with much plausibility that he was Dürer’s pupil and apprentice, the “George” who married Dürer’s maid in 1524. In the following year he was banished with the Behams, but allowed to return within the outskirts of the city before them. In 1532 he was even appointed



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official painter to the City Council. He is supposed to have visited Italy in 1530, and again in 1539, and also to have painted at Landshut. It is more probable that he was a pupil of Giulio de' Gianuzzi (Giulio Romano), at Mantua, than of M. A. Raimondi at Rome and Bologna. Besides the mural paintings already mentioned, there are easel pictures by him in the Galleries of Basle (a "Cimon and Pero" in the J. Nestel Collection), Berlin, Breslau, Brunswick, Darmstadt (most of these are portraits), Dresden (fragments of an "Adoration of the Magi"), Florence (Uffizi), Karlsruhe, Nuremberg (a "St. Jerome with a Skull"), Paris (a "St. Jerome with the Lion," in the Louvre), Schleissheim ("Venus and Cupid," "Death of Lucrece"), Stockholm ("King Ferdinand I," and another "Cimon and Pero" in the University Collections), Stuttgart, Vienna, Windsor (a copy of Holbein's "D. Erasmus"), and a few other places. Finally, Duke Albrecht of Prussia summoned him to Königsberg, where he became court painter. He is said to have died soon after, in the year 1550.

"LUKAS KRUG was also one of the foremost engravers upon copper in Germany, which art

at that time merited praise among us above the Italians and French—though there were enough of these, I trow—and we possessed a great number of such engravers who ornamented and beautified the work of goldsmiths by means of the burin and of etching. Many amateurs cherish to this day silver plate decorated by Hans Sebald Beham and this Krug. He lived about the year 1516. As for the rest, his work is not frequently met with; the most important pieces are a 'Crucifixion,' a 'Nativity' (a night piece), an 'Adoration of the Magi,' and a few similar plates, which one comes across here and there in the possession of amateurs."

About Krug we know scarcely more than what Sandrart tells us, only we must correct his Christian name, as Sandrart gives it, into Ludwig. And Neudörffer reports: "I could not imagine what knowledge this Ludwig Krug lacked in the way of silver and gold work, drawing, engraving, cutting, enamelling, chasing, painting, portraying." "Hanns Koburger bought up his work piece by piece." "What he carved in stone, cameo, and iron, was esteemed even by the Italians. He had a fine head for philosophising." He was freed of the guild in 1522, and died in 1532.

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The fact is, the lives of most of these artists are almost a blank to us, and what we know about them has been gleaned from their work, the dates and signatures upon this work, and an occasional brief entry in some municipal register or other official document. It is with delight, therefore, that we hail an instance where we get somewhat more satisfactory information about at least three of these masters, the brothers Beham and their colleague Pencz. What we learn affected their life but a short time, and it has so little direct bearing upon their art, that it would scarcely be worth while to expatiate upon the subject, were it not for the fact that the tale divulges the character of these men. As an explanation of a man's art, any sort of light thrown upon his real character will always be of value.

Towards the end of the first quarter of the sixteenth century, the religious views upheld by Carlstadt and Münzer had spread at Nuremberg, in spite of their being decreed heretical by the authorities in power. It appears that, besides publishers and printers, artists were the principal converts of the dissenters. In October and December 1524, two painters, Greiffenberger and Hans Platner, were summoned before the justices

to give an account of themselves as to their religious views. They seem to have been dropped; but on January 10, 1525, an entry informs us that the two painters Beham were cited in the same manner. Two days later the records already enumerate three painters; George Pencz had been added; and, from now on, the three are always spoken of as "the three godless painters" until the affair is finally settled. They are cross-examined again on the 14th of the month, and it appeared that a certain Johann Denk, schoolmaster at St. Sebaldus, was mixed up with the matter. His case was thereupon investigated first, the painters remaining in custody until it was over. One of their cross-examinations took place in the torture-chamber, but no violence of any kind was applied. The move was only taken for the sake of sobering down the "malefactors," since they had been rather refractory all along.

We possess copies of the various affidavits, but do not know in which order they were given. The charges against the painters were atheism, opposition to the clergy and magistracy, and association with bad characters.

Sebald Beham avowed that it would in nowise transpire that he had misled anybody with evil precepts. However, so much of the charge was

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true, namely, that he had discussed the points upon which he was doubtful with a number of comrades, and had made plain the nature of his doubts to them. The principal one of these was, that he could not believe that the wine and bread really turn into the body and blood of Christ. He had so far been unable to convince himself of this being true, and must patiently wait till it please God to enlighten him. All the sermons he had heard had done him no good; nor had Luther's or anybody else's sermons led him astray, for he was always, and had always been, of this opinion. True, he had taken Holy Communion at the Augustine Church recently; but it mattered not, in his heart he did not believe in it—so much so, that ever since he had been sorely troubled whether he had not been very much in the wrong to have gone to Holy Communion at all; and he is aware of the fact that this really casts him out of the Church. He is doubtful as to baptism, and will neither commend nor condemn it. There is no special virtue in water.

He does not admit having made use of improper discourse, and feels sure that nothing of the kind can be proved against him. The "bad characters" he had associated with were

the schoolmaster of St. Sebaldus, George Pencz, and the son of Vitus the glazier.

Finally he begs, if they can correct his views in a way to convince him, let them come and do it, and he will gladly hear and accept all they say.

Barthel, the younger brother, goes far beyond all this. He is more decided, and terser in what he repudiates. Besides, he discloses Utopian views which have a modern ring in them; for he challenges the then accepted codes of right of possession and right of retribution as inflicted by man.

Barthel says it is impossible for him to believe that the body and blood of Christ are actually present in the bread and wine at the Holy Communion, nor does he put any faith in the rite of baptism; and no one can talk him out of this, may he listen to ever so many; and even if he should say that he believed in all this he would be lying at heart. He esteems all of it mere human trifling; that is what he believes at the bottom of his heart; and no more can he believe in Holy Writ. He says that he has talked over the matter with many people, and also attended the famous Osiander's sermons, now going on for two years, but he has never been persuaded into belief. He does not see how it is that what the preachers say seems to satisfy the people, for it

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really amounts to no more than mere trifling. Consequently he does not see any good in their preaching. This is the opinion which he intends to abide by. He is induced to take this course on account of all the lies current, and will wait till the truth appear.

Thereupon he was told that it had come to the ears of the Council that he and his brothers had proclaimed that every one ought to stop work, and that there should be an equal distribution of property among all men, and that he contemned public authorities. Barthel replied he knew of no master above him except God Almighty. If brother turns against brother and He punish them, every one is in duty bound to obey one another, and one brother then must punish the other. But nowhere is it written, that if your brother sins and has confessed his wickedness to you, that you have a right to play the rector, and that the penalty to be inflicted be a hand for a hand, an eye for an eye, &c.¹

¹ The scribe, in trying to note down the *ipsissima verba* of Beham, has evidently muddled his sentences. The sense of his objection, however, is clear, and he means to say that, upon the direct command of God, man must submit to his brother and suffer punishment at his brother's hands; but even Holy Writ does not authorise any one to take the matter of retribution in his own hands, and then to inflict so serious a punishment as a hand for a hand, an eye for an eye, &c.

Lying in prison had the effect of weakening these painters somewhat, and they declared themselves willing to accept instruction and to have their misbelief corrected. But after this was attempted, they were heard to say at the door: "To be sure, there has been enough talk; but very little has been proven;" and again, "that they had given the preachers some nuts to crack that would keep their jaws busy for two years or better." Accordingly, it was seen that they had in reality lost none of their refractoriness.

To bring the affair to a close, probably, six questions were put to them, to which a neat and unevasive answer was peremptory. The questions were:

1. Do you believe in God?
2. What do you think of Jesus Christ?
3. Do you believe the Holy Gospel and the Word of God as laid down in Holy Writ?
4. What do you think of the Sacrament of the Altar (Holy Communion)?
5. What do you think of Baptism?
6. Do you believe in secular authority, and do you admit the Nuremberg Council to be your lord, as far as life and property and outward questions are concerned?

Pencz replied to—1. That he has some feeling



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on the point, but in truth he does not really know what to think of this same God ; 2. He does not believe in Christ ; 3. He does not believe Holy Scripture ; 4. He does not reckon Holy Communion for anything ; 5. Nor Baptism for anything ; 6. He knows of no lord above him but God alone.

Barthel Beham's answers were—to 1. Yes ; 2. Thinks nothing of Christ ; 3. Does not know whether it be holy ; 4. Reckons it for naught ; 5. Naught ; 6. No. Sebald Beham concurs with his brother. A certain Sebald Baumhawer, who has been taken up in the company of these three, gives rather modified answers, but in the end they amount to about the same thing. L. Krug revoked and promised to behave.

The Council now referred the matter to a committee of five preachers and three doctors of law. The three painters had been imprisoned for fourteen days.

The preachers voted for banishing the painters, because of their obstinacy, the bad example they were setting, and the dangers likely to result therefrom. They further deduced some reasons for their sentence out of Scripture. The lawyers spoke for leniency. They said prison seems to exercise a wholesome influence upon

the three painters, they will weaken and return to orthodox views. They have been punished sufficiently. Let them be dismissed with a warning and then be watched. If they do not mend, it will always be time enough for the Council to resort to serious measures. But the theologians set up a howl at this. People, they claimed, will spread it about that the painters have been coerced; they will gain sympathy and get a following, and the Council will repent its leniency soon enough and yet too late. Therefore let these men be banished from the community. Finally they summed up their opinion in a document submitted to the Council, wherein six reasons were given for pronouncing the sentence of banishment, to wit:

“Firstly, because these painters showed themselves not only on the first but also the second and third day, and in spite of all warnings and instructions, atheistic and heathenish to a hitherto unparalleled degree; and that, too, coupled with contempt for the preachers and their secular authorities.

“Again, their action and condition has become public and has caused much disturbance, which is not to be wondered at, since it is not a matter of body but of soul. Now many people in this town secretly incline towards heresy, and if these

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(the painters) be dismissed unpunished, many folk will gather around them, consult them as to their fate and their views, and be misled in the end out of sheer curiosity. For these (painters) are well known, and it is not to be hoped of them that they will keep quiet, for they are mighty uppish and renowned before others on account of their overbearing. Therefore, it should be borne in mind what pernicious poison will be disseminated by them.

"Thirdly—It is to be grievously feared that dread of imprisonment rather than the Word of God weakened these men, and their heart will stand after liberation just where it stood before. For when they were dismissed (from cross-examination) one was heard to say secretly to the other: 'They talk a good deal to us, but let them prove it.' Thus, it is to be feared that the last things (*i.e.* which they will do) will be worse than the first.

"Fourthly—These three have denied owing duty to the authorities in power; even the schoolmaster (see above—Johann Denk) never went to such an extreme, and he in his opinions was by far not so atheistic as these three. Yet he was banished. Then why should these enjoy any privilege?

"Fifthly—To the majority of people here, these painters and their affair are so odious that it is to be feared that they may be killed if they be dismissed. Thus worse matters would come of bad, and one mischief would be hunted down by another.

"Sixthly—It is to be feared that if they be allowed to remain, numerous other people will stray from the right path, and it will be necessary to correct them and preach to them all singly, which would be an insufferable burden, not only for the preachers but also for the secular authorities."

It has already been stated that the theologians prevailed, and that consequently all three of the painters had to leave Nuremberg for a time.

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CHAPTER VI

THE TWO CRANACHS

“LUKAS CRANACH the elder, born in Cranach within the princely Episcopate of Bamberg, arose in the time of Albrecht Dürer, and was summoned to the Electoral Court of Saxony on account of his famed skill in art; here, too, his best works have remained down to this day. He was particularly neat and pleasing in Painting as well as Draughtsmanship, and was very clever in both, as is shown by his perfection in praiseworthy mythological subjects, nudes, biblical pictures, poetical themes, and others. Again, he was strong in portraits and in life-size half-figures, for example ‘Lucrece,’ old men, women, and the like, which he clothed *alla moderna*, and painted deftly, each according to the particular charms of its sex. Such are still highly esteemed at the Elector’s Court, and the master himself received plentifully the highest favours of this gracious Court during his life-time.

“Among other things he did a naked ‘Lucrece’

standing, life-size, one of his foremost works, and now in the gallery of the Electoral Palace at Munich, along with other rare things. His panel with the 'St. Wilibald and St. Walburg' is still particularly esteemed by his Grace the Venerable Marquard, Bishop of Eichstädt, who was ever more than the father of all virtues and learning. Some of his works, further, are to be seen in the Imperial Galleries at Vienna and Prague and elsewhere. In my collection or art-cabinet there is a 'Lucrece' with a poniard in her hand, clothed in a garment of fur which is very cleverly painted, and represented as being about to shorten her life by a thrust with the dagger. On account of his fine understanding, he was loved and cherished on all sides, and finally relinquished life at Weimar, *anno* 1553, on the 16th of October, in the eighty-first year of his life.

"He was succeeded by his son, likewise called Lukas, who seems to have inherited his father's skill along with his name, since he was esteemed almost as much as his father. He was born at Wittenberg, in Saxony, where he was made Burgomaster, and where he died upon the 14th of January, in the year 1586."

The elder Cranach was born in the year 1472,



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in the town from which he derives his name, and which to-day is spelt Kronach. His family name has not been ascertained; his father seems to have been a painter, but nothing of his work is known. Nor do we know much about Lukas the elder prior to his thirty-second year, except that he seems to have visited Vienna before the close of the fifteenth century and painted a "Crucifixion" for the Scotch Convent there. The earliest date on any of his authenticated pictures is 1504. He was already married to Barbara Brengbier, the daughter of a Burgomaster of Gotha, when he was summoned in the following year by Elector Frederick the Wise to Saxony, and occupied with work at Torgau and Lochau. Very soon after he settled at Wittenberg as Saxon court-painter.

Early in the year 1508 he was granted arms, these being "a black snake, with two black bat's wings, a red coronet, and in the mouth a golden ring, with a ruby in it." This he had already used as his artist's mark for some time. Towards the end of the same year his patron sent him to Emperor Maximilian, in the Lowlands, in order to parade with the skill of his court-painter. There Lukas the elder painted the portrait of Charles V., then eight years old.

In 1519 he was appointed a member of the Municipal Council at Wittenberg, and this was repeated in 1521, 1522, 1525, and 1534. In 1520 he bought an apothecary's shop near the market-place, and with it the privilege of selling sweet wines. He also had a printing and book shop, and his studio was full of prentices and scholars. He became a great friend of Luther's, and may be said to have quite turned Protestant in 1529, the year when the Protestant form of worship was practically established throughout Saxony.

His patron died in 1525, but his successors, Electors John and John Frederick, the latter already a generation younger than Cranach, continued to hold him in high favour. In 1537 he was elected Burgomaster of Wittenberg; in 1540 for the second time. His many occupations prevented him from executing all works with his own hands. He had what one might call a sort of picture factory, like Rubens later on, where pictures and replicas were painted from his sketches and designs, many of which he will scarcely have touched. At this time he changed his mark; the dragon now has drooping bird's wings.

On the 24th of April 1547, Elector John

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(Detail from the painting by Lucas Cranach at Dresden)

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Frederick was captured by Charles V. in the Battle at Mühlberg. The Elector summoned Cranach, in 1550, to Augsburg, and thence he went along with his patron in voluntary captivity to Innsbruck, where he remained until both were liberated in 1552. He then accompanied his master to Weimar, working here, as he had been at Innsbruck, and died on the 3rd of March, 1554, at Weimar.

Lukas Cranach the younger was a second son. The first son's name was John. He was born about 1503, was full of promise, but died young, while studying at Bologna, in the year 1536. Lukas the younger was born on the 4th of October 1515, at Wittenberg, was of course a pupil of his father, and will have been freed of the guild when he entered his father's studio in 1537. He did, in fact, succeed his father as head of a school, principal of the studio, and in all the municipal positions and honours, even in the use of his artist's mark. He died on the 25th of January 1586, at Weimar, whither he had escaped from Wittenberg, on account of the pestilence prevailing there.

The establishment of a school has done much to ruin the personal reputation of Lukas the elder. The enormous factory-like output has

lowered the standard of the work which passes under his name. We obtain a fair idea of his truly remarkable powers from first to last when we glance at work which he executed altogether himself, such as the "Crucifixion" at Schleissheim, or the fine "Rest upon the Flight," his earliest dated and signed picture, now at Berlin, and the splendid "Self-Portrait" at the age of seventy-seven, in the Uffizi at Florence, one of his latest productions. He is remarkable for his inclination to loveliness, or even prettiness, rather than grandeur or beauty, and for his thoroughly middle-class ideal when he seeks to popularise mythological subjects, or pursues the painting of the nude.

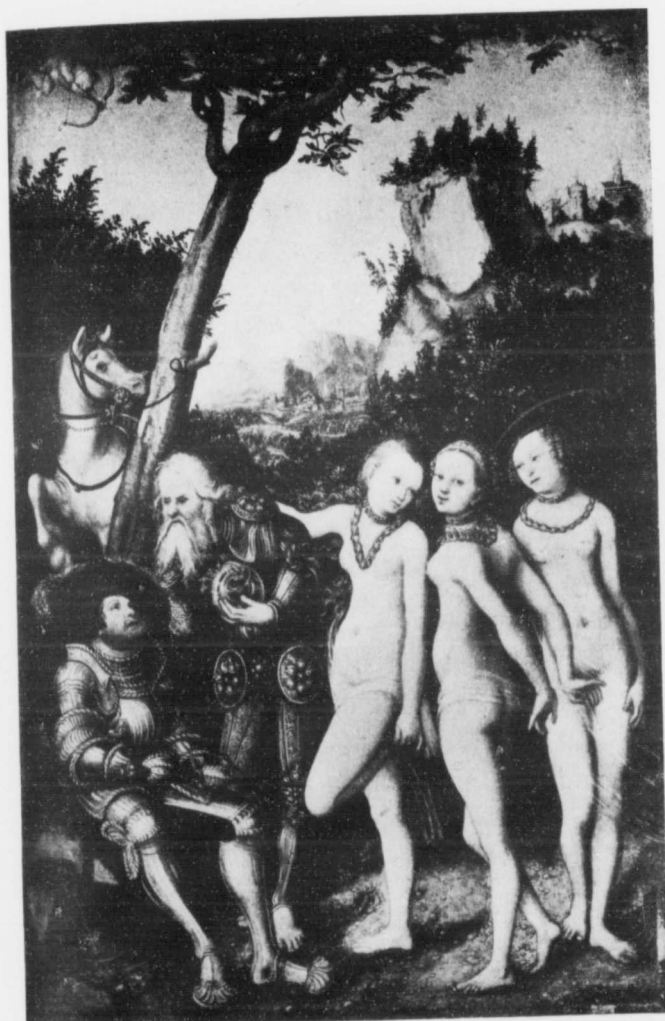
Works by Lukas Cranach the elder, or at least such hailing from his studio, are to be met with in almost every public gallery from St. Petersburg ("Venus and Cupid") to Madrid ("Hunting Pieces"), from London ("Half-length Portrait of a Young Woman"), to Budapest ("Christ and the Woman taken in adultery"). The many replicas of his queer conception of the "Judgment of Paris" (in elaborate sixteenth-century costuming) belong to his best-known work. He executed a few engravings upon copper, with rather a weak, undignified burin. But his wood-



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cut work is important, in portraiture and in religious subjects. The style of his woodcuts corresponds to that of his paintings. He is one of the earliest masters of chiaroscuro woodcuts, seeming to have used two blocks only, and to have printed high lights with gold and silver.

One of the most interesting topics connected with Lukas Cranach the elder is a discussion of what work he did prior to 1504, the date upon the above-mentioned "Rest upon the Flight into Egypt." Many various theories have been broached and works claimed for him, that have hitherto been connected with the School of Ratisbon ("Altdorfer") or that of Aschaffenburg ("Grünwald"). As no definite results have as yet been reached, this, being still a matter of criticism, does not fall within the scope of the present volume, after the attention of the reader has once been called to the existence of such a controversy.

Lukas the younger's style greatly resembled that of his father. His coloration may be said to have been more brilliant. He was, above all, a good painter of portraits, as various specimens of his craft in the Gallery and Historical Museum at Dresden, and in the castle at Moritzburg go to prove. The Dresden Gallery further preserves

two large subjects of "Hercules and the Pigmies" by his hand. Others are to be found in Annaberg in Saxony ("St. Anne's Church"), in the Museum at Braunschweig, at Dessau ("The Lord's Supper" in the Palace Church), in the Museums at Leipsic and Nuremberg, in the main church at Wittenberg, &c.

