lamp of the evening-star, what could Bessie do but yield!

"I don't know what father and mother will say," she whispered, as at last, having left the wagon, they clung together one moment in the porch, and saw the father and mother hastening toward them down the long entry.

"Father Allan," said the minister, walking boldly in, with his arm round their naughty darling, "this is a will-o'-the-wisp that I have captured, and that I intrust for just three weeks longer to your care. It has come from the circus, and it is bound for the parsonage; and there," said Mr. Beckwith, "it is going to turn into the light of the house, the spirit of the fireside, the sunshine of home!"

MICHAEL ANGELO.

1475—1875.

THE individual force of character of a man who during his life so impressed his personality upon the minds of his fellow-countrymen that they gather reverently to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of his birth is well worthy of a few moments' study in these times, when the increasing activity of life appears to be repressing all individuality, and reducing all the members of the social body to a monotonous uniformity.

On the 6th of March, 1475, at about two in the morning, Francesca, the wife of Ludovico Buonarotti Simoni, gave birth to a male child, who was named Michael Agnolo, or, as he is generally known, Michael Angelo. He was the second child of his mother, who at the time of his birth was nineteen years old. His father, Ludovico, was in his thirty-first year. Of his mother's family no records have been preserved. She steps upon the stage of history only for a moment, to appear in the *rôle* of the mother of Michael Angelo, and withdraws forever into the oblivion of forgetfulness from which she emerged.

The family of Buonarotti preserved a tradition, which Michael Angelo himself held, as we learn from Condivi, his intimate companion and biographer, that in 1250 Simone Canossa, the founder of the family, had come as a stranger to Florence, where for his public service he was granted the freedom of the city, was made podesta, and having changed his political opinions, and from a Ghibelline become a Guelph, had changed his arms from a dog argent, with a bone in his mouth, in a field gules, to a dog or in a field azure. Besides this the lords of the city allowed him five lilies gules and a crest with two bull's horns, one golden and the other blue. Arms of this character, sculptured by the order of Simone Canossa in the palace of the podesta of Florence, are still to be seen there. This tradition was perfected, according to the spirit of the time, by ascribing the origin of the family to Beatrice, the sister of the Emperor Henry II., thus giving them a claim to imperial blood. The story is of importance chiefly because it is given by Condivi, who had it unquestionably from Michael Angelo himself; but the modern spirit of historical research has failed to find any record of a Simone Canossa who was the podesta of the city, while the arms of the counts of Canossa, though in the time of Michael Angelo they acknowledged the relationship of the distinguished sculptor, architect, and painter, are very different from those which Condivi describes, having in them no dog and no bone.

But whether the family had imperial beginnings or not, Michael Angelo's immediate ancestors were unquestionably persons of some local importance. His grandfather in 1456 held a place in the signiory of Florence, and his father, having received the same honor, was in 1474 appointed podesta or governor of Chiusi and Caprese, two small fortified cities upon a confluent of the Tiber, called the Singarna. In going from Florence to take possession of his post, Ludovico Buonarotti was accompanied by his wife Francesca, who was expecting the birth of her child. The situation of the towns is in a mountainous country, the source of the Tiber being in the vicinity, and the journey was made on horseback. In the course of the ride the animal she was mounted upon fell with her, and dragged her for some little distance along the ground in his efforts to rise. Fortunately the accident was in no way productive of injury to her or her child.

In 1476, when the young Michael was a year old, his father's official position having ended, he returned to Florence, and the child was left under the care of the wife of a stone-cutter at Settignano, about three miles from Florence, on an estate belonging to the family. In his after-life Michael Angelo was wont to jestingly ascribe his love of sculpture to the fact that he had with his nurse's milk imbibed a love of his art. The young artist early gave evidence of his natural tendencies, and the house in which his nurse lived, which remained in existence until the last century, is said to have borne the evidences of his childish attempts at painting. In the house of his father in Florence were also similar things to be seen. One of his first efforts toward acquiring the use of his hands was trying to draw. As he grew older this natural passion increased, and despite his father's opposition and that of his uncles, who had the narrow contempt for an artist's ambition which is but natural in every trading society such as that in which they moved, he finally, at the age of fourteen, carried his point, and was articled as an apprentice to Dominico and David

Grillandajo, who were leading men in the profession at Florence.

