

Reading #14 – From Petrarch to Michelangelo

Francis Petrarch, “The Ascent of Mount Ventoux” (to Dionisio da Borgo San Sepolcro)

To-day I made the ascent of the highest mountain in this region, which is not improperly called Ventosum. My only motive was the wish to see what so great an elevation had to offer. I have had the expedition in mind for many years; for, as you know, I have lived in this region from infancy, having been cast here by that fate which determines the affairs of men. Consequently the mountain, which is visible from a great distance, was ever before my eyes, and I conceived the plan of some time doing what I have at last accomplished to-day. The idea took hold upon me with especial force when, in re-reading Livy's *History of Rome*, yesterday, I happened upon the place where Philip of Macedon, the same who waged war against the Romans, ascended Mount Haemus in Thessaly, from whose summit he was able, it is said, to see two seas, the Adriatic and the Euxine. Whether this be true or false I have not been able to determine, for the mountain is too far away, and writers disagree. Pomponius Mela, the cosmographer - not to mention others who have spoken of this occurrence - admits its truth without hesitation; Titus Livius, on the other hand, considers it false. I, assuredly, should not have left the question long in doubt, had that mountain been as easy to explore as this one. Let us leave this matter one side, however, and return to my mountain here, - it seems to me that a young man in private life may well be excused for attempting what an aged king could undertake without arousing criticism.

When I came to look about for a companion I found, strangely enough, that hardly one among my friends seemed suitable, so rarely do we meet with just the right combination of personal tastes and characteristics, even among those who are dearest to us. This one was too apathetic, that one over-anxious; this one too slow, that one too hasty; one was too sad, another over-cheerful; one more simple, another more sagacious, than I desired. I feared this one's taciturnity and that one's loquacity. The heavy deliberation of some repelled me as much as the lean incapacity of others. I rejected those who were likely to irritate me by a cold want of interest, as well as those who might weary me by their excessive enthusiasm. Such defects, however grave, could be borne with at home, for charity suffereth all things, and friendship accepts any burden; but it is quite otherwise on a journey, where every weakness becomes much more serious. So, as I was bent upon pleasure and anxious that my enjoyment should be unalloyed, I looked about me with unusual care, balanced against one another the various characteristics of my friends, and without committing any breach of friendship I silently condemned every trait which might prove disagreeable on the way. And - would you believe it? - I finally turned homeward for aid, and proposed the ascent to my only brother, who is younger than I, and with whom you are well acquainted. He was

delighted and gratified beyond measure by the thought of holding the place of a friend as well as of a brother.

At the time fixed we left the house, and by evening reached Malaucene, which lies at the foot of the mountain, to the north. Having rested there a day, we finally made the ascent this morning, with no companions except two servants; and a most difficult task it was. The mountain is a very steep and almost inaccessible mass of stony soil. But, as the poet has well said, "Remorseless toil conquers all." It was a long day, the air fine. We enjoyed the advantages of vigour of mind and strength and agility of body, and everything else essential to those engaged in such an undertaking and so had no other difficulties to face than those of the region itself. We found an old shepherd in one of the mountain dales, who tried, at great length, to dissuade us from the ascent, saying that some fifty years before he had, in the same ardour of youth, reached the summit, but had gotten for his pains nothing except fatigue and regret, and clothes and body torn by the rocks and briars. No one, so far as he or his companions knew, had ever tried the ascent before or after him. But his counsels increased rather than diminished our desire to proceed, since youth is suspicious of warnings. So the old man, finding that his efforts were in vain, went a little way with us, and pointed out a rough path among the rocks, uttering many admonitions, which he continued to send after us even after we had left him behind. Surrendering to him all such garments or other possessions as might prove burdensome to us, we made ready for the ascent, and started off at a good pace. But, as usually happens, fatigue quickly followed upon our excessive exertion, and we soon came to a halt at the top of a certain cliff. Upon starting on again we went more slowly, and I especially advanced along the rocky way with a more deliberate step. While my brother chose a direct path straight up the ridge, I weakly took an easier one which really descended. When I was called back, and the right road was shown me, I replied that I hoped to find a better way round on the other side, and that I did not mind going farther if the path were only less steep. This was just an excuse for my laziness; and when the others had already reached a considerable height I was still wandering in the valleys. I had failed to find an easier path, and had only increased the distance and difficulty of the ascent. At last I became disgusted with the intricate way I had chosen, and resolved to ascend without more ado. When I reached my brother, who, while waiting for me, had had ample opportunity for rest, I was tired and irritated. We walked along together for a time, but hardly had we passed the first spur when I forgot about the circuitous route which I had just tried, and took a lower one again. Once more I followed an easy, roundabout path through winding valleys, only to find myself soon in my old difficulty. I was simply trying to avoid the exertion of the ascent; but no human ingenuity can alter the nature of things, or cause anything to reach a height by going down. Suffice it

to say that, much to my vexation and my brother's amusement, I made this same mistake three times or more during a few hours.

After being frequently misled in this way, I finally sat down in a valley and transferred my winged thoughts from things corporeal to the immaterial, addressing myself as follows: - "What thou hast repeatedly experienced to-day in the ascent of this mountain, happens to thee, as to many, in the journey toward the blessed life. But this is not so readily perceived by men, since the motions of the body are obvious and external while those of the soul are invisible and hidden. Yes, the life which we call blessed is to be sought for on a high eminence, and strait is the way that leads to it. Many, also, are the hills that lie between, and we must ascend, by a glorious stairway, from strength to strength. At the top is at once the end of our struggles and the goal for which we are bound. All wish to reach this goal, but, as Ovid says, 'To wish is little; we must long with the utmost eagerness to gain our end.' Thou certainly dost ardently desire, as well as simply wish, unless thou deceivest thyself in this matter, as in so many others. What, then, doth hold thee back? Nothing, assuredly, except that thou wouldst take a path which seems, at first thought, more easy, leading through low and worldly pleasures. But nevertheless in the end, after long wanderings, thou must perforce either climb the steeper path, under the burden of tasks foolishly deferred, to its blessed culmination, or lie down in the valley of thy sins, and (I shudder to think of it!), if the shadow of death overtake thee, spend an eternal night amid constant torments." These thoughts stimulated both body and mind in a wonderful degree for facing the difficulties which yet remained. Oh, that I might traverse in spirit that other road for which I long day and night, even as to-day I overcame material obstacles by my bodily exertions! And I know not why it should not be far easier, since the swift immortal soul can reach its goal in the twinkling of an eye, without passing through space, while my progress to-day was necessarily slow, dependent as I was upon a failing body weighed down by heavy members.

One peak of the mountain, the highest of all, the country people call "Sonny," why, I do not know, unless by antiphrasis, as I have sometimes suspected in other instances; for the peak in question would seem to be the father of all the surrounding ones. On its top is a little level place, and here we could at last rest our tired bodies.

Now, my father, since you have followed the thoughts that spurred me on in my ascent, listen to the rest of the story, and devote one hour, I pray you, to reviewing the experiences of my entire day. At first, owing to the unaccustomed quality of the air and the effect of the great sweep of view spread out before me, I stood like one dazed. I beheld the clouds under our feet, and what I had read of Athos and Olympus seemed less incredible as I myself witnessed the same things from a mountain of less fame. I turned my eyes toward

Italy, whither my heart most inclined. The Alps, rugged and snow-capped, seemed to rise close by, although they were really at a great distance; the very same Alps through which that fierce enemy of the Roman name once made his way, bursting the rocks, if we may believe the report, by the application of vinegar. I sighed, I must confess, for the skies of Italy, which I beheld rather with my mind than with my eyes. An inexpressible longing came over me to see once more my friend and my country. At the same time I reproached myself for this double weakness, springing, as it did, from a soul not yet steeled to manly resistance. And yet there were excuses for both of these cravings, and a number of distinguished writers might be summoned to support me.

Then a new idea took possession of me, and I shifted my thoughts to a consideration of time rather than place. "To-day it is ten years since, having completed thy youthful studies, thou didst leave Bologna. Eternal God! In the name of immutable wisdom, think what alterations in thy character this intervening period has beheld! I pass over a thousand instances. I am not yet in a safe harbour where I can calmly recall past storms. The time may come when I can review in due order all the experiences of the past, saying with St. Augustine, 'I desire to recall my foul actions and the carnal corruption of my soul, not because I love them, but that I may the more love thee, O my God.' Much that is doubtful and evil still clings to me, but what I once loved, that I have no longer. And yet what am I saying? I still love it, but with shame, but with heaviness of heart. Now, at last, I have confessed the truth. So it is. I love, but love what I would not love, what I would that I might hate. Though loath to do so, though constrained, though sad and sorrowing, still I do love, and I feel in my miserable self the truth of the well known words, 'I will hate if I can; if not, I will love against my will.' Three years have not yet passed since that perverse and wicked passion which had a firm grasp upon me and held undisputed sway in my heart began to discover a rebellious opponent, who was unwilling longer to yield obedience. These two adversaries have joined in close combat for the supremacy, and for a long time now a harassing and doubtful war has been waged in the field of my thoughts."

Thus I turned over the last ten years in my mind, and then, fixing my anxious gaze on the future, I asked myself, "If, perchance, thou shouldst prolong this uncertain life of thine for yet two lustres, and shouldst make an advance toward virtue proportionate to the distance to which thou hast departed from thine original infatuation during the past two years, since the new longing first encountered the old, couldst thou, on reaching thy fortieth year, face death, if not with complete assurance, at least with hopefulness, calmly dismissing from thy thoughts the residuum of life as it faded into old age?"

These and similar reflections occurred to me, my father. I rejoiced in my progress, mourned my weaknesses, and commiserated the universal instability of human conduct. I had well-

nigh forgotten where I was and our object in coming; but at last I dismissed my anxieties, which were better suited to other surroundings, and resolved to look about me and see what we had come to see. The sinking sun and the lengthening shadows of the mountain were already warning us that the time was near at hand when we must go. As if suddenly awakened from sleep, I turned about and gazed toward the west. I was unable to discern the summits of the Pyrenees, which form the barrier between France and Spain; not because of any intervening obstacle that I know of but owing simply to the insufficiency of our mortal vision. But I could see with the utmost clearness, off to the right, the mountains of the region about Lyons, and to the left the bay of Marseilles and the waters that lash the shores of Aigues Mortes, altho' all these places were so distant that it would require a journey of several days to reach them. Under our very eyes flowed the Rhone.

