

in her own bath-room, and blazing fires kindled that the hot vapor might destroy her; but she was kept alive, says the legend, "for God sent a cooling shower which tempered the heat of the fire."

The prefect then sent a man to her palace, to behead her, but he left her only half killed. The Christians found her bathed in her blood, and during three days she still preached and taught, like a doctor of the church, with such sweetness and eloquence that four hundred pagans were converted. On the third day she was visited by Pope Urban I., to whose care she tenderly committed the poor whom she nourished, and to him she bequeathed the palace in which she had lived, that it might be consecrated as a temple to the Saviour. She died in the third century.

This masterpiece of color was sent to Bologna, having been ordered by a noble Bolognese lady, Elena Duglioni, for a chapel which she built to St. Cecilia. Raphael sent the picture to his artist friend Francesco Francia, asking that he "make any correction he pleased, if he noticed any defect." It is stated that Francia was so overcome at the sight of this picture that he died from excessive grief because he felt that he could never equal it.

Shelley wrote concerning this work, "Standing before the picture of St. Cecilia, you forget that it is a picture as you look at it, and yet it is most unlike any of those things which we call reality. It is of the inspired and ideal kind, and seems to



ST. CÆCILIA.
Academy, Bologna. Raphael.

have been conceived and executed in a similar state of feeling to that which produced among the ancients those perfect specimens of poetry and sculpture which are the baffling models of succeeding generations. There is a unity and a perfection in it of an incommunicable kind. The central figure, St. Cecilia, seems wrapt in such inspiration as produced her image in the painter's mind; her deep, dark, eloquent eyes lifted up, her chestnut hair flung back from her forehead: she holds an organ in her hands; her countenance, as it were, calmed by the depth of her passion and rapture, and penetrated throughout with the warm and radiant light of life. She is listening to the music of heaven, and, as I imagine, has just ceased to sing, for the four figures that surround her evidently point, by their attitudes, towards her, particularly St. John, who, with a tender, yet impassioned gesture, bends his countenance towards her, languid with the depth of his emotion. At her feet lie various instruments of music, broken and unstrung. Of the coloring I do not speak; it eclipses Nature, yet it has all her truth and softness."

Raphael was now loaded with honors. Henry VIII. urged him to visit England and become attached to his court. Francis I. was eager to make him court painter of France. Often the artist shut himself up in his palace, and applied himself so closely to his books and pictures that people said he was melancholy. He was so deeply

interested in history that he thought of writing some historical works. He had planned and partially completed a book on ancient Rome, which should reproduce to the world the city in its former grandeur. He left a manuscript on art and artists, which Vasari found most valuable in his biographies. He sent artists into all the neighboring countries to collect studies from the antique. He loved poetry and philosophy.

Several artists lived in his home, for whom he provided as though they were his children. Among others in his house lived Fabius of Ravenna, concerning whom Calcagnini, the pope's secretary, wrote, "He is an old man of stoical probity, and of whom it would be difficult to say whether his learning or affability is the greater. Through him Hippocrates speaks Latin, and has laid aside his ancient defective expressions. This most holy man has this peculiar and very uncommon quality of despising money so much as to refuse it when offered to him, unless forced to accept it by the most urgent necessity. However, he receives from the pope an annual pension, which he divides amongst his friends and relations. He himself lives on herbs and lettuces, like the Pythagoreans, and dwells in a hole which might justly be named the tub of Diogenes. He would far rather die than not pursue his studies. . . ."

"He is cared for as a child by the very rich Raphael da Urbino, who is so much esteemed by the pope; he is a young man of the greatest kind-

ness and of an admirable mind. He is distinguished by the highest qualities. Thus he is, perhaps, the first of all painters, as well in theory as in practice; moreover, he is an architect of such rare talent that he invents and executes things which men of the greatest genius deemed impossible. I make an exception only in Vitruvius, whose principles he does not teach, but whom he defends or attacks with the surest proofs, and with so much grace that not even the slightest envy mingles in his criticism.

"At present he is occupied with a wonderful work, which will be scarcely credited by posterity (I do not allude to the basilica of the Vatican, where he directs the works): it is the town of Rome, which he is restoring in almost its ancient grandeur; for, by removing the highest accumulations of earth, digging down to the lowest foundations, and restoring everything according to the descriptions of ancient authors, he has so carried Pope Leo and the Romans along with him as to induce every one to look on him as a god sent from heaven to restore to the ancient city her ancient majesty.

"With all this he is so far from being proud that he comes as a friend to every one, and does not shun the words and remarks of any one; he likes to hear his views discussed in order to obtain instruction and to instruct others, which he regards as the object of life. He respects and honors Fabius as a master and a father, speaking to him of everything and following his counsels."