That his youthful efforts had not been wholly misdirected appears from the terms of his articles of indenture, by which his masters agree to pay him six golden florins for the first year, eight for the second, and ten for the third. Here commenced the annoyances of his life from the jealousy which his superiority excited in inferior natures. Before his apprenticeship had ended by its own limitations he painted a picture after Martin Schongauer's "Temptation of St. Anthony," which was so excellent that Grillandajo is said to have claimed the merit of it. Whether he did so or not, it was the commencement of their disagreement, which ended in the severing of their connection. Through the good offices of a young friend he was, however, introduced to the gardens of San Marco, where the art treasures of the Medici family were kept, and having attracted the attention of Lorenzo de' Medici by a piece of sculpture he made, was introduced to the palace, had a room assigned him, and was given a monthly allowance of five ducats. Here he met the most cultivated society of the time. The revival of learning had commenced; human society had entered upon one of those periods of growth in which the long-maturing processes seem suddenly to assert themselves with a new activity and assume a new phase, as the plant does when one of its series of leaves is modified, and lo! the blossom appears. It was a wonderful season of intellectual activity in Italy. The art of printing had just been discovered. An Italian had returned from a new world across the Atlantic. Grecian literature was being introduced to the scholars of Southern Europe. The world of reality and the world of speculation had each been found to be vaster than had been supposed. The transition from the methods of thought and the manner of life of antiquity to that of these modern days was commencing.

In the very seat and focus of all this the young artist passed the years of his early manhood, the most impressible period of each of our lives. Politian gave him the marble, and suggested to him the subject of the contest of Hercules with the Centaurs, which he worked into a bass-relief that made his reputation. He would never part with this piece of work, and it remains today in the palace of the Buonarotti family in Florence. Lorenzo was on terms of intimate familiarity with the young sculptor, and consulted with him constantly concerning his purchases of objects of art. The members of the Platonic Academy, who exercised such an influence upon the spirit of their times, were his friends, and in some of his poems evidences are given of the hold which the lofty idealism of the Platonic philosophy had upon him. At the same time, however, he mingled with the followers of Savonarola, the forerunner of the Reformation; and being naturally of a melancholy temperament, inclined to solitude, and prone to speculation, the turmoil of politics soon grew distasteful to him, and though his life was passed alternately in study and work, the ordinary ambitions of men had but little interest for him. Yet when the need arose for his services he was always a faithful and devoted citizen, and his time and talents were freely given to the state. As a sculptor, a painter, and an architect, his works have secured him a reputation among the few original creative geniuses the world has seen. It is not of these that there is any need to speak, but of his character as a man; of his individual personality; of that subtle something in the composition of his nature which marks him as original, and keeps alive the interest the whole world feels, in desiring to know all the facts concerning his daily life and conversation.

It is seldom that the world can obtain all that it would desire of this kind of information concerning its great men, and in this instance, though we have much authentic information concerning Michael Angelo, yet more would not be amiss. The letters, the manuscripts, and the other various things which will tell us more than we know, and which have been since his death guarded so jealously by the descendants of his family, are this year, on the four hundredth anniversary of his birth, to be opened to public inspection. An investigation of the material which is already accessible to the student will not be amiss as a preparation for making the best use of such new documents as will be laid before the world on this occasion.

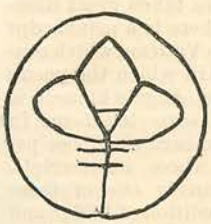
Within a few years the British Museum has become possessed of a number of letters by Michael Angelo, with other documents bearing upon his life. The collection, bound, makes three volumes. The letters are chiefly those which he wrote to members of his family at Florence while he was residing in Rome, engaged upon the Sistine Chapel and other works, or in Bologna, or elsewhere in Italy. The letters are chiefly to his father, and after his death to his brother and nephew. They show us, what was not known before, that the chief use Michael Angelo made of his money was to send it home. His letters are filled with details of domestic affairs and money matters; for the whole family seem to have relied chiefly upon him. Condivi reports that he once said to him, in his old age, "Rich as I am, I have always lived like a poor man."