While I was thus dividing my thoughts, now turning my attention to some terrestrial object that lay before me, now raising my soul, as I had done my body, to higher planes, it occurred to me to look into my copy of St. Augustine's *Confessions*, a gift that I owe to your love, and that I always have about me, in memory of both the author and the giver. I opened the compact little volume, small indeed in size, but of infinite charm, with the intention of reading whatever came to hand, for I could happen upon nothing that would be otherwise than edifying and devout. Now it chanced that the tenth book presented itself. My brother, waiting to hear something of St. Augustine's from my lips, stood attentively by. I call him, and God too, to witness that where I first fixed my eyes it was written: "And men go about to wonder at the heights of the mountains, and the mighty waves of the sea, and the wide sweep of rivers, and the circuit of the ocean, and the revolution of the stars, but themselves they consider not." I was abashed, and, asking my brother (who was anxious to hear more), not to annoy me, I closed the book, angry with myself that I should still be admiring earthly things who might long ago have learned from even the pagan philosophers that nothing is wonderful but the soul, which, when great itself, finds nothing great outside itself. Then, in truth, I was satisfied that I had seen enough of the mountain; I turned my inward eye upon myself, and from that time not a syllable fell from my lips until we reached the bottom again. Those words had given me occupation enough, for I could not believe that it was by a mere accident that I happened upon them. What I had there read I believed to be addressed to me and to no other, remembering that St. Augustine had once suspected the same thing in his own case, when, on opening the book of the Apostle, as he himself tells us, the first words that he saw there were, "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof."

The same thing happened earlier to St. Anthony, when he was listening to the Gospel where it is written, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me." Believing this scripture to have been read for his especial benefit, as his biographer Athanasius says, he guided himself by its aid to the Kingdom of Heaven. And as Anthony on hearing these words waited for nothing more, and as Augustine upon reading the Apostle's admonition sought no farther, so I concluded my reading in the few words which I have given. I thought in silence of the lack of good counsel in us mortals, who neglect what is noblest in ourselves, scatter our energies in all directions, and waste ourselves in a vain show, because we look about us for what is to be found only within. I wondered at the natural nobility of our soul, save when it debases itself of its own free will, and deserts its original estate, turning what God has given it for its honour into dishonour. How many times, think you, did I turn back that day, to glance at the summit of the mountain which seemed scarcely a cubit high compared with the range of human contemplation, - when it is not immersed in the foul mire of earth? With every downward step I asked myself this: If we are ready to endure so much sweat and labour in order that we may bring our bodies a little nearer heaven, how can a soul struggling toward God, up the steps of human pride and human destiny, fear any cross or prison or sting of fortune? How few, I thought, but are diverted from their path by the fear of difficulties or the love of ease! How happy the lot of those few, if any such there be! It is of them, assuredly, that the poet was thinking, when he wrote:

Happy the man who is skilled to understand
Nature's hid causes; who beneath his feet
All terrors casts, and death's relentless doom,
And the loud roar of greedy Acheron.

How earnestly should we strive, not to stand on mountain-tops, but to trample beneath us those appetites which spring from earthly impulses.

With no consciousness of the difficulties of the way, amidst these preoccupations which I have so frankly revealed, we came, long after dark, but with the full moon lending us its friendly light, to the little inn which we had left that morning before dawn. The time during which the servants have been occupied in preparing our supper, I have spent in a secluded part of the house, hurriedly jotting down these experiences on the spur of the moment, lest, in case my task were postponed, my mood should change on leaving the place, and so my interest in writing flag.

You will see, my dearest father, that I wish nothing to be concealed from you, for I am careful to describe to you not only my life in general but even my individual reflections. And I beseech you, in turn, to pray that these vague and wandering thoughts of mine may

sometime become firmly fixed, and, after having been vainly tossed about from one interest to another, may direct themselves at last toward the single, true, certain, and everlasting good.

Malacene, April 26, 1336 (date of the ascent; the letter itself was probably written around 1350)

“The Black Death and the Jews” (1348-1349)

In 1348 there appeared in Europe a devastating plague which is reported to have killed off ultimately twenty-five million people. By the fall of that year the rumor was current that these deaths were due to an international conspiracy of Jewry to poison Christendom. It was reported that the leaders in the Jewish metropolis of Toledo had initiated the plot and that one of the chief conspirators was a Rabbi Peyret who had his headquarters in Chambéry, Savoy, whence he dispatched his poisoners to France, Switzerland, and Italy.

By authority of Amadeus VI, Count of Savoy, a number of the Jews who lived on the shores of Lake Geneva, having been arrested and put to the torture, naturally confessed anything their inquisitors suggested. These Jews, under torture, incriminated others. Records of their confessions were sent from one town to another in Switzerland and down the Rhine River into Germany, and as a result, thousands of Jews, in at least two hundred towns and hamlets, were butchered and burnt. The sheer loss of numbers, the disappearance of their wealth, and the growing hatred of the Christians brought German Jewry to a catastrophic downfall. It now began to decline and did not again play an important part in German life till the seventeenth century.

The first account that follows is a translation from the Latin of a confession made under torture by Agimet, a Jew, who was arrested at Chatel, on Lake Geneva. It is typical of the confessions extorted and forwarded to other towns.

The second account describes the Black Death in general and treats specifically of the destruction of the Jewish community in Strasbourg. In this city the authorities, who attempted to save the Jews, were overthrown by a fear-stricken mob led by the butchers' and tanners' guilds and by the nobles who were determined to do away with the Jews who were their economic competitors and to whom they were indebted for loans. Thus in this city, at least, it was not merely religious bigotry and fear of the plague, but economic resentment that fired the craftsmen and the nobles to their work of extermination. Those people of Strasbourg, who had thus far escaped the plague and who thought that by killing off the Jews they would insure themselves against it in the future, were doomed to disappointment, for the pest soon struck the city and, it is said, took a toll of sixteen thousand lives.

The confession of Agimet is found in the Appendix to Johann S. Schilter's 1698 edition of the Middle High German chronicle of the Strasbourg historian, Jacob von Königshofen (1346-1420). The second selection is taken from the body of Königshofen's history. This account merits credence, not only because Königshofen was an archivist and lived close to the events of which he writes, but also because he incorporated considerable material from his Strasbourg predecessor, the historian F. Closener, who was probably an eyewitness of the tragedy. The third selection is an epitaph of an otherwise unknown Jew who died a victim of the plague in 1349. Obviously, Jews, too, were not spared by this dread disease. The epitaph in the original Hebrew is in poetical form.

I. The Confession of Agimet of Geneva, Châtel, October 20, 1348

The year of our Lord 1348.

On Friday, the 10th of the month of October, at Châtel, in the castle thereof, there occurred the judicial inquiry which was made by order of the court of the illustrious Prince, our lord, Amadeus, Count of Savoy, and his subjects against the Jews of both sexes who were there imprisoned, each one separately. [Jews were sometimes imprisoned separately to prevent suicide.] This was done after public rumor had become current and a strong clamor had arisen because of the poison put by them into the wells, springs, and other things which the Christians use-demanding that they die, that they are able to be found guilty and, therefore, that they should be punished. Hence this their confession made in the presence of a great many trustworthy persons.

Agimet the Jew, who lived at Geneva and was arrested at Châtel, was there put to the torture a little and then he was released from it. And after a long time, having been subjected again to torture a little, he confessed in the presence of a great many trustworthy persons, who are later mentioned. To begin with it is clear that at the Lent just passed Pultus Clesis de Ranz had sent this very Jew to Venice to buy silks and other things for him. When this came to the notice of Rabbi Peyret, a Jew of Chambéry who was a teacher of their law, he sent for this Agimet, for whom he had searched, and when he had come before him he said: "We have been informed that you are going to Venice to buy silk and other wares. Here I am giving you a little package of half a span in size which contains some prepared poison and venom in a thin, sewed leather-bag. Distribute it among the wells, cisterns, and springs about Venice and the other places to which you go, in order to poison the people who use the water of the aforesaid wells that will have been poisoned by you, namely, the wells in which the poison will have been placed."

Agimet took this package full of poison and carried it with him to Venice, and when he came there he threw and scattered a portion of it into the well or cistern of fresh water which was there near the German House, in order to poison the people who use the water

of that cistern. And he says that this is the only cistern of sweet water in the city. He also says that the mentioned Rabbi Peyret promised to give him whatever he wanted for his troubles in this business. Of his own accord Agimet confessed further that after this had been done he left at once in order that he should not be captured by the citizens or others, and that he went personally to Calabria and Apulia and threw the above mentioned poison into many wells. He confesses also that he put some of this same poison in the well of the streets of the city of Ballet.

He confesses further that he put some of this poison into the public fountain of the city of Toulouse and in the wells that are near the [Mediterranean] sea. Asked if at the time that he scattered the venom and poisoned the wells, above mentioned, any people had died, he said that he did not know inasmuch as he had left everyone of the above mentioned places in a hurry. Asked if any of the Jews of those places were guilty in the above mentioned matter, he answered that he did not know. And now by all that which is contained in the five books of Moses and the scroll of the Jews, he declared that this was true, and that he was in no wise lying, no matter what might happen to him. [This Jew does not seem to know that the books of Moses and the scroll of the Jews are identical!]

II. *The Cremation of Strasbourg Jewry St. Valentine's Day, February 14, 1349 - About The Great Plague And The Burning Of The Jews*

In the year 1349 there occurred the greatest epidemic that ever happened. Death went from one end of the earth to the other, on that side and this side of the sea, and it was greater among the Saracens than among the Christians. In some lands everyone died so that no one was left. Ships were also found on the sea laden with wares; the crew had all died and no one guided the ship. The Bishop of Marseilles and priests and monks and more than half of all the people there died with them. In other kingdoms and cities so many people perished that it would be horrible to describe. The pope at Avignon stopped all sessions of court, locked himself in a room, allowed no one to approach him and had a fire burning before him all the time. [This last was probably intended as some sort of disinfectant.] And from what this epidemic came, all wise teachers and physicians could only say that it was God's will. And as the plague was now here, so was it in other places, and lasted more than a whole year. This epidemic also came to Strasbourg in the summer of the above mentioned year, and it is estimated that about sixteen thousand people died.

