

Something in the young man's eyes brought the bright colour to Esther's face, as she answered quietly—

"I feel nothing at all, thank you. I am very strong, and Bertha Gostling took such care of me. She surprised me by her quickness and energy to-day."

Esther made as if to return to the house, from which all traces of festivity had now disappeared; but Everard turned along the terrace path, still talking, and she could not but follow.

"I am interested sometimes in Bertha Gostling," he said, speaking with the familiarity of one who had known the family intimately for years, and Bertha at intervals from her early childhood. "She seems to me like a woman wasted—if you know what I mean—and in danger of being ruined by the life she is leading. She has no natural inclination for society, nor the intellect or imagination that would enable her to live in a world of her own, and make her surroundings appear more congenial. She has a practical and rather commonplace mind, and a sound common-sense that wants a sphere in which to develop. She has often surprised me by the shrewd observations she has made; and I am certain if she could find her vocation she might be a valuable member of the community; but in her present life she seems utterly thrown away. I am often very sorry for her."

But Everard had not any intention of letting Bertha and her prospects engross the whole of the conversation. He would much rather talk of Esther, and there was so much intimacy of thought and opinion between them now that it was only too easy to talk to him of her perplexities and difficulties, as well as of her moments of encouragement. She hardly knew how it was that a short

half hour thus spent seemed to refresh and strengthen her so much. It had been so from the first, but now there was something almost dangerously sweet in the intercourse that circumstances made natural and inevitable.

"You will find yourself something of a hero after this," said the young man, as they approached the house together. "It is just the sort of thing to give you *prestige*, at any rate with Dacre and Trixie, and that will be no small gain."

"If it only lasts," said Esther, with a smile and a sigh. "But that pair are so provoking. Just as one thinks one is making a little way, something comes to undo all the work, and it has all to be done over again. Dacre has been very pleasant to me this last week; but I cannot help feeling it is partly out of perversity, because he is resolved not to accept his other aunt's invitation, and wishes to appear as if attached to me. When they are gone, and he has no part to play, I expect I shall have to suffer for this blandness. Not that I wish to depreciate it if it really is sincere."

"No doubt there will be ups and downs; but you *are* gaining ground with the boy," said Everard, decisively. "I can see it, if you cannot. Possibly he will hide it from you as long as possible; but I begin to see more change for the better in him than I had dared to hope, and I trust it may be lasting. If you can reclaim Dacre from his wildness, you will have done a wonderful work. And if *any* influence can do that, I believe yours will," and the words were accompanied with one of the looks that sent a thrill through Esther's whole frame.

She had many compliments to receive that evening, and was made more fuss of than was at all agreeable to her; but

somehow she never lost the sense of happiness that had come to her with Everard's words and look. She did not ask herself why this was, or even admit that such was the case; and yet his voice seemed still ringing in her ears when she went to bed, and sleep was long in coming to her.

Dacre and Jessie, who had observed a good deal of that walk and talk in the garden from a cushioned window-seat where they had enthroned themselves, gave each other a knowing look as they said, "Good night" the last thing in the corridor. As Esther had had occasion to remark before, plain speaking was the rule of that house, even where words had better have been avoided.

"Aunt Gostling is going to be beaten on her own favourite ground," said Dacre, mischievously. "She will bait her trap too late if she does not take care what she is about."

"I don't know," said Jessie, shaking her pretty head. "I think Aunt Gostling generally manages to get her own way. Mamma always calls her a very clever woman. Not that I can see that Everard ever looks as if he cared a bit for Bertha."

"Nor could do, with so many other attractions close at hand," said the boy teasingly, knowing his sister's weakness. "But you're quite out of it, my dear, when Aunt Esther is in the question. You do very well to dance with and flirt with, but when it comes to serious business—"

"What a stupid boy you are, Dacre! As if Everard was not almost old enough to be my father! I hope he will take Bertha. I think she will make him a very nice wife. I'm sure Aunt Gostling will get her own way in the end."

