

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Read before the Traveler's Club by Mrs. F. R. Whiting—The Career of a Great Artist.

Taine says, "there are four men in the world of art and literature, exalted above all others, and to such a degree that they seem to belong to another race; namely: Dante, Shakespeare, Beethoven and Michael Angelo." The last named is the child of Florence, the pride of all Italy, and the admiration of the whole civilized world; is famous as sculptor, painter, architect, engineer, and was a worthy poet.

Michael Angelo Buonarroti was born on the sixth of March, 1475, (A. D.), at the castle of Caprese, the ruins of which still remain, overlooking the wild and rugged hills about the sources of the Tiber and the Arno. His father, Ludovico Buonarroti, who at that time was governor of Caprese, was descended from the noble family of Canosa.

According to a custom which yet prevails in many parts of the world, the infant was sent to be nursed by the wife of a mason residing in Settignano, from whom he declared he derived his love of the chisel. He was thus in his infancy surrounded by the implements of sculpture and the quarried blocks from the neighboring ledges of gray sand stone; and his innate love of design found expression in rude charcoal sketches on the walls, some of which have been preserved to this day. When he grew older his father sent him to Florence to attend the school of Francesco D'Urbano, where much of the time which should have been devoted to study was occupied in endeavoring to express his ideas and fancies by the medium of a pencil. His life at school was made endurable by a comrade named Granaeci, himself having a taste for drawing, who passed his holidays in the studio of Master Domenico Ghirlandajo, (one of the renowned painters of the day) and who, perceiving that young Angelo preferred a pencil, a brush or a chisel to his books, brought him drawings and provided him with colors with which he might amuse himself from time to time.

One day this comrade took Michael Angelo with him to Ghirlandajo's studio, and, after introducing him, showed the master an engraving illuminated with great care by Angelo who, not satisfied with the simple work of a colorist, had added to or taken from the work of the engraver, with taste and discernment far beyond his age, being at the time but twelve years old.

The master was so pleased with this exhibition of genius that he insisted upon the youth becoming one of his pupils. This was exactly what the young artist wished to do. In company with the master he sought of his father consent to leave school and enter the studio. Of course the father very seriously objected, for he had high hopes for this son. Indeed the parents had named him "Michael Angelo" imagining they perceived something divine in him. After reasoning with his son to no purpose, the father gave him as an apprentice to Ghirlandajo to keep for three years, for the sum of twenty four florins. Angelo's pride revolted at being a hired servant, but he wisely accepted the situation as a means to a great end.

It was not long ere he surpassed all the other pupils and even the master himself. It quite frequently happened that he corrected the model given him to copy.

Ghirlandajo, being a thoroughly conscientious man, was proud rather than jealous of his pupil. The other pupils did not look at this uncommon talent in the same manner; they were cast in the shade, and Angelo's proud and insouciant manner was disagreeable to them. They humiliated and tormented him on all occasions, and his disdain for all their insulting treatment of him exasperated them still more. From annoyances they proceeded to blows. When but thirteen years of age, he was nearly killed by one Torrigiani, who, with a blow of his fist, broke the bone and cartilage of his nose.

When barely fourteen, having copied a small picture belonging to a friend of his master's, he conceived the idea of keeping the original and returning his copy, which he smoked a little to

give it an antique look. Neither the master nor friend noticed the deception, and Angelo was obliged to tell them in order to get back his copy.