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CHAPTER VII

THE TWO HOLBEINS

“THE ancient philosophers often violently disputed the point, whether the character of one man is enabled by peculiarly happy constellations of the stars, or by the good and well-tempered atmosphere of some country or other, to grasp a thing well and with ease, to which another cannot attain with utmost perseverance, pains, and work; and since experience had taught them that in some cities and countries most excellent artists indeed are born, yet at the same time awkward, gawkish fellows—and these latter, indeed, by far more numerous—so they have seriously doubted that the atmosphere exercises any influence at all. Quite so the amateurs of stars have come to just the same understanding, seeing that under the ascendancy of one and the same star altogether dissimilar people are born. Righteous Christians, in truth, rather ascribe the greater abilities of one man over another to the Creator of all being, through

whose Grace one man is gifted above his neighbour.

“ This introduction is occasioned by the famous artist, Hans Holbein, because he is said to have originated in the raw and pretty dreary country of Switzerland. Carel van Mander supposed that the artist was born about the year 1498 at Basle. But the ‘Book of the Painters’ Gild at Basle’ gives us more precise information, namely, that Hans Holbein the elder, who was likewise a good painter, lived round about the said year at Augsburg, where he was a citizen, and removed his family subsequently to Basle, where he taught his own craft to his son, the younger Hans Holbein, whom he had enlisted as a apprentice in the Gild book. This is further authenticated by Hans the younger’s portrait drawings of his father and of this one’s brother, who was also a painter (both of which originals lie before me) and upon which these words are to be found: ‘Effigy of Hans Holbein the elder, Painter;’ and upon the other: ‘Sigmund Holbein, Painter and Brother of the elder.’

“ Several pieces by the hand of the elder Holbein may be found at Augsburg, one of which was bought by the amateur, Von Walberg, for several thousands.

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“A very big painting of his, representing the ‘Annunciation,’ is to be found in St. Catherine’s Nunnery there; and in another very large panel he represented, with figures of half the size of life, the whole of the life and conversion of St. Paul, most carefully painted, and signed with these words: *Præsens opus complevit Johannes Holbein civis Augustanus*. In another biblical picture, in which there is a bell, he signed himself upon it thus: ‘Hans Holbein, 1499.’”

“Now, as to the younger Holbein, he finished various excellent works in his native town, Basle, of which some may be seen at the Town Hall there, among them the ‘Passion,’ in a series of eight pieces of admirable invention, with delicate landscapes, clever observance of night and day light, and so masterly in coloration and all manners of craft, that nothing more perfect by his hand may be found elsewhere. When I, in the year 1644, was painting the portrait of His Grace the late Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, of sacred memory, and amusing him with an account of the excellence of these pieces while he was sitting for me, he was graciously pleased to feel so strong a desire to see them, that he expressly sent a messenger to buy them for the price at which they were to be had. Since, however,

this messenger did not go to work about the thing cleverly, he had to return without having accomplished anything, beyond acquainting the town with the high value of these panels. Further, there is a very clever 'Dance of Peasants' by him on the Fish Market, besides the famous 'Dance of Death,' which shows with the help of many figures that Death rapes all mankind regardless of their station, not caring for the Power of Popes, Emperors, and Kings, nor the riches of the mighty, nor the simplicity and poverty of the country-folk; yes, indeed, he does not spare the child in the womb, heeds not the grief of parent, nor any more the foolhardiness of soldiers who scoff at him, as these pieces, issued as woodcuts, clearly discover. Further, there is by him, even there, a naked body of 'Our Lord descended from the Cross,' a painting for which 1000 ducats have been offered, although it does not represent his common manner, as well as others of his works. Besides these there are at Basle portraits of his wife and child painted by him, all in all, perhaps, twenty painted pieces, besides many drawings upon paper, which are held in high esteem, and were bought by the magistrates at a high price, in order that they

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"As far as I know he never was in Italy, but became acquainted with Erasmus of Rotterdam at Basle, who, when he had recognised Holbein's excellence, esteemed him and sought to further him. Therefore Holbein painted his portrait so skilfully, that it could have been improved upon by no one, whereupon Erasmus wrote to his schoolfellow and intimate friend, Thomas More, Chancellor of England, recommending this Holbein to him, and begging him to help him into the service of his King Henry VIII., a particular amateur of the Arts, and gave him the portrait, along with a letter testifying to its great likeness. This pleased Holbein well enough, since he had at home a bad housewife, who was always quarrelling and scolding; so he was glad to travel thither.

"Upon arriving with the letter and portrait as a proof of his skill at the Chancellor's, Thomas More, in England, he was warmly welcomed by him, who was greatly pleased by the portrait of Erasmus. He retained him for about three years, the King not knowing anything about it; and he had him always work by himself, lest, if he should let the King

see or know anything of Holbein, he would no longer be able to supply his wants. Thus he painted portraits of the Chancellor, of his wife, and of all his friends, until, finally, Thomas More, having satisfied his own desires, as it were, invited the King one day to a magnificent banquet in his house, and showed him the capital paintings of this artist. The King confessed he had never seen any the like before, since he now saw many persons whom he knew, not otherwise as if they were standing alive and in the flesh before him. When More noticed the pleasure the King was taking in these pictures, he offered him all of them as a present, saying: 'All of them are at your service,' whereupon the King, accepting them with thanks, inquired: 'Can one not have the master himself?' and when More had answered 'Yes,' and had also Holbein brought before the King, the King was so delighted that he returned the presents to More, saying: 'Now that I have the master himself, I shall easily fill my desires.'

"In this manner the King kept Holbein in high esteem, and was delighted to have so excellent an artist about him, and he had him paint many portraits which are still to be seen at London. In fact, the favour of the King

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PORTRAIT OF ERASMUS
(Louvre)

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towards Holbein was steadily on the increase, since he amused him in all ways, which partiality on the part of the King is proved sufficiently by the following story. It happened one day that an English earl came to visit Holbein, because he was curious to see his art, or that upon which he just happened to be working, which, however, did not at all suit Holbein, because he was portraying from the life, and wanted to keep it secret. He therefore begged the Earl two or three times, and very politely, to excuse him, and he would gladly attend him some other time, and not to take it ill. But no matter what kindly excuses Holbein offered, the Earl did not desist, and wanted to force his way upstairs, deeming it that his person deserved more respect at the hands of a painter. But Holbein did not quite understand him, and after he had warned him once more to relinquish his plan, the Earl persevering, however, Holbein caught hold of him and threw him down the stairs, who, in falling, cried out, 'The Lord have mercy upon me!' His retinue and servants, alarmed at the bad fall, were busy with their master, so that Holbein double-locked his door in the meanwhile, and getting out of the window in the roof, he rushed to the King, begging for

pardon, without relating what had happened, although the King inquired several times. However, his Majesty granted him pardon before he had learned what it was all about. After he had been informed of the affair, he feigned to have repented that he had granted so ill a pardon, and said he should never dare to do such a thing again, bidding him not to leave, but to remain in an adjoining chamber, until it transpired how matters lay with the Earl. Presently this one was brought in on a litter, all bruised and bound up, and complaining bitterly of the painter before the King. He made out his case as best he could, and swayed considerably from the truth, which the King did not fail to notice. At the end of his say he petitioned the King to punish Holbein as having raised his hand against his person. When he noticed how very little the King was inclined his way, he made it plain that he would seek his revenge himself, whereupon the King waxed wroth at the want of respect shown by the Earl, who wanted to be judge in his own suit, and did not sufficiently heed the decision of the King. Threateningly he exclaimed: 'Now the matter no longer concerns Holbein, but the dignity of my Royal person. Do you think

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that I care so little for the man? I tell you, Earl, I can make seven Earls out of seven peasants, if it so please me, but out of seven Earls not a single Holbein.' Whereupon the Earl was frightened, besought his King's pardon, and vowed to act in accordance with his pleasure; and the King commanded him not to dare to try and revenge himself upon Holbein in any manner, nor to engage others to do it, for anything that happened to him, he, the King, would take as having been directed against his own Royal person.

"During the period of his services there he painted the portrait of King Henry VIII., life-size, so well that every one who looks at the picture is astonished, since it seems to live as if it moved its head and limbs. Again, there is in Whitehall Palace there a work which praises its master, and proves that he was truly an Apelles. He also painted King Henry's three children—Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth—which may be seen there, and many of the principal folk, men and women, of the realm. And in the Surgeons' Hall, at London, there is an exquisite piece by this hand, in the room where the master of the Guild or Society of Surgeons, receives the privileges. In it King Henry, large as life, is

seated on a magnificent throne, with a carpet under his feet; before him the said master kneels and hands the King the draft of their privileges, which one of the retinue dutifully receives; and although some believe that Holbein did not finish this piece himself, but that some one else completed it after his death, yet it is quite certain that he who did so, be he who he may, at least approached very closely to Holbein, so that one cannot be easily distinguished from the other.

“Very many excellent portraits by his hand are likewise to be seen in various palaces of the nobility, in such numbers that it is a matter for wonder how he could ever have finished so many, besides what he drew for the goldsmiths, painters, engravers, woodcutters, and what he embossed in wax. For the rest, he painted in oils and in water-colours; nor was he less skilful in miniature, which, indeed, he was not acquainted with before he came to the King; but seeing one Lucas, who was very excellent therein, he tried his hand at it, and since he was stronger in draughtsmanship, posing, and general understanding, he presently excelled this Lucas as much as the sun excels the moon. Further, there are by him, at London, two masterly pieces in water-colours—one ‘The Triumph of Wealth,’

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the other 'The State of Poverty.' Wealth is depicted by Pluto or Dis, in the shape of an old, bald man seated in an antique, ornamental, gilt chariot, diving with one hand in a basket of gold, and scattering gold and silver coins with the other. Near him are Fortune and Fame; beside him in the chariot are treasures and moneys, and behind the chariot there are various people struggling to get some of the money. The rich lords of antiquity—like Cræsus, Midas, &c.—walk beside the chariot, which is drawn by four beautiful horses accompanied by as many female figures, whose names are written either near their heads or at their feet. All of the figures are life-size, faces, hands, and feet in flesh-colour, the garments in various hues, and everything very natural. The other piece, 'The State of Poverty,' is depicted thus: An old, famished, wan woman is seated upon a rickety waggon on a bundle of straw, under a sort of hut with a battered, torn roof, looking very miserable, and clothed in a wretched, tattered gown. Two oxen and two asses draw her waggon, which some meanly dressed men and women precede. The peasant and the artisan that lead the procession hold their carpenter's squares, hammers, flails. In front of the waggon Hope is seated, raising

her face heavenwards full of emotion, with many further details. To cut it short, this work is full of skill and thought, elaborated poetically and philosophically, ornamental, and distinguished by its draughtsmanship as well as its composition. These two pieces he had made, and Federigo Zuccherò, when he was in England about the year 1574, said of them, on account of the great care employed in their painting, that they were as good as if Raffaello d'Urbino himself had done them.

“Further, Holbein painted the portrait of a countess, dressed in black and white satin, life-size, which formerly was kept in the residence of Mylord Pembroke, which, when Federigo saw it along with other painters, pleased him to such a degree that he said he had never beheld in Rome a piece done so skilfully and neatly; and he departed filled with admiration. It happened that a great amateur of art, called Andrew van Loo, was in London some time ago, who, buying up everything by Holbein's hand that he could lay hands upon, gathered together a great number of wondrous portraits by this artist. Among them there was a very masterly painting, the half life-size picture of the King's astronomer, surrounded by many astronomical instruments,

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one Magister Nicholas. He was a German or Dutchman, and had lived going on for thirty years in England, when the King, for pastime, once asked him how it happened that he couldn't speak English better. 'But,' he answered, 'craving your Majesty's pardon, how could any one learn English in thirty years?' At which the King and all the bystanders laughed heartily.

"This aforesaid Van Loo possessed further by this hand, the portrait of Lord Crawhall (?), about a foot and a half high, and of the learned and famous Erasmus of Rotterdam, of which it has been reported above, how very like it was. Besides these, this same amateur possessed a large water-colour which displayed Thomas More, his wife, son, and daughters, and which was worthy of praise as the very epitome of his art, for its composition alone if for nothing else. The renowned Earl of Arundel, who spared neither gold nor silver if anything by Holbein was to be had, collected a whole gallery full of his paintings, likewise whole books full of drawings, partly done in pen and ink and wash, partly drawn painstakingly with cross-hatching as if they had been engraved on copper, partly executed large in black chalk on paper—all of them masterly and neat,

and in such numbers that I would not have believed how one man could do so many carefully executed biblical and secular pictures, also subjects extracted from poetry, if I had not seen them myself, and held them in my very hands. In short, he was well versed in almost everything, and almost supernaturally quick at them all.

"The said Earl of Arundel showed me several times a little 16mo volume which this noble hand had filled with drawings, in which was contained the whole of the 'Lord's Passion' on twenty-two sheets. How small they were may easily be imagined; still they were all executed most painstakingly and neatly, just as if they were miniatures, and among other things they showed the figure of our Redeemer every time in the shape of a monk clad in black. One day, as I was speaking about this work to the worshipful Knight, Inigo Jones, servant and famous architect of the King, he carried me into the King's Cabinet, where he showed me, among other things, a book which this artist had filled with drawings of all manners of poniards, vessels, ornaments, trinkets and foliage, also mountings for scabbards, for sword-chains, belts, buttons for the King's mantle, hat-bands, buckles for

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shoes as they were worn at that time, all executed with the most careful finish; and again, designs for large and small spoons, gold and silver plate, knife-handles and forks, salt-cellars, large and small book-covers, besides a deal of other Royal ornaments, which it would take very long to relate.

“Moreover, in the famous Art Cabinet of the wealthy amateur and agent of the Swedish Court at Amsterdam, the worshipful Mr. Michael Le Blon, paintings, engravings, and drawings by his hand were on view; for example, ‘A Scholar’ near a fine building, with Death and his hour-glass standing behind him, several portraits, a ‘Venus and Cupid,’ and other things, neatly painted. Thereto I made this same gentleman a present of Holbein’s own portrait, excellently done in a round, in memory of favours received when I took leave from him and travelled to Germany. This gentleman long ago yielded to the earnest prayers of the book-keeper, John Lössert, and sold to him for 3000 florins a panel with the ‘Holy Mary’ standing, her Child on her arm, and a carpet beneath, upon which several kneel before her, portrayed after life; the magnificence of this picture appears from the drawings that may be found in our

Sandrart's book of drawings. Besides which I possess still more by this noteworthy hand, among other things a 'Passion' on folio sheets, two pieces of which series I lack, which had disappeared before I got the set, but which must be in somebody's possession still; and I would gladly give 200 florins for them if I could get them, so that I could show the set of the 'Passion' complete to amateurs for the greater fame of Holbein.

"In fine, to condense his praise in a few words, he was, while still among the living, esteemed so highly that the most prominent Italians did not hesitate to introduce much that he had invented into their own works, especially Michael Angelo Caravaggio, who borrowed 'Matthæus summoned by Christ from the Customs,' also 'The Gamester sweeping the Coin from the Table,' and other things. Thus I recollect that in the year 1627 the famous, aged Paul Rubens, on his way to Utrecht, where the virtuosi visited Honthorst and then passed on to Amsterdam, was lost in speculation about the little book with Holbein's 'Dance of Death' in the boat under way, and praised it very highly with the advice, that I, as a young man, should take the study of the book well to heart, for

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he himself copied the book in his younger days, as well as Tobias Stimmer's book, taking occasion therefrom to discuss most pleasantly Holbein, Albrecht Dürer, Stimmer, and the other old German masters, the whole time we were on our way. Finally, whoever sees his works, perforce must admit that in all of them there is beautiful invention, posing, and composition, and that he arranged his pictures very differently from other painters. The subjects of his works were mostly taken from old and excellent histories, such as that of Anne, the mother of Samuel, and Elkanah her husband, and the announcement of Uriah's death to David. Further, how Abisag comes to him, and Hiram's messenger brings a letter to Solomon, quite masterly and far above the modern manner; how Solomon sits upon a throne, in rich royal robes, with bare arms, like the people of antiquity, as if they had been robbed, about which picture the excellent Latin poet, Nicholas Borbonius, wrote many verses full of art, lauding the artist. Many of Holbein's drawings, too, have been conscientiously etched on copper by the hand of our Wenceslaus Hollar, and partly by Van der Borch, the King of England's court-painter, prints of which are extant, for

example, the 'Queen of Sheba' visiting Solomon enthroned.

"After this artist had conferred much ornament by means of his noble art, he was forced to take leave of this frail world, in which everything is but ephemeral, as he died of the plague in London in the year 1554, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, entrusting his name indeed to eternity, but his body to an unascertained grave. For when the famous Marshal of the Realm, the Earl of Arundel, tried by every means to discover when and in which church he was buried, in order to honour him with a worthy and precious tomb (he failed). For having died at the time of the plague, and having been cast in a common grave with others, as was customary, his Lordship and Excellency could not obtain any precise information in spite of his earnest endeavours.

"However, a noble, praiseworthy monument has been erected to him, in the living memory of all connoisseurs of art, which is not subject to the vicissitudes of Time, but which will continue longer than marble, and the praise of which will go on growing like an evergreen laurel-tree, down to unthinkable ages."

Later on, in his book, Sandrart gives an account

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of several of the "Fine Art Cabinets" he visited, and the work of the younger Holbein is that upon which he dwells more at length. In his account of Zurich, he speaks of a table "quite painted over by our Holbein, the younger. Upon it he represents, done skilfully in oils, the so-called 'Saint Nobody,' captive and altogether sad, his mouth closed with a big padlock, seated on an old broken barrel. He is surrounded by old torn books, earthen and metal pots, glass vessels, dishes, and all manner of house utensils, but everything broken and spoilt. An open letter lying close by, upon which Holbein's name is written, is painted so true to nature that many have tried to pick it up, thinking that it was real and that they could take it into their hands. The rest of the table is decorated with hunting-pieces and foliage."

Coming to Basle, he relates: "By this noble hand" (*i.e.* Holbein's) "Erasmus possessed many works in his cabinet and library, which he bequeathed later on to the famous Amerbach, who added notably to his stock by the purchase of original drawings and his portrait, collecting all the paintings he could, and thus himself left an excellent art cabinet behind him." "The worshipful Municipal Council did not

permit the heirs to take it out of the city, but bought it, as is reported, for the sum of 9000 crowns, and handed it over to the University, where this treasure is now on view, beside the library of world-renown, which boasts of a multitude of Manuscripts. The most precious part of the art treasures is made up of about twenty original paintings by Holbein, in which there appears more understanding and painstaking care than could ever be duly praised. Among them there are several excellent portraits, and also subject pictures, notably a prostrate, expired Christ, foreshortened, which alone has been valued at many thousand ducats, without the other lesser pictures which it surpasses, such as a 'Last Supper,' 'Lucrece,' 'Venus and Cupid,' 'Holbein's self-portrait with his Wife,' and the portrait of Erasmus, a whole length standing and writing with a pen, and also the portrait of Amerbach. There are also one hundred and twenty original drawings, big and little, executed in various techniques. I can truly say that I have seen such quantities of drawings by Holbein in England at King Charles's, he being my first patron, at the Earl of Arundel's and at Pembroke's, in the city of Basle, at Mr. Michael Le Blon's in Amsterdam, at Merian's, and also

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in my own portfolio of drawings, as an accomplished and industrious hand could scarcely copy within eight years' time!"

"But the most exquisite and very acme of all his art is the 'Passion of Christ,' painted upon eight compartments of a panel, and carefully preserved in the Town Hall at Basle. It is a work containing all that our art can possibly accomplish, as well of pious sentiment, as of neat religious and secular figures, mighty and mean folk, of architecture and of landscapes by day and by night. This picture speaks loudly of its author's honour and fame, and none either in Italy nor in Germany can vie with it, since easily it carries off the palm before all the rest.

"Upon the organ-loft there are to be seen painted by him 'The Annunciation,' and upon the wings 'King David with his Harp,' and a 'Bishop with charming, chanting Angels.' About the big 'Dance of Death' in the Church of St. John or the French Church, I will, for shortness sake, merely say that I wish it were to be seen as it originally appeared before it was repainted by strange hands. There is also on view there, on a corner house, a 'Dance of Peasants,' painted *al fresco* on the wet plaster;

and still another house, there, shows paintings by Holbein on the outside. . . ."

The elder Holbein seems to have been born in the year 1473, according to latest research. The earliest dated paintings by his hand are from the year 1493; in the following year his name appears in the Augsburg records. Nothing is known of where and from whom he learnt his art except what his work itself betrays, the influence of Schongauer and the Netherlandish School. Round about the year 1499, he seems to have painted in Ulm. He was not thrifty, and it has been aptly conjectured that he was too fond of sitting in the tavern amid the wine-drinkers. His sons had to shift early for themselves, and emigrated. He is sued from the year 1515 onward, time and again, for debts, and finally, 1517, by his own brother. About this time he left Augsburg for Alsace, and painted for the Dominican Convent at Isenheim. There he died in the year 1524, it seems. Two years later his son Hans the younger resolutely claims the father's belongings, with the help of the Burgo-master of Basle.