A rare man, indeed, this Raphael; not proud, not envious, but confiding, learning from everybody, sincere and unselfish.

For the fourth hall in the Vatican, the Sala di Costantino, Raphael made the cartoon for "The Battle of Constantine." In the centre of the picture Constantine is dashing across the battle-field on a white horse, with his spear levelled at Maxentius, who, with his army, is driven back into the Tiber. The whole picture is remarkable for life and spirit.

Raphael now undertook the paintings in the Loggie of the Farnesina, for Agostino Chigi,— the fable of Cupid and Psyche, from Apuleius. "A certain king had three daughters, of whom Psyche, the youngest, excites the jealousy of Venus by her beauty. The goddess accordingly directs her son Cupid to punish the princess by inspiring her with love for an unworthy individual. Cupid himself becomes enamoured of her, shows her to the Graces, and carries her off. He visits her by night, warning her not to indulge in curiosity as to his appearance. Psyche, however, instigated by her envious sisters, disobeys the injunction. She lights a lamp, a drop of heated oil from which awakens her sleeping lover. Cupid upbraids her, and quits her in anger. Psyche wanders about, filled with despair. Meanwhile Venus has been informed of her son's attachment, imprisons him, and requests Juno and Ceres to aid her in seeking for Psyche, which both goddesses decline to do. She then drives in her dove-chariot to Jupiter, and begs him to grant

her the assistance of Mercury. Her request is complied with, and Mercury flies forth to search for Psyche. Venus torments her in every conceivable manner, and imposes impossible tasks on her, which, however, with the aid of friends, she is enabled to perform. At length she is desired to bring a casket from the infernal regions, and even this, to the astonishment of Venus, she succeeds in accomplishing. Cupid, having at length escaped from his captivity, begs Jupiter to grant him Psyche; Jupiter kisses him, and commands Mercury to summon the gods to deliberate on the matter. The messenger of the gods then conducts Psyche to Olympus, she becomes immortal, and the gods celebrate the nuptial banquet. In this pleasing fable Psyche obviously represents the human soul purified by passions and misfortunes, and thus fitted for the enjoyment of celestial happiness."

Raphael had time only to make cartoons for the greater part of this work, while his pupils executed them. The paintings were criticised, and it was said that the talent of Raphael was declining.

Hurt by such an unwarrantable opinion, Raphael gladly accepted an order from Cardinal Giuliano de' Medici for a "Transfiguration" for the Cathedral of Narbonne. At the same time the cardinal ordered the "Raising of Lazarus" from Sebastiano del Piombo. Michael Angelo made the drawings for this picture, it is said, so that this work might equal or surpass that of Raphael. When the latter was apprised of this, he replied cheerfully, "Michael

Angelo pays me a great honor, since it is in reality himself that he offers as my rival and not Sebastiano."

The "Transfiguration," now in the Vatican, is in two sections. In the upper portion Christ has risen into the air above Mount Tabor, and has appeared to Peter, James, and John, on the mount. At this moment the voice is heard saying, "This is my beloved Son: hear him."

At the foot of the mount, an afflicted father, followed by a crowd of people, has brought his demoniac boy to the Apostles, to be healed. The disciples point to the Saviour as the only one who has the power to cast out evil spirits.

Vasari says, "In this work the master has of a truth produced figures and heads of such extraordinary beauty, so new, so varied, and at all points so admirable, that among the many works executed by his hand this, by the common consent of all artists, is declared to be the most worthily renowned, the most excellent, the most divine. Whoever shall desire to see in what manner Christ transformed into the Godhead should be represented, let him come and behold it in this picture. . . . But as if that sublime genius had gathered all the force of his powers into one effort, whereby the glory and the majesty of art should be made manifest in the countenance of Christ: having completed that, as one who had finished the great work which he had to accomplish, he touched the pencils no more, being shortly afterwards overtaken by death."

Before the "Transfiguration" was completed, Raphael was seized with a violent fever, probably contracted through his researches among the ruins of Rome. Weak from overwork, he seems to have realized at once that his labors were finished. He made his will, giving his works of art to his pupils; his beautiful home to Cardinal Bibiena, though the cardinal died soon after without ever living in it; a thousand crowns to purchase a house whose rental should defray the expense of twelve masses monthly at the altar of his chapel in the Pantheon, which he had long before made ready for his body; and the rest of his property to his relatives and Margherita.

He died on the night of Good Friday, April 6, 1520, at the age of thirty-seven. All Rome was bent with grief at the death of its idol. He lay in state in his beautiful home, on a catafalque surrounded by lighted tapers, the unfinished "Transfiguration" behind it.