A letter to his father will show the general character of the correspondence. This was written in 1512 or 1513:

"DEAREST FATHER,—Your last letter shows me how it is with you; before, I only knew it partly. We

must take things as they are, leaving the future to God, and acknowledging where we have erred. The misfortune is chiefly caused by the overweening character and ingratitude of the people [the return of the Medici to power], for I have nowhere seen a more ungrateful and arrogant people than the Florentines. As regards the sixty ducats which you, as you tell me, are to pay, it does not seem to me to be right, and I am very sorry. But here, too, it is best to submit quietly to what God has ordained. I will address a few lines to Giuliano dei Medici, which I will inclose here. Read them, and convey them to him, if you will; perhaps they may help; if not, try to sell what is our own, and we must then settle elsewhere. If you observe that you are treated worse than others, pay on no condition. Rather let what you have be taken from you by force, and write to me. If others, however, do not fare better than we, bear it, and place your hopes on Heaven. Take good care of your health, and see whether you are still able to get your daily bread, and, with God's help, get through, poor but honest. I do not do otherwise; I live shabbily, and care not for outside honors; a thousand cares and works harass me, and thus I have gone on for fifteen years, without having a happy, quiet hour. And I have done all for the sake of supporting you, which you have never acknowledged or believed. God forgive us all! I am ready to go on working as long as I can, and as long as my powers hold out."

These letters are variously signed Michelagniolo, Scultore; Michelagniolo di Lodovico Buonarotti, Scultore; Michelagniolo di Buonarotta Simoni; or simply Michelagniolo. The letters were fastened with a wafer, impressed with a simple seal, represented below. Then a piece of string was passed round the letter, the two ends being secured by being placed under the wafer. The father seems to have been a good-natured man, though passionate, and made use of by others as a means for obtaining what they wanted from Michael Angelo. One of his brothers is said to have died of the plague in Michael Angelo's arms. His father died in his ninety-second year. His brother Buonarotto was the only one who left any children. An extract from a letter to his father, when Michael Angelo was about fifty years old, shows how little sympathy he could look for in life from those of his own family. He says:



MICHAEL ANGELO'S SEAL.

"The whole of Florence knows that you are a rich man, and that I have given my life for you, and gain only punishment for it. You, however, gain great praise for it. Tell people what you will, but write to me no more, for it would hinder me at my work if I were now to tell you what you have received from me through twenty-five years. I should like better if I need not say this to you, but I can not change the necessity for doing so. Beware of those of whom you have to beware. We die only once, and we return not back again to make amends for that which we have done amiss. Have you, therefore, lived so long to act thus? God be with you! MICHELANGELO."

Living a life of study and of work, occupied with science and art, conscious of his powers, and naturally introverted, the plane upon which he lived inevitably made him lonely. He found as little sympathy abroad as he found at home. When he first exposed to the public his statue of "Night," which is so well known as one of the statues decorating the tomb of the Medici, according to the habit of the Florentines, verses were appended to it by persons who wished. One of these, written by Giovanbattista Strozzi, was to this effect:

"Night, whom you see slumbering here so sweetly, was by an angel sculptured in this stone, and though living, sleeps. If you do not believe it, speak, and she will answer you."

To this Michael Angelo replied:

"I am thankful that I sleep, and more that I am stone,
The while dishonor holds among us rule.
His lot is happy who can neither see nor feel:
Wake me not, then; pray speak in a low tone."

This was written about 1531. Michael Angelo was nearly sixty. The city of Florence had again fallen under the power of the Medici. Michael Angelo had superintended the engineer-work for the siege, and was naturally despondent at its result. The moral courage it requires to make such a protest only those who have suffered from political tyranny can appreciate.

