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THE DEATH OF TELL.

THERE are, with forms celestial,
And faces starry-bright —
Throughout the joyous youth-time
A hope and true delight,—
Who fall, as age advances,