In the matter of this plague the Jews throughout the world were reviled and accused in all lands of having caused it through the poison which they are said to have put into the water and the wells-that is what they were accused of-and for this reason the Jews were burnt all the way from the Mediterranean into Germany, but not in Avignon, for the pope protected them there.

Nevertheless they tortured a number of Jews in Berne and Zofingen [Switzerland] who then admitted that they had put poison into many wells, and they also found the poison in the wells. Thereupon they burnt the Jews in many towns and wrote of this affair to Strasbourg, Freiburg, and Basel in order that they too should burn their Jews. But the leaders in these three cities in whose hands the government lay did not believe that anything ought to be done to the Jews. However in Basel the citizens marched to the city-hall and compelled the council to take an oath that they would burn the Jews, and that they would allow no Jew to enter the city for the next two hundred years. Thereupon the Jews were arrested in all these places and a conference was arranged to meet at BenfeldAlsace, February 8, 1349. The Bishop of Strasbourg [Berthold II], all the feudal lords of Alsace, and representatives of the three above mentioned cities came there. The deputies of the city of Strasbourg were asked what they were going to do with their Jews. They answered and said that they knew no evil of them. Then they asked the Strasbourgers why they had closed the wells and put away the buckets, and there was a great indignation and clamor against the deputies from Strasbourg. So finally the Bishop and the lords and the Imperial Cities agreed to do away with the Jews. The result was that they were burnt in many cities, and wherever they were expelled they were caught by the peasants and stabbed to death or drowned. . . .

[The town-council of Strasbourg which wanted to save the Jews was deposed on the 9th-10th of February, and the new council gave in to the mob, who then arrested the Jews on Friday, the 13th.]

THE JEWS ARE BURNT

On Saturday - that was St. Valentine's Day-they burnt the Jews on a wooden platform in their cemetery. There were about two thousand people of them. Those who wanted to baptize themselves were spared. [Some say that about a thousand accepted baptism.] Many small children were taken out of the fire and baptized against the will of their fathers and mothers. And everything that was owed to the Jews was cancelled, and the Jews had to surrender all pledges and notes that they had taken for debts. The council, however, took the cash that the Jews possessed and divided it among the working-men proportionately. The money was indeed the thing that killed the Jews. If they had been poor and if the feudal lords had not been in debt to them, they would not have been burnt. After this wealth was divided among the artisans some gave their share to the Cathedral or to the Church on the advice of their confessors.

Thus were the Jews burnt at Strasbourg, and in the same year in all the cities of the Rhine, whether Free Cities or Imperial Cities or cities belonging to the lords. In some towns they burnt the Jews after a trial, in others, without a trial. In some cities the Jews themselves set fire to their houses and cremated themselves.

THE JEWS RETURN TO STRASBOURG

It was decided in Strasbourg that no Jew should enter the city for a hundred years, but before twenty years had passed, the council and magistrates agreed that they ought to admit the Jews again into the city for twenty years. And so the Jews came back again to Strasbourg in the year 1368 after the birth of our Lord.

III. *The Epitaph of Asher aben Turiel, Toledo, Spain, 1349*

This stone is a memorial
That a later generation may know
That 'neath it lies hidden a pleasant bud,
A cherished child.
Perfect in knowledge,
A reader of the Bible,
A student of the Mishnah and Gemara.
Had learned from his father
What his father learned from his teachers:
The statutes of God and his laws.
Though only fifteen years in age,
He was like a man of eighty in knowledge.
More blessed than all sons: Asher-may he rest in Paradise -
The son of Joseph ben Turiel-may God comfort him,
He died of the plague, in the month of Tam muz, in the year 109 [June or July, 1349].
But a few days before his death
He established his home;
But yesternight the joyous voice of the bride and groom
Was turned to the voice of wailing.
[Apparently he had just been married.]
And the father is left, sad and aching.
May the God of heaven
Grant him comfort.
And send another child
To restore his soul.

“The Trial of Joan of Arc” (1431)

Joan of Arc is the most phenomenal and attractive personage of the Hundred Years' War on either side. Those whom she led to victory believed that she was inspired of God, and the English, not denying her inspiration, believed that it was of the devil. A full and authentic report of her trial remains, and from it is extracted the passage in which she answers questions relative to her Voices. She maintained that she raised the siege of Orleans in obedience to the divine call, and that all her important acts were prompted by a voice from heaven. Her trial for witchcraft at Rouen was conducted by Peter Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, to whom she had been handed over by the English for that purpose. She was little more than nineteen years old at the date of her execution.

We next required and admonished Joan, appearing before us in the said place, to take, under penalty of law, the oath which she had taken the day before; and that she should swear simply and absolutely to tell the truth in answer to what was asked her in the matter concerning which the charge had been brought and which was generally known. To this she answered that she had sworn yesterday and that was enough. Again we required that she should swear; for everyone, though he be a prince, when required to take the oath on a point of faith cannot refuse. And she answered again: "I took the oath for you yesterday; that should suffice you quite well. You burden me too much." Finally she swore to tell the truth in whatever related to faith.

Then a distinguished professor of sacred theology, Master John Beaupère, acting by our order and behest, questioned Joan on the points which follow. And first he urged here to answer his questions truly, just as she had sworn to do. Whereupon she replied "You might very well ask me one sort of question which I would answer truly, and another sort which I would not answer." And she added: "If you were well informed about me, you should wish that I were out of your hands. I have done nothing save by revelation."

Next asked about her age when she left home: she said that she did not know. Asked whether in her girlhood she had learned any art: she said yes, that she had learned to sew linen cloth and to knit; and that she did not fear any woman in Rouen when it came to knitting and sewing. She further confessed that, through fear of the Burgundians, she left home and went to the town of Neufchâteau in Lorraine [Colby: seven miles south of Joan's birthplace, Domremy] to live with a woman named La Rousse, where she stayed a fortnight; adding furthermore that when she was at home she was exempt from household work nor went with the sheep and other animals to pasture.

Again asked whether she confessed her sins each year: she answered yes, to her own curé; and when the curé was hindered she with his permission confessed to another priest.

Sometimes also, twice or thrice as she believed, she confessed to the friars. And this was in the said town of Neufchâteau. And she had been in the habit of receiving the Eucharist at Easter. Asked whether she had been in the habit of receiving the Sacrament of the Eucharist at any other feasts save Easter: she told her questioner to pass on. She further confessed that when she was thirteen years old she had a voice from God to aid her in self-discipline. And the first time she was greatly afraid. And this voice came about noon in summer in her father's garden, and she had fasted the day before. And she heard the voice on her right hand toward the church, and she seldom heard it without a light. Which light comes from the same side as the voice, but is usually great. And when she came to France she often heard this voice. Asked how she saw the light which she said was there present when it was on one side; to this she answered nothing, but passed to other things. She moreover said that if she were in a grove she distinctly heard voices coming to her. She also said that the voice seemed to her worthy, and she believes that it was sent by God; and after she had heard it three times she knew that it was the voice of an angel. She also said that it always guarded her well, and that she knew it well.

Asked about the teaching which her voice gave her respecting the salvation of her soul, she said that it taught her to govern herself well, to go often to church, and that it said she also must go to France. And Joan added that the questioner would not this time learn from her in what guise the voice had appeared to her. She furthermore confessed that the voice told her twice or thrice a week that she must leave home and go to France; and that her father knew nothing of her departure. She also said that the voice told her to go to France, and that she could no longer remain where she was, and that the voice told her that she should raise the siege of Orleans. She further said that her voice had told her that she should go to Robert de Baudricourt, Captain of the fortress of Vaucouleurs, and he would give her attendants; and she then answered that she was a poor girl who knew not how to ride a horse nor head a campaign. She also said that she went to her uncle and told him that she wished to stay with him for a little while; and she stayed there about eight days; and she then told her uncle that she must go to the fortress of Vaucouleurs; and he conducted her.

She also said that when she came to Vaucouleurs she recognized Robert de Baudricourt, although she had never seen him before; and she recognized him by the aid of her voice, for the voice told her that it was he; and she told Robert that she must go into France. Twice he denied and withstood her, and the third time he took her and gave her attendants; and so it happened even as her voice had said. . . . Moreover she confessed that in leaving Vaucouleurs she put on men's dress, wearing a sword which Robert de Baudricourt had given her and no other arms. Accompanied by a knight, a shield-bearer and four servants, she reached the town of St. Urbain, and there passed a night in the abbey.

She also said that in this journey she passed through the town of Auxerre and there heard mass in the cathedral, and at this time she was often wont to hear her voices. Asked to say by whose advice she put on men's dress, she refused several times to answer. At last she said that she would not laden any man with this; and she several times changed her answer. She also stated that Robert de Baudricourt made those who took her swear that they would convey her well and safely, and Robert on parting with her said: "Go, go, and let whatever good can, come of it."

She also said that she well knew that God loved the Duke of Orleans [Colby: Charles, Duke of Orleans, son of Duke Louis who was murdered in Paris, 23rd Nov., 1407]; and that she had had more revelations about him than about any living man, save him whom she called her king. She said, too, that she was obliged to change her own dress for a man's. She also said that she believed that she had been well advised.

She said that she sent letters to the English before Orleans telling them to raise the siege, just as is set down in many letters which have been read to her in this town of Rouen, save for two or three words in them; for instance, "yield to the Maid" should be "yield to the King." These words also occur there which were not in the original letters, "body for body," and "head of the war."

Joan further said that she went to him whom she called her king [Colby: the Dauphin, the future Charles VII] without hindrance, and when she reached to town of Ste. Catharine de Fierbois she was sent to Chinon, where he whom she called her king was. She reached this place about noon and lodged in an inn; and after dinner she went to him whom she called her king who was in the castle. She also said that when she entered his chamber she knew him from the rest by the revelation of her voice. And she told her king that she wished to go making war against the English.