Holbein the elder undergoes a great change in his views and conception of art, which was a mark of the times, upon the opening of the Re-

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naissance age. The change appears to us all the more momentous because we know virtually nothing about his life and worldly experiences—nothing about the factor which had so strong an influence upon this artist as to turn a truly "Gothic," archaic painter into one who really grasped the spirit of Renaissance Art with more genuine feeling than the majority of his contemporaries. One of the most important components of the elder Holbein's output as an artist were his numerous silver-point drawings. Portraits, verging upon caricature in many cases, make up a round number of these, and they were probably produced while in the tavern. No doubt he frittered away his time and energy a good deal upon this kind of work ; but we, nowadays, would not care to miss them, on account of their delicacy and also their spirited realism. They are to be found in the print-rooms of the Museums at Bamberg, Basle, Berlin, Copenhagen, Weimar, &c.

The most important among the paintings in Holbein the elder's earlier style are preserved at Augsburg. The Cathedral of that town possesses four altar-pieces, once upon a time the wings of a carved altar in the Abbey of Weingarten in Suabia. They represent "The Sacrifice of

Joachim," "The Birth of the Virgin," her "Presentation in the Temple," and the "Presentation of the Christ-child in the Temple." In the Museum at Augsburg are kept the three paintings by the elder Holbein which he did for the Convent of St. Catherine, and which belong to the set of six upon which Burgkmair was likewise engaged, as we have learned above. Holbein's earliest among these pictures depicts (besides several sacred scenes) the "Santa Maria Maggiore Basilica" at Rome, and was bespoken in the year 1499. The most important one is that with the "Basilica of St. Paolo fuori le mura." It contains, in the scene showing St. Paul preaching, that delicious figure of a young, well-dressed woman, seated amid the congregation and turning her back to us, which is meant to represent Paul's disciple, St. Thekla. Only a very great artist could compass such a degree of charm in this slight figure, as has been done here. It is one of the memorable instances in the story of art where a master has accomplished a portrait without showing us the face—that is, given us the counterfeit of a person which expresses a distinct character and such intimate traits that we feel we could recognise her at once, though her face has never been revealed to us. The same painting

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offers us, in the scene of the baptism of Paul, the portraits of Holbein himself with his two children, Hans the younger and Ambrosius. The father, with long hair and heavy, full beard, stands behind the two boys, resting his hand on the head of the smaller one, Hans.

No doubt the majority, if not all, of the other characters on these pictures are portraits of friends and patrons of Holbein; unfortunately, there was no contemporary historian to tell us whom they represent.

At Frankfort-on-the-Main are preserved, though not intact and in their original order, the centre-piece, a "Last Supper," and fifteen panels from the wings of a large altar-piece, painted in the year 1501 for the church of the Dominican monks at this place. Like similar work of the early Cologne Masters, the altar was originally nothing more than a painted Passion-play, a work which would recall to the beholders' memory the representations as they had witnessed them before and in the church on particular holidays.

About a picture of Holbein's painted in the next year (1502) we read in an old chronicle of the Abbey of Kaisheim: "Since, indeed, this Abbot George had a particular fancy for building

and decorating this house of God, he ordered a precious altar-piece to be made in the year 1502, upon which *the three best masters* of Augsburg were engaged, the best which at that time were to be found far and wide—namely, the master joiner Adolf Kastner, the sculptor Master Gregory, and the painter Hans Holbein. This altar stood for much money." The interior panels contain scenes from the life of Mary and the childhood of Jesus, the outside panels such from the Passion. The sixteen panels are now to be seen at the Munich Gallery.

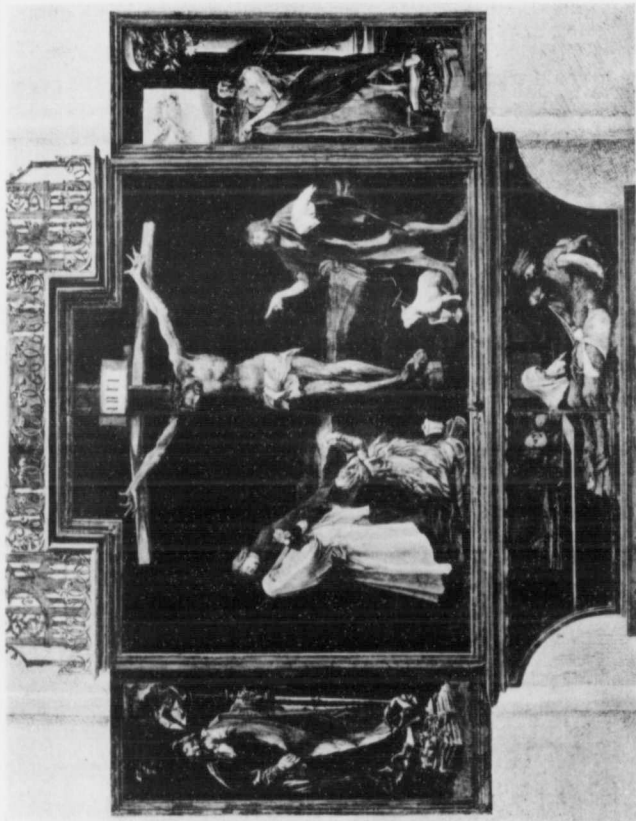
All these paintings are still "Gothic" in spirit, and many of them still have the gold background. Two wings of an altar, with figures of saints, now at Prague, and two at Augsburg—showing the "Martyrdom of St. Catherine," the "Fish-miracle of St. Ulric," the "Crucifixion of St. Peter," and "St. Anne, the Virgin, and the Christ-child"—discover a change in the style of ornamentation as well as in the painter-qualities of the work. They may be looked upon as tentative steps in the direction of Holbein's later style. We possess only one specimen of this latter, and it is so far above everything else the elder Holbein has left us, and so wonderful in itself, that for a long time this work, the St. Sebastian altar-piece now



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in the Munich Gallery, was attributed to the younger Holbein.

The central piece, with the martyrdom, is flanked by two wings showing full standing figures of "St. Barbara" and "St. Elizabeth," the landscape background being continuous over all three panels. The outside of the shutters display an "Annunciation." German art can provide no nude figure prior to this painting which can equal the "St. Sebastian" in draughtsmanship and grace. The men and soldiers surrounding him are engaged in the scene, and do not simply stand around. Nor, on the other hand, does any one of them show the exaggerated, painfully accentuated movements or gesticulations into which the earlier artists plunged, no doubt from a feeling of misgiving that they were not quite attaining their goal, and so shooting beyond it. Holbein allowed his political convictions a voice in the picture. Augsburg was at that time an imperial city, always at loggerheads with the Bavarian Government. Holbein therefore dresses one of the odious soldiers who torture the saint in the Bavarian colours, blue and white striped, to give vent to his spite.

There is, again, no one figure within the entire range of German painting, down to this year 1515,

that can compare with the "St. Elizabeth." In fact, in order to find its equal, we should have to cross the Alps. The beauty of form which we encounter here may indeed be called Italian.

This most perfect creation of the elder Holbein is also the latest one of his which we possess. We know that he painted for the convent at Isenheim, as has already been stated; but, if the work he did there still exists, it certainly has not been identified as yet.

The younger Hans Holbein was born at Augsburg in the year 1497. He was certainly a pupil of his father there. We do not come across his name in Augsburg documents, however, and find him in 1515 at Basle. This city was entering a period of prosperity just then, and here Hans the younger and his brother found plenty to do for the publishers, designing title-pages and colophons and illustrations, a kind of work which was extremely sought after at Augsburg. The table which Sandrart mentions is an early work, executed by the year 1515 at the latest, as were also a set of important pen-drawings illustrating Erasmus' "Praise of Folly," executed on the broad margins of a copy of the 1514 edition (now in the Museum at Basle).

The following year Holbein painted his first

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important portraits (also in the Basle Museum) of Burgomaster Meyer and his wife. Like all his early portraits these display, as contrasted with the work done in England, a much more luminous and deeper coloration. The plain backgrounds of deep blue, or a vivid dark green, are especially noteworthy.

In 1517 Holbein was at Luzerne, where he had to pay a fine for having engaged in a brawl, and where he decorated the walls of the Hertenstein house, within and without, with paintings. The house was demolished in 1824; Holbein's designs, only, have come down to us, and this applies to all his external mural decorations, of which he did a good many in Swiss towns. If we may believe a document sent to Holbein by the Council of Basle, in 1538, our loss has not been excessive. In it they say "that his art and time are worth more than that they should be wasted upon old walls and houses." In fact, though containing some figure-painting, this sort of mural decoration was upon the whole nearer allied to the ordinary house decorator's craft than to the artist's.

Upon the 25th of September 1519 Holbein joined the guild at Basle, where he settled for the next seven years. The portrait of Bonifacius

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Amerbach at the Basle Museum, one of his best works, dates from the beginning of this period. For the Town Hall he painted a series of subjects from ancient history, now lost. One of his principal occupations was the designing of stained-glass windows, which were greatly in vogue throughout Switzerland.

A "Last Supper," with figures about half life-size, shows plainly the influence of Bernardino Luini, and in a more remote degree of Leonardo da Vinci. It and the eight panels of the "Passion," described by Sandrart, belong to the treasures of the Museum at Basle. Another important work of these earlier years is the "Madonna" at Solothurn, painted in 1522. Meanwhile his work for the publishers progressed as before, and it brought him in touch with the Reformation. The woodcuts, "The Sale of Indulgences" and "Christ the Lamp of Truth," are satires in spirit. He designed the title-page for the 1522 edition of Luther's New Testament. But, upon the whole, his woodcuts illustrate stories from the Old Testament in preference to the New. His famous series of ninety-one Bible designs must have been begun about this time, though they were not published as a set before 1538. The

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same exactly applies to the other famous set, "The Dance of Death," consisting of originally forty, and in its latest form (1562) fifty-eight woodcut designs. Some of the alphabets with studies, or perhaps even reminiscences, of the "Dance of Death" appear in books of the time, and we possess a copy of the entire set, dated 1527. None of his paintings have done more to spread Holbein's fame than these two wonderful series of black and white pictures.

In a book by Beatus Rhenanus, printed in 1526, there occurs the passage: "Among the Germans the most famous masters of the day are—Albrecht Dürer in Nuremberg, Hans Baldung in Strassburg, Lucas Cranach in Saxony, and Hans Holbein in Switzerland, who was born indeed at Augsburg, but has been a citizen of Basle for a long while already, and who painted our 'Erasmus' twice last year most successfully and very finely, both of which portraits were sent later on to England." These were Holbein's first portraits of Erasmus, one of which was sent by the humanist to Archbishop Warham of Canterbury. Various other artists have done portraits of Erasmus, but he lives in our mind's eye as Holbein—and Holbein only—painted him.

About this time was painted Holbein's *chef d'œuvre*, the "Madonna" of the Burgomaster Meyer. The beauty of this painting shed its lustre upon an excellent early copy, which for many years was taken for the original. This copy, in the Dresden Gallery, was esteemed so highly that it was treated as the Cisalpine counter-piece to Raffaello Santi's "Sistine Madonna." Even to-day, though it has been recognised as a copy, and does not, like the "Sistine Madonna," have a room to itself, it is mounted on a mock altar somewhat like her. The beautiful original was "re-discovered" about 1870 at Darmstadt, where it still is.

The years 1525-6 were filled with the peasants' wars, the pestilence, and the famine in Switzerland and South Germany. It is no wonder that Holbein decided to seek his fortune elsewhere and turned to England, whither Erasmus had recommended him in a letter to Sir Thomas More. When Holbein finally went he carried a letter from Erasmus to Peter Aegidius, in Antwerp, with him. In it we read: "The bearer is he who has portrayed me. By this recommendation I don't want to put you to much trouble, though he is an excellent artist. If he wants to visit Quentin (Matsijs), and you



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haven't time to take him there, let one of your servants show him the way to the house. The arts are freezing hereabouts, and he is on his way to England to scrape together a few angels. You may give him such letters as you like."

Sandrart's account of Holbein's first visit to England requires scarcely any modification. Holbein's "Portrait of More," dated 1527, was probably the first work he finished in England. It passed into the Huth collection. Another important portrait of the early English period is that of "Thomas Godsalve and his son John" (1528), now in the Dresden Gallery, and a third, that of "Sir Bryan Tuke," in the Munich gallery. Holbein had to meet many rivals when he reached England, who were well established in royal and public favour. But he distanced them all, and so completely that their names even are all but forgotten. For a time, naturally, all early portraits in England were ascribed to the foreigner who had gained such universal applause. It is only within recent years that students have learned to discriminate better; and though numerous works have not yet been properly ascribed to their authors—for, as I said, they have been forgotten—yet they are no longer fathered upon Holbein.

Holbein remained only about two years in London, and returned in 1528 to Basle. On the 29th of August of this year he bought a house there. Shortly after, the iconoclasts did their villainous work at Basle, and Holbein found the place scarcely in a better condition to forward artistic interests than when he left it. He painted portraits of his family, and new ones of Erasmus (1530, at Parma; another, in a round, at Basle). In 1530 he also finished his work upon the pictorial decoration of the Town Hall. But there was no chance of making his way, so he returned to London early in 1532. The Council at Basle thought better of it when it was too late, and asked him to come back, offering him an annuity of "thirty pieces."

Sir Thomas More had in the meanwhile retired from office, and Holbein's other patron, Archbishop Warham, was dead. But the German merchants in London gave him a number of orders for portraits. The "Georg Gysze," now at the Berlin Museum, is a sample of the work of this period, and further "Robert Cheseman," with the hawk (at the Hague), and the splendid large group in the National Gallery at London.

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The German merchants of the Steele Court had splendid decorations put up for the occasion of Henry VIII.'s marriage with Anne Boleyn, on the 31st of May 1533, and Holbein was their author. They also bespoke the two pictures, "Triumph of Riches" and "Triumph of Poverty," which Sandrart mentions, and which have not been preserved. When the house of the German merchants broke up, these pictures were presented to the Prince of Wales, came into the possession of Charles I. later on, and still later into that of the Earl of Arundel.

Holbein also continued his woodcut work while in England, one of his principal designs being the title-page for the Coverdale Bible; another, somewhat later, the piece for "Hall's Chronicle," showing Henry VIII. among his Councillors. He also painted miniatures.

Holbein does not appear to have entered the King's service before Sir Thomas More and Anne Boleyn were both beheaded. Sandrart's story of More's introduction of Holbein to Henry VIII. is apocryphal, as will have already appeared. The first important commission he got was for a large portrait group of Henry VIII., Henry VII. and Elizabeth, his Queen, and Queen Jane Seymour, for the palace in Whitehall, which was

consumed in the fire 1698. In 1668 R. van Leemputten made a reduced copy of it. Setting aside drawings and miniatures, he does not seem to have painted Henry VIII. again.

The number of fine portraits in this, his later style, is large. The "Jane Seymour" at Vienna, and the "Morette" at Dresden, besides others at Windsor and in English private collections, are the best known. The large set of portrait drawings in coloured chalks, at Windsor, were presumably most of them done during this period. Ever since they became known by the fairly good Bartolozzi reproductions, they have been admired as among the finest of Holbein's achievements. His numerous designs for the art-worker—designs for daggers, cups, clocks, goblets, &c. &c., are scarcely less admirable. There are sketch-books full of these at Basle and London, and detached sheets elsewhere. In them Holbein betrays a mastery over the pure forms of Renaissance decorations which excels even that of Aldegrever or the Behams.

In 1538, when Henry VIII., or rather his Councillors, were looking about for a new bride, Jane Seymour having died in October of the previous year, Holbein was sent to Brussels to

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THE DUCHESS OF MILAN .

(from the painting by Holbein in the National Gallery)

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portray Christina, the widow of Duke Sforza of Milan. Within three hours he finished a drawing that excited universal admiration, and then painted a portrait which is now in the National Gallery. It is one of the best he ever executed. It is the portrait which Sandrart calls "Henry VIII.'s favourite, the Princess of Lorraine." His comment upon the lady's unwillingness to become Queen of England is incorrect; but owing to Emperor Charles V.'s decision, nothing came of the proposal, though Holbein's portrait was so satisfactory.

From the royal accounts it appears that Holbein was sent to the Franche Comté in December 1538. And just before then he paid a short visit to Basle. In a letter which R. Gwalther wrote upon the 12th of September to A. Bullinger, he says: "A short time since Hans Holbein came here from England. You can scarcely believe how highly he praised the condition of affairs existing over there. He will return thither in a few weeks." Iselin, again, writes about him upon this occasion: "When he visited Basle from England for a short time, he was clothed in satin and silks—he who formerly had to buy his wine at the tap." Later on he says: "He died in England. His intention was,

if God had granted him longer life, to have returned and done many paintings over again and better, at his own expense, notably those in the Town Hall. The Dance House" (a building upon which Holbein had painted exterior decorations), "he said, wasn't half bad." This discovers a very rare and admirable trait in Holbein's character. But the citizens of Basle appreciated him, too, now that he was at the height of his fame, and fêted him.

They set up a contract with him, granting him an annuity of fifty florins. He was allowed two years' time to wind up his affairs in England and take his leave from there. In the meantime his wife at Basle was to receive forty florins a year. He was allowed to accept orders from foreign potentates, and to travel occasionally abroad with his works to dispose of them elsewhere. But he had to promise to return, and the pension died with him.

Holbein returned to London via Paris. In the New Year of 1539 he presented the King with an effigy of Prince Edward, and received a gold goblet as counter-gift. In July of this year he was sent, at great cost, with Richard Bearde to Germany, where he had to portray Anne of Cleves,

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and he took her a miniature of Henry VIII. The portrait does not show lovely features; but the King did not heed it much, as it seems, and trusted to verbal reports. He is known to have repented of this later on. The portrait is now in the Louvre at Paris.

Holbein continued in Henry VIII.'s favour, and so he did not return to Basle at the appointed time. He painted the Duke of Norfolk (now at Windsor) after Cromwell's fall, and the new Queen, Catherine Howard. All the many and serious vicissitudes of English politics, and the changes in the Royal Household, scarcely affected him. He seems to have had more leisure, however, and among his latest works are some portraits of persons evidently not connected with the Court, and a self-portrait, dated 1542.

In the following year the plague raged furiously in London. Holbein evidently was carried off. The very haste expressed in his will speaks for the conjecture. In the last will he orders all his things to be sold, including his horse, and his debts to be paid. He names the debtors. He leaves a small annuity to two illegitimate children until they should come of

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age. No mention is made of his wife and her four children, nor of his property in Basle. Later inventories show, however, that the balance of his personal belongings in England found their way to Basle.

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CHAPTER VIII

ADAM ELSHEIMER

“ONE of the most famous and most commended masters of the noble art of painting was Adam Elsheimer, commonly called Adam of Frankfort, the son of a tailor, born next to the red Bathhouse at Frankfort, in the year 1574. In consequence of his intense inclination towards the art of painting, he took to drawing, and became, later on, the pupil of Philipp Uffenbach. Since his noble understanding aimed at greatest perfection only, he soon travelled throughout Germany in order to reach Rome in the end, which goal he, true enough, achieved. And here he always remained side by side with the most famous and most virtuous, of whom there were at this time several, such as Pieter Lastman, Jan Pimias of Amsterdam, James Ernest Thomann of Lindau, and some others, who altogether sought to attain the highest summit of perfection. And just as our father Adam was the first of all men, thus this one

was the first Adam to rise in the art of painting small pictures, landscapes, and other curiosities, so high and to such a likeness to nature, that he has become the predecessor and father whose manner all other painters of all parts followed as being the most perfect, the most select, and most natural.