(To be continued.)



SOBRIQUETS OF ARTISTS;
OR,
THE REAL NAMES OF ITALIAN PAINTERS.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

MOST people, if told that Jacopo Robusti, Pietro Vanucci, Guido di Pietro, and Francesco Raibolini, were celebrated Italian Mediaeval painters of the first rank, would be obliged, if they spoke the truth, to reply, however mortifying the confession might be, that they never heard of one of them.

"Tintoretto we know, Perugino we know, Fra Angelico we know, and Francia we know; but who are these?" they might answer; and would probably be surprised to hear that Tintoretto and Jacopo Robusti were one and the same person, that Perugino's real name was Pietro Vanucci, Fra Angelico's, Guido di Pietro, and Francia's, Francesco Raibolini.

The truth is, we know very few of the Italian painters by their real names; even Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian, are

shortened forms of those painters' names, as we shall presently see.

Nicknaming is an inveterate Italian habit, from which their greatest men have suffered—their painters more than any. Sometimes the sobriquet is taken from some personal peculiarity, sometimes from some artistic quality, sometimes from the artist's birth-place, sometimes from his father's profession; sometimes it is merely a diminutive of the author's real name. This last is often the case, for the Italians are very fond of using diminutives, a habit to which their beautiful language lends itself easily.

Tintoretto obtained his sobriquet from the fact that his father was a dyer, *tintore* being the Italian for "dyer," Tintoretto, the diminutive, meaning the "little dyer." So by the irony of fate the trade the son scorned has become immortalised by his genius, while his real

name is almost unknown to fame; and the glorious Venetian artist, who claimed to have united the colour of Titian with the form of Michael Angelo, will be known as the "little dyer" to the end of time.

Perugino derived his nickname from Perugia, the city in which the great part of his life was spent, and by this name only do we know the great-master of Raphael, a name which at once conjures up visions of angels in exquisitely flowing draperies of purest colours, of lovely cherubs, and of Madonnas whose grace and softness are only surpassed in the pictures of the great Perugino's still greater pupil.

Fra Angelico, or Beato Angelico as he is usually called in Italy, was so named on account of his sweet angelic nature, which is mirrored in his works. His name in religion—for he was a Dominican monk—was Fra Giovanni (Brother John); his Christian name

was Guido, his father's Pietro, but their surname is unknown. This is the less to be regretted since the nickname of the saintly artist who could not draw an ugly or a wicked face is most happy in its appropriateness.

There is far less propriety in calling Francesco Raibolini, Francia, which was the name of the goldsmith under whom Francia worked until he gave himself up to painting those richly-coloured pictures, whose earnestness of expression suggests that deep piety for which the artist was justly noted.

Botticelli was another goldsmith-painter, known to us only by this name, the surname of the goldsmith to whom he was apprenticed; his own name was Sandro Filipepi. The goldsmith side of his nature shows itself in too great a display of jewellery and ornament in some of his works; his colour, too, is sometimes harsh; and perhaps his fondness for introducing mythological characters into sacred pictures was a reminiscence of the Cupids and other heathen gods he designed when a goldsmith.

Ghirlandajo derived his name from his skill in making silver garlands for his countrywomen, *ghirlanda* signifying "garland" in Italian. He is generally considered the prince of these goldsmith-painters, though according to Mr. Ruskin he was merely a goldsmith with a gift for portrait-painting all his life; and, so that great critic would say, rightly known to fame by a name earned while a goldsmith. His real name was Domenico Bigordi; he died suddenly in the prime of life. One of his pupils was the great Michael Angelo Buonarroti, generally known by his Christian name only.

It is rather a strange coincidence that the world's two greatest artists, Michael Angelo and Raphael, should be named after the archangels Michael and Raphael, but so it is; these were the Christian names of Michael Angelo Buonarroti and Raffaello Sanzio, and it would almost seem that their works reflect the peculiar glory of their angelic patrons. If Michael Angelo excelled all other artists in force and power, as he certainly did, Raphael no less excelled all other painters in the angelic beauty of his figures, the perfection of his execution, the purity of his colour, the correctness of his drawing.