At this time Lorenzo De Medici, an enlightened protector of art, established a museum of painting and sculpture in the gardens of St. Mark at Florence. Ghirlandajo obtained permission for his pupils to visit and copy the precious works of art collected there. While Michael Angelo's fellow pupils were in the halls of the palace admiring the beautiful paintings, he was in the garden examining the ancient pieces of sculpture, and watching the workmen, who in great numbers, were preparing the stone and marble for artists to transform into statues. Some of the workmen who had known Angelo from his infancy, authorized him to make use of a block of marble, and gave him some tools. He chose for his model the head of a fawn, and immediately set about copying it. He returned for several successive days, working faithfully, and with difficulty; for the head had been injured so by time that the mouth and nose were wanting. He however, furnished the fawn a nose and a mouth, which he made half open, showing the teeth. When putting on the finishing touches he noticed a man watching him with great interest. The stranger, after receiving Angelo's permission to criticise his work, observed that the fawn, which apparently was an old fawn, had all his teeth. The criticism seeming just to the young sculptor, he immediately broke off two teeth, and hollowed out the gum a little before he left the garden. On his return the following morning he found his fawn had disappeared. Perceiving his critic of the day before standing near, he enquired of him concerning it. The stranger told him if he would follow him, he would show it to him. He led him into the palace, and into the apartments of the Duke. Here, Angelo was horrified to find his fawn, and enquired of the stranger, in an exceeding angry manner, what right any one had to put that simple work of his among the masterpieces there. The Prince (for such the stranger was) then and there promised him his protection and friendship, and insisted upon his dwelling there in the Palace, where he would be treated as one of his sons.

At the death of his benefactor, Angelo, for whom Piero De Medici did not inherit his father's affection, left the palace and retired to the convent of the Holy Spirit. The Prior, in admiration of his talents, offered him accommodations where he could devote himself to the study of anatomy, a study absolutely necessary to a sculptor. He studied the muscles, fibres and frames of the dead bodies placed at his disposal, till they no longer were secrets to him.

When the revolution against the Medici broke out in 1492 Angelo (although not in full sympathy with the revolutionists), out of respect to the memory of Lorenzo, would not declare against Piero. He went to Venice, and from there to Bologna seeking work. At the latter place he was arrested because he went through the streets without wearing red wax on his thumb nail, in compliance with an order imposed on strangers. He would have languished in prison had not a gentleman named Aldobrandi interposed. This gentleman took him to his home, and through him, the artist was able to obtain work. He remained with this friend a year, but at the end of that time he was obliged to leave the city on account of the jealousy of the Bolognese artists, one of whom threatened to stab him if he did not depart at once.

When peace was restored Angelo returned to his own country and made his celebrated statue of Love. Some say that when he had finished this statue he broke off one of its arms, buried the statue; after a while dug it up, and then had it sold as an antique. Others think that he would not have mutilated his own work, but that the dealer, who bought it for thirty crowns, practiced the trick, and resold it for two hundred ducats. This statue was considered a fine piece of antiquity until the arm being found, the deception was discovered.

By this time Angelo's reputation had reached Rome. The Cardinal de St. George invited him to make his home with him. The invitation was accepted, and not long after he pro-

duced his famous "Della Pietà." This magnificent group, so marvelous in finish that artists despair of ever equaling it, so pure in design, so altogether beautiful, is still to be seen in St. Peter's.

During his stay in Rome, his father's family affairs were going badly at Florence.

It was only through the artist's self-denial, rigid economy, neglect of comfort and health, that the family was kept from starvation. Critics who attempt to compare the disposition of the self-denying, much-abused Michael Angelo with the sweet, amiable, pleasure-seeking, self-gratifying Raphael, make a great mistake. No just comparison can be made.

After a stay of four years in Rome, he returned to Florence, and shortly after completed his colossal statue "David." This statue was made from a block of marble, 18 feet long, and requiring forty men four days to drag it to its place—a distance of a quarter of a mile. About this time he, with Leonardo da Vinci, was commissioned to fresco the walls of the council hall. Although twenty three years younger than da Vinci, who had devoted his life to painting, a department of art in which Angelo had done almost nothing, he accepted the commission. For an artist, whose knowledge of anatomy surpassed that of any other painter of the day, to be condemned to represent soldiers encased in armor (He was to paint an episode of the Pisan war) meant certain defeat, but his genius did not desert him. He took for his subject a circumstance which he remembered in the history of the Pisan war. The soldiers being greatly fatigued had gone into the river to bathe and refresh themselves, when the alarm was given of the approach of the enemy. He put so much strength and purity in his drawing of the army thus surprised, that the day when he presented his cartoon to the judges was one of great triumph. The artists were not able at the time to do the frescoing, and before they could commence the cartoons were destroyed by a jealous artist. When Julius II came to the throne he sent for Angelo and ordered him to make a colossal statue, which he did, and which so pleased the Pope, that he ordered another, which, if it had been carried out, as the artist projected, would have been a most gigantic structure.