There is a letter written to Baccio Valori, who had returned to Rome from Florence, where he had been the Pope's representative, and, in fact, the ruler of the city, in which an account is given of Michael Angelo's condition. Most probably the writer was urged to send the letter by Michael Angelo's friends, who, fearing that his grief and disappointment, with his energy of work, might prove disastrous, wanted the Pope to hear of his condition. The letter is given by Grimm, who does not state where he obtained it, and was written by an uncle of the Antonio mentioned in it, who was Antonio Mini, and was in Michael Angelo's service. The letter is as follows:

"A faithful servant, such as I am, should not fail to communicate any thing which I imagine might meet with the especial disapprobation of his Holiness. And this respects Michael Angelo, his Holiness's sculptor, whom I had not seen for months, having remained at home for fear of the plague; but three weeks ago he came twice to my house in the evening for amusement with Bugiardini and Antonio, my nephew and his pupil. After much conversation upon art, I determined to go and see the two female figures, and did so, and, in truth, they are something quite marvelous. Your Excellency, I know, has seen the first, the statue of Night, with the moon overhead and the starry sky, but then the other, the second, surpasses it in beauty. In every respect it is an extremely wonderful production; and at the present moment he is working at one of the two old figures, and, I think, nothing better could be seen.

"But since the above-named Michael Angelo appeared very thin and emaciated, we spoke together about it very particularly, I, Bugiardini, and Mini, for both are constantly with him, and we arrived at last at the conviction that Michael Angelo would soon come to an end if nothing were done to prevent it, because he works too much, eats little and badly, and sleeps still less, and for more than a month has suffered much

from rheumatism, headache, and giddiness; and, to come to an end, there are two evils which torment him, one in the head and one in the heart, and in both help might be given for his recovery, as what follows will show.

"As regards the evil in the head, he must be forbidden by his Holiness to work in the sacristy during the winter, for there is no remedy against the keen air there, and he will work there and kill himself; and he could work in the other small chamber and finish the Madonna this winter, which is such a wonderfully beautiful work, and also the statue of Duke Lorenzo of blessed memory. In the mean while the marble wainscoting could be executed in the sacristy, and the figures already completed could be placed there, and also those partly finished, and these could be retouched on the spot, and in this manner the master might be saved and the works forwarded; and every thing, if it is bricked up, will have a better place than crowded together under the roof. Of this we are certain, that Michael Angelo would be pleased at it, though he can come to no resolution, which I gather from the fact that he is reproached with not concerning himself about it. This is our opinion of what would be good for him, and his Holiness might send word to Figiovanni to speak with Michael Angelo on the matter, and we are convinced it would not be disagreeable to him.

"The evil, however, that lies at his heart is the matter with the Duke of Urbino. This, they affirm, robs him of repose, and he wishes ardently that it could be arranged. If he were to be given ten thousand scudi, he could have no better present. His Holiness could render him no greater favor. This they tell me, and I have heard him say it times innumerable. His Holiness is considerate, and I am certain if Michael Angelo were ruined, he would gladly ransom him with a large sum of money; and especially now, when he works so laboriously, he deserves to be considered. My love and devotion to our master has made me write so diffusely."

The trouble with the Duke of Urbino was a matter that had already been standing twenty years. Michael Angelo had been paid in advance something on account, and had not been able, from the other engagements forced upon him, to supply the work he had contracted for. The matter was compromised, and against his usual custom he had to employ others to assist him. His keen sense of honor was, however, preserved.

With the Duke of Ferrara an incident occurred which showed how sensitive was his artistic spirit, and how his devotion to his work enabled him to retire within himself almost regardless of what was passing about him. When he was appointed commissary-general of the fortifications he paid a visit to Ferrara to study those of that city. When there he promised the duke to paint him a picture, and while the siege of Florence was in active operation, and the duties of his office must have kept him actively engaged, he found time and inspiration to paint the picture he had promised. For his subject he chose Leda and the Swan. After the end of the siege the Duke of Ferrara was notified that the picture was completed, and returned his thanks, saying at the same time that the artist must fix his price for it, since he alone could judge of the value of his labor. The agent of the duke who came for it having spoken of it in a way that offended Michael Angelo, he refused to deliver it, and gave it to Antonio Mini, whom we have met before. By him it was sold to Francis I. of France, and by him was put in the palace of Fontainebleau, where, at the instigation, it is said, of M. Desnoyers, a councilor of state, it was destroyed. The Royal Academy of London possesses what is thought to be the original cartoon for this picture.