The prince of Venetian painters, Tiziano Vecellio, has come down to posterity by a shortened form of his Christian name, and "il divino Tiziano" is generally known as Titian, to which is sometimes added "da Cadore," that is, of Cadore, his birthplace; the greatest colourist even of the Venetian school, noted as that was for its glorious colouring, the finest portrait-painter of any age, who painted more masterpieces than any other great master, for he lived longer, who will deny him the sobriquet he earned in Venice—"il divino Tiziano?"

Belonging to that same Venetian school, so noted for its golden tones and depth of colour, were the two Palmas, uncle and nephew, both named Jacopo, but always known as Palma Vecchio and Palma Giovani—old Palma and young Palma—neither of whom is so well known in this country as he deserves to be. One or two of Palma Giovani's paintings have been considered worthy to adorn the large hall in the Ducal Palace at Venice, whose ceiling and walls have been decorated by Tintoretto and Paul Veronese.

Among those less fortunate painters who have earned their famous names by some personal peculiarity is Masaccio, or "the Sloven," whose claim to be called the father of Italian painting is considered by some critics to be greater than that of Cimabue, to whom it is more often given. He excelled chiefly in his treatment of the nude, and in his flesh-tints, in which, as well as in chiaro-oscuro, he far surpassed all his predecessors. His real

name was Tommaso Guidi, but the painter of those wonderful frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel, Florence, is always known as Masaccio. Sloven though he probably was, from his frescoes the great Michael Angelo derived his knowledge of perspective.

Another celebrated painter, known only by his nickname of Guercino, or "the Squinter," was Francesco Barbieri; he was a very rapid worker, and produced over a hundred altarpieces, besides a large number of historical paintings and frescoes. He was celebrated for the depth and brilliancy of his colours, and for his power of light and shade.

The painter, sculptor, and architect whose *chef d'œuvre*, the tabernacle in the church of Or San Michele, Florence, has been called the "jewel of Italy," is known only as Orcagna, a diminutive form of his nickname, "L'Arcagnolo." His real name of Andrea di Cione is lost in oblivion; while Orcagna's "Tabernacle," and Orcagna's painting of "Heaven and Hell," with his friends in heaven and his foes in hell, are famous all over the art world.

A still more celebrated Andrea was Andrea d'Agnolo, known to fame only as the tailor's son, del Sarto; rightly called "the faultless painter," for his drawing, colouring, and chiaro-oscuro were all perfect, while in power of expression he rivalled Raphael himself.

Correggio's admirers will perhaps be surprised to hear that his real name was Antonio Allegri; Correggio was the name of his birthplace, but he was only one of many painters whose real names are unknown while their birthplaces are bywords.

Pordenone, Parmigiano, and Sassoferrato are instances of this.

Pordenone, though not so well known in this country as in Italy, was one of the most distinguished Venetian painters, whose flesh tints are almost unrivalled. Even there, though, his real name of Giovanni Licinio is unknown, and Pordenone, the city of his birth, is the name we find under all his pictures.

Parmigiano, so called from Parma, his birthplace, was one Francesco Mazzuoli. He was an imitator of Correggio, the founder of the School of Parma, or Lombardy, but he excelled his master in correctness of drawing. Had he lived at any other time he would have been more famous, but he was a contemporary of Titian, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Correggio, and, moreover, he died at thirty-six.

Sassoferrato, known for the ultra-softness of his style and his too great fondness for brilliant colour, was an imitator of Raphael, born at Sassoferrato. He belonged to the Bolognese school, and his real name was Giovanni Battista Salvi.

A Spanish painter named José de Ribera is known only as Lo Spagno, or Lo Spagnoletto—"the Spaniard," or "the little Spaniard." He was a pupil of Perugino, and lived a great part of his life in Naples.