Asked if when the voice disclosed the king, there was any light in the place: she answered: "Pass on." Asked whether she had seen an angel above her king: she answered: "Spare me, pass on." Still she said that before her king gave her a charge she had many beautiful visions and revelations. Asked how the king regarded the revelations and visions: she answered: "I shall not tell you this. This is not to be answered you; but send to the king himself and he will tell you." Joan also said that the voice promised her that as soon as she came to her king he would receive her. She said that they on their part well knew that the voice came to her from God, and that they had seen and known her voice, stating that she was confident of it. She further said that her king and several others had heard and seen voices coming to her; and Charles de Bourbon with two or three others were present.

She moreover said that there was no day when she did not hear this voice, and that she stood in great need of it. She said that she had never asked from her voice any other final reward except the salvation of her soul. She further confessed that the voice told her to remain at the town of St. Denis in France; and she had wished to remain there; but they had led her out against the will of this master. Nevertheless if she had not been wounded she would not have retired; and she was wounded in the trenches before Paris after she had gone there from St. Denis; but in five days she was healed. She confessed that she had directed an attack, called in French a skirmish, before Paris. And when she was questioned whether that were a feast day: she answered to that to the best of her belief it was. Asked if she approved of this: she answered: "Pass on."

After these things had been thus transacted, because it seemed quite enough for one day, we, the said bishop, postponed the trial until Saturday next following, at eight o'clock in the morning.

Vasari – Lives of the Artists

“Michael Angelo”

IN 1474, under a lucky star, was born a son to Lodovico di Lionardo Buonarroti Simoni, descended, it is said, from the ancient and noble family of the Counts of Canossa.

This Lodovico was Podesta that year of Chiusi and Caprese, near Vernia, where S. Francis received the stigmata, and, as I have said, there was born to him on Sunday the 6th of March, in the eighth hour of the night, a son, to whom he gave the name of Michael Angelo, perceiving that he was something greater than usual, Mercury and Venus at his birth being in the second house of Jove, which demonstrated that he would produce marvellous and stupendous works of art and genius. Lodovico, his time of office being finished, returned to Florence to Settignano, three miles from the city, where he had a small estate. The place was rich in a hard stone, which was constantly being worked by stonecutters, mostly born in the place, and the wife of one of these stonecutters was made nurse to Michael Angelo Speaking of

this once to Vasari, Michael Angelo said jestingly, "Giorgio, if I have anything of genius, it came to me from being born in the subtle air of your country of Arezzo, while from my nurse I got the chisel and hammer with which I make my figures."

As in time many sons were born to Lodovico, and his revenues were small, he set them to the woollen and silk trades, Michael Angelo, who was already growing up, being placed at school with Master Francesco da Urbino. But his inclination to the arts of design being strong, he spent all his time in drawing, as far as he could do so secretly, for he was often scolded by his father and those who were over him, and sometimes beaten for it, they supposing, perhaps, that it was a low thing, and unworthy of his ancient house. At that time Michael Angelo made friends with Francesco Granacci, who; being then a youth, had been placed with Domenico del Ghirlandajo to learn painting; and Granacci loving Michael Angelo, and seeing him clever at drawing, used to give him every day drawings of Ghirlandajo's, who was esteemed not only in Florence but through all Italy as one of the best masters then living. By this means the desire grew stronger every day in Michael Angelo, and Lodovico, seeing there was no help for it, by the advice of his friends determined to put him with Ghirlandajo.

Michael Angelo was at this time fourteen years old, and he made such progress that he astonished Domenico, who saw that he not only surpassed his other pupils, of whom he had a great number, but often equalled the things he did himself. It happened once that one of the boys who was learning there had copied with a pen some women out of one of Ghirlandajo's works, and Michael Angelo, taking the paper, with a thicker pen outlined one of the women again, as she should have been drawn; and it is a wonderful thing to see the difference, and consider the courage of the youth who was daring enough to correct his master's things. I have this drawing still, as a relic, having received it from Granaccio; and in the year 1550, when he was in Rome, Giorgio showed it to Michael Angelo, who recognised it and was glad to see it, saying modestly that he knew more of the art when he was a boy than now he was old.

At that time the magnificent Lorenzo de' Medici had filled his garden on the Piazza of S. Marco with ancient and good sculpture, so that the terraces and alleys were adorned with

good antique figures in marble, and with pictures and other things by the best masters in Italy and elsewhere. And not only were they a great ornament to the garden, but they became a school and academy for young painters and sculptors, particularly for young nobles; for Lorenzo held that those who are born of noble blood can more easily attain perfection in anything than those who come of low birth. Lorenzo therefore always favoured men of talent, but particularly nobles who had any inclination to art; so it is no wonder that some came forth from that school to astound the world. Besides this, he not only provided food and clothing for those who being poor could not afford time for study, but he also offered rewards for those who excelled in anything, that the youths by competing together might become more perfect. The head of this academy was Bertoldo, an old Florentine sculptor and a pupil of Donatello's. He taught the youths, and at the same time had the care of the things in the garden, and many drawings, cartoons, and models from the hand of Donatello, Brunellesco, Masaccio, Paolo Uccello, Fra Giovanni, and other masters native and foreign. And, indeed, these arts cannot be learned except by long study and by copying good works, and he who has not the opportunity, although he may be greatly endowed by nature, will be long in attaining perfection.

Lorenzo, therefore, lamenting that there were no great sculptors in his time, though there were many painters of the greatest fame, asked Domenico Ghirlandajo if he had in his workshop any youths who were inclined to sculpture, to send them to his garden. Now Domenico held Michael Angelo and Francesco Granacci to be the best of his pupils. So these two going to the garden, found young Torrigiano there working upon some figures in clay as Bertoldo had directed him. This Torrigiano was by nature very proud and choleric, and being robust and fierce and courageous, he domineered over all the others. His principal occupation was sculpture, but he also worked in clay in a very beautiful manner. He could not endure, however, that any one should ever surpass him, and would with his own hands injure any work of another which he could not equal; and if the other resented it, they often came to something more than words about it. He took a particular dislike to Michael Angelo, for no other reason than because he saw that he worked studiously, and knew that he drew at home secretly at night and on feast days, by which means he surpassed all the others in the garden, and was much in favour with the great Lorenzo. Therefore, moved by envy, he was always seeking to offend him in word or deed, and having one day come to blows, Torrigiano gave Michael Angelo such a blow with his fist on his nose that he broke it, and Michael Angelo bore the mark of it as long as he lived. The thing having come to the ears of Lorenzo, he was so angry that if Torrigiano had not fled from Florence he would have been severely punished. He fled to Rome, and was employed by Alexander VI in the building of the Borgia tower, but being led astray by some Florentine youths, he turned soldier, and joining the Duke Valentino, bore himself valiantly

in the war in Romagna. He was afterwards in the war of Pisa, and was with Pietro de' Medici in the deed of arms on the Garigliano, where he obtained a pair of colours and earned the name of the brave standard bearer. But finding he was never likely to attain to the rank of captain, and had not advanced his own affairs by war, but had rather lost his time, he returned to sculpture. He made some little figures in marble and bronze for some Florentine merchants, and was by them brought to England. There he worked for the king many things in marble, bronze, and wood, competing with the masters of that land, all of whom he surpassed; and he earned such honours and rewards that if he had not been a person without any self control, he would have lived and died there quietly. However, leaving England, he went to Spain, where he produced many works which are much esteemed, and was charged by the Duke of Arcos to make a Madonna and Child for him, the duke making him such fine promises that he thought he should be rich forever. Having finished the work, the duke paid him in those coins which are called *maravedis*, which are worth little or nothing; but Torrigiano, seeing two men laden with money come to his house, was fully persuaded that he was very rich. When, however, he had had it counted by one of his Florentine friends, and reduced to Italian money, he found there was not quite thirty ducats. Upon this, supposing himself to have been cheated, he went and destroyed in his fury the statue he had made for the duke. The Spaniard in his turn, considering himself insulted, accused Torrigiano of heresy. He was taken to prison, and brought up day after day, being sent from one inquisitor to another, and finally adjudged worthy of the gravest punishment. But meanwhile Torrigiano had fallen into a state of melancholy, and passed several days without eating, by which he brought himself to such weakness that he died, saving himself thus from shame, for it is said he had been condemned to death.

Another of the students in the garden of the Medici was Giuliano Bugiardini, who was united in close and intimate friendship with Michael Angelo, and loved him much. Michael Angelo returned his love, not because he saw anything very profound in him, but because he bore so much love to art. There was a certain natural goodness and simplicity in him, without any envy or malice, which pleased Buonarroto infinitely. He had no other fault than loving his own works too much. For though this is a common fault with men, he passed all bounds; for which reason Michael Angelo used to call him blessed, because he was content with what he knew, and himself unhappy because his works never satisfied him fully.

Ottaviano de' Medici having secretly asked him to draw Michael Angelo, he set to work, and having kept him still for two hours, for he was fond of his conversation, he said to him, "Michael Angelo, if you would like to see yourself, come here, for I have just caught your look." Michael Angelo got up, and looking at the portrait said, "What have you done? You have put one of my eyes in my temple; look and see." Giuliano looked at it several times,

and said, "It does not seem so to me; but sit down and I shall see a little better how it is." Buonarroto, who saw what the mistake was, sat down laughing, and Giuliano looked again and again at Michael Angelo and the portrait, and then getting up at last said, "It seems that the thing is exactly as I have drawn it." "Then," answered Buonarroto, "it is a defect of nature; go on, and do not spare pencils or art."