Jealousy again interfered. Before Angelo could get the marble to Rome, the Pope was persuaded to deny him admittance to the palace.

Of course the sculptor was furiously angry, and took his departure vowing never to return to Rome. Two hours after his departure, the Pope repented and sent after Angelo but he would not return notwithstanding threats of violence.

The Pope finding that coaxing would not do, at the head of an army, advanced towards Florence, having threatened to ruin the city if the authorities did not force the artist to return. Hearing of the army's approach he started out alone to meet it. The Pope being so surprised at, and pleased with such audacity, greeted him very affectionately.

No sooner had Angelo returned to Rome, and commenced on his projected work, than jealous people adopted another plan whereby to ruin him. They boasted of his painting, and so excited the curiosity of the Pope, that the latter bade him decorate the arched roof of the Sistine chapel. All protestations on the part of the sculptor, that he was no painter etc. were of no avail.

It was an uncle of Raphael who had taken the chief part in the plot. He was greatly afraid that Angelo's influence with the Pope, might injure his nephew. He little knew the character of Michael Angelo who could suppose him capable of depreciating the merits of an artist like Raphael. He was too sure of his own talent to be jealous of others.

When undisciplined hordes from all parts of Europe were directed against Florence, at the instigation of the Medici, our artist, already sculptor, painter and architect, became engineer. With twelve thousand combatants he fortified the city for eleven months, against thirty-five thousand. During these months he performed prodigies of audacity and valor. When the besiegers finally took the city, he fled. Alex De Medici ordered that no means

be spared to find the engineer. When he finally was arrested and brought before the Duke, he fearlessly acknowledged his work.

The Duke, to the surprise of all, led him to, and seated him upon the throne, saying: "Behold how I recompense the greatest artist that ever lived." He soon returned to Rome, and completed the colossal statue, "Moses," on the Julian monument. Nothing can equal this, either as an inspiration or as a work of art. "It is grand, proud and terrible as the genius which created it." During Clement VII's reign he was ordered to decorate the two ends of the Sistine Chapel; on one end the Fallen Angels, on the other the Last Judgment.

This fresco cost the artist eight years of hard labor, but oh what pictures! Old age came upon him without impairing his faculties.

He had hoped to spend the rest of his days quietly in his studio, but it was not to be.

The reconstructing of the church of St. Peter's did not advance rapidly, notwithstanding the amount of money spent upon it.

Paul III begged Michael Angelo, who had distinguished himself as an architect, to accept the title of Architect of St. Peter's.

For seventeen years he worked faithfully upon the structure, but he it to his credit, nothing but the dome of the building as it now appears, is essentially his. This grand dome rises above all other buildings in its grandeur; it greets us kindly from afar, whether we approach the "Eternal City" by land or by sea.

A slow fever took hold upon Michael Angelo to which he succumbed on the 17th of February, 1563. He died as he had lived—an honest man and a good Christian.

His will as dictated was: "I leave my soul to God, my body to the earth, and my property to my nearest relatives."

Into the late years of the lonely life of this great man, a new element of joy and elevation entered in the noble friendship of Vittoria Colonna, widow of an Italian nobleman. Between these two existed that exquisite and delicate friendship which is as distinct from the commonly so-called love, as night is from day.

To her he wrote most beautiful sonnets. He delighted in Dante and Petrarch. He composed quite a number of sonnets full of the nobleness and generosity of his soul, but tinged with bitterness, caused by the injuries of others.

He never married. He was wedded from his birth, he said, to his art, and he loved it dearly. He disliked to be patronized, but always remembered benefits and loved the tribute of respect and admiration.

His temper was stern, but very affectionate. He had no mercy on a fool or dunce, despised the flatterer of fashion, and was disgusted with those who stooped to lie.

He led a pure, moral life, as one who believes there is a God to whom he is personally responsible. His marbles may crumble down, in spite of all that we can do to preserve them as models of hopeless imitation; but the exalted ideas which he sought to represent by them, are imperishable and divine and will be subjects of contemplation when—

"Seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay;
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away."