An immense crowd followed the body to the Pantheon; his last beautiful picture, its colors yet damp, being carried in the procession.

His friend Cardinal Pietro Bembo wrote his epitaph in Latin: "Dedicated to Raphael Sanzio, the son of Giovanni of Urbino, the most eminent painter, who emulated the ancients. In whom the union of Nature and Art is easily perceived. He increased the glory of the pontiffs Julius II. and Leo X. by his works of painting and architecture. He lived exactly thirty-seven years,

and died on the anniversary of his birth, April 6, 1520.

“Living, great Nature feared he might outvie
Her works, and, dying, fears herself to die.”

Count Castiglione wrote to his mother, “It seems as if I were not in Rome, since my poor Raphael is here no longer.” The pope, Leo X., could not be comforted, and, it is said, burst into tears, exclaiming, “*Ora pro nobis.*” The Mantuan Ambassador wrote home the day after Raphael’s death, “Nothing is talked of here but the loss of the man who at the close of his three-and-thirtieth year [thirty-seventh] has now ended his first life; his second, that of his posthumous fame, independent of death and transitory things, through his works, and in what the learned will write in his praise, must continue forever.”

Three hundred and thirteen years after his death his tomb was opened, in 1833, and the complete skeleton was found. After five weeks, the precious remains were enclosed in a leaden coffin, and that in a marble sarcophagus, and reburied at night, the Pantheon being illuminated, and the chief artists and cultivated people of the city bearing torches in the reverent procession.

Dead at thirty-seven, and yet how amazing the amount of work accomplished. He left two hundred and eighty-seven pictures and five hundred and seventy-six drawings and studies. Michael Angelo said Raphael owed more to his wonderful

industry than to his genius. When asked once by his pupils how he accomplished so much, Raphael replied, “From my earliest childhood I have made it a principle never to neglect anything.”

Passavant says, “He was the most ideal artist that God has ever created.” His maxim was, “We must not represent things as they are, but as they should be.”

Says Charles C. Perkins of Boston, “Throughout all his works there is not an expression of face, or a contour, whether of muscle or drapery, which is not exactly suited to its end; nor in the thousands of figures which he drew or painted can we recall an ungraceful or a mannered line or pose. This was because of all artists since the Greeks, he had the most perfect feeling for true beauty. The beautiful was his special field, and hence he is first among his kind. Leonardo had more depth, Michael Angelo more grandeur, Correggio more sweetness; but none of them approached Raphael as an exponent of beauty whether in young or old, in mortals or immortals, in earthly or divine beings.

“Raphael was in truth the greatest of artists, because the most comprehensive, blending as he did the opposing tendencies of the mystics and the naturalists into a perfect whole by reverent study of nature and of the antique. Bred in a devotional school of art, and transferred to an atmosphere charged with classical ideas, he retained enough of the first, while he absorbed enough of the second, to make him a painter of works Christian in spirit

and Greek in elegance and purity of form and style."

Raphael will live, not only through his works but through the adoration we all pay to a lovable character. The perennial fountain of goodness and sweetness in Raphael's soul, which "won for him the favor of the great," as Giovio said, while living, has won for him the homage of the world, now that he is dead. He had by nature a sunny, kindly disposition: he had what every person living may have, and would do well to cultivate: a spirit that did not find fault, lips that spoke no censure of anybody, but praise where praise was possible, and such self-control that not an enemy was ever made by his temper or his lack of consideration for others. He was enthusiastic, but he had the self-poise of a great nature. True, his life was short. As Grimm says, "Four single statements exhaust the story of his life: he lived, he loved, he worked, he died young." He helped everybody, and what more is there in life than this?

TITIAN.

"IF I were required," says Mrs. Jameson, "to sum up in two great names whatever the art of painting had contemplated and achieved of highest and best, I would invoke Raphael and Titian. The former as the most perfect example of all that has been accomplished in the expression of thought through the medium of form; the latter, of all that has been accomplished in the expression of life through the medium of color. Hence it is that, while *both* have given us mind, and *both* have given us beauty, *Mind* is ever the characteristic of Raphael — *Beauty*, that of Titian.

"Considered under this point of view, these wonderful men remain to us as representatives of the two great departments of art. All who went before them, and all who follow after them, may be ranged under the banners of one or the other of these great kings and leaders. Under the banners of Raphael appear the majestic thinkers in art, the Florentine and Roman painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and Albert Dürer, in Germany. Ranged on the side of Titian appear the Venetian, the Lombard, the Spanish, and Flem-