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Shearman, J.

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[A second report from Marcantonio Michiel.]

On Good Friday, in the night, with the coming Saturday in sight, three hours after sunset, the most refined and excellent painter Raphael of Urbino died to the universal grief of everyone and especially learned men, more even than the painters and the architects. He had been writing a book, just like Ptolemy's map of the world¹, on the buildings of Rome, showing their proportions, form, and ornaments with great clarity, so that whoever saw them would have said to have imagined that they had seen ancient Rome itself. He had already completed the first region. [...] Now Death has interrupted such a great and praiseworthy project, enviously snatching away a master who was only 34 years old, on his own birthday. The pope himself is inconsolable, and during the 15 days in which he [Raphael] was ill, sent someone as many as six times to visit and comfort him. Just think of what everyone else must have done. And considering that the palace of the popes in recent days threatened ruination, so much so that His Holiness moved into the apartments of Monsignor Cibo, there are those who say that the weight of the porticoes on the upper floors wasn't the reason, but that it was a prodigy of God to say that he would be missed. And a man of such excellence is indeed missed, and everyone of gentle spirit must grieve him and miss him, not only with mere earthly voices, but even more so with moving and perpetual compositions [of poetry], and if I am not mistaken, these compositions are already widely underway. They say that he left 16 thousand ducats to be distributed, including 5,000 in cash. Most of this will go to his friends and servants. The house by Bramante that he bought for 3,000 ducats he left to the Cardinal of Santa Maria in Portico. And he was buried in the Pantheon, where he was honourably transferred.

¹ A reference to the ancient author Ptolemy and his *Geographia*, a book describing how to map the world.