“Among his best works a small ‘Tobit’ on copper, only a span in length, increased his fame, upon which the angel helps Tobit to cross a shallow stream, and the little dog jumps from stone to stone, eager to follow. The bright rising sun shines them both in the face. The landscape is so beautiful, the reflection of the heaven in the water so natural, the travellers and the animals so well formed, that so true a manner had never before been seen; and, consequently, in all Rome nothing was spoken of but Elsheimer’s newly discovered art of painting. In the same manner he painted a landscape, somewhat larger, with a Latona and her children twain, whom the labouring peasants begrudge the clear water, for which they were transformed into frogs. Moreover, in the same size, the wounded and naked ‘Procris,’ whom Cephalus labours to help with healing herbs. In the distance, field-goddesses, satyrs, fauns,

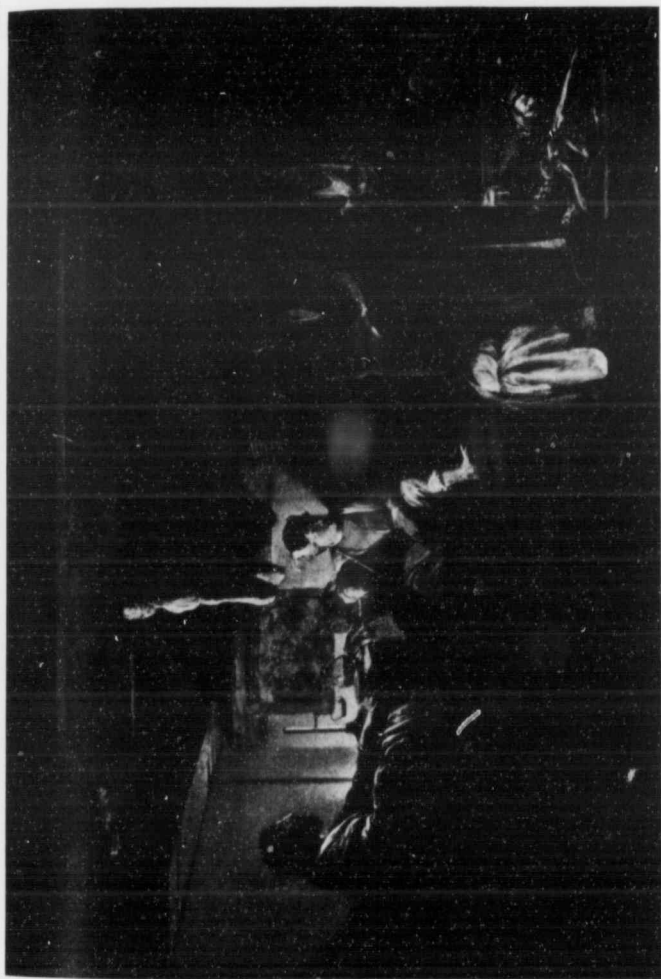
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old and young, are depicted making a fire before the woods. No less full of art is his painting which shows 'St. Lawrence' disrobed before the judge, and about to be roasted alive in front of an idol. The saint, however, casts up his eyes to heaven with an indescribable yearning. This original is to be seen now at Saarbrücken, at the residential palace of the high-born Count of the realm and lord, Lord John of Nassau, along with many other rarities. Thus he also painted a small 'St. Lawrence' for my cousin, Abraham Mertens of Frankfort, standing dressed in the coat of a Levite, the grill in one hand, a palm in the other; but the background is a far-distant mountain range, with valleys, waterfalls, dainty buildings, through all of which the evening sun glows, uncommonly natural and well thought out, so that I lack words for sufficient praise rather than subject for praise. This new manner of painting in miniature in oil having gained such admiration, he left off painting large-sized oil paintings (though this was really the aim of his earliest studies), and remained true to the small style.

"He likewise etched several small landscapes of field-deities, and nymphs with cymbals, dancing, for whom satyrs play music, and other

clever curiosities of this kind. He did a sunset from a dark forest, where one looks over distant hills and valleys to the horizon, all wondrously coloured; and, again, in small oval-shape, the 'Decapitation of St. John the Baptist,' in which his great sagacity in devising the only true manner of painting night appears to full advantage; which was then praised so highly, that it inspired him to paint further, how 'Jupiter and Mercury,' fatigued from a long journey, enter the mean peasant cottage of Baucis and Philemon, where, seated by lamplight, they themselves by the side of these poor people and their poor possessions, are lighted so cleverly, that this and the following work are as good as a complete instruction and manual, from which the correct grasping of night effects may be learnt. And I remember when I was young, and began to paint the night, how I accepted this for the very idea, guide, and formula. Just as full of art as this is the large 'Ceres Drinking,' also a night-piece. She is standing near an old woman with a candle, and is being mocked by the villainous boy. This picture has rightly been granted the highest praise and renown for everything, as much for the composition and invention, as for the draughtsman-

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ship, coloration, various beautiful lights, the landscape, trees, rising and pendent foliage, leaves, and herbs.

“How high this handsome intellect had risen in matters of poetry, allusion, invention, and bright ideas, is proven by his biggest work, still in the city of his birth, which the honourable Mr. Du-Fay, tradesman, showed me in 1666. Therein he represented the ‘Contento’ or ‘Pleasure’ on a large sheet of copper in the following manner: In the air there flies the Contento, or Heart’s Desire, represented by two graceful figures. Down below, on the earth, all manners of people, high and low-born, are busy with that upon which they are especially bent. Some display their faith in the gods piously near a burning altar, where, in a dark temple, an old priest, clad in white, is to be seen offering incense in the presence of laurel-wreathed vestal virgins, as well as young boys (according to antique custom), with incense-boxes and other paraphernalia for the altar upon which the offering is burning, and all the devout bystanders are wondrously illumined by it. In the foreground one perceives the consecrated beasts led to the sacrifice. Within the temple, above, the fearful Jupiter, with his glistening thunderbolts

in his hand, is about to descend, showing himself well disposed towards the Contento on account of the sacrifice. Without the temple people of all kinds of callings are engaged, each one according to the nature of his longing, in the attempt to attain to dignity, splendour, wealth, and possessions, the philosophers and others to art and wisdom; some seek their gain by means of trading and warlike practices, others try by sprinting, horse-racing, playing, bowling, and other means to reach their Contento, every one of which is represented after a special and uncommon manner, so that this very same piece is to be praised as the city's greatest embellishment in the way of painting.

“Upon another large piece he has represented the ‘Flight into Egypt,’ with the little Christ-child, which our Lady, riding on the ass, has wrapped close in her cloak. Joseph leads the ass through a small stream set about with bushes, and he carries a rushlight. In the distance one sees field-herdsmen with their cattle near a burning fire, which is carefully reflected in the water. Before them is a dense forest, above which we see in the clear sky stars, especially the milky way; and behind, and stranger yet, the clear full moon rising just above the clouds on the horizon.

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All this being perfectly reflected in the water, in a manner which has never been done before, produces a result which altogether, and in every single portion, is quite incomparable. Moreover, all his works, of which there are but few, but those painted admirably on copper, were engraved by Magdalene de Passe and others. But this original Jonckheer Gouda" (Goudt), "of Utrecht, a particular amateur of art, showed me very often. And although he frequently undertook to engrave it most accurately upon copper, he never quite attained to the excellence of the original; as, indeed, it is not possible for copper engraving quite to equal painting. For although this Gouda's engravings excelled others, yet the original paintings put the copper engravings to shame when one places them side by side, and, in fact, they are put in the dark, just as earthly light is put in the dark and to shame by the clear sun.

"In this sagacious manner Elsheimer did his work, for his memory and his understanding were so well trained, that if he had only seen some beautiful trees (before which he would often sit or lie for half a day, indeed, for whole days), they would have impressed themselves upon him so clearly that he had been able to

paint them at home altogether true to nature without the help of sketches; and this can be gleaned from this fact among others, that after he had once impressed in this manner the Vigna 'Madonna' at Rome upon his memory, he was able to reproduce it in his pictures ever after most curiously, every tree exact after its kind, recognisable as to trunk, foliage, leaves, and all details, in coloration, shading, and reflected lights. Which custom is not that of everybody, for it is very difficult indeed to further your work after this fashion without the presence of nature, or at least sketches, to help you. In the end the difficulties of this manner overstrained him and made him melancholy, which was by nature his inclination anyway, and he husbanded his affairs badly; besides, he married a Roman, by whom he had many children. Therefore he drifted into straitened circumstances, although his works had been paid for dearly. Thus he became fretful and ran into debt. And this same Gouda mentioned above had to tarry at Rome for years, suffering losses, on account of money that he had advanced (Elsheimer) for work not finished, so that

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TOBIT AND THE ANGEL
From the painting by Adam Elsheimer in the National Gallery

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TOBIT AND THE ANGEL
(From the painting by Adam Elsheimer in the National Gallery)

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Elsheimer was put into the debtor's prison, where again he did not help himself out of his troubles by means of work, as would have been no more than just and proper for him to do, but fretted until he fell fairly ill. And though he was liberated, he soon thereafter was translated from this temporal world with immortal praise and after-fame for his excellence. His widow, of whom I bought a picture, was still living with several sons at Rome in 1632. For brevity's sake I will cease from all further praise, and, to wind up, merely say that he not only always undertook difficult tasks, but also carried them through in the happiest fashion. All his feats excelled the very plans of many other artists. He was so well founded in perfection and in that which is good, that when he simply drew a contour with pen or crayon, he displayed therein better understanding than others could after patient work and trouble. His works were never dependent upon sketchy handling, or over-elaborate ornament or loud coloration, but above all, upon the most select draughtsmanship and true coloration, to such an extent that if you looked at his work in a looking-glass, and then turned to nature, you found the one like

the other, as if they had been one and the same thing.

“And this encomium was granted him throughout the whole world, whence it happens that all fashionable amateurs and travellers from afar, in search of the curious, very much desire and expect to see something rare and exceptional by this famous hand in the Town Hall of his birthplace, since he is commonly called Adam of Frankfort. But although we naturally would expect that the honourable Council of Frankfort should own in its Town Hall, among other rarities, very many excellent works by this most commendable one among all its subjects (as would be no more than proper, and as is everywhere else the custom, for example, as regards Raffaello in Rome, as regards Michael Angelo in Florence, as regards Titian in Venice, Holbein in Basle, Dürer in Nuremberg, Lucas van Leiden in Leiden), and whereas other cities make not a little show in their Town Halls of the work of their citizens, showing them to strangers and travellers as objects of particular value, yet at Frankfort not the slightest thing (by Elsheimer) is to be seen at the Town Hall, nor is his name even remembered, in spite of the fact that there have

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been plenty of means and opportunities to attend to this formerly as well as to-day. However, in spite of this, the fame of this praiseworthy artist will not die out, and it will be said of him—

“As long as virtue will be loved,
As long as Fine Arts will be proved,
So long the world will ever strive
To keep Elsheimer's fame alive.”

CHAPTER IX

ANTON RAPHAEL MENGES

THE great wave of art which had flooded Germany at the beginning of the Renaissance had spent its force by the middle of the sixteenth century. After that a lull had set in, and by the time a renewed uprisal was due, national misfortunes had intervned to counteract it. The Thirty Years War prevented the return of a period of brilliancy, which would probably have come, if we may judge by the circumstance that such periods generally revert to nations at regular intervals of about a century. For nearly two hundred and fifty years the story of German art remained almost a blank. It sounds like a paradox, but one might really express it thus: The artist did not die out, but art did. When it comes to the matter of gleaning the great masters of the world's history of art, even such a painter as Elsheimer distinctly belongs to the aftermath.

It is a strange anomaly, however, that the artists who did work within this long period did

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not fail to call forth the unbounded enthusiasm of their contemporaries, let posterity rank them ever so low. The less important a painter was, it seems, the higher his praises have been sung. Sandrart himself was lauded more extravagantly than he ever praised the most important among all the artists about whom he wrote, and he believed that his own painting improved upon all of that of the old masters.

Much the same may be said of Menges, who is to-day all but forgotten. The biography by Bianconi, one of his best friends, is only one of several, all of which may be styled eulogies rather than biographies. They are interesting, if for no other reason, for this one alone, that they show how wide contemporary criticism can occasionally miss the mark. In adding to our volume a chapter on Menges drawn from a contemporary source, in accordance with the general plan of the book, it was necessary to warn the reader thus much, lest he should be confused by the elated tone of the pamphlet from which the following extracts have been translated¹:—

“I propose to treat of the most noteworthy

¹ Prange's annotations to Bianconi's "Life" have been added, for the most part, since they not only supplement but often correct the present author.

painter of our century, a scholar and a philosopher, of the Cavaliere Anton Raphael Mengs, and will commence at the very beginning with his bringing up, which was as singular as the fruits thereof were unique. When great men are discussed, even the minor details of life wax important. Thus I shall be readily pardoned for going into matters more at length; and, besides, you may put down some of it to the score of a long and tender friendship, which bound me to him when both of us were still young, in Saxony, and since then for ever in Italy.

“The pestilence which all but depopulated Copenhagen, the Danish capital, at the beginning of this century, spared the life of Ismael Mengs alone out of twenty-three brothers and sisters. He had devoted himself from youth up to painting, more particularly to enamel-painting, and now left his sorrowful home to try his fortunes in Saxony, which was then ruled by August II., King of Poland, a prince famous for his good parts, his magnanimity, and his love of the fine arts. Ismael entered the service of the King, who employed him principally as painter in enamels, and to this day many incomparable works by his hand are to be seen in the treasury of the Saxon House at Dresden. His character was

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very likely quite unique. Imagine to yourself a tall, not exactly ugly, but very dark complexioned and colourless man, disposed to melancholy, but otherwise righteous enough, a man of few words, though when he would talk he could do it better than most people. He played excellently on the flute, and always drank the very best beer that was ever brewed throughout the whole land; these two things were his sole delights. Frequently he contemplated the King's pictures, and whenever the Court Theatre was in season he would go there to hear operas, which were at that time to be seen beyond all comparison at Dresden, day after day. Never has any one seen him conversing with his neighbour there, nor exhibiting any tokens of satisfaction, nor applauding. Since he was of Danish birth, one would have taken him for a Lutheran; but it remained an open question whether indeed he was one, for he never went to church.

"About the year 1720 he married Charlotte Bormann of Zittau,¹ a Lusatian town, and lived with her a quiet, retired life. She presently bore him a son, Charles Morris, and then a daughter, Theresa Concordia. In 1728 he went overland

¹ This is a mistake. Ismael did not marry her until after Anton Raphael's birth, and then legitimised his offspring.

in summer time to Aussig, a little, sorry town in Bohemia, near the Saxon boundary. There, upon the twelfth of March, Charlotte bore him a second son, whom he christened Anton Raphael, out of admiration for Correggio and Raffaello Santi.¹ Some time after, the fourth and last child, Julia, was born.

“As soon as ever these four children were able to hold crayons in their little hands, the sober father kept them at drawing. Charlotte died and left the bringing up of this budding talent to Ismael and a maidservant. His house lay in a remote part of the town, and it might well have been called an academy-school for these four little children, over whom the sullen father presided as president and master, with a rod in one hand and a pencil in the other.”

The elder son soon grew tired of this joyless life, departed from his fatherly home, went to Bohemia, turned Catholic, and devoted himself to

¹ Ismael, one of the queerest men that ever lived, took it into his head to beget a son who should combine the talents of Raffaello Santi and Antonio Allegri (Correggio). From his first years on, Ismael saw to it that Anton Raphael should fulfil his destiny. He generally kept all his affairs quite in the dark, but to a friend, Böttcher, fine-art dealer at Leipsic, he confided his intentions as regarded the child, and that he was to draw like Raffael and use his colours like Allegri. When Böttcher spoke of the uncertainty of a future so far removed, Ismael said: “He *shall* and *must!*”

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scientific studies as well as his straitened circumstances allowed. The father did not move a finger to recover this son; he only distributed his share of the flogging equally among the three children that remained at home.¹ These intimidated children, accordingly, learned the art of drawing from their silent father, and reading and writing from their garrulous maidservant. They never left the house except in company of Ismael, and then only at night to get some fresh air for a few moments, and their most interesting walks never took them beyond the alleys of the so-called New Town (Neustadt) or along the sandy banks of the Elbe. Nights with a bright moon shining in the sky were grand treats for these poor children. Some maintain that they did not even know the name of the town in which, and the name of the ruler under whom, they lived. What their religion was probably none of them knew, for their father never honoured them so much as to tell them, much less did he ever take them to church.

In the year 1741, when Anton Raphael was in his thirteenth year, Ismael decided to visit Rome

¹ It is reported that the youngest child, Julia, broke both legs one day by jumping out of a second-story window in a desperate attempt to escape the blows of the tyrannical teacher.

with his entire family, to broaden their ideas, as he said, and to acquaint them at this place with the work of Raffaello Santi, who had ever been his idol.¹ August III., who had by that time come to the throne, was as bounteous as his father had been, and granted Mengs the necessary three years' leave of absence. Thus Ismael left Dresden with his servant and the three children, who were quite unable to comprehend the innovation, and who did not know to what part of the world they were being led. At Rome, at length, Ismael became somewhat more communicative, and showed them the "Loggie" and "Camere" of Raffaello, and the ceiling in the Sistine Chapel by Michelangelo.² They spent three years here, living close by St. Peter's Church. Young Anton Raphael was incessantly engaged in drawing from Raffaello, or from the antique and the nude model, or studying in

¹ Mengs was drawing an arm from a cast. Old Ismael, watching him through a hole in the door, noticed that he bared his own arm and looked at it, in order to find things which the cast did not seem to show properly. "Now," exclaimed Ismael, "the time has come for me to take you to Rome; you are ripe for it."

² Ismael divided up his son's working day thus — he had to rise early, breakfast, and go to the Vatican to draw after Raffaello's paintings. He spent the whole day in the Vatican, eating nothing but a piece of bread and some fruit. To speak accurately, he did not begin to copy Raffaello before he had studied Michelangelo and the antique thoroughly, thus pro-

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the workshop of the famous painter, Benefiale. The women-folk painted miniatures at home under Ismael's direction. For the Romans it was a constant source of delight to see the quiet, modest little Germans doing such excellent work at such an early time of life.

They returned in 1744, treasuring a store of knowledge; but the old system of education recommenced straightway. The children were again kept indoors, like hermits. The King himself, and all Dresden, did not even know that Ismael had a family. However, love of painting and of music presently effected a change. One day Ismael Menges happened to go to the house of De Silvestre, a Parisian, at that time principal painter-in-ordinary to the King, where he beheld not only the beautiful work of this excellent master, but also one of his well-mannered daughters, who was singing in Italian, with a

ceeding on the same path which Raffaello himself had trod. In the evening Anton Raphael drew from casts and from nature, under Sebastiano Conca, by lamplight for one hour. Then came supper, of which there was always good and plenty. There followed half-an-hour of work at perspective and anatomy, and then he went to bed. No doubt it was this excessive application which weakened his constitution and prepared the way for the poor state of his health in later years. Consider also the severity of the treatment which he received at the hands of Ismael, who caned him for the commission of the slightest faults.

good grace. In this house, of an evening, the best of Court society and all foreign ambassadors were wont to assemble ; it was the exact counterpart of Meng's own home, one unceasing course of joy and pleasure. Among the guests there was also one, Signor Domenico Annibali, a court musician, an exquisite singer, and a man of the best and most captivating manners. On account of his amiability he was highly esteemed everywhere ; he, in company with the famous John Adolph Hasse, reigned supreme over the Italian stage in Saxony. It was his voice which alone found a way to Ismael's inaccessible heart. Somebody at Rome had written to him that Ismael was the father of three children, all of whom were perfect prodigies in painting. He communicated the fact to a good friend of his, Father Guerini, a Jesuit of the Ducal House of Bulciardo, and one of Augustus III.'s intimates.

One day Annibali sang a touching air at Silvestre's house, which gained general approbation. Ismael was present at the time. Ismael's heart was mightily touched, and for the first time he opened his mouth and begged, in his way, the singer for a repetition of the air. " Gladly," replied the cunning Annibali, " if you

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will allow me, by way of return favour, to visit you at your house to-morrow, and become acquainted with your estimable family." All of the company laughed; Ismael was very much distressed, but, rubbing his forehead, said: "Sing well to-night, and then I will expect you to-morrow. But you must come alone; I do not want any of this laced and gilt *canaille*." There you have a little sample of Ismael's phraseology! Annibali sang; Ismael was moved even unto tears, and then ran off, tottering, without taking leave of anybody. From this moment on, Ismael, rough as he was, could no longer resist Annibali, who, like Orpheus, began henceforth to lead this Danish Rhadamanthus according to his will. On the following morning he went to Menges' house.

After a free exchange of compliments he was shown into a room, wherein he perceived a few split-bottom chairs and a table upon which there were, tea, a pipe, a beer-mug, a large open German Bible, a cat-o'-nine-tails, and some leather straps of peculiar invention. In the second chamber he saw two girls, plainly dressed, sitting at a table and painting miniatures. At another table there was seated a youth of about sixteen years, with long hair falling down upon his shoulders, busy

at work upon some sort of painting or other. None of these academicians, wrapt up in their work, dared to raise their eyes in order to see who, contrary to custom, had stepped into the room to break in upon their never-ending silence. The stranger saluted, but no one of them dared to return the greeting before the father's permission had been given. Annibali saw various fine pastel paintings hanging upon the walls, among them two portraits from the life, one of which represented Ismael, the other the youth who was at work now in the room. He was informed by the father that they were the work of the young lad in the room. Quite beside himself with astonishment, he inquired of the youth only half in earnest, whether he would have ventured to portray him (Annibali) in the same manner. The young man stared him in the face, and replied: "Why not, if my father had commanded me to do it?" "Indeed, I should like it very much," Ismael put in; "for, ever since yesternight, I can refuse Signor Annibali nothing." "And when could you do it?" "That depends upon my father." "Do you want it done right away?" Ismael asked. "I should like that, above all things," Annibali rejoined. Thereupon the father fetched a sheet

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of blue paper, gave it to Anton Raphael, and left them, locking the door behind him. The young man commenced to paint at once; and during the whole time the daughters did not utter a sound, riveting their eyes uninterruptedly upon their work. After about an hour's time, Ismael peeped in at the door and asked whether he might come in. "Yes," was the son's answer; for you must know, that the father never wanted to see him at work—he only looked at the work when it was finished. He entered, looked at the painting, and showed it to Annibali, who did not know what most to admire, its beauty, the great likeness, or the speed with which it had been done.