The artistic spirit of independence Michael Angelo possessed fully, and in manifesting it he was no respecter of persons. He treated the Pope with no more regard for his rank than he would show the humblest hanger-on to the papal court. Condivi, who tells the above story, gives several other similar instances. At the same time, he was carefully regardful of merit, wherever he found it. His independence led him to refuse all salary for his superintendence of the building of St. Peter's. Probably he felt that such refusal would be one of the most effective means of enabling him to hold the position against the jealousy of those who envied his superior powers. His letters while he was engaged in this work show the deep interest he felt in it, and the unselfish devotion he bestowed upon it.

As a poet Michael Angelo is less known than he deserves to be. The fate of his poems has been singularly unfortunate. A volume of them was published in 1623, arranged by the grandson of his nephew, known as Michelangelo Giovane. In this edition he seems to have taken great liberties with the text. There is a manuscript collection of them in the Vatican, which consists of two parts, and in which the poems are numbered. Michael Angelo himself, it seems, had prepared and corrected them. In the same collection is a series of loose papers bound up with these manuscripts. Grimm says that "scarcely one of these poems agrees with the edition of 1623;" and again, "any separate papers of Michael Angelo's poems found elsewhere never agree with the edition of 1623." As the editor of this edition claims to have worked for it from papers which, being in the possession of the family, were accessible to him alone, it may be possible that the access given this year to the documents in the possession of the family may enable the world for the first time to really obtain the correct text. Another manuscript collection is in the British Museum. But Grimm says: "Only when the Florentine treasures are brought out will it be worth the trouble to collect Michael Angelo's poems in a critical edition. It is a pity that Condivi has not carried out his intention to have them printed. What has been hitherto written respecting Michael Angelo as a poet, on the ground of the edition of 1623, loses weight from the fact that the writers suppose the text before them to be the authentic one. The succession of the poems, too, is throughout arbitrary, and all

the conjectures based on the accidental arrangement, contained in editions of the present day, fall to nothing as regards this point. The Vatican manuscript may well furnish a foundation for future editions."

Though this statement may be, and no doubt is, correct, yet it will not be amiss to give a few specimens here of these poems, such as we have them, and as well as their terse strength can be rendered in a translation. Wordsworth writes of them in one of his letters:

"I mentioned Michael Angelo's poetry to you some time ago; it is the most difficult to construe I ever met with, but just what you would expect from such a man, showing abundantly how conversant his soul was with great things. There is a mistake in the world concerning the Italian language; the poetry of Dante and Michael Angelo proves that if there be little majesty and strength in Italian verse, the fault is in the authors and not in the tongue. I can translate, and have translated, two books of Ariosto at the rate nearly of one hundred lines a day; but so much meaning has been put by Michael Angelo into so little room, and that meaning sometimes so excellent in itself, that I found the difficulty of translating him insurmountable. I attempted at least fifteen of the sonnets, but could not any where succeed. I have sent you the only one I was able to finish; it is far from being the best or most characteristic, but the others were too much for me."

Harford prints the translations of two of the poems by Wordsworth, but neither of them is excellent. Southey succeeded much better in the following, which in the collected edition is given as

MADRIGAL LIX.

Ill hath he chosen his part who seeks to please
The worthless world—ill hath he chosen his part,
For often must he wear a look of ease
When grief is in his heart;
And often in his hours of happier feeling
With sorrow must his countenance be hung;
And ever his own better thoughts concealing,
Must he in stupid Grandeur's praise be loud,
And to the errors of the ignorant crowd
Assent with lying tongue.
Thus much would I conceal, that none should know
What secret cause I have for silent woe;
And taught by many a melancholy proof
That those whom Fortune favors it pollutes,
I from the blind and faithless world aloof,
Nor fear its envy, nor desire its praise,
But choose my path through solitary ways.

