

**PASTELS OF MEN. FIRST SERIES.
I. A SAINT; II. M. LEGRIMAUDET;
III. TWO LITTLE BOYS: 1. M.
VIPLE'S BROTHER; 2. MARCEL**

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Pastels of men. First series. I. A Saint; II. M. Legrimaudet; III. Two little boys: 1. M. Viple's Brother; 2. Marcel by Paul Bourget

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PAUL BOURGET

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PAUL BOURGET

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TRANSLATED BY

KATHARINE PRESCOTT WORMELEY

PASTELS OF MEN

First Series

-
- I. A SAINT
 - II. M. LEGRIMAUDET
 - III. TWO LITTLE BOYS
 1. *M. Viple's Brother*
 2. *Marcel*

BOSTON
ROBERTS BROTHERS

1891

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I.

A SAINT.



PASTELS OF MEN.



I.

A SAINT.

TO MADAME GEORGE S. R. T.

I WAS travelling in Italy in the month of October, 188-, with no other object than to get rid of a few weeks in again seeing, this time at my leisure, a number of my favorite masterpieces. The pleasure of a second impression has always been to me more vivid than that of the first; doubtless because I have ever felt the beauty of the arts as a writer, — that is to say, as a man who requires that a picture or a statue should, in the first instance, be a text for thought. Not an æsthetic reason, and one at which all painters who are painters indeed will scoff. And yet this reason alone had brought me, in the month of October of which I speak, to spend a few days at Pisa. I wished to live over again, at my ease, the dream of Benozzo Gozzoli and Orcagna. Here, in a parenthesis, let me say, so as not to seem in the eyes of connoisseurs too ignorant of art, that

I call by the name of Orcagna the painter of the "Triumph of Death" in the Campo Santo of the old town, knowing well that modern criticism questions his paternity of the work. But to me, and to all those whose memory cherishes the admirable lines of Pianto on the tragic fresco, Orcagna is, and ever will be, the sole author of it. At any rate, Benozzo has not lost, through the sceptical and fatal criticism of catalogues, his right and title to the decoration of the west wall of the cemetery.

What intense sensations have I not felt in this little corner of the world, remembering ever that Byron and Shelley lived in the ancient Tuscan town, that my dear master, M. Taine, has described the adjoining spot in the most eloquent of his eloquent pages, that the lyrical poet Pianto came here, and that Benozzo Gozzoli himself, the laborious toiler of painted poesy, lies buried at the foot of the wall on which his frescos are softly fading. In that enclosure of the Pisan Campo Santo, on the sacred earth brought thither in pious ages, I had watched the springtide calling the pale narcissi into bloom at the feet of the black cypresses; I had seen the winters shedding light flakes of snow, melted as soon as fallen; I had felt the torrid sky of an Italian summer weltering above that shadeless spot with crushing heat; and yet I had not exhausted the charm of it, for I now returned there in the