Immediately Ismael came back with a Bible and wanted Annibali to swear that he would never reveal by whom the portrait had been painted. But he said he would rather die than not say anything to Father Guerini about it. Therefore he tried to get around the oath as best he could, and managed to silence Ismael in the end, who took away his Bible, somewhat confused. Next day the picture was finished with like rapidity, and then glazed and framed.

Father Guerini informed the King, much to his surprise, that Annibali had discovered a

family in Mengs' house, whom nobody had ever heard of, and he was full of wonder when he was assured that the son, in spite of his being so young, was perhaps as good an artist as the father himself. Whoever has had the honour to see kings at close quarters will know that they are often condescending, inquisitive, and impatient. The King, accordingly, commanded the portrait to be brought at once in his presence, which the youth had painted of his discoverer or liberator, I am at a loss which best to call him. A lackey rushed at once to Mengs' house, demanding the portrait in Annibali's name. Ismael lost his temper, rebuffed the lackey, called him names and accused him of lying, and they were just on the point of coming to blows, when the lackey, pronouncing the name of his Majesty, wrested the picture from Ismael, and departed with it. Ismael, half-dazed, looked after him through the window, and sent a thousand imprecations after him. A few moments later Annibali, quite unconscious of the whole transaction, sauntered in. One may well imagine what sort of words the two had together. The poor innocent children cried and trembled when they heard the row that was going on.

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not otherwise than if Annibali himself had come, the likeness was so great. The King recognised its value at once and had it placed in his cabinet, where it remained thereafter. He ordered his Prime Minister to bid Annibali present this new artist at Court, who, in the dawn of his days, had attained to a degree of perfection which few barely reach in their zenith. He wanted to see the whole family upon this occasion. It was necessary to reclothe them with the greatest possible speed, for they had no garments but those they wore in the house. And this was the first time the two daughters ever had their hair dressed *à la mode*, and were besprinkled with scented powder.

The King, a great connoisseur of painting, received them very graciously, assuming the air of a distinguished artist rather than that of a sovereign. He conversed with them about art, and learned that the daughters painted miniatures. He dismissed them with the command that Anton Raphael was to return upon the following day and bring his box of paints along, which he wanted to see, as being quite enamoured of his style of coloration. The youth appeared with his father at the appointed hour. But what was his confusion, when he was told to

begin upon the King's portrait in pastels right off-hand. "If you could paint Annibali thus, without any warning, you will be able to do me just as well," Augustus said.

The youth, bowing profoundly, and laying aside all bewilderment, began upon the King's portrait *en face*. Every one knows how difficult this pose is, especially in the case of a face with regular features, and Augustus III. was beyond a doubt one of the most handsome men in all Europe. Anton Raphael had not been at work quite two hours, when the Queen, the Crown Prince and Princess, Prime Minister Count Brühl, and Father Guerini entered, all of whom were full of amazement. After the third sitting the portrait had reached that state of perfection for which we are wont to admire it to this day; it is perhaps the most beautiful among all the pastel paintings by our artist. He received at once a gift of one hundred pistoles and letters patent for an annual pension of 600 dollars. The King demanded to be shown some of the miniatures by the sisters, and they, too, were granted 300 dollars annually apiece, by way of encouragement and to make them proud of being the sisters of this budding Saxon Apelles. Our Anton Raphael could not believe that his industry

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(which lightened his work for him), could have ever earned so much. At the Court, the newly discovered family were the sole talk of the day. Connoisseurs declared Menges' works to be beautiful because, indeed, they were so. But flatterers discussed them with rapture, because they pleased the King.

His Majesty had been informed that Ismael possessed other pastel pictures by his son at home. He commanded them to be fetched, paid handsomely for them, and had them placed in his cabinet, where the pictures by Rosalba Carriera hung. Among them is his own portrait, as he looked when the unsparing rod of his father hung over him, with long hair to his shoulders and a melancholy mien.

Anton Raphael was right well pleased with so good a beginning, and he now, at the command of the King, frequented with his father the Royal Picture Gallery, the finest treasure-house in all Europe, as is well known. He looked upon the paintings from the point of view of the philosopher and the artist at once, and the great magnificent works elicited his admiration. Hundreds of times he repeated to me, with great satisfaction, that after he had contemplated Titian, the Carracci, Guido Reni,

and many others, he finally had stepped up to Correggio, had kissed him and had whispered in his ear, as it were, "You alone please me!" At that time the beautiful Raffaello had not yet arrived from Piacenza.

Disingenuous courtiers praised Mengs to the King in a manner which implied that though he was the best of pastel painters, yet this phase of art demanded little of draughtsmanship, and that Mengs was in nowise equal to the greater exigencies of oil painting. Anton Raphael felt the sting in their false praise, and, at the same time, the strongest desire of progressing in his own art. He therefore begged Annibali, who had in the meantime assumed the *rôle* of a protector over him, to obtain of the King through Father Guerini the permit to travel to Rome, which he maintained to be the only country where one could learn how to paint. This permission was obtained without any difficulty, and so our artist left for Italy in the year 1746 with his father, the maid-servant, and his sisters. They first went to Parma, to pay a visit, as it were, to Correggio at his own home, then to Venice to honour Titian. After Ferrara and Bologna he arrived enthused rather than encouraged at Rome, this

main foster-mother of the fine arts, with the firm intention of leaving it either not at all or as a painter.

Correggio and Titian in his heart, he locked himself up in the Vatican, where Raffaello had breathed his divine soul upon the walls. He began to study him and to paint in his style rather than to copy him. His first attempt in oil was a half-length of a "Magdalen" and the portrait of his father; both in his old manner. It occurred to him to paint a "Holy Family" in Raffaello's style and send it to the King, for the benefit of those kind friends who maintained that he could never proceed beyond pastel painting. But he lacked a fitting model for the head of the Madonna. The home of the Lirias, Poppæas, Julias, and Faustinas provides to this day beauties enough. But every style of beauty does not suit a Madonna, and he wanted very much to work from nature. One day he met on the street a very handsome, young and modest, but poor girl. He halted and exclaimed: "This is the Madonna I am looking for!" Menges' rare modesty really required no guardian; yet the young girl never sat for him except in the presence of some sensible and virtuous relative. Anton Raphael

and she fell in love with one another, and began to consider marriage, to which Ismael, who had in the mean time become somewhat more humane, gave his consent. Not so the girl's father, who would not think of bestowing his daughter upon a Protestant. It was thus that Anton Raphael came to embrace the Catholic faith. His sisters, who sanctioned and revered blindly everything that their brother did and thought, followed him in this step. But the very thought of communicating their intention to their father made them tremble. Contrary to expectation, however, he raised no objection, as long as they continued, he said, to paint well and industriously. On the 16th of July 1749, they joined the Catholic Church, and a few weeks later Anton Raphael was joined in wedlock to Margaret Guazzi, for that was the name of the beautiful and modest girl. This was the first time that unrestrained and hearty merriment ever reigned in Ismael Mengs' house.

After an absence of somewhat over three years, Ismael returned to Dresden with his entire family. Annibali, who had been present at our painter's wedding, had preceded them in 1749, and had informed the King of the changes

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that had occurred in the Menges establishment. Ismael, too, had turned Catholic; he said, in a well-conditioned family there should be no difference of opinions, and he wanted no schism in his. Only the maidservant remained stubborn and true to her old faith.

When the King, to whom Anton Raphael had presented his "Holy Family," saw what great progress our painter had achieved, he commissioned him to paint his and the Queen's portrait in oils, two full-lengths in regal attire. This circumstance caused Silvestre, who had just finished a similar pair, to retire to France.

About this time the fine Catholic church, planned by Gaetano Chiaveri, was nearing completion, when somehow or other the report was spread that the roof and ceiling were in danger of caving in. The architect staked his head that the rumour was all false, but his enemies barred him the way to the ear of the King. Anton Raphael pitied the poor architect, now almost quite deserted. He ventured with his father several times into the huge pile, and examining it closely, soon discovered how superfluous every kind of fear was, and how malignant those who had spread the report were. While he was painting the King he had the courage

to lead up to the subject and speak his opinion openly. The King then gave strict orders for a thorough investigation to be made, with the result that it appeared there was no danger. The deserving architect fell upon the noble young artist's neck, and publicly called him his liberator, his father! Building was resumed, and the walls which a short while ago people hesitated to lean up against, now swarmed with workmen, who in a few months' time finished this royal structure.

The King was eager to consecrate his church. But there were still three altar-pieces wanting. The painting of them was entrusted to Mengs. This, however, was more properly the work of as many years as Mengs was granted weeks. To comply with the Queen's request, who, in her turn, wanted to humour the King, Mengs had to finish the two side altars, a "Conception of the Virgin" and "St. Joseph Asleep," within a couple of weeks. The main altar was occupied by a provisory painting in water-colours until Mengs should have completed his oil-painting. The church dedicated to the Holy Trinity was consecrated in the year 1752 by Monsignore Alberico Archinto. Chiaveri had provided most ingeniously and excellently for all the many

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special uses that this church was put to, and its sole deficiency is that the nave was not decorated by a painting of Menges. This, the intention of the King, was frustrated by the misfortunes which at that time befell Germany. But Anton Raphael, in spite of his being only twenty-three years old, and having no cabal or mistress to further his interests at Court, was appointed first painter-in-ordinary to the King, and his pension raised to 1000 dollars a year.

It seemed as if he was to be most envied, and yet fate had prepared peculiar sufferings for him. Ismael had assumed the *rôle* of general treasurer, and collected the income of the whole family, which amounted to about 2200 dollars now. But he was very close when it came to administering to the wants of his children, and especially to his daughter-in-law, who was accustomed to the comfortable manner of living at Rome. The reasonings of Anton Raphael were of no avail, and home life was extremely dissatisfactory, especially as the old maidservant had likewise grown overbearing. Ismael made great demands upon his children in return for the education they had received, and in order to keep up peace they allowed him to retain all the money that they received

in payment for work executed, and claimed only the amount of their pensions for themselves. All these and further domestic differences bore down heavily upon Anton Raphael at this time when he was painting the portraits of the Royal Family.

An heir was born to the Royal House in 1750, and, when he was a few months old, Mengs painted a pastel of the little infant on a red carmine plush cushion. He painted the child in its shirt, so that neither the face, the head-dress, nor the clothes would betray whether it was a prince or a princess. The royal father was mightily pleased with the work, and had it hung near to his lounge, where he spent most of his time, and kissed it every time it was brought into the room.

Meanwhile our grateful artist had commenced a three-quarter length of Annibali in lieu of the one the King had retained. It was a life-size portrait in oils; but Mengs was so rushed for work that he could devote only occasional moments to it. He also began a portrait of Sir Hanbury Williams,¹ an English gentleman

¹ Mengs always spoke of Williams in terms of the highest regard. Williams tried to persuade Mengs to come to England with an offer of 25,000 dollars, cash down, for which he was to paint five years in England. The same amount was to be

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of an eccentric disposition, who took a violent fancy to Menges. To escape greater demands he had to begin this portrait, which, however, remained unfinished because of the sitter's sudden departure for St. Petersburg.

The King often reminded him of the altar-piece, and demanded it graciously enough, yet as his Sovereign withal, from him. Amongst several designs that Menges had sketched and laid before him, he selected an "Ascension of our Lord." Anton Raphael declared to his King that he could not execute so large and formidable a painting without being allowed to do so at Rome under the eyes of Raffaello, as it were. This was conceded. The King perceived the justice of Menges' argument, and saw, besides, that this would be the only way to protect this altogether too complacent artist from the importunities of would-be sitters. There was only one portrait which Menges insisted upon finishing before his departure, that of his friend Annibali. "Anton Raphael Menges painted his friend, Domenico Annibali, in the year 1752," is the inscription and dedication which he painted

his by way of expenses when he had once come, and he was to have the choice of renewing the contract at the expiration of the five years. Menges refused on account of the obligations his King had put him under.

in a corner. Mengs showed it to his Sovereign, according to orders, on the very morning of his departure, when he was already booted and spurred. "My dear Raphael," said the King, "I find in this picture something, I cannot express it, which all other work which you have painted for me seems to lack." "Yes, your Majesty," Mengs replied, "it is the friend—a sort of being which kings do not become acquainted with." The King smiled, gave him his hand to kiss, and said: "Very likely you're right! Much happiness to you on your voyage, and, when you have reached Rome, try to paint the friend in my picture also."

With tears in his eyes Anton Raphael left his fatherland and travelled, in September 1751, with his wife, an infant in arms, and his two sisters, who did not wish to separate themselves ever from him, towards Italy. Ismael and the maid-servant remained behind, and discovered to his loss how he would fare without him. Many young husbands and lovers likewise were in despair at Mengs' sudden departure, who had counted upon having their portraits painted by Mengs. His coach was filled with such, all only begun, the portraits of the King and Queen amongst them, which he promised to finish at Rome.

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Rome was delighted to see him return, and now looked upon him as upon her son.¹ Shortly after his return the San Luca Accademia elected him an honorary member—a rare thing, for he was only twenty-four years old at the time.² But the age of truly learned men is to be reckoned only by their achievements.³

When Menges thus arrived in Rome the third time he had not yet a great name, nor was he accustomed to splendid remunerations. The trip had strained his purse so much that he had only sixty scudi left when he arrived. Thus he visited several amateurs to receive commissions, among them Cardinal Archinto. The Cardinal asked him to paint a "Christ in the Desert" as a companion piece to a "St. John in the Desert," by Raffaello Santi, which he owned. Menges, making

¹ On his way to Rome he stayed five months at Venice. He painted there an oval picture of the "Virgin with the Christ-child," about two feet and a half high.

² The election took place on the strength of the well-known picture of a "Reclining Magdalen" contemplating a scroll in her hand, which Menges had painted shortly after he had reached Rome.

³ Benedetto XIV. founded a drawing academy about this time, and Menges was appointed a full professor of this new school, much to the astonishment of the Italians. The system adopted was that of Paris. Probably just this French system helped more than anything else to render Menges disliked and persecuted about that time, since the Italians were accustomed at their institutions to a great deal more freedom, which they were wont to abuse.

use of an old canvas which resembled that of Santi's picture, executed the task so well that it seemed as if both pictures had been the work of one inspiration and one hand. He demanded only sixty scudi for it, but the Cardinal paid him fifty zecchina for it. "Now," Mengs said, "your Eminency carries my fate in your hands." Archinto soon showed the picture under the guise of its being a newly discovered treasure. Battoni was the first to have taken it for a work of Raffaello's own pencil, and was surprised that it should have remained hidden so long. Many others agreed with him, and even the most reserved agreed that it was a studio piece which Raffaello himself must have gone over very extensively. The new picture was the talk of the town, and was discussed in a café in Mengs' presence. When he was asked about it, he surprised every one by saying that he did not understand how they could judge so erroneously, they from whom a better discernment was to be expected. He proclaimed it to be an unimportant thing, and, when they exclaimed at that, he stated that he took it for the work of a beginner who had studied Raffaello. He was scoffed, and, when he finally proclaimed himself to be the author, jeered at; but when he then drew

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his first sketch for the picture out of his pocket, the mortified opponents had to succumb.

This episode served to spread the fame of Saxony's Apelles, but it also raised envy. Many of his companions and friends turned enemies, and the Italians among them united in publishing the well-known declaration against him, which only served to throw a greater light upon the deserts of the object of their envy.

After Archinto's demise, this picture was sold by auction for eighty doubloons, and the purchaser passed it on at a profit to an Englishman, who took it along with him into his country.

For the Duke of Northumberland Menges painted a copy of Raffaello's "School of Athens," for which he was munificently rewarded. Then he set to work upon the great altar-piece for the Church at Dresden. Ismael arrived unexpectedly. The house was too small to hold him, so he had to live elsewhere, and much trouble was thus averted. He was glad enough to see his beloved father and teacher again, but the maidservant did not find her place among the women-folk. A great poet, who knew the estimable and beautiful sex better than another, says: "Ove donne son, sempre son risse" ("Wherever women are, there is disagreement").

Benedetto XIV. was too much troubled by other occurrences, during these last years of his reign, to employ our artist as much as he would have liked, but he showed his regard for him by voluntarily bestowing upon him the knighthood of the order which the Popes have designated for artists. The Cardinal Archinto, lately returned from Poland, became Mengs' Mæcenas and friend, and in this latter capacity the famous John Winkelmann, the antiquarian, rivalled him. Winkelmann owed much to Mengs, both as to worldly preferment and fructification of ideas, and he extended much stimulation in return. Mengs grew so fond of the antique that he formed, at a great expense, a collection of Etrurian vases. He maintained even a master could learn much from them in the way of delicate forms, happy poses, and beautiful draughtsmanship. This collection later on passed into the Vatican Library.

About this time Ismael at length converted the maidservant to Catholicism, and married her as a reward; how much this was to the taste of his children may well be imagined.

Many young people from beyond the Alps frequented Anton Raphael's house, begging him for instruction. He helped them all, and, modest as he was, he seemed no more than a student

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among them, as he went out with them to draw from the nude. Anthony Maron, a Viennese, was his favourite scholar, on account of the great expectations which he raised, and later on fulfilled. Menges gave him his sister, Theresa Concordia, as a wife; the other sister, Julia, entered later on a convent at Jesi.

In 1756 the war had recommenced in Saxony, consequently Menges' pension was discontinued; but he enjoyed a European reputation now, and could well support himself and his father, who, however, soon returned home with his new wife. Menges now felt a desire to attempt fresco painting. After a few trials which turned out well, he asked permission of the Abbot of St. Eusebius, a church of the Celestins at Rome, to paint a fresco on their ceiling gratuitously. The Father was glad enough to grant him permission, and Menges immediately began his task, which all connoisseurs now admire; indeed it looks as if it had been done in oils. The Abbot then begged him to paint an altar-piece for the Monastery of Sulmona. This was agreed to upon almost the same terms. These are things which can be told of a Menges only.

When Benedetto XIV. died and was succeeded by Clemente XIII., Menges painted two

portraits of the new Pope, one for the Palazzo Rezzonico at Venice, and the other for the Pope's palace at Rome, where it was let into the most beautiful silver and gilt frame that was ever made.¹

He now painted a "Mary at the Door of the Temple" for the Chapel of Caserto. This was commissioned by the Queen of Naples, a daughter of Augustus III. He took the painting over in person to Naples, and reached it

¹ When he received this order, he announced to his Holiness that he had heard Souplevas had painted Benedetto XIV. on his knees; he, however, was not accustomed to work in that position, and, if his Holiness desired to have a good portrait, he would have to allow him to do it sitting. This was granted. The papal portraits used to be painted entirely in the palace, and with the help of a lay figure. Mengs had accustomed himself to singing and whistling while at work. He was reprimanded, and told to remain silent when in presence of his Holiness; but he always fell back into his habit. Finally he told the Monsignore, who was repeatedly admonishing him: "What you are with the Pope, I am at home with the King, and I think you might imagine that I would keep silent of my own accord if I could help it. The Pope was not pleased with the picture, and said: "Though he had heard the painting praised, he did not consider the picture particularly beautiful." Whereupon Mengs rejoined: "It was quite a customary thing for painters to hear their work praised highly by A, and not at all by B." The first papal portrait was always painted for the honour of the thing, and for the sake of acquiring the title of Papal Painter. When the second portrait was demanded, Mengs got even with the Pope. He asked, "Whether his Holiness was pointed as to his prices? The English gave him a hundred zecchine," he said, "and this was his usual price." It was granted, and he painted the second one also.



Mengs

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST
(Dresden)

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just before their Majesties departed for Spain, which throne they had inherited. The Queen chid him for having been so long, for she had wanted him to do some portraits for which there now was no more time. The King said: "He'll do those at Madrid, to which he will not fail to follow us." Menges was appointed his painter-in-ordinary. He did some work for the new king and then returned to Rome, where he painted a "Parnassus" on the ceiling of the main piece in Cardinal Alessandro Albani's Villa di Porta Salara.

As soon as their Majesties had reached Madrid, Carlos III. summoned Menges thither, offering him 6000 scudi a year as a salary, besides other preferments. Our painter left Rome in August of the year 1761, taking his wife and little children with him; but his soul remained behind in the Vatican and Campidoglio. Among other canvases he took the big Dresden picture along with him, of which Augustus III. was constantly reminding him, in spite of the war troubles. By the time Menges arrived in Spain, his protectress, the Queen, had died. But Carlos III. was expecting him anxiously, and was full of plans for the furthering of art. He desired a revival of Spain's old fame as a land of art,

and wished to rejuvenate the Academy. He made Mengs elaborate a plan for a system of instruction; it laid especial stress upon the study of anatomy, and it was adopted. A surgeon was ordered to take up the instruction, but instead of limiting himself to osteology and myology he taught internal anatomy and things that artists do not need. A great opposition arose; the old painters, as well as the young students, exclaimed against the foreigner Mengs. The King did not interfere in the conflict, but he showed his confidence in his painter by commissioning him to paint all the ceilings of the royal suite *al fresco*. Mengs, who had been thoroughly offended, could now afford to turn his back upon the Academy.