The collection of poems contains sixty-two pieces entitled madrigals, sixty-four sonnets, and a few other poems, one of which is an elegy upon the death of his brother. Translations in English have been made of a portion of them by various persons. In 1840 John Edward Taylor, in a small volume entitled *Michael Angelo considered as a Philosophic Poet*, published versions of thirty-five of them. Other translations of some of them will be found in Harford's and Grimm's lives, and also in some of the English magazines and reviews; but English literature needs a complete, critical edition of them. As indications of their force and spirit the following attempts are possibly of interest, and by calling attention to their merit may excite some one more capable to undertake the task of presenting such an edition to the American public.

MADRIGAL IV.

[*Come può esser ch' io non sia più mio?*]

How can it be that I am not my own?
Who from myself has taken me,
Who has such power over me,
And more my master than I am, has grown?
Whence is this sore wound in my heart,
The while my body is still sound?
What is this love which has the art
All my desires to ensnare,
Till through the eyes its way is found
Into the soul, and swelling there
O'erflows, when its increase has broken every bound?

SONNET XVII.

[*Fuggite, amanti, Amor, fuggite il fuoco.*]

O lovers! fly from Love, his flame pass by;
His burn is grievous, mortal is his stroke.
Who flies not promptly will in vain invoke
His strength, his reason, or desire to fly.
Fly! and from my example warning take;
From me, who've suffered from his mighty dart—
From me behold how grievous is his smart,
How, pitiless, my woe his pleasures make.
Fly at the first glance, and do not delay!
I, who at all times thought to do my will,
Now, now I feel, and you see how I burn.
Ah! foolish he who, yielding to the play
Of vain desire, will incur the ill
Of Love's sharp dart before to flee he'll turn.

SONNET III.—On Beauty.

[*La forza d' un bel volto al ciel mi sprona.*]

I'm raised by the might of a lovely face;
On earth there's naught to me such joy can give;
Among the blessed I soar, e'en while I live—
A blessing seldom granted to our race.
The work with its Creator all o'erflows—
To Him I reach, by it inspired;
My thoughts, my words, by Him are fired,
When in my soul love for a woman glows.
If from her eyes my own I can not turn,
It is because in them the light I see,
Showing the road that leads me up to God;
If fired by their brilliant flame I burn,
Deep in my heart I feel the ecstasy
Which, through all time, o'er heaven is poured.

MADRIGAL III.—To Vittoria Colonna.

[*Chi è quel che per forza a te mi mena.*]

What is it draws me, bound and chained, to thee,
Even the while that I am light and free?
If without chains thou bindest thus all men,
Binding my heart with cords I can not see,
Who can defend me from thy beauty then?
Who can defend me
From thy bright eyes, whence Love, armed, shoots at me?

SONNET XXIX.

[*To Messer Gandolfo Porrino, who had asked from him a portrait of Vittoria Colonna.*]

The new, high beauty, whom in heaven I'd hold
Peerless, as here upon this wicked earth—
This earth so blind, rebellious to all worth,
Blind to the splendor she shed on the world—
You saw alone, and I can not portray,
Either in stone, or with my painter's art
That face divine, so only as in part
To satisfy your loving memory.
For as the sun excels each other star,
So her intelligence compared with ours;
And mine, so low, can not ascend so high.
Therefore, to satisfy those minds who are
Admirers of this beauty and its powers
Is but for its Creator, Deity.

SONNET XXVIII.—To Vittoria Colonna.

[*Sovra quel biondo crin di fior contesta.*]

That gilded garland seems so full of bliss,
As, decked with flowers, it rests upon your hair.
No wonder that it should so proud appear—
It is first privileged your head to kiss.
That bodice, which enfolds you all the day
Is happy, till the time to be unlaced,
And then your golden hair makes happy haste
About your cheeks and round your neck to play.
And yet the ribbon which so gracefully
Lies on your bosom must more happy be
Thus to caress and fondle every charm;
The while your girdle says, "Here let me lie
Forever, for I'm sure I can not see
What need there is here for a lover's arm."