Another of Perugino's pupils, who probably helped his master when at work in the Sistine Chapel, was called Pinturicchio. Probably this was a corruption of his own surname, Biagio, with the prefix *pintore*, the Italian for "painter." He was no doubt originally spoken of as Pintore Biagio, or the painter Biagio, which the Italian love of euphony would soon corrupt into Pinturicchio, by which name only is Bernardino di Biagio known.

Sometimes these painters are known to us by what we may call pet names, such as Giorgione, or "Big George," for Giorgio Barbarelli, Domenichino for Domenico Zamperri, and Canaletto for Antonio Canal. Few of Giorgione's beautiful golden-toned pictures remain to us, so many have been destroyed; and many others formerly attributed to him are now decided by critics to be by other artists.

Domenichino's masterpiece is "The Last Communion of St. Jerome," which has been thought worthy of a place in the Vatican, opposite Raphael's "Assumption." His sybils and his frescoes are also very famous. He was so slow a worker that he obtained the nickname of "the ox," which, happily, has not stuck to him.

Canaletto was a Venetian landscape painter, who delighted most in painting his native city, with its canals and palaces.

The shepherd lad, Ambrogio Bondone, whom Cimabue found painting while watching his sheep, and carried off as a pupil destined far to outstrip his master, has come down to posterity as Giotto, an abbreviation of his Christian name, a name which recalls to those fortunate people who have seen them the loveliest series of frescoes in Italy—the frescoes of S. Maria dell' Arena in Padua.

A characteristic story is told of Giotto when he had attained to some fame. He was one day asked by a messenger of the Pope, who had heard of his talent, for a specimen of his work, and, after looking at the elaborate designs of other artists competing for the same commission, he took up a pencil and drew with one stroke a perfect circle, telling the messenger that was all his Holiness required of him. Apparently it was, for he was sent for to Rome, where he left a record of his visit in a mosaic of a ship over the portico of St. Peter's, known to this day as Giotto's vessel.

Cimabue's real name is now known to be Giovanni Cenni. His nickname, Cimabue, means an "eminent blockhead," but why it should have been bestowed on the father of Italian painting we cannot tell.

The origin of Garofalo's sobriquet is doubtful. It is a corruption of *garofano*, a gillyflower, with which device he signed his pictures, but it is also the name of the place from which his family came. His real name was Benvenuto Tisio. He worked under Raphael in the Vatican, but was afflicted with total blindness for the last nine years of his life.

Sebastiano Luciani is known only as Sebastiano del Piombo, but we have failed to discover why he was so called. He was a pupil of Bellini, and afterwards of Michael Angelo, and was noted for the delicacy of his work.

Two less known painters whose sobriquets are taken from their birthplaces are Jacopo da Ponte, known as Bassano, a fine Venetian painter, and Antonio Razzi, known as Sodoma, who is celebrated for his frescoes.

Giulio Romano, though he obtained his pseudonym from Rome, where he lived for many years, was expelled from that city for degrading art by painting some doubtful pictures. His real name was Giulio Pippi. Strange to say, he was a pupil of Raphael, who must have grieved over his abuse of his talent.

Verona, the birthplace of Paolo Caliari, gave its name to its most famous son, who is always known as Paul Veronese, the last great Venetian painter who is seen at his best in Venice. He is unrivalled for the life and action of his figures, and for his brilliant and yet delicate colouring and graceful pencilling.

Fra Bartolomeo, sometimes called Il Frate—"the friar," sometimes spoken of by his real name of Baccio della Porta, is best known by his religious name of Fra Bartolomeo, although he renounced the cloister to follow the art of painting under Raphael. The purity and holiness of his life are reflected in his pictures. He was a friend of Savonarola's, under whose influence he left the world to which he afterwards returned, for the cloister.

Such are the names by which we know the principal old masters of the Italian school, to which list many others of less known painters might be added.