Old Ismael died in the year 1764 (on the 26th of December). The bold widow claimed all his belongings to the exclusion of his children. She even went to Spain to assail her stepson. But he calmed her down, and behaved so liberally that she returned quite contented. He was too magnanimous to stickle at anything that could be settled by money; yet he was aggravated and annoyed. And, as always in such cases, he consoled himself with hard work.

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many royal portraits, and some small travelling altars, he finished the Dresden altar-piece, which was admired for several weeks in a chamber at the palace in Madrid prior to being shipped to Dresden.

During his work upon the ceilings he fell ill with a swelling of his legs, which the doctors ascribed to the continual dampness of the rooms where he painted *al fresco* upon the wet walls. They were afraid he was going to die upon their hands, so he had permission from the King to depart for Italy, but with the strict understanding that he was to return and finish the work begun. He travelled by easy stages to Barcelona, with nothing but painting to relieve his melancholy. He took boat, but had to disembark at Monaco as the swelling in his legs had grown so dangerous. There Prince Grimaldi, well acquainted with his work, had his private physician attend him, and he had such success that our artist was nearly cured. Out of gratitude Menges painted the prince's portrait.

Menges then came to Genoa, where the Academy honoured him, and itself, by electing him an honorary member. Luca Cangiaso asked him to paint his wife's portrait. He would have stayed longer to do more work at Genoa, but the King of Spain, hearing of his recovery with much

pleasure, bade him continue to Florence and bade him paint the Royal House there, the Archduke, the Archduchess, and their four children. These and the portrait of a Lord Cooper were all he did in Florence at the time. For the San Luca Academy, as soon as it heard he was back in Italy, elected him its president *in absentia*, a thing which had never been done before except in the case of Le Brun.

He arrived at Rome, in February 1771, enthusiastically welcomed by friends whom news of his illness at Monaco had alarmed. Upon his arrival he found there an order for an altar-piece on wood, a "Noli me Tangere," to be placed in a church at Oxford. It was fully as good as the painting of the same subject which Barocci did for the Casa Bonvisi at Lucca. All Rome flocked to see it at the Villa Medici, where Mengs was painting it.

Scarcely was it finished when an order came from the King of Spain to paint him a "Nativity." This was so successful that everybody agreed Mengs had profited immensely by his Spanish sojourn. A magic light issues from the Christ-child, just as in the "Notte" of Allegri, and mingles with the light from the torch of the shepherd.

The Dowager Electress of Saxony, at that time

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visiting Rome, desired extremely to see the one picture by Menges which she had cherished from the days of her youth, and had seen progressing under her very eyes. It was shown to her, and it is said that she was overcome to such a degree that she did not utter a word for several days. It belonged to her Royal brother-in-law now, but she ordered a replica then and there.

Pope Clemente XIV. himself was little versed in art affairs, but his treasurer, Monsignore Giovanni Angelo Braschi, represented to him that he should install an Antiquarium and Sculpture Gallery of Antiques in the suite of rooms which Innocent VIII. once had inhabited in the Vatican. It was a matter of finding a suitable housing for the Belvedere Apollo, the Laokoon, the Barberini Juno, the Antinous, &c., and also for the bronzes, the medals and coins, and antique jewellery, and for the papyri. Menges' advice was asked in the matter, and he devised a plan for the sumptuous decoration of one of these halls. Upon the recommendation of Cardinal Archinto, Menges was asked to paint the ceiling in this hall. The choice of subject was entrusted altogether to our artist, who was just as learned a savant as he was a good painter. He executed a much-admired "Allegory with a Historia, Time, Janus, Fama,

and Guardian." Above the windows there are *putti* playing with birds in a swamp. One of the birds, the ibis, inhabits the swamps of the Nile, the other, a white pelican, those near Ravenna. These are the places where the plant from which papyrus is made grows, and thus ingeniously Mengs alluded to the uses to which the Hall which he decorated was put. Above one of the doors he painted Moses, as being the earliest writer of Books; above the other, St. Peter, as being the Guardian over the Books of the New Testament. Instead of the usual cornice between ceiling and walls, he chose a meander frieze of gilt metal, since he judged that a cornice at a place where it was not needed as a protection against rain was illogical and wrong. While he was painting here, Clemente XIV. surprised him frequently, and was delighted at seeing such fine work in progress. If he had known how dangerous it all was for Mengs, he would have been extremely grieved. Fresco painting, with which our painter had become quite enamoured, always had a bad effect upon his health.

Clemente XIV. put so much faith in Mengs' artistic abilities that he entrusted to him the designing of the medal which was struck in celebration of the fourth year of his popedom. The

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obverse showed the Pope's head, the reverse the Three Sister Arts, beautifully posed in a magnificent arcade. Menges' inscription reads, "Artibus restitutis."

In 1773 Menges paid a visit to Naples, where he painted the Queen and a second portrait of the King, who had been quite young when he had painted him before. Back in Rome he painted portraits of Cardinal Zelada and the Prime Minister Azarra, of Baron Edelsheim, and lastly one of himself, at the request of Count Lattanzio of Firmian. Loaded with honours and gifts from the Pope, Menges now returned to Florence, where he spent several months, and again painted his own portrait at the Archduke's command, for the gallery of Autoritratti in the Uffizi.

Here he received a summons from His Majesty the Spanish King, who was impatient to have him back again and finish his work at Madrid, so that he might at last remove the scaffolding, which was still standing as Menges had left it. Our painter sent his family back to Rome, and proceeded leisurely through the Savoy and France to Madrid. Even then he was all but detained by the Royal House at Turin. No painter was ever so sought after by kings and queens as Menges. His voyage was none of the pleasantest,

by the way, he being of indifferent health and oppressed with fears as to the welfare of his beloved family. So, when he arrived at Madrid finally, the King found him melancholy and weak, instead of thoroughly well again, as he had expected. He tried to reassure him by favours of a kind which he knew would be the most welcome. He allowed each of Mengs' five daughters a pension of 200 scudi per annum, and promised to care for his two sons.

Out of gratitude, rather than in a spirit of enthusiasm, Mengs at once fell to work upon the ceilings. But the greater part yet remained untouched, and the more he painted, the more he wanted to paint. He again overworked himself, spending his nights, instead of in refreshing sleep, in the elaboration of treatises upon painting.

The King saw him waning fast, and so magnanimously decided to content himself with those works by Mengs which he already possessed. He commanded him to return to Italy for his health, confirmed him in his position as principal painter-in-ordinary, with a lifelong pension of 3000 scudi per annum, and appointed him Director of the Spanish Academy at Rome. The only thing he requested was to receive such paintings as the state of Mengs' health and his inclination might

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permit him to finish. To show his appreciation of the royal bounty, Menges sent to the King his wonderful collection of casts from the antique. It came across seas in more than one hundred and twenty packing-cases. Menges had had the most of these casts made twice, so he still retained for his further study and use almost as fine a collection as the one he gave away.

Notwithstanding the severity of the winter, Menges left Madrid in company with Don Pietro Vanvitelli, the architect and engineer. They went by way of Biscaya and France, arriving in Rome on the 11th of May 1777. Our pleasure in seeing him again among us was tempered by the state in which we saw him. He was deadly pale, and looked quite wasted.

Pius VI. had ascended the Papal throne. There were orders awaiting Menges from the King of Poland, the Czarina of Russia, the Archbishop of Salzburg, and others. For the Archbishop he sketched a fine composition of the "Resurrection of our Saviour." But an urgent order from England for a "Perseus and Andromeda," for which a great sum was offered, was the first picture he painted. The subject attracted him particularly. Again all Rome for weeks flocked to the Barberini Palace, where Menges lived, to

see and admire this work. Yet there were not wanting the voices of detractors and scoffers, as happened with Apelles. The present writer himself heard Mengs several times step out and take such people in hand, kindly instructing them and replying to their absurd questions. Cardinals, prelates, princes, ladies, foreigners, priests, and monks came—and all of them departed full of admiration. The Pope had it brought to him into his palace. It seemed as if the great era of Michelangelo and Raffaello had come again. Finally the "Andromeda" was shipped to England, but a lucky French pirate captured it. When he heard of it Mengs laughed, and said: "Andromeda ought to have known better than to trust herself on the ocean again after the experience she's had." The English amateur tried in vain to ransom her, and to console him Mengs promised him a replica, a promise he did not live to fulfil.

In 1777 excavations between the Esquiline and the Viminal hills, within the grounds of the Villa Negroni, brought to light antique ruins with paintings of Venus, Adonis, Cupido, Bacchus, and Ariadne, besides beautiful ornamental designs. Mengs, who, ever since he had seen Naples, maintained that the ancients

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CUPID SHARPENING HIS ARROW
(From the painting by Mengs at Dresden)

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must have been as fine painters as they were sculptors, at once visited the place, and notwithstanding the dampness of the place, made fine tinted drawings of thirteen walls with their paintings. He persuaded the company who had the excavations in hand to issue these in copper engravings. Four of them have appeared meanwhile.¹ The text accompanying the publication of the ground-plan of the palace which had been excavated is perhaps the most learned thing of its kind ever issued; it was written by Menges. A small marble Venus was unearthed at the same time, lacking a leg. Now, though Menges was no sculptor, he undertook to restore it, and his success was so signal that now it is difficult to distinguish his work from that of the old Greek. This little statue came into the cabinet of the Cavaliere Azarra.

To show how accurate Menges' judgment of antique sculptures was, it is worth while to relate an incident in passing which happened two years ago. Among the ruins of the Villa de' Pisoni, at Tivoli, a marble head in an indifferent condition was found and brought to the same Azarra, who asked Menges' opinion about it. When he came he immediately cried

¹ Bianconi's account was printed in 1780.

out: "An excellent work, of the period of Alexander the Great!" Not all of the Roman professors present concurred with him. But three days later the bust belonging to the head, which had been found in the meantime, was brought, and on it was found the lettering, "Alexander, the son of Philipp, the Macedon."

Mengs also had lodgings in the Villa Sanesi-Cavallieri, which had been vacated on account of the unhealthy air around there. But he liked the place because some of the ceilings had been painted by Lanfranco and Annibale Carracci. His sojourn there of course did not help to improve his health, but it did not keep him from work. He elaborated there the design of an altar-piece for St. Peter's, which he hoped would immortalise him. The subject was "Jesus entrusting to St. Peter the care of His Fold, in presence of all the Apostles." In order to execute this picture he hired a large room of the Marchese Accoromboni, enlarged the windows, and had them glazed with pure mirror glass, not the ordinary window glass, in order to obtain the best light. A sudden illness interrupted his work; but he once more recovered. Then his wife caught a fever, to which she succumbed within a few days, upon the 3rd of April 1778. With

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her Menges buried his happy days; from that moment on his soul was steeped in everlasting grief and unrest. Two days he sat by the side of her corpse, refusing food and sleep. He made a cast of her face, intending to model a bust and execute it in marble therefrom. But this relief was denied him, for, from sheer emotion, he broke the cast. His grief overstepped all bounds; but he did not shed a single tear.

As was quite natural, his own health failed presently, and for a long time he could not think of doing any work. Two of his daughters were married, the one to the Spanish engraver, Manuel S. Carmona; but, instead of rejoicing, Menges rather increased in melancholy at losing two more members of his beloved family.

An order from the family of the Marchesi Rinuccini, of Florence, for a "Descent from the Cross" arrived about this time. The lugubrious subject harmonised with the then state of Menges' feelings, so he at least sketched a drawing for them. The grief of the principal figures is wonderfully expressed in this composition. He was just on the point of tinting it when an urgent command of the Spanish King came, ordering him to paint an "Annunciation" for the Royal Chapel at Aranjuez. He at once

set to work about it, not heeding the condition of his health, and to complete the measure undertook, out of mere courtesy, to paint the portrait of Don Onorato Caetani. He almost completed this; but knowing that his solution was imminent, he set everything else aside, intent upon completing at least the "Annunciation" before he should be called away. Much of this was done in bed. Strangers were no longer admitted.

In this deplorable condition I saw him, and entreated him to consider his health; but his thoughts were with his wife in the other world, where he soon hoped to meet her. I began to praise his "Annunciation," and expatiate upon its beauties, but he answered: "How trifling is all that, compared with the beauties which I hope soon to behold." After a few days I learnt that he had moved for better air into Salvatore Rosa's old house on the Monte Pincio, and I was greatly relieved to hear that he began to feel better there. On Saturday, June 26th, he wrote me a long letter, in which he does not touch upon his illness. As long as I live I shall treasure it as my most valuable possession; for, besides being a proof of his gratitude towards the Saxon Court, it is at once the last work of those hands which I should

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like to call divine—full of the righteousness and disinterestedness which ever were the mainstays of his character. On Sunday he grew worse. On Monday it cheered him to hear that the Pope was out again for the first time, after a long illness, to receive an embassy from China. His veneration for this Pope was extraordinary. On St. Peter's Day, the 29th of June 1779, the pride of Saxony, Rome's and Spain's honour, Anton Raphael Menges died, fifty-one years and some months old.

He was buried by the side of his wife—the members of the San Luca Accademia, his numberless pupils, and friends making up a great concourse of mourners. At the command of the Medici a post-mortem examination was held. Menges was supposed to have inclined towards consumption, but his lungs and other intestines were discovered to be intact. Very likely overwork and mental strain had brought about his untimely death.

If Menges had been as great in economics as in painting he would have left a wealthy family behind him. He was not a prey to some of those passions which easily decimate great fortunes, but there was no fine instrument, no statue, no cast from the antique, no Etruscan vase, no book on

art, no engraving, and no drawing by any great master which he would not have liked to possess. Even the exorbitant charges of designing dealers seldom dissuaded him from purchasing. Add thereto that he had twenty children (of whom, indeed, but seven came to be grown up), his frequent journeys to Germany, Spain, and Italy, most of which he undertook in company of his entire family, his manifold charitable expenditures, the excellency of the education which he offered his children, and the elegant and expensive manner of his living, and you will easily conclude that very little of the two hundred thousand scudi which he earned in the course of years can have been left over at the time of his death. His table, though never exceeding what one should expect to find in the family of a well-to-do artist, grew to be expensive on account of the way strangers abused his hospitality—people who, though they had not been invited, were never turned away. Through the intervention of Cardinal Riminaldi and the Ambassador Azarra, the orphans were sufficiently well provided for. The younger son received a military post at the hands of the King of Spain; the elder took orders. Of the three unmarried daughters, one has only a few days ago espoused a scribe of the

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Cardinal Pallavicini; the two others are still looking forward to the fate which the heavens have in store for them.

Anton Raphael Menges was of small stature and lean. In his younger days he was handsome, in spite of his sallow complexion; but overwork ruined his good looks. He remained of a lively disposition until his death; easily angered, but also quickly appeased. Whomever he had wronged in his anger, he overwhelmed with gifts to compensate the injury received.¹ He could not see misery without desiring to alleviate it, and his bounty was more generous than that of others. His smallest alms were silver pieces, and I have known him to give away ducats. Besides admiring music,² he esteemed literature,³ especially

¹ Menges was of sanguine temperament, and inclined to be humorous and easy-going, especially with his pupils. When he corrected their work he did this waggishly. This shocked the sensibilities of the French pupils, and they gradually left him. When interrogated upon this point, Menges said that, as so many of his pupils were older than he, he did not feel he could play the schoolmaster towards them, and he consequently adopted a sprightlier method of correcting their work.

² He was particularly fond of Corelli's operas, and knew many of his *adagios* and *andantes* by heart. He also took some instruction on the clavicembalo, in order to become better acquainted with the nature of chords. In company with Chevalier Devizet he studied the parallelism of architecture and music.

³ Among all books on painting he prized P. Lomazzo's work most.

historical works, and among these the Greek most, but Pausanias above all. Every day he read a chapter in the Bible ; few were as well acquainted with it as he. He understood Latin well enough, and commanded the German, Italian, French, Spanish tongues, and even the English fairly well.

Of his literary work a "Dissertation upon Beauty" has appeared in German, and one "On the Paintings in the Royal Palace at Madrid," in Spanish. Other MSS. are about to be published.¹ He loved Italian poets like Michelangelo, and esteemed Dante highly. Hence he had his gift of oratory. His conversation was lively and interesting, but always serious; he detested mere chatting. He liked very much to discuss art, and he did it so clearly because his ideas were clear on that point.

I believe I may safely say that Mengs never detracted anybody in his life. If he were unable to speak well of a person, he held his peace. Painters, even the most mediocre, were not despised by him; he used to maintain that painting

¹ The principal other literary remains are—"Reflections upon Raffaello, Allegri, Vecelli, and the Ancients," "Speech on the Means of Reviving the Arts in Spain," "Letters to the Sculptor Falconet," "Remarks upon the Life of Allegri," "Practical Instruction in Painting," "Letter to Guilnard on the Judging of Paintings," "Abridged Account of Famous Painters," &c.

was nobler and more difficult than poetry, so that even those who could not go beyond a moderate level still were worthy of some respect. He had an uncommonly high opinion of Pompeo Battoni and Domenico Corvi. Himself he called one of the smallest and most unimportant among painters, and he did this in such a manner that the uninitiated might be deceived ; but I do not know whether it was his real opinion at heart. He thought extremely well of his father's work, and always said that he had never been able to equal the head painted in oils by his father which found its way into the Dresden Gallery.

His bust was placed in the Pantheon at Rome, by Azarra, near the bust-portraits of Raffaello Santi and Annibale Carracci.

CHAPTER X

DANIEL CHODOWIECKI

DANIEL NICOLAUS CHODOWIECKI was descended from a Polish family that had settled for two generations prior to his birth at Dantzic, which was subject to Poland until the year 1793, when it fell to Prussia. Chodowiecki communicating this fact to the Polish astronomer Joseph Leski, also speaks of the correct pronunciation of his family name, which, he writes, should be Cho-do-vee-etz'-kee (I am substituting an English phonetic spelling for his German), the initial Ch to sound like a very heavily aspirated H, the third syllable slurred over into the fourth, upon which the accentuation rests.

He was born in this famous and extremely picturesque old Hanse city on the 16th of October 1726, in one of the fine gabled houses of the Holy-Ghost Street. His father was a grain merchant, and Daniel was the second child, but the eldest son. He wrote about his early days: "My father painted miniatures for his own

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amusement, and gave me my first instruction in this art. However, he trained me really for a business life, and so it happened that at his death, which occurred in the year 1740, I had as yet learnt very little of drawing and painting. After his death my mother's sister, whose family name was Ayrer, and who was a much better painter than my father, gave me some further lessons. But I was soon apprenticed in the shop of a dealer in spices, where I remained for a year and a half only, because the business failed, and in the year 1743 I was sent to Berlin, again into a shop which belonged to my mother's brother."

Daniel was bookkeeper there, and managed to paint miniatures for snuff-boxes in spare hours. These were sold by his uncle Ayrer to various merchants at Berlin. Daniel had been glad enough to come to Berlin in the hopes of gaining new inspiration and encouragement of his art yearnings there. But he was sorely disappointed. At that time Berlin was minor in importance to Dantzic: the few artists whom Frederick the Great employed were aliens and inaccessible to him. There was nothing to see in the way of Fine Art, and nobody to learn from. A few indifferent prints, some casts, an odd water-colour or so, were the only available models upon which

he could form his taste and his skill. Ayrer, the uncle, noticed that these artistic inclinations were worth while cultivating from a pecuniary point of view. So he had Daniel and his brother taught the art of enamelling by a certain Haid, a painter who probably belonged to the well-known Augsburg family of artists. Daniel's proficiency became so great that uncle Ayrer presently allowed him to give up business altogether and devote himself exclusively to art. He soon made a name for himself in his modest way, and demanded prices far above those which the good people of Berlin were accustomed to pay for their miniatures and drawings.