M. Palla Rucellai had given him a picture to paint for his altar in S. Maria Novella, and Giuliano began the martyrdom of S. Catherine; but he kept it on hand for twelve years, not having invention or knowledge enough for such a work. But Rucellai pressing for it to be done, he resolved one day to take Michael Angelo to see it, and having told him with what trouble he had made the lightning coming down from heaven and breaking the wheel, and the sun coming out of a cloud, he prayed Michael Angelo, who could not help laughing at his troubles, to tell him how to do eight or ten principal figures of the soldiers standing in file on guard, for he could not see how to foreshorten them so that they should appear all in a row, or how he could find room for them in so narrow a place. Buonarroto, feeling compassion for the poor man, took up a piece of charcoal and sketched a file of naked figures with all the judgment and excellence proper to him, and went away with many thanks from Giuliano. Not long after, the latter brought Il Tribolo his friend to see what Buonarroto had done, and told him all about it; but because Buonarroto had only sketched them in outline, without any shadow, Bugiardini could not carry them out; so Il Tribolo resolved to help him and he made some rough models in clay, giving them all that rough force which Michael Angelo had put into the drawing; and so he brought them to Giuliano. But this manner did not please Bugiardini's smooth fancy, and as soon as Il Tribolo was gone he took a brush and, dipping it in water, smoothed them all down. Il Tribolo, hearing about it from Giuliano himself, laughed at his honest simplicity, and the work was at last finished, so that none would have known that Michael Angelo had ever looked at it.

Giuliano, when he was old and poor, and doing little work, took great pains over a Pieta in a tabernacle which was to go to Spain. To represent the darkness at the death of the Saviour, he made a Night on a black ground, copying the figure from Michael Angelo's in the sacristy of S. Lorenzo. But that statue having no emblem but an owl, Giuliano added his own conceits--a net with a lantern for catching thrushes at night, a little vessel with a candle in it, besides nightcaps and pillows and bats. And when Michael Angelo saw the work he nearly killed himself with laughing at the strange things with which Bugiardini had enriched his Night.

Giuliano was once telling Il Bronzino how he had seen a very beautiful woman, and after he had praised her a great deal, Il Bronzino asked, "Do you know her?" "No," he replied; "but she is very beautiful. Think she is like a picture of mine, and that is enough."

But to return to Michael Angelo in the garden. When he saw Torrigiano's work in clay he was fired with emulation. He set himself to imitate an ancient head of an old faun, and although he had never touched marble or a chisel before, he succeeded so well that Lorenzo was quite astonished. Seeing that out of his own fancy he had opened the mouth and shown the tongue and teeth, De' Medici said in jest, but speaking gravely, as was his wont, "You ought to know that old men never have all their teeth, but have always lost some." Michael Angelo, with his simple respect and love for this lord, thought he spoke in earnest, and no sooner was he departed than he broke away a tooth and altered the gum to look as if he had lost it, and waited with desire the return of his Magnificence. He, when he came and saw the simplicity of Michael Angelo, laughed much, telling the story to his friends. But desiring to assist him, he sent for Lodovico his father, and prayed him to give him his son, promising that he would treat him like a son of his own. And he willingly consenting Lorenzo gave him a room in his house, and he eat continually at his table with his sons and the noble persons who were around his Magnificence.

This was in the year after he had gone to Domenico, when he was about fifteen or sixteen years old, and he stayed in that house four years, until the death of the magnificent Lorenzo.

Afterwards Michael Angelo returned to his father's house, but Piero de' Medici, Lorenzo's heir, often sent for him, and one winter when it snowed heavily in Florence, he made him make a statue of snow in his courtyard, which was most beautiful. When the Medici were driven out of Florence, Michael Angelo had gone to Bologna and Venice, having left some weeks before, for he feared some evil would befall him from his intimacy with that house, seeing the insolence and bad government of Piero de' Medici. He tarried in Bologna a year and then returned to Florence, where he made a sleeping Cupid, which being shown by Baldassari del Milanese to Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de' Medici, he said, "If you were to bury it till it looked old, and then sent it to Rome, I am sure it would pass for an antique, and you would get much more for it than if you sold it here." Some say that Michael Angelo did so, making it look old, and others that Milanese carried it to Rome and buried it in one of his vineyards, and then sold it as an antique for two hundred ducats to the Cardinal S. Giorgio. However it may be, it brought such reputation to Michael Angelo that he was summoned to Rome by the Cardinal S. Giorgio, and tarried there a year, but the cardinal, knowing little of art, gave him nothing to do. Nevertheless during his stay in Rome he made much progress in the study of art, and the Cardinal de S. Denis, desiring to leave

some worthy memorial of himself in so famous a city, caused him to make a Pieta in marble for the chapel of the Virgin in S. Peter's. To this work Michael Angelo bore such love that he inscribed his name on the girdle of our Lady, a thing he never did again. For one day Michael Angelo, entering the place where it stood, found a number of Lombard strangers there. And as they were giving it great praise, one of them asked another who had made it, and he answered, "Our hunchback from Milan." Michael Angelo remained silent, but it seemed strange to him that his labours should be attributed to another. And one night he shut himself into the place with a light and cut his name upon it.

At this time some of his friends wrote to him advising him to come back to Florence, because there was some talk of having the great piece of marble which was lying spoilt made into a statue, and Piero Soderini the Gonfaloniere had talked of giving it to Lionardo da Vinci, and now was preparing to give it to Andrea Contucci. Michael Angelo had desired to have it many years before; so he returned to Florence, and tried for it. It was a piece of marble nine braccia in size, out of which a Master Simone da Fiesole had begun to carve a giant, and had managed it so badly that the heads of the works at S. Maria del Fiore, without caring to have it finished, had abandoned it, and it had been lying thus for many years. Michael Angelo measured it again, and examined it to see if a reasonable figure could be cut out of the rock by accommodating its attitude to the maimed condition in which Master Simone had left it, and resolved to make request for it from the architects and Soderini. They, considering it a useless thing, granted it to him, thinking that anything would be better than the state it was in. Then Michael Angelo made a model in wax of a young David with a sling in his hand, and began to work in S. Maria del Fiore, setting up a hoarding round the marble, and working at it continually without any seeing it until he had brought it to perfection. Master Simone had so spoilt the marble that in some places there was not enough left for Michael Angelo's purpose, and certainly it was a miracle restoring thus one that was dead.

When Piero Soderini saw it, it pleased him much, but he said to Michael Angelo, who was engaged in retouching it in certain places, that he thought the nose was too thick. Michael Angelo, perceiving that the Gonfaloniere was below the statue, and could not see it truly, to satisfy him went up the scaffold, taking a chisel in his left hand with a little marble dust, and began to work with his chisel, letting a little dust fall now and then, but not touching the nose. Then looking down to the Gonfaloniere, who was watching, he said, "Look at it now." "It pleases me better," said the Gonfaloniere; "you have given it life." So Michael Angelo came down pitying those who make a show of understanding matters about which they really know nothing. Michael Angelo received from Soderini for the statue four hundred crowns, and it was set up in the year 1504.

Lionardo da Vinci was now occupied in painting the great Council Hall, and Pietro Soderini assigned one part of it to Michael Angelo, who chose for his subject the war of Pisa. He took a room in the dyers' hospital at S. Onofrio, and began a great cartoon, which he would not allow anyone to see. He covered it with nude figures of the soldiers bathing in the river Arno and suddenly called to arms, the enemy making an assault. Some are coming out of the water, others are hastening to arm themselves and go to the help of their companions, buckling on their cuirasses and their other arms. When it was shown, many said that such a thing had never been seen before, either from his hand or another's. And indeed this must be true, for all who have studied this cartoon have become men excellent in the art. And because it became thus a study for artists it was carried to the Medici palace, and was left in too great security in the hands of the artists. For during the sickness of Duke Giuliano, when no one was thinking of the matter, it was torn and cut into many pieces, and dispersed in many places, some pieces being to be seen now in Mantua.

Michael Angelo's fame was grown so great that in the year 1503, when he was twenty-nine years of age, Julius II sent for him to come and build his tomb. Therefore he proceeded to Rome, and after many months he completed a design which in beauty, ornament, and the number of the statues surpassed every ancient or imperial sepulchre. Thereupon Pope Julius enlarged his projects, and resolved to rebuild the church of S. Peter's that it might contain it. So Michael Angelo set to work and went to Carrara with two of his youths to obtain the marble, and spent in those mountains eight months. Having chosen a quantity of marble, he caused it to be carried to the sea and thence to Rome, where it filled half the Piazza of S. Peter's, and the part round S. Caterina, and the space between the church and the corridor that goes to the castle, where Michael Angelo had made a room in which to work at the statues and the rest of the tomb. And that the Pope might easily come and see the work, he had a drawbridge made from the corridor to the room. Being treated with such familiarity he became exposed to great persecution, and much envy was aroused among the artists.

Of this work Michael Angelo finished four statues and began eight more. Some of the marble was carried to Florence, where he worked for some time to escape the bad air of Rome. In Rome he made the two Captives, and the Moses, which no other modern work will ever equal in beauty. Meanwhile the rest of the marble, which had been left at Carrara, arrived, and was carried to the Piazza of S. Peter's, and it being necessary to pay those who had brought it, Michael Angelo went as usual to the Pope, but finding that his Holiness was occupied with important business concerning the affairs of Bologna, he returned home and paid for the marble himself. He returned another day to speak of it to the Pope, but found difficulty in obtaining admission, one of the lacqueys bidding him have patience, for he had orders not to let him in. A bishop said to the lacquey "Perhaps you do not know this man;"

but he answered, "I know him too well, but I am here to do what my superiors and the Pope command me." This displeased Michael Angelo, and thinking it treatment contrary to what he had before experienced, he replied in anger to the Pope's lacquey, bidding him say, when his Holiness asked for him, that he had gone elsewhere. He returned home and set off in haste at two o'clock of the night, leaving two servants with orders to sell all the things in the house to the Jews, and to follow him to Florence. He journeyed on till he reached Poggibonsi, a place in the Florentine district. It was not long before five couriers arrived with letters from the Pope to bring him back; but he would listen neither to their prayers nor to the letters, which commanded him to return to Rome under pain of disgrace. At last the couriers' entreaties induced him to write a few words to his Holiness, saying that he must pardon him for not returning to his presence since he had been driven away, that his faithful service had not deserved such treatment, and therefore his Holiness must seek elsewhere for one to serve him. And so coming to Florence he set himself to finish the cartoon for the Great Hall, which Pier Soderini greatly desired he should execute. In the meantime there came three briefs to the Signory, commanding them to send back Michael Angelo to Rome.