SONNET XXI.—To Vittoria Colonna.

[*Com' esser, donna, puote, e pur se l' vede.*]

How is it, Lady, as experience shows,
A living likeness from the flinty stone
Endures when its creator hence has gone
Down the brief path that every mortal goes?
The cause to its infirm effect must yield,
And over nature art the victor is.
I who have loved fair sculpture so, know this,
I who have seen time's promises repealed.
Perhaps a longer life I could bestow
Upon us both, in colors or in stone,
Thus fixing both our faces and our love,
So that the future ages still might know
How fair you are, and how that you alone
I love, and how this must my wisdom prove.

The love between Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna has been the subject of numerous speculations. It was, however, the flower of his maturer years, and the most natural explanation of it is the simplest. She was the single woman in his long and varied journey through life who sympathized fully with his intellectual and moral longings, and though her heart lay buried in the grave with her dead husband, was proud of being the inspiration of a man like Michael Angelo. "Often," says Condivi, "have I heard Michael Angelo treat of love, and he was wont to speak of it altogether in the spirit of Plato. I can truly say, after having so long and so intimately lived with him, that I never heard proceed from that mouth any but the purest sentiments, and such as tended to repress in youth every irregular and unbridled desire. And that no impure thoughts found place in his mind is evident from this, that he not only admired human beauty, but universally every thing beautiful: a beautiful horse or dog, a beautiful landscape and plant, a beautiful mountain and forest, a beautiful situation, and, in short, every beautiful thing that can be imagined, surveying it with the most animated delight, and extracting pleasure from the beauties of nature, as bees do the honey from flowers." Attempting to measure a nature like his with the scale of conventions which pass current ordinarily, is like attempting to measure the orbit of a comet with a pocket rule.

It appears that Michael Angelo and Vittoria met personally first in 1536, at which time he was sixty-two and she forty-six. They had previously heard of each other, and respected each other. Of their friendship a most welcome source of information has been discovered within a few years past. Count Raczynsky found in one of the Lisbon libraries a manuscript journal written by a miniature-painter, Francesco d' Ollanda by name, who was sent to Italy by the King of Portugal, and wrote an account of what he saw while there. His manuscript was dated 1549, and speaks of a series of visits he paid to Vittoria Colonna, where he met Michael Angelo, and details at length the conversation which passed. Count Raczynsky translated a portion of the manuscript, and published it in a work of his upon art in Portugal. The manuscript, it appears, has since been lost. The account is reproduced in Grimm's *Life of Michael Angelo*. The conversations took place in the little church of San Silvestro, on Monte Cavallo, where the company remained after the service on Sunday and discoursed art. It is an admirable picture of the society in which Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna were the central figures, and is none the less so from its evident authenticity and the naturalness with which the account is given.

Vittoria died in 1547, and Michael Angelo survived her seventeen lonely years. He said to Condivi that he was with her to the last, and that he repented nothing so much as having only kissed her hand, and not her forehead and cheeks also, when he was with her at her last hour. The last years of his life were his most prolific ones, and it is wonderful with what rapidity he sent out plan after plan. He seemed in work alone to find an escape from the consciousness of his loss, until, worn out, he died on the 18th of February, 1564, between three and four in the afternoon, in the ninetieth year of his age.

THE WIDOW CASE.

A DEAR HUNT.

THEY got in at Pekin, and sat down before me in the car—a fat, placid old lady, with a droning voice like the continuous pur of an ancient and sleepy cat, and a lean, tall, grizzled old man, with pursed-up lips and watery eyes. There seemed to be no end of bundles in their arms: there was a big faded carpet-bag of the very oldest fashion, that went under the old lady's feet, for she was short.

"Set right down, wife—set right down, I tell ye, 'nd I'll push it under yer feet; it 'll be amazin' handy to keep 'em out o' draughts."

When that was pushed under the end of the seat, there was a great yellow bandbox, quite the worse for wear, to be squeezed into the rack above, causing deep anxiety on the old lady's part.