How cramped his surroundings were, however, appears in full force when we hear what he says about his endeavours to advance to a higher state of draughtsmanship and to pursue painting in oils. He had managed to secure palette, brushes, and colours, and one evening in 1757 he was suddenly "taken with a feverish desire," he writes, "to take up oil painting seriously. I set my palette and painted an old man's head that very night. You cannot imagine my delight at perceiving that it would be possible for me to practise oil painting at nights, for during daylight other work kept me busy. The way I

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proceeded was thus : I spread a piece of canvas horizontally upon a table, placed a lamp at the farther end, and caught the rays of the light by means of a lens, which I conducted all over the canvas wherever I needed it. This provided me with sufficient light, and I painted until overcome by sleep. I now painted an old man asking an old woman for her daughter in marriage ; then the story of Eleazar, who, led by Laban, proposes to Bethuel to bestow his Rebecca upon Isaac ; thereupon several domestic scenes. One evening, visiting Mr. Rode at the Academy, I beheld the model still undressed, seated by the side of an iron stove. There was little light in the room besides that which the stove furnished, and so I had a splendid Rembrandt-like effect before me. I made a sketch of it at once, and when I reached home, the drawing lesson at the Academy being over, I set up my palette and painted the picture, finishing it by three o'clock next morning. When summer-time came I set a day every week aside for painting in oil ; yet I managed to accomplish only very little, and indeed finished only a few portraits, some studies, and a couple of historical pictures."

About this course at the Academy he writes :
"This study of drawing from the living model

lasted but a very few years. 'What!—and isn't that enough?' I hear the finished artist exclaiming. No, my dear fellow! If you draw from the life all your born days, at the end of them you'll find that there is a lot to be learned still, and that you have not drawn enough. But after a while especially those who needed the practice most grew tired of the study and stayed away. We had to give it up, Mr. Rode and I, who were the last to come." He had rightly ascertained that study of this description was the only thing to guard one against mannerism, and mannerism he so much wanted to avoid. "Mannerism is always a deviation from truth, and every deviation of this kind is ever a fault. Whoever imitates the manner of another artist accentuates, increases upon it: he does not compass his virtues, but enlarges upon his faults and makes them more apparent. It is just as when somebody tries to imitate the looks of another person: he exaggerates such traits as distinguish the other person from the generality of humanity, and distorts his face into a grimace."

The paintings which Chodowiecki produced were rustic and pastoral scenes, more or less imitating the style of Watteau, Lancret, and Pater. His own criticism on mannerism applies

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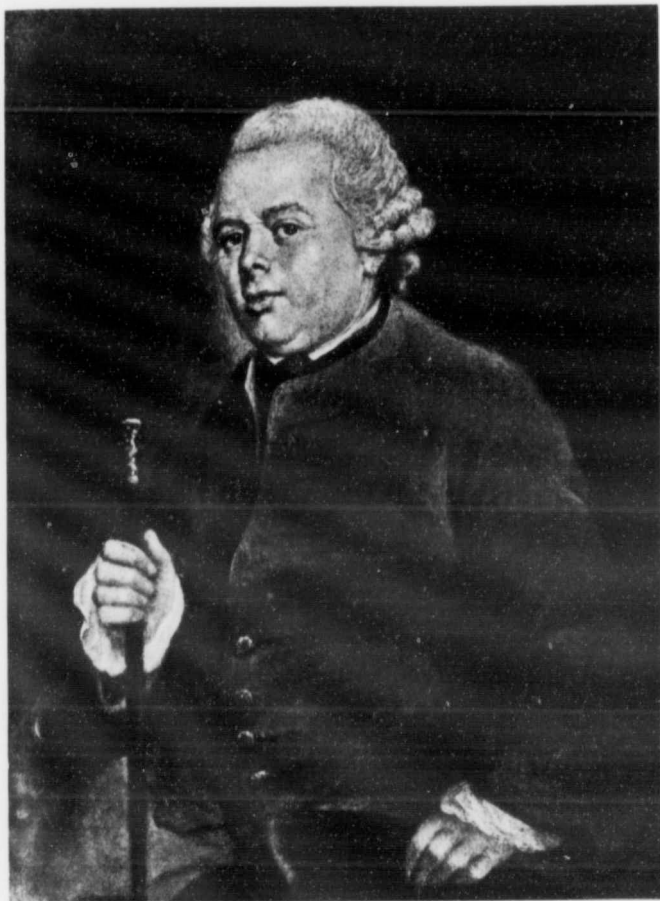
excellently to them. The best are such as display, instead of the ordinary Arcadian scenery, some view of Berlin and its near surroundings. Once only he attempted a loftier subject. In 1762 the Calvinist Jean Calas, a merchant of Toulouse, had been unjustly put to the rack and executed upon a false charge brought forth by the French clergy. It will be remembered that Voltaire took up his cause, and with his "Sur la tolérance" was instrumental in proving Calas's innocence as to the charge of murder which had been laid to his door. In 1765 the French king made such amends to the family as he could, and Calas's fame at least was cleared of obloquy. In this same year there appeared a print by Delafosse, after a design by de Carmontelle, representing the liberation of Calas's family, and it found its way to Berlin, where Chodowiecki, who belonged to the Reformed or Calvinist Church, was naturally highly interested in the whole affair. He was inspired to paint in oils a picture of Calas in chains, taking leave of his family before being led to execution. The painting possesses a good deal of the stagey sentimentality of Greuze, lacking, of course, the Frenchman's skill and also the largeness of his point of view. It is important principally for

the fact of its being virtually Chodowiecki's last painting in oil. It came to acquire this position from the fact that he etched a plate after his own picture, and this plate established his reputation as an etcher on so firm a basis, that ever after he was overwhelmed with orders to such a degree that he no longer found time for any other work besides etching. He wrote about this time to his mother: "Je m'amusai à la gravure, mes ouvrages plurent au public, je voulais être peintre, le public voulut que je sois graveur, hé bien, je le suis plus que jamais et on m'encourage de tout côté en me payant tout ce que je demande."

Chodowiecki had been working desultorily with the needle ever since the year 1757. One of his plates, etched in 1763 after the peace of Hubertusburg had closed the Seven Years' War, brought him to the notice of Frederick the Great. He had composed a frosty allegory, "Peace bringing back the King," and Frederick was represented as a Roman emperor. He was not much taken with the artist's work however, and is said to have remarked, "Ce costume n'est que pour les héros du théâtre." The king's adverse criticism can hardly be pronounced out of place in this case, for Chodowiecki lacked the high-mindedness necessary for the invention of a really good alle-

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Chodowiecki

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gory. But even if his own effort would have been better, this hankering after royal favour would not have been attended with any success, for Frederick the Great was so completely biassed in favour of French art and letters, that he had no interest to spare for the productions of his own subjects. What the king failed to do, his subjects amply compensated for. Authors and publishers pressed engagements upon Chodowiecki, so that, industrious as he was, he sometimes found scarcely time to breathe. This continued until his old age. In 1794, when Chodowiecki was almost seventy years old, he wrote one day to a friend, Councillor Becker: "Last night I sat up drawing until between one and two o'clock, and was overpowered by sleep and fell off my chair sideways, like this," and he draws a sketch of his fall. Much earlier, when he was still at the height of his powers, he wrote to a lady, the Countess Solms, with whom he had formed one of those sentimental, platonic friendships of which the eighteenth century was so fond: "I wanted so much to treat a series of historical subjects some day in which I should be able to venture on the precincts of a real, grand style, beautiful draperies, picturesque poses, artistic composition and lighting, but I always had to stick to the

dallying, fashion-trumpetry of the novels. There were some plates which I had to do for Lavater, and there are still some more of the same description waiting for me ; but here comes a man with a quick order for a couple of dozen designs for a new translation of 'Clarissa,' and that must be attended to. I was commissioned to draw sixty designs for Salzmann's 'Moralisches Elementarbuch,' of which only about a third have been completed, when in steps a Danish publisher and wants a number of plates for 'The Death of Baldur,' by Ewald, and as many for another book by the same author called 'The Fishermen.' So now I must try to dive into a mythical Gothic age and study the costumes of peasants and fisherfolk."

The work which Chodowiecki accomplished in consequence of this unusual requisition of his talent, and by dint of an exemplary application, amounted to a little over two thousand etched pictures, besides innumerable drawings. These latter were partly portraits, partly sketches and preparatory studies for the etchings, and partly finished designs which other artists etched.

Perhaps half of all this work was destined to ornament the duodecimo almanacs which flourished well into the beginning of the nineteenth century. The rest are book illustrations.

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Less than a fourth of the whole output consists of distinct plates, issued without any accompanying letterpress. The invention of almost all of the designs rested with Chodowiecki. His work, taken as a whole, is the German counterpart of the work of Moreau, Eisen, Marillier, Cochin, Choffard, Gravelot, &c. Whereas France boasts of at least half-a-dozen exquisite artists of this class and at least half-a-dozen further good ones, Chodowiecki bears, as far as Germany is concerned, nearly the whole of the burden upon his own shoulders: there is really no one to be named alongside of him, and the secondary masters are very inferior. His work compares with the French very much as we expect it would compare, and somewhat as Prussia, then a rising but sorely oppressed State, compared with favoured France, the leader of the world. He lacked training, and consequently failed to acquire the marvellous draughtsmanship and the perfect skill of his French colleagues. Yet he fought a noble battle, considering what difficulties he had to encounter. The facility of his inventive powers is remarkable: as long as there is no question of a sheer lack of knowledge, for which he cannot be called to account, to hinder him, his work is truly good. The Berlin of his

day did not furnish him with the possibility of being rightly informed about the looks of a fourteenth-century knight, or a Chinese emperor, or a Peru Indian, and when he is forced to illustrate books with such subjects, he naturally falls short of the mark, unconsciously trying to hide his failings behind a theatrical, empty style. But when no more than the picture of everyday life around him was required of him, when he illustrated Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm," or etched those delicious little plates with patterns of head-dresses of the day, and fashion pictures of this nature, he was nearly if not quite on a par with the best French illustrators.

From the moment of his being permanently established as an illustrator and etcher, Chodowiecki's life flowed on in a very smooth current. He had married the daughter of a French Refugée family, and held some Church and civic offices. He had missed going to Italy. When he freed himself from his connection with the business of his uncle Ayser, he wrote of this period: "This (the summer of the year 1754) would have been the correct time for an Italian trip: I did not so much as entertain the idea seriously for a moment, nor did I think much

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of such a plan." Because, it appears, he thought that he had noticed many of his colleagues came back from Italy quite spoilt, and ever after he would always recommend to anybody who asked him for his advice, "Do not go to Italy before you are absolutely sure of your draughtsmanship."

In the year 1773, however, he went off for a little journey. He had not seen his home, Dantzic, for thirty years, and now he made up his mind to revisit it, and to visit once more his old mother. He wrote a diary of this trip, which kept him away for nine weeks instead of the originally intended two; it is almost as interesting as Dürer's journal of his voyage to the Lowlands. Dürer took his sketch-book along with him: but Chodowiecki went a step further, he actually illustrated his diary. One hundred and eight drawings, most of them carefully finished, help to make clear the important episodes of his trip better than any words can. Travelling in a waggon or stage-coach did not agree with Chodowiecki, so he began the journey by buying a nag. Travelling was, in his day, scarcely less perilous than in Dürer's time. As far as that goes, we know how dangerous it was even forty-two years later, also at the close of a great period of wars, when after the battle of Waterloo

Mme. D'Arblay went in search of her wounded husband, and dire necessity forced her to make roundabout journeys of dozens of leagues in order to be moving at all. Chodowiecki, too, has to take special precautions as to the road he chooses, and it is not always the short cuts which he deems advisable. It is from such diaries as Mme. D'Arblay's and Chodowiecki's that we obtain a most fascinating insight into the life of an age which seems so little removed from us in its philosophy, its literature, its art, yet so unthinkably distant in its manners and everyday habits. Often Chodowiecki finds no inn at all, and it takes long persuasion before he can secure some bread for his horse (other fodder there is none) and a few crumbs for himself. Upon the third night he put up at an inn in a village called Massow. He lay down on the floor wrapt in his greatcoat, his knapsack for a pillow: there were no beds. Near him lay a feverish, Polish beggar, on some few rushes. In the middle of the night a military surgeon and a tax-collector stormed in with three musicians. They began to dance and sing and cut capers. Presently they began to worry Chodowiecki, who had pretended to be asleep all this time. It was only the landlady's intervening

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with the information that the traveller hailed from Berlin which made them desist. This is the kind of hotel accommodation one had to put up with at wayside inns in 1773.

In Dantzic he found his mother hale and hearty and his sisters well. He had many visits to make, and many of the notable people in the town to portray. His picture of the town shows us how very different a place the Dantzic of 1773 must have been from the Dantzic of to-day. The outward aspect of the streets has altered comparatively little, but the population seems to have been racially quite different. Then it was in great part a Slav people that lived within its walls. To-day the Polanders certainly are very little noticeable, and the city is quite German.

Shortly after his return to Berlin—the very evening of his arrival a fire broke out in his quarter of the town, and, tired as he was, he had to turn out, for he belonged to the voluntary fire brigade—he went off upon another short trip, still upon the same good old horse. He appraised a private gallery in Silesia, and from there he rode to Dresden, which he reached upon the 24th of October. Dantzic was one of the first mercantile towns in Germany, Dresden was

the centre of art—in those times. Both of them were altogether out of comparison with the crude Berlin in which he lived, lacking historical tradition and artistic life! Chodowiecki revelled in the gallery at Dresden and in the society of brother artists, above all of Graff, with whom he had long been on the friendliest of terms, and who for many years was a steady correspondent of his. He then journeyed home *via* Leipsic.

Only three further trips, none of them as important as the one to Dantzic, interrupted the monotony of his Berlin life. In July of the year 1780 he once more visited Dantzic on account of the death of his mother, settled her affairs there, and took his sisters back with him to Berlin, in accordance with a promise which he had made to his mother seven years before. In September–October of the year 1781 he went to Hamburg to catalogue a collection of fine prints belonging to one Mr. Sillem, for he was not only deemed a fine artist but also a connoisseur of prints, and, indeed, he himself had formed an important collection.

This time the journey was undertaken on horseback again, but not on his old one: he had sold that after his return from Dresden. In a letter to Graff he says: "I wanted to travel

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faster than by ordinary post, so I engaged extra post-horses, riding with a postilion, and yet it took me three nights and two days to reach Hamburg. On the way back I engaged courier-horses, and we were two nights and a day and a half under way."

The third trip was taken purely for pleasure in the company of his son William, his son-in-law, and of the painter Krüger. Chodowiecki, visiting once more Dresden, Leipsic, and Dessau, again kept a detailed journal of events: this was in the year 1789. He hunted up his good friends Graff and Zingg (the landscape etcher) at once, and devoted much time to the gallery, the museum of antiques, &c. The mummies interested him particularly. Among the pictures the Correggios engaged his attention most, then follow the Bolognese painters. But that was the general taste of the times. A trip to Königsstein, which was then still considered an inaccessible fortress, furnished an opportunity for some fascinating descriptions. At Leipsic it is old Oeser, Goethe's drawing-master, who figures most prominently in the diary; at Dessau, Basedow, an important work by whom Chodowiecki had illustrated.

During all these travels on horseback he worked almost as industriously as at home in

his studio. He writes to say how, one day, this incessant application caused him the loss of some of his front teeth. He was sketching, holding his book in his left hand, his pencil in his right, consequently being forced to take the reins of his horse between his teeth. The lazy animal suddenly stumbled, and the unexpected lurch made it pull heavily at the reins, which tore a couple of Chodowiecki's teeth out.

Upon the 1st of June 1785 Chodowiecki's wife died. A few days later he writes to his friend: "Your good wishes, my esteemed friend, for my good, righteous, and lovable wife did not reach their aim. She is no more; she has left me, last Wednesday, after an illness of eight days' duration. I cannot weep any more; but my heart continues to bleed. She was so altogether my friend, ever wanting to help, full of patience for my faults, joyous when I was glad; my loss is irreparable." The sudden death was particularly distressing, since the day had been set aside for the marriage of his second daughter. It had to be postponed; but the ceremony took place, like that of her elder sister two years before, in the open. Chodowiecki wrote about it to Graff: "Last week I married my eldest daughter to a French preacher in Bourg, Monsieur Papin. The

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ceremony took place in my little garden (Chodowiecki lived in Behrenstrasse: there are no gardens to be found in that quarter to-day!) beneath the open sky and the shade of two beautiful pear-trees which were in blossom still. Some orthodox people took exception to this; still, it all looked very picturesque and charming."

Age was now coming upon Chodowiecki. He writes to Graff: "Truly I have worked all my life like a horse, and not like a lazy one." He began to turn ill of a swelling in the legs; yet this did not keep him from work. He had a table arranged in such a manner that he could work even when in bed. The moment his health improved a bit he wrote: "Everything is all right again, and, always excepting my leg, I feel very well, enjoy the best of appetites, and always take a piece of rye bread along from breakfast to eat in case dinner should be behind time for some reason or other, and I eat another piece at one o'clock in the night when I cease working, and then I go to rest with no less appetite than before, and I often think that I shall go to my last rest just as gladly when it pleases our Lord to call me, and in five minutes I am asleep. I tie a string to my thumb from the alarm clock so as to be sure to awake at seven, and then I sit

down to work. Sometimes pleasant, sometimes unpleasant and uninteresting visitors turn up, who shorten my days, short enough of themselves. But I try to have patience with them all, and try in the evening to make good the losses I may have sustained during the day. Thus joys and griefs alternate; but, after all, the joys are in the majority, only grief strikes deeper at the time." Sometimes he slept sitting up amid bolsters and cushions in order to economise the time which the making of his toilet, adjusting of his wig, &c., would take him next morning.

It was not only industry but also expedition which characterised his method of work. One day he was in a large company of merry folk, one of whom produced a drawing which he had sketched of a soldiers' brawl in the Behren Street. Without attracting attention Chodowiecki disappeared with the sketch for barely more than a few minutes. When he returned he showed the stupefied company a dry-point plate which he had quickly made after the drawing, along with a few finished proofs. Prints of this plate have been preserved, and it is catalogued as number 750 in the "œuvre" of Chodowiecki by Engelmann.

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health was considerably improved, and he was honoured to the degree of being appointed President of the Berlin Academy upon the death of his friend Rode, which took place in 1797. In the succeeding year he was elected a corresponding member by the Academy of Siena. His honours did not affect his modesty. As early as the year 1767 he had been interested in the welfare of the Berlin academy, and kept it in view even at times when the actual doings of that establishment were not at all in accordance with his own ideas. For many years he had officiated as its secretary, and as such was responsible for an innovation, namely, the holding of annual public exhibitions. It was within the walls of the academy that he suffered a slight stroke in February of the year 1800. Exactly a year later, on the 27th day of February 1801, he expired.

His reputation had become fairly international. He had often been compared to Hogarth, a comparison which much displeased him, and which, to be true, was likely to lead to an unjust appreciation of both masters. There was some similarity, however, in the treatment both received at the hands of their contemporaries. Books were written as a running commentary upon the series of Hogarth prints. The same

holds true of Chodowiecki's series. Lichtenberg, the German "explainer" of Hogarth, discoursed at length upon the "philosophy" of Chodowiecki, and so did the author Timme. Chodowiecki took criticism in good part, and wrote about Timme: "I shall consider his strictures, and will be quite just to the author if ever I find his criticism worthy of notice. His attention to so much detail in my works will induce me to become, myself, more careful with regard to it."

Of enthusiastic contemporary praise, the following is a fair specimen furnished by the famous Lavater: "I consider Chodowiecki's *Adieux de Calas* to be one of the most masterly, natural, and powerful pieces which I have ever seen in my life! How much all-pervading veracity! How much naturalness! How fine the composition! How much vigour without asperity! how much delicacy without overwork! how full of meaning is the whole as well as every part! how great the contrast of characters, and how harmonious and simple the design! and ever and always truth, and always Nature, and such Truth, such Nature, that one would never dream of thinking that the occurrence, the composition, any single person or the slightest detail were a matter of imagination! Nothing has been exaggerated!

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All is Poetry and not the semblance of Poetry! One forgets the picture, and one sees—and does not see—one *is* there—in the prison of suffering innocence!” &c. The extravagance of such praise is symptomatic of the eighteenth century. But we can adduce a eulogium, which counts for more because of its sober tone, and because of its author—Goethe. Nicolai had written a foolish pamphlet directed against Goethe’s “Werther,” for which Chodowiecki had, upon order, etched a frontispiece. Goethe writes in *Wahrheit und Dichtung*: “The extremely delicate vignette by Chodowiecki gave me much pleasure; *an artist whom I always admired beyond measure*. I cut it out of the book and placed it amongst my favourite prints.”

CHAPTER XI

ANTON GRAFF

"I WAS born on the 18th of November in the year 1736 at Winterthur (in Switzerland)," wrote Anton Graff in a short autobiography, which has been preserved at Dresden in a copy transcribed by the painter's son. "My father was a pewterer, and I was expected to adopt his calling. However, the delight which I had always from childhood up taken in pictures awakened in me the longing and wish to become a painter." From a contemporary, whose name was Heidegger, we learn that Graff was not a good scholar. "Every other thing interested him more than the arts of reading and writing: even the severest caning and the toughest pulling of his hair by the schoolmaster produced no other result than rendering the pupil bald at the expiration of a few weeks, so that he had to cover his pate with a wig, which furnished the other schoolboys something to play with. During lessons he used to draw and sketch. Since, however, he durst not

make use of the paper destined for the practice of penmanship, he had to work upon his own leather breeches. This proved a happy inspiration, without which Graff no doubt would have been turned into a preacher or something of this sort, in spite of his objections to reading and writing. For when the said breeches were once covered with pictures in the front and at the sides, his genius perforce appeared plain to every one's eye.