He, perceiving the fury of the Pope, meditated going to Constantinople to serve the Turk, who desired to have him to construct a bridge from Constantinople to Pera. At last Pier Soderini persuaded him against his will to go back to the Pope, sending him back as a public person, with the title of ambassador of the city, and recommending him to his brother, Cardinal Soderini. So he came to Bologna, whither his Holiness had come from Rome.

Some tell the story of his departure from Rome in another manner, and say that the Pope was angry with Michael Angelo because he would not let him see his work, and that he came more than once disguised when Michael Angelo was not at home, and corrupted his lads with money to let him in to see the chapel of Sixtus his uncle, which he was painting, and that once Michael Angelo, doubting his boys, hid himself and let something fall upon the Pope as he entered the chapel, which made him rush out in a fury.

However it was, as soon as he reached Bologna before he had taken off his boots, he was conducted by the Pope's servant to his Holiness accompanied by a bishop from Cardinal Soderini the cardinal himself being ill. Arrived in the Pope's presence, Michael Angelo knelt down and his Holiness looked at him severely as if in anger, saying, "Instead of coming to us, you have waited for us to come to you," meaning that Bologna was nearer to Florence than Rome. Michael Angelo humbly begged pardon, saying he had not done it to offend, but that he could not endure to be driven away in such a manner. And the bishop who had brought him in began to excuse him, saying that such men were ignorant, except

in matters of art, and were not like other men. Upon this the Pope grew angry, and with a stick he had in his hand he struck the bishop, saying, "It is you who are ignorant and speak evil of him, which we did not do." So the bishop was driven out from his presence by the lacquey, and the Pope, having vented his anger upon him, blessed Michael Angelo, and showered upon him gifts and promises.

He was employed to make a bronze statue of Pope Julius, five braccia high, for the city of Bologna. The attitude is most beautiful, having great dignity, and in the drapery there is richness and magnificence, and in the countenance vivacity and force, promptness and terrible majesty. It was set up in a niche over the gate of S. Petronio. It is said that while Michael Angelo was working upon it, Francia the goldsmith and also a most excellent painter came to see it, having heard much of him and his works, and never having seen any of them. Gazing upon the work with astonishment, he was asked by Michael Angelo what he thought of it, and he answered that it was a very beautiful cast and a fine material. Michael Angelo, thinking that he was praising the bronze rather than the artist, said, "I am as much obliged to Pope Julius who gave it to me as you are to the men from whom you get your colours for painting," adding before some gentlemen that he was a fool.

Michael Angelo finished this statue in clay before the Pope left Bologna for Rome, and his Holiness went to see it. He asked what was to be in his left hand, and whether the right hand, which was raised with so haughty a gesture, was blessing or cursing. Michael Angelo replied that he was advising the people of Bologna to conduct themselves well, and prayed him to decide if he should put a book in his left hand, but he answered, "Put a sword, for I am not a man of letters." This statue was afterwards destroyed by Bentivogli, and the bronze sold to Duke Alphonso of Ferrara, who made it into a cannon called the Julia, but the head is still preserved.

When the Pope was returned to Rome, Bramante (a friend of Raffaello's, and therefore little a friend to Michael Angelo) tried to turn his mind from finishing his sepulchre, saying it was an evil augury and seemed like hastening his death to make his own grave; and he persuaded him that on Michael Angelo's return he should set him to paint the ceiling of the chapel in the palace, in memory of Sixtus his uncle. For Bramante and Michael Angelo's other rivals thought to draw him away from sculpture, in which they saw he was perfect, and make him produce less worthy works, not to be compared with Raffaello's, knowing he had had no experience in painting in fresco. So when he was returned and proposed to the Pope to finish his tomb, he desired him instead to paint the ceiling of the chapel. Michael Angelo sought in every way to shift the load off his back, proposing Raffaello instead. But the more he excused himself, the more impetuous the Pope became. So seeing that his Holiness persevered, he resolved to do it, and the Pope ordered Bramante to make the

scaffold. He made it hanging by ropes passed through holes in the ceiling, which when Michael Angelo saw, he asked Bramante how the holes were to be stopped up when the painting was finished. He answered, "We must think of that afterwards, but there is no other way." So Michael Angelo knew that either Bramante was worth little or that he was no friend to him, and he went to the Pope and told him the scaffolding would not do. So he told him to do it his own way. He therefore ordered it to be made on supports, not touching the wall, and he gave to a poor carpenter who made it so many of the useless ropes that by the sale of them he obtained a dowry for one of his daughters.

The Pope having resolved that the pictures which had been painted there by the masters before him in the time of Sixtus should be destroyed, Michael Angelo was forced by the greatness of the undertaking to ask aid, and sent to Florence for men. And having begun and finished the cartoons, and never having coloured before in fresco, he brought from Florence some of his friends to aid him, and that he might see their method of working in fresco, amongwhom were Granacci, Bugiarini, and others. So he set them to begin the work, but their efforts being far from satisfying him, one morning he resolved to destroy all that they had done, and shutting himself up in the chapel, would not open the door for them, nor show himself to them at home. They therefore, after this had gone on some time, were offended, and took leave and went back to Florence with shame. Then Michael Angelo prepared to do the whole work himself, and brought it to a successful termination with great labour and study, nor would he let anyone see it, by which means the desire grew strong in all. When the half was done and uncovered, all Rome went to see it, the Pope the first; and Raffaello da Urbino, who was excellent in imitating, having seen it, changed his manner. Then Bramante sought to persuade the Pope to give the other half to Raffaello. But the Pope, seeing every day the powers of Michael Angelo, judged that he should finish the other half. So he brought it to an end in twenty months by himself without even the help of a man to grind the colours. Michael Angelo complained that from the haste of the Pope he could not finish it as he would, for the Pope constantly asked him when it would be finished. Once he answered, "It will be finished when I have satisfied myself." "But we will," replied the Popes "that you should satisfy us in our desire to have it quickly." And he added that if it was not done soon he would have him thrown from his scaffold. The Pope used often to tell Michael Angelo to make the chapel rich in colour and gold, but Michael Angelo would answer the Holy Father, "In those times men did not wear gold, and those whom I am painting were never very rich, but holy men despising riches."

The work was done in great discomfort from constantly looking up, and it so injured his sight that he could only read or look at drawings in the same position, an effect which lasted many months. But in the ardour of labour he felt no fatigue and cared for no discomfort. The work has been, indeed, a light of our art, illuminating the world which had

been so many centuries in darkness. Oh, truly happy age, and oh, blessed artists, who at such a fountain can purge away the dark films from your eyes. Give thanks to Heaven, and imitate Michael Angelo in all things.

So when it was uncovered everyone from every part ran to see it, and gazed in silent astonishment; and the Pope, inspired by it and encouraged to greater undertakings, rewarded him liberally with money and rich gifts. The great favours that the Pope showed him proved that he recognised his talents, and if sometimes he did him an injury, he healed it with gifts and signal favours; as when, for instance, Michael Angelo once asked leave of him to go to work in S. Giovanni in Florence, and requested money for the purpose, and he said, "Well, and this chapel, when will it be finished?" "When I can, Holy Father." The Pope having a stick in his hand struck Michael Angelo, saying, "When I can! When I can! I will make you finish it!" Michael Angelo therefore returned to his house and prepared to leave for Florence, but the Pope in haste sent his chamberlain after him with five hundred crowns to pacify him, and ordered him to make his excuses and say it was all done in love and kindness. And he, seeing it was the nature of the Pope and really loving him, took it in good part and laughed at it, finding also that it turned to his profit, for the Pope would do anything to keep him his friend.

But when the chapel was finished, and before the Pope died, he gave orders to Cardinal Santiquattro and Cardinal Aginense, his nephew, that in the case of his death they were to complete his monument, but after a less magnificent design than the first. So Michael Angelo returned again to his work upon the tomb, hoping to carry it out to the end without hindrance, but it was to him the cause of more annoyance and trouble than anything else he did in his life. At that time befell the death of Julius, and the whole plan was abandoned upon the creation of Pope Leo X For he having a mind and talents no less splendid than those of Julius, desired to leave in his native city, of which he was the first pontiff, such a marvellous work in memory of himself and of the divine artist, his fellow citizen, as a great prince like himself was able to produce. So he gave orders that the facade of S. Lorenzo in Florence, a church built by the house of Medici, should be erected, and he commanded that the sepulchre of Julius should be abandoned that Michael Angelo might prepare plans and designs for this work. Michael Angelo made all the resistance he could, alleging that he was bound to Santiquattro and Aginense for the tomb. But the Pope replied that he was not to think about that, for he had already considered that, and had procured their consent to his departure. So the matter was settled to the displeasure both of the cardinals and Michael Angelo, and he departed weeping. He consumed many years in procuring marble, though in the meantime he made models in wax and other things for the work; but the matter was so delayed that the money set apart for it was consumed in the war of Lombardy, and the work was left unfinished at the death of Leo.

At this time, in the year 1525, Giorgio Vasari was brought as a boy to Florence by the Cardinal of Cortona and put with Michael Angelo to learn the art. But he being called by Pope Clement VII to Rome, determined that Vasari should go to Andrea del Sarto, and went himself to Andrea's workshop to recommend him to his care.

When Clement VII was made pope he sent for Michael Angelo, and he agreed with the Pope to finish the sacristy and library of S. Lorenzo, and to make four tombs for the bodies of the fathers of the two Popes, Lorenzo and Giuliano, his brother, and for Giuliano, brother of Leo, and Duke Lorenzo, his nephew. At this time befell the sack of Rome and the banishment of the Medici from Florence. Those who governed the city desired to refortify it, and made Michael Angelo commissary general of all the fortifications. He surrounded the hill of S. Miniato with bastions and fortified the city in many places, and he was sent to Ferrara to view the fortifications of Duke Alfonso, who received him with much courtesy, and prayed him at his leisure to make some work of art for him. Returning to Florence, and engaged again upon the fortifications, he nevertheless found time both to make a painting of Leda in tempera for the duke, and to work upon the statues for the monument in S. Lorenzo. Of this monument, partly finished, there are seven statues. The first is Our Lady, and though it is not finished, the excellence of the work may be seen. Then there are the four statues of Night and Day, Dawn and Twilight, most beautiful, and sufficient of themselves, if art were lost, to restore it to light. The other statues are the two armed captains, the one the pensive Duke Lorenzo, and the other the proud Duke Giuliano.