Aphorisms.

"If a man loves a woman for her looks, he will love her five years. If he loves her mind, he will love her ten years. If he loves her ways, he will love her forever."

And every woman believes when she marries that her lover loves her ways.

Now is the Time.

The benefit to be derived from a good medicine in early spring is undoubted, but many people neglect taking any until the approach of warmer weather, when they will like a tender flower in a hot sun. Something must be done to purify the blood, overcome than tired feeling and give necessary strength. Vacation is earnestly longed for, but many weeks, perhaps months, must elapse before rest can be indulged in. To impart strength, and to give a feeling of health and vigor throughout the system, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems perfectly adapted to overcome that prostration caused by change of season, climate or life, and while it tones and sustains the system it purifies and re-novates the blood.

A Chance to Make Money.

I am delighted with my success selling Dish Washers; in the last six weeks I made \$534, and was sick part of the time. I think this is pretty good for an inexperienced lady. I am surprised there has never been a good Dish Washer put on the market before, as everyone seems so anxious for one. It certainly is a popular demand that is unsupplied, and that means big money for the agents that supply the demand. I believe any woman or man can make from \$5 to \$12 a day anywhere in this business, and by addressing the Iron City Dish Washer Co., E. E. Pittsburg, Pa., you can get full particulars. It simply requires a little push. You can't expect to make money unless you try. I would like to have the experience of others of your readers in this business.

M. FRANCIS.

Hickory Library.

Any one who has not made a visit to the Hickory Library recently will be repaid by going there now. Although small, everything has been done to make it as attractive and comfortable as possible.

The latest addition in the way of furniture is a broad shelf just at the door on which may be found the new typewritten Catalogue, the constitution and by-laws, and "the enquiry" books, all of which are open for inspection by members and visitors.

The Library is the constant recipient of books from friends in and out of town and also buys as often as its limited funds will permit.

Some of the books given and secured through the influence of the President are of so much value that newer and safer quarters are an almost immediate necessity.

It will no doubt be a matter of gratifying surprise to many to know that the additions made to the shelves from time to time are not all "trashy" novels but works of sterling merit and standard reputation.

One of the latest gifts was a Dictionary quite indispensable at any time, which although not of fine binding nor recent reputation will be of value and service until the Library is able to buy a Century or a Standard.

And who has not heard far and near of the kindness of our popular friend of "White Front" fame who helped us buy books that will be read from cover to cover with fresh interest each year. And, last but not least is a present of that much talked of book "Trilby" which will no doubt be quite as popular as it is elsewhere over the country.

One pleasant feature is the unflinching courtesy and attention of the librarians who have from month to month volunteered their services in keeping the library open every day for an hour.

This kindness on the part of the ladies has aided us as much as anything and is deeply appreciated by the Association.

The increase of current literature, magazines and papers, impresses upon many of those interested that the necessity of a reading room connected with the Library is most urgent.

It is to be hoped the day is not far distant when pleasant and more commodious quarters can be found, thereby supplying all needs.

A New Cure for Appendicitis.

Of late years so great a dread has gone abroad that one may die of appendicitis that thousands of persons have stricken from their bill of fare all small fruits whose seeds have to be eaten with them.

The fact is that appendicitis occurs very rarely, and the percentage of people who eat fruits containing small seeds and are caught, is insignificantly small. It is not necessary to resort to an operation except in severe cases, nor is it absolutely necessary that one should die. The latest and most successful cure is to administer internally from one to two ounces of sweet oil every three hours until the pain is relieved.

The seed which causes the trouble irritates the muscular tissue so that congestion follows, and this may soon cause inflammation of a very serious character. Sweet oil administered in time, and faithfully, allays the inflammatory condition, reduces temperature and relaxes the tension of the muscular coating of the intestines and appendix. Besides it takes seed or all foreign substances with it and effects a complete cure.

The patient should be kept in bed and poultices should be applied very hot to the seat of the pain. Grape pulps are too acid and pits should not be swallowed.—Waverly Magazine.