"My father," continued Graff, "however, was not at all willing that I should become an artist, until one day the pastor (Wirz) at Rickenbach (who himself drew and painted a little) persuaded him to acquiesce and to place young Anton for three years under a painter called Schellenberg." The apprenticeship was conducted strictly on the lines of the house and sign painter business, so that in case Anton did not realise the expectations set upon him after all, he could at least earn a living by following the meaner pursuits of the profession. His progress was signal, and he soon became Schellenberg's favourite, who had to accompany his master in all his little expeditions. "Yet his life at that time served very little to further the artist in him. He had to grind several pots of pigment a day, to clean the

brushes, and to paint in the groundwork of a few pictures." At the end of his first year he had to decide which branch of painting—landscape or portrait alone were open to choice—he intended adopting. From purely business considerations he selected portrait painting, for he knew that even a landscapist of such good standing as Aberli frequently was compelled to fall back upon portraiture in order to make both ends meet.

"At the expiration of my apprenticeship I had to look out for myself. It was not an easy thing to find a master who would take me as an assistant, and who was at once so situated and himself of sufficient abilities to render it likely that I could profit by my staying with him. Schellenberg had written about me to John Jacob Haid of Augsburg, but the reply that came was to the effect that he could not secure a position of any kind for me. If I wanted to chance it and come upon my own risks, he would help me with advice and good-will as much as he was able to. On the strength of this promise I went in June 1756 from Winterthur to Augsburg, where I arrived upon the 17th of the month. Haid duly and liberally kept his promise. He found lodgings and a boarding-place for me, and also work to do, so that I spent

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my time advantageously until the year 1757. Towards the end of this year I was accepted as assistant by Schneider, court-painter at Ansbach, in consequence of Haid's recommendation. For I was forced to leave Augsburg, because several painters called Haid to account for aiding me, who thereby managed to secure orders and work which otherwise would have fallen to them. Schneider was a native of Geislingen, near Ulm, practised for some time in Ratisbon, Ulm, and the adjacent districts, until he was appointed court-painter at Ansbach. His portraits weren't half bad, hastily executed indeed, but very like. Since he painted very quickly, and was also cheap, he got many orders at this court, and had to keep assistants. I was of a good deal of use to him, and had to make copies and other unimportant things, from which I could learn just nothing at all. This was the time of the Seven Years' War, when everybody wanted to own a portrait of the King of Prussia (Frederick the Great). The King's sister, the Dowager Marggravine of Ansbach, possessed a portrait of the King, which had been painted at Berlin. This picture I had to copy time and again, and finally I managed to do one copy a day. This, indeed, gave me no help towards improving my own knowledge and

proficiency in painting. Painting nothing but poor copies is not the right way. I was fully aware of that, and would not have stayed there so long if the manner of living in this establishment had not pleased me so well. Schneider and his family were pleasant people, and he earned a lot of money. Notwithstanding he fell into debt, so that he died in prison."

Heidegger again goes more into detail about the portrait copies. He says: "Probably he would have had to leave Ansbach after a not much longer space of time than Augsburg, had not the wife of the court-painter favoured him because of his good looks and of his being a native of Switzerland. Upon his demand for work this lady demanded whether he was industrious. His natural answer was yes, and he was at once put to the test. He was led to the painting-room, given palette and brushes, and placed before the easel in order to copy a portrait of the King of Prussia; and the lady retired. The test was not an easy one, but within two days his copy was finished. And so he was given the same task, to be repeated for months. At first the lady still controlled him from time to time. She would listen at the key-hole, then run to her husband and say, 'The Swiss is painting so hard that the easel shakes.'

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Thus Graff learned to work expeditiously, earned money for himself and his master, and won the friendship of the lady and of her daughters, who were amiable enough."

At Ansbach Graff for the first time saw some good work by masters of a high rank. The palace there contained portraits by Kupetzky and by Rigaud, which he studied and admired. Of Kupetzky he wrote a few years later upon seeing some family pieces by him at Bayreuth, that "Nature herself rules there. It is not as if they had been painted, it is life itself; all other paintings which one sees after them appear to be flat and shallow." In Rigaud's work he admired the brilliant execution of the accessories, and the ideal that he had in mind at the time was a combination of the several excellencies of these two portrait painters.

Graff was not obliged to abide with the Schneiders until the final crash came. "After a year and a half had passed Haid wrote to me that I might return to Augsburg if I liked, and could work there undisturbed, because the painters who had objected to me had in the meantime died. So I went back to Augsburg in February 1759, and Haid gave me board and lodging in his own house. The first portrait I painted after

my return was that of Bause, a native of Halle, who had come to Augsburg for a brief period of time to study under an engraver there. From now on came an uninterrupted series of orders for portraits." Heidegger puts it thus: "Short and tall, fat and lean patricians, senators, pastors, wives and daughters—all wanted their portraits painted by Graff."

The next six years were spent in quiet retirement "within the four walls of a busy painter's studio," and the only occurrences of interest were the visits of a few friends who had acquired fame, and three short journeys. The first of these, carried out in the year 1763, took him in company with his friend Haid to Munich, where he saw for the first time in his life a really important gallery, that at Schleissheim, and the pictures in the palace at Munich. The local painter of importance in that day was Georges Desmarées, whose reputation suffered the ups and downs of so many artists of the eighteenth century. During his lifetime he was praised beyond measure. For a full century he fell into absolute neglect. The tendency to re-establish the painters round about the year 1800, which led to the fine centenary exhibitions all over Germany within the past decade, has directed renewed attention to

Desmarées' merits, and he has been reinstalled in the estimation of connoisseurs as a painter of no mean qualifications. It is not certain whether Graff came into personal contact with him. But the man's work impressed Graff to such a degree that it caused him to change his style, as appears from the circumstance that he was occasionally referred to as a pupil of Desmarées.

"During March 1764 Professor Sulzer called upon me on his journey from Berlin to Switzerland. Four young men accompanied him, all of whom became famous in time—Lavater, Hess, Fuessli, and Itzeler of Schaffhausen. During their brief sojourn at Augsburg I had the pleasure of being with them all the time, and of doing the honours of the place. Sulzer invited me to visit him at Berlin. I had not the faintest presentiment at the time that I should become his son-in-law one day. This same year, in August, I went to Ratisbon, where I painted very many portraits in oil, but on vellum. It was the custom of the day for members of the Church and of the Municipal Council to have their portraits painted in a book of moderate size. But I also did some larger work for the establishments of the Swedish, Russian, and Prussian ambassadors. I returned to Augsburg in February 1765, where I soon became

acquainted with a certain Captain Heidegger, who was a native of Switzerland, and the brother-in-law of Salomon Gessner. Heidegger had been in Dresden, where he had fallen in, among others, with Herr von Hagedorn, the Director of the Academy of Fine Arts recently established in this town. On his return to Switzerland he passed through Augsburg, and upon learning that I, a portrait painter and compatriot, lived in the city, decided to look me up. He told me that Hagedorn was looking about for a portrait painter (as a member for the Academy), and that he would write to him proposing me for the position. But I begged him not to do so, as I mistrusted my own capacities, and did not feel myself able to fill so important a place.

“In the course of this same year I made a trip to Winterthur, which I hadn't seen for nine years. My intention was to pay my natal city only a short visit and then return to Augsburg, where I wanted to settle down definitely. At Winterthur I painted the portrait of the old mayor Hegner for the town library. Then I went to Zürich to look up Captain Heidegger, who introduced me to the house of his brother-in-law Gessner, where I was received with great kindness. Heidegger told me that he had written to von

Hagedorn, and had recommended me to him. Since, however, I did not believe that anything would come of this, I left Zürich for Basle, intending to visit my old friend Christian von Mechel (whose portrait I had painted in 1756 at Augsburg), but did not find him at home. After a very short sojourn at this place I returned to Winterthur, where letters from Heidegger and Hagedorn were awaiting me. Hagedorn wrote that Heidegger had given him an excellent account of me, and he therefore proposed that I should come to Dresden. I was to receive one hundred thaler for journey expenses, and after my arrival was to paint a portrait on trial, for which I was to receive fifty thaler. If my work met with approval, I would be offered an annual salary of four hundred thaler; if not, the refunding of my expenses and the payment for the portrait, as stated above, would be the alternative.

“I now went back to Zürich to take counsel what I should do. Everybody advised me to go to Dresden at once. But I lacked experience and self-confidence: I had great misgivings as to a happy issue of the project, and feared lest attention to it would spoil my chances at Augsburg. I had just finished a self-portrait, which I had destined for the pastor at Rickenbach as a token

of gratitude for his intervention with my father, to which alone I owed the fact that I had been allowed to turn painter. This self-portrait was still in my possession: I was advised to send it to Dresden, which I did. Pending the reply, I remained with Salomon Gessner at Zürich, spending happy days in his house, also painting several portraits." The most successful among these were one of Gessner himself, which seems to have been lost, of which we possess, however, a good engraving by Bause, and one of the painter John Caspar Fuessli, no traces of which have been found since the year 1850.

It was Heidegger again who had forwarded Graff's self-portrait to Hagedorn, remarking in an accompanying letter: "Since the time in which this portrait was painted, the painter, by the way, has much improved upon his manner, and adopted a much livelier style of coloration. Should one thing or another still be found at fault, I know for certain that the artist, guided by the criticism of connoisseurs, will improve in very little time." The portrait, a three-quarter length, seated before an easel, now hangs in the Dresden Gallery (No. 2166 of the catalogue), and met with uncommon approbation on the part of the general critics, of Hagedorn, and of the

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Administrator Prince Xaver. Graff accordingly received the appointment. He was appointed painter-in-ordinary with a salary of four hundred thaler from the 1st of October 1765. (This was an especial favour, so as to render the loss of his first month's salary, which had to be given up to the poor, less noticeable: Graff was not expected to enter upon his duties before April 1766.) He was to receive one hundred thaler expenses for the journey (ten thaler above this sum were actually paid). Every portrait over and above the one per year that he had to paint for the court gratis was to be paid for at the rate of fifty thaler for a half length without hands or with one hand, one hundred thaler for such with two hands, and a more liberal amount for three-quarter lengths, whole lengths life-size, and portraits with elaborate accessories, highly decorated court costumes, &c. Besides the annual gratis portrait already mentioned, he was bound to donate one portrait as a reception piece upon his being made a member of the Academy, to offer gratis instruction annually to at least one assistant who had been previously instructed in the preparatory schools, and to arrive as soon as possible in March or April, and to promise faithfully to promote the interests of the Fine Arts in

Saxony to the very best of his ability. "So," says Graff, "I arrived in Dresden on the 7th of April 1765. From now on good luck ever attended me, and I had to paint very many portraits."

At the time of his arrival, however, he felt rather unhappy, as one always is apt to feel when one comes into altogether strange surroundings. His inexperience and indecision surprised Hagedorn, and it took him a long time before he found lodgings. He settled finally in a house in the centre of the town, on the south side of the marketplace (Altmarkt, No. 12 to-day).

Here he lived almost to the end of his days. Soon his countryman, Adrian Zingg, the landscapist and etcher, was called to Dresden, and from that time on Graff began to feel more comfortable. Hagedorn returned very favourable reports about his work to Prince Xaver, and also wrote about him in very complimentary terms to the famous Johann George Wille, line-engraver in Paris. Graff rapidly became the favourite portrait artist of the town.

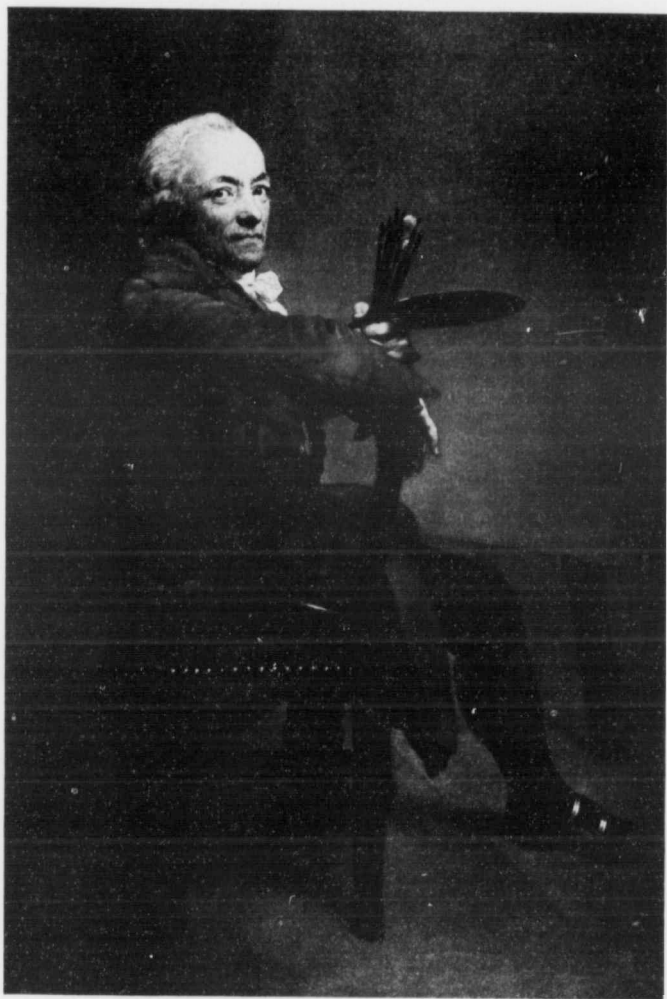
In the year 1769 he made an excursion to Leipsic, and here he secured the patronage of Phil. Erasmus Reich. Reich was wealthy, and one of the leading publishers of the great book

centre. His was one of the houses which Goethe had frequented as a student, and a place where the literary and intellectual life of Leipsic met. Reich entertained the idea of having a portrait gallery of all the prominent people who frequented his house. He entrusted the execution of the portraits to Graff: this interesting gallery is still to be seen at the library of the Leipsic University, to which it was presented by Reich's widow in 1809, the year of the celebration of this university's fourth centenary.

Reich wanted to have, besides the local and other Saxon celebrities, portraits of Spalding, Ramler, Moses Mendelssohn, and Sulzer in his gallery. So he sent Graff in the spring of the year 1771 to Berlin to paint these pictures. Here Graff became acquainted with Sulzer's eldest daughter, and fell in love with the girl. Sulzer was glad to bestow her upon him, "less," he wrote, "on account of the artist's merits, though they had gained for him the honour of being a Saxon court-painter, but because we discovered his disposition to be as clear and pure as a beautiful day in spring." Auguste was not yet seventeen years old when the couple was married on the 16th of October 1771.

What with his orders at home, those at Leipsic,

and those which he obtained through the influence of his father-in-law at Berlin, Graff's affairs were flourishing. "Sulzer introduced me at court and among the nobility, in consequence of which I had much work to do. In the year 1777 I painted Prince Henry (Frederick the Great's brother) at Rheinsberg. I owe very much to Berlin." Twice indeed he was on the point of settling there, first in 1774, when for some unknown reason he was dissatisfied with the way he had been treated at Dresden; then again in 1788, when he was offered a position and membership of the Berlin Academy (in which his intimate friend Chodowiecki filled the post of secretary) with an annual salary of twelve hundred thaler. Graff hesitated to accept the offer, partly because he had become attached to Dresden, where he had fared so well for the past twenty years, partly from a feeling of gratitude, but probably most because of his disposition which inclined him towards letting good alone and not venturing on new, unknown ground. The Berlin offer served him a good turn, however, in so far as he conquered his modesty and asked for a greater salary at home. This was readily granted: he received a full professorship and seven hundred and fifty thaler in all, in lieu of the four hundred



Anton Graff

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST
(Dresden)

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with which he had remained content for upwards of twenty years. He also raised his prices, from thirty thaler for a portrait without hands, to fifty thaler. The steady run of his everyday life was broken by journeys to Switzerland in the summer of the years 1781, 1786, and 1796. The frequent small excursions to Berlin, Leipsic, Carlsbad, &c., may be looked upon as belonging to his common routine. During the last-named years he had copied a number of pictures in the Dresden Gallery for the Empress of Russia, who rewarded him handsomely.

Graff had, by the time the new century had come, turned into "a kindly-disposed, bright old gentleman. The powder on his hair kept one from discovering whether it was already grey or perhaps white. Although he wore glasses, there was still much fire in his eye. He wore a brown silk frockcoat with large steel buttons, Brussels lace on his shirt and at the cuffs, a flowered blue waistcoat, and seemed to fancy the compliments which were paid him on the score of his neatness of dress. His economy was great. Another acquaintance reports: "He lived in a single, large room, lighted by two windows, on the Altmarkt. A long screen divided this room lengthwise: one of the halves thus formed he used

as a studio, the other was used by the family" (there were several children!); "it was living-, dining-, and bed-room, all in one. Sometimes it had to serve professional purposes even. Graff always ground his own colours, and this he did in the living-room." His economy extended only to the regulation of his domestic establishment. He was by no means parsimonious, and often lent a helping hand to poor artists. Yet at his death his fortune amounted to something like forty thousand thaler.

Unfortunately the last years of the poor old man's life were unhappy. He had to undergo an operation for cataract in 1803. He could paint for some time after, yet his eyesight failed steadily, and grew to be very bad in the course of his last visit to Winterthur, which took place in the end of 1810 and beginning of 1811. Within a year of his return to Dresden he lost his wife.

The troublesome Napoleonic period came on, so disastrous for Saxony, such a period of disquiet for Dresden. The military phase of life broke in upon Graff's old age, and kept him in constant worry and unrest. He wrote to a friend, "I haven't sent a word for about six months, because one can neither write nor travel. Our condition is lamentable; nothing but soldiery, constant

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alarms and fears, with the outlook of losing one's all. For the matter of a year now, my dear friend, I am an unhappy old man. If I saw my way towards reaching Switzerland, I would risk the journey in spite of my old age. I can't continue life much longer in these unquiet times." Finally he is even driven out of his home, since soldiers and invalids are quartered in the houses. He removes to the house of his daughter. Within a fortnight he fell into a sort of typhoid fever, which brought about his death at the end of twelve days, on the 22nd of June 1813.

Graff kept a sort of working diary, in which he entered all his portraits. One of his biographers, U. Hegner, gleaned therefrom that during the years before settling at Dresden he had executed 297, during the remainder of his career 943 paintings and 415 replicas or copies. Besides this work in oils, his drawings, notably 322 silver points, count for much. His work is to be met with in almost all German public galleries, the principal collections naturally being housed at Winterthur, Dresden, and Leipsic.

Besides his fine draughtsmanship, and his faculty of embodying the inner life of his sitter in the presentment of his outer features, Graff's great

merit was the sobriety and straightforwardness of his conception. He relinquished all pose: he did away with the habit of painting everyday folk as if they were heroes or heroines, a practice very common at the time when he commenced his career. He does not even try to make them look as if they "had their Sunday clothes on." In addition to its artistic qualities, which stamp Graff's work as that of the portrait painter who was unquestionably first in the whole of Germany of his times, this same series of portraits is full of interest to us, because it furnishes us with an iconography of the world of letters during the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

U. Höpfer, *Portrait of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*, 1794. The portrait is a study of the character of the subject, and not a study of the subject's appearance. The work is to be found in almost all German public galleries. The portrait is being housed at the Victoria Public Library, and his family of embodying the inner life of the artist in the presentation of his outer features. Graff's first

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APPENDIX

The Authorities cited opposite each Chapter are those from whom the major part of its contents are drawn

- I. School of Cologne Woermann, Aldenhoven,
Merlo - Firmenich - Richartz,
Escherich.
- II. Schongauer Sandrart, Woltmann ("El-
sass"), Woermann.
- III. Dürer Sandrart, Dürer's MSS. (ed.
Lange & Fuhse), Reick.
- IV. Burgkmair Sandrart, Eisenmann.
- „ Baldung Sandrart, Friedländer (*Allg.*
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- „ Grünewald Sandrart, Niedermeyer, A.
Schmid, Eisenmann, Huys-
mans ("Pan").
- V. Altdorfer Sandrart, Friedländer.
- „ The Behams Sandrart, Theo. Kolde.
- „ Pencz Sandrart, Kurzwelly.
- VI. The Cranachs Sandrart, Woermann ("Cran-
ach Exhibition Catalogue").
- VII. The Holbeins Sandrart, Woltmann, Sprin-
ger, Woermann.
- VIII. Elsheimer Sandrart.
- IX. Mengs Bianconi, J. E. W. Müller:
the "Prange Notes."
- X. Chodowiecki Engelmann, F. Meyer, von
Oettingen, Kaemmerer.
- XI. Graff Muther, Vogel.

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