Meanwhile the siege of Florence began, and the enemy closing round the city, and the hope of aid failing, Michael Angelo determined to leave Florence and go to Venice. So he departed secretly without anyone knowing of it, taking with him Antonio Mini his pupil, and his faithful friend Piloto the goldsmith, wearing each one their money in their quilted doublets. And they came to Ferrara and rested there. And it happened because of the war that Duke Alfonso had given orders that the names of those who were at the inns and of all strangers should be brought him every day. So it came about that Michael Angelo's coming was made known to the duke. And he sent some of the chief men of his court to bring him to the palace, with his horses and all he had, and give him good lodging. So Michael Angelo, finding himself in the power of another, was forced to obey and went to the duke. And the duke received him with great honour, and making him rich gifts, desired him to tarry in Ferrara. But he would not remain, though the duke, praying him not to depart while the war lasted, offered him all in his power. Then Michael Angelo, not willing to be outdone in courtesy, thanked him much, and turning to his two companions, said that he had brought to Ferrara twelve thousand crowns, and that they were quite at his service.

And the duke took him through his palace and showed him all his treasures, especially his portrait by the hand of Titian, which Michael Angelo commended much; but he would not stop at the palace, and returned to the inn, and the host where he lodged received from the duke an infinite number of things with which to do him honour, and command to take nothing from him for his lodging.

He proceeded thence to Venice, but many desiring to make his acquaintance, for which he had no wish, he departed from the Giudecca where he had lodged. It is said that he made a design for the bridge of the Rialto at the request of the Doge Gritti, a design most rare for invention and ornament.

But Michael Angelo was recalled by his native city, and earnestly implored not to abandon her, and they sent him a safe conduct. At last, overcome by his love for her, he returned, not without peril of his life. He restored the tower of S. Miniato, which did much injury to the enemy, so they battered it with great cannon, and would have overthrown it, but Michael Angelo defended it, hanging bales of wool and mattresses to shield it.

When the peace was made, Baccio Valore was commissioned by the Pope to seize some of the ringleaders, and they sought for Michael Angelo, but he had fled secretly to the house of a friend, where he lay hid many days. When his anger was passed, Pope Clement remembered his great worth, and bade them seek him, ordering them to say nothing to him, but that he should have his usual provision and should go on with his work at S. Lorenzo.

Then Duke Alfonso of Ferrara, having heard that he had completed a rare piece of work for him, sent one of his gentlemen to him that he might not lose such a jewel, and he came to Florence and presented his letters of credence. Then Michael Angelo showed him the Leda, and Castor and Pollux coming out of the egg but the messenger of the duke thought he ought to have produced some great work, not understanding the skill and excellence of the thing, and he said to Michael Angelo, "Oh, this is a little thing." Then Michael Angelo asked him what was his trade, for he knew that none are such good judges of a thing as those who have some skill in it themselves. He replied contemptuously, "I am a merchant," thinking that Michael Angelo did not know he was a gentleman; and so, being rather offended by the question, he expressed some contempt for the industry of the Florentines. Michael Angelo, who perfectly understood his meaning, answered, "You have shown yourself a bad merchant this time, and to your master's damage; take yourself off." Afterwards, Anton Mini, his pupil, having two sisters about to be married, asked him for the picture, and he gave it to him willingly, together with the greater part of his drawings and cartoons, and also two chests of models. And when Mini went into France he took them with him there,

and the Leda he sold to King Francis, but the cartoons and drawings were lost, for he died in a short time and they were stolen.

Afterwards the Pope desired Michael Angelo to come to him in Rome and paint the walls of the Sistine Chapel. Clement wished that he should paint the Last Judgment and Lucifer driven out of heaven for his pride, for which many years before he had made sketches and designs. However, in 1533 followed the death of Pope Clement, and Michael Angelo again thought himself free to finish the tomb of Julius II. But when Paul III was made pope, it was not long before he sent for him, and desired him to come into his service. Then Michael Angelo refused, saying he was bound by contract to the Duke of Urbino to finish the tomb of Julius II. But the Pope in anger cried out, "I have desired this for thirty years, and now that I am Pope I will not give it up. I will destroy the contract, and am determined that you shall serve me." Michael Angelo thought of departing from Rome, but fearing the greatness of the Pope, and seeing him so old, thought to satisfy him with words. And the Pope came one day to his house with ten cardinals, and desired to see all the statues for the tomb of Julius, and they appeared to him miraculous, particularly the Moses; and the Cardinal of Mantua said this figure alone was enough to do honour to Pope Julius. And when he saw the cartoons and drawings for the chapel, the Pope urged him again to come into his service, promising to order matters so that the Duke of Urbino should be contented with three statues the others being made from his designs by good masters. The new contract, therefore, being confirmed by the duke, the work was completed and set up, a most excellent work, but very far from the first design; and Michael Angelo since he could do no other, resolved to serve Pope Paul, who desired him to carry out the commands of Clement without altering anything. When Michael Angelo had completed about three quarters of the work, Pope Paul went to see it, and Messer Biagio da Cesena, the master of the ceremonies, was with him, and when he was asked what he thought of it, he answered that he thought it not right to have so many naked figures in the Pope's chapel. This displeased Michael Angelo, and to revenge himself, as soon as he was departed, he painted him in the character of Minos with a great serpent twisted round his legs. Nor did Messer Biagio's entreaties either to the Pope or to Michael Angelo himself, avail to persuade him to take it away. At this time it happened that the master fell from the scaffold, from no little height, and hurt one of his legs, but would not be doctored for it. Thereupon Master Baccio Rontini, the Florentine, his friend and a clever doctor, feeling pity for him, went one day and knocked at his door, and receiving no answer, made his way to the room of Michael Angelo, who had been given over, and would not leave him until he was cured. When he was healed, returning to his painting, he worked at it continually, until in a few months it was brought to an end, and the words of Dante verified, "The dead seem dead and the living living." And when this Last Judgment was uncovered, he was seen to have vanquished not only all

the painters who had worked there before, but even to have surpassed his own work on the ceiling. He laboured at this work eight years, and uncovered it in the year 1541, on Christmas Day, I think, to the marvel of all Rome, or rather all the world; and 1 who went that year to Rome was astounded.

Afterwards he painted for Pope Paul the Conversion of S. Paul and the Crucifixion of S. Peter. These were the last pictures he painted, at the age of seventy-five, and with great fatigue, as he told me; for painting, and especially working in fresco, is not an art for old men. But his spirit could not remain without doing something, and since he could not paint, he set to work upon a piece of marble, to bring out of it four figures larger than life, for his amusement and pastime, and as he said, because working with the hammer kept him healthy in body. It represented the dead Christ, and was left unfinished, although he had intended it to be placed over his grave.

It happened in 1546 that Antonio de Sangallo died, and one being wanted in his place to superintend the building of S. Peter's, his Holiness sent for Michael Angelo and desired to put him in the office, but he refused, saying that architecture was not his proper art. Finally, entreaties availing nothing, the Pope commanded him to accept it, and so, to his great displeasure and against his will, he was obliged to enter upon this office. Then one day going to S. Peter's to see the model of wood which Sangallo had made, he found the whole Sangallo party there. They coming up to him said they were glad that the charge of the work was to be his, adding that the model was a field which would never fail to provide pasture. "You say the truth," answered Michael Angelo, meaning to infer, as he told a friend, "for sheep and oxen, who do not understand art." And he used to say publicly that Sangallo held more to the German manner than to the good antique, and besides that fifty years' labour might be spared and 300,000 crowns' expense, and yet the building might be carried out with more grandeur and majesty. And he showed what he meant in a model which made every one acknowledge his words to be true. This model cost him twenty-five crowns, and was made in fifteen days. Sangallo's model cost more than four thousand, it is said, and took many years to make, for he seemed to think that this building was a way of making money, to be carried on with no intention of its being finished. This seemed to Michael Angelo dishonest, and when the Pope was urging him to become the architect, he said one day openly to all those connected with the building, that they had better do everything to prevent him having the care of it, for he would have none of them in the building; but these words, as may be supposed, did him much harm, and made him many enemies, who were always seeking to hinder him. But at last the Pope issued his commands, and created him the head of the building with all authority. Then Michael Angelo, seeing the Pope's trust in him, desired that it should be put into the agreement that he served for the love of God and without any reward. But when a new Pope was made, the

set that was opposed to him in Rome began again to trouble him; therefore the Duke Cosimo desired that he should leave Rome and return to Florence, but he, being sick and infirm, could not travel. At that time Paul IV thought to have the Last Judgment amended which when Michael Angelo heard he bade them tell the Pope that this was a little matter, and might easily be amended; let him amend the world, and then the pictures would soon amend themselves.

The same year befell the death of Urbino his servant, or rather, to speak more truly, his companion. He had come to him in Florence after the siege in 1530, and during twenty-six years served him with such faithfulness that Michael Angelo made him rich, and loved him so much that when he was ill he nursed him and lay all night in his clothes to watch him. After he was dead, Vasari wrote to him to comfort him, and he replied in these words:-

"MY DEAR MESSER GIORCIO,-It is hard for me to write; nevertheless, in reply to your letter, I will say something. You know that Urbino is dead, to my great loss and infinite grief, but in the great mercy of God. The mercy is that dying he has taught me how to die, not in sorrow, but with desire of death. I have had him twenty-six years, and have found him most rare and faithful; and now that I had made him rich, and hoped that he would have been the support of my old age, he has left me, and nothing remains but the hope of meeting him again in Paradise. And of this God gave me promise in the happy death he died, for he regretted, far more than death, leaving me in this treacherous world with so many infirmities, although the chief part of me is gone with him, and nothing remains but infinite misery."

Until this time Michael Angelo worked almost every day at that stone of which we have spoken before, with the four figures, but now he broke it, either because the stone was hard or because his judgment was now so ripe that nothing he did contented him. His finished statues were chiefly made in his youth; most of the others were left unfinished, for if he discovered a mistake, however small, he gave up the work and applied himself to another piece of marble. He often said this was the reason why he had finished so few statues and pictures. This Pieta, broken as it was, he gave to Francesco Bandini. Tiberio Calcagni, the Florentine sculptor, had become a great friend of Michael Angelo's through Bandini, and being one day in Michael Angelo's house, and seeing this Pieta broken, he asked him why he had broken it, and spoilt so much marvellous work. He answered it was because of his servant Urbino's importunity, who was always urging him to finish it, and besides that, among other things, he had broken a piece off the Virgin's arm, and before that he had taken a dislike to it, having many misfortunes because of a crack there was in it; so at last, losing patience, he had broken it, and would have destroyed it altogether if his servant Antonio had not begged him to give it him as it was. Then Tiberio spoke to Bandini about

it, for Bandini desired to have a work of Michael Angelo's, and he prayed Michael Angelo to allow Tiberio to finish it for him, promising that Antonio should have two hundred crowns of gold, and he being content, made them a present of it. So Tiberio took it away and joined it together, but it was left unfinished at his death. However, it was necessary for Michael Angelo to get another piece of marble, that he might do a little carving every day.

The architect Pirro Ligorio had entered the service of Paul IV, and was the cause of renewed vexation to Michael Angelo, for he went about everywhere saying that he was becoming childish. Indignant at this treatment, Michael Angelo would willingly have returned to Florence, and Giorgio urged him to do so. But he felt he was getting old, having already reached the age of eighty-one, and he wrote to Vasari saying he knew he was at the end of his life, as it were in the twenty-fourth hour, and that no thought arose in his mind on which death was not carved. He sent also a sonnet, by which it may be seen that his mind was turning more and more towards God, and away from the cares of his art. Duke Cosimo also commanded Vasari to encourage him to return to his native place; but though his will was ready, his infirmity of body kept him in Rome.

Many of his friends, seeing that the work at S. Peter's proceeded but slowly, urged him at least to leave a model behind him. He was for many months undecided about it, but at last he began, and little by little made a small clay model, from which, with the help of his plans and designs, Giovanni Franzese made a larger one of wood.

When Pius V became pope, he showed Michael Angelo much favour, and employed him in many works, particularly in making the design of a monument for the Marquis Marignano, his brother. The work was entrusted by his Holiness to Lione Lioni, a great friend of Michael Angelo's, and about the same time Lione portrayed Michael Angelo on a medallion, putting at his wish on the reverse a blind man led by a dog, with the words, "Docebo iniquos vias tuas, et impii ad te convertentur," and because the thing pleased him much, Michael Angelo gave him a model in wax of Hercules and Antaus. There are only two painted portraits of Michael Angelo, the one by Bugiardini and the other by Jacopo del Conte, besides one in bronze by Daniello Ricciarelli, and this one of Lione's, of which there have been so many copies made that I have seen a great number in Italy and elsewhere.

About a year before his death, Vasari, seeing that Michael Angelo was much shaken, prevailed upon the Pope to give orders concerning the care of him, and concerning his drawings and other things, in case anything should befall him. His nephew Lionardo desired to come to Rome that Lent, as if foreboding that Michael Angelo was near his end, and when he fell sick of a slow fever, he wrote for him to come. But the sickness increasing, in the presence of his physician and other friends, in perfect

consciousness, he made his will in three words, leaving his soul in the hands of God, his body to the earth, and his goods to his nearest relations, charging his friends when passing out of this life to remember the sufferings of Jesus Christ; and so, on the seventeenth day of February, at twenty three o'clock of the year 1563, according to the Florentine style, which after the Roman would be 1564, he expired to go to a better life.

Michael Angelo's imagination was so perfect that, not being able to express with his hands his great and terrible conceptions, he often abandoned his works and destroyed many of them. I know that a little before his death he burnt a great number of drawings and sketches. It should appear strange to none that Michael Angelo delighted in solitude, being as it were in love with art. Nevertheless he held dear the friendship of many great and learned persons, amongwhom were many cardinals and bishops. The great Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici loved him much, and once, having heard that Michael Angelo was greatly pleased with a Turkish horse of his, he sent it to him as a gift with ten mules' burden of hay and a servant to keep it. He loved the society of artists, and held intercourse with them; and those who say he would not teach are wrong, for he was ready to give counsel to anyone who asked. But he was unfortunate with those pupils who lived in his house; for Piero Urbano was a man of talent, but would never do anything to tire himself; Antonio Mini would have done anything, but he had not a brain capable of much, and when the wax is hard you cannot get a good impression; Ascanio dalla Ripa Transone worked very hard, but nothing came of it: he spent years over a picture of which Michael Angelo had given him the drawing, but at last all the great expectations that had been formed of him went off into smoke, and I remember Michael Angelo had so much compassion for his difficulty in painting that he helped him with his own hand.

He has often said to me that he would have written something for the help of artists, but feared not being able to express in writing what he wished. But he delighted much in reading the poets, particularly Dante and Petrarca, and in making madrigals and sonnets. And he sent much, both in rhyme and prose, to the illustrious Marchioness of Pescara, of whose virtues he was greatly enamoured, and she of his. Many times she went from Viterbo to Rome to visit him, and Michael Angelo made many things for her. He delighted much in the sacred scriptures, like the good Christian he was, and held in veneration the works of Fr. Girolamo Savonarola, having heard him preach. In his manner of life he was most abstemious, being content when young with a little bread and wine while at his work, and until he had finished the Last Judgment he always waited for refreshment till the evening, when he had done his work. Though rich he lived poorly, never taking presents from any one. He took little sleep, but often at night he would rise to work, having made himself a paper cap, in the middle of which he could fix his candle, so

that he could have the use of his hands. Vasari, who often saw this cap, noticed that he did not use wax candles, but candles made of goats' tallow, and so he sent him four bundles, which would be 40 lbs. His servant took them to him in the evening, and when Michael Angelo refused to take them, he answered, "Sir, carrying them here has almost broken my arms, and I will not carry them back again; but there is some thick mud before your door in which they will stand straight enough, and I will set light to them all." Upon which Michael Angelo answered, "Put them down here, then, for I will not have you playing tricks before my door." He told me that often in his youth he had slept in his clothes, too worn out with his labours to undress himself. Some have accused him of being avaricious, but they are mistaken, for he freely gave away his drawings and models and pictures, for which he might have obtained thousands of crowns. And then, as for the money earned by the sweat of his brow, by his own study and labour - can anyone be called avaricious who remembered so many poor as he did, and secretly provided for the marriage of many girls, and enriched his servant Urbino? He had served him long, and once Michael Angelo asked him, "If I die, what will you do?" He answered, "I shall serve another." "Oh, poor fellow!" answered Michael Angelo, "I will mend your poverty." And he gave him at once two thousand crowns, a gift for a Caesar or a great pontiff.

He had a most tenacious memory; he could remember and make use of the works of others when he had only once seen them; while he never repeated anything of his own, because he remembered all he had done. In his youth, being one evening with some painters, his friends, it was proposed that they should try who could make a figure without any drawing in it, like those things that ignorant fellows draw on the walls, and the one that could make the best should have a supper given him. He remembered having seen one of these rude drawings on a wall, and drew it as if he had it in front of him, and so surpassed all the other painters-a difficult thing for a man to do who had such knowledge of drawing.

He felt very strongly against those who had done him an injury, but he never had recourse to vengeance. His conversation was full of wisdom and gravity, mixed with clever or humorous sayings. Many of these have been noted down, and I will give some. A friend of his was once talking to him about death, and saying that he must dread it very much because he was so continually labouring in his art; but he answered, "All that was nothing, and if life pleased us, death was a work from the hand of the same Master, and ought not to displease us." A citizen found him once at Orsanmichele in Florence, looking at the statue of S. Mark by Donatello, and asked him what he thought of it. He answered that he had never seen a more honest face, and that if S. Mark was like that, we might believe all that he had written. A painter had painted a picture in which the best thing was an ox, and someone asked why it was that the painter had made the ox more lifelike than anything else? Michael Angelo answered, "Every painter can portray himself well."

He took pleasure in certain men like Il Menighella, a common painter, who would come to him and get him to make a drawing for a S. Rocco or a S. Antonio, which he was to paint for some peasant. And Michael Angelo, who could hardly be persuaded to work for kings, would at once lay aside his work, and make simple designs suited to Il Menighella's wishes. He was also attached to Topolino, a stonecutter, who fancied himself a sculptor of worth. He resided for many years in the mountains of Carrara for the purpose of sending marble to Michael Angelo, and he never sent a boatload without three or four roughly hewn figures of his own carving, which used to make Michael Angelo die with laughing. After he came back from Carrara he set himself to finish a Mercury which he had begun in marble, and one day, when it was nearly completed, he asked Michael Angelo to look at it and give him his opinion on it. "You are a fool," said Michael Angelo, "to try to make figures. Don't you see that this Mercury is the third part of a braccio too short from the knee to the foot - that you have made him a lame dwarf?" "Oh, that is nothing! If that is all, I will soon remedy that." Michael Angelo laughed again at his simplicity, but when he was gone Topolino took a piece of marble, and having cut Mercury under the knees, inserted the marble, joining it neatly, and giving Mercury a pair of boots, the top of which hid the join. When he showed his work to Michael Angelo he laughed again, but marvelled that ignorant fellows like him, when driven by necessity, should be capable of doing daring things which sculptors of real worth would not think of.

Michael Angelo was a very healthy man, thin and muscular, although as a boy he was sickly. When grown up he had also two serious illnesses; nevertheless he could support any amount of fatigue. He was of middle height, wide across the shoulders, but the rest of his body in good proportion.

Certainly he was sent into the world to be an example to men of art, that they should learn from his life and from his works; and I, who have to thank God for felicity rare among men of our profession, count among my greatest blessings that I was born in the time when Michael Angelo was alive, and was counted worthy to have him for my master, and to be treated by him as a familiar friend, as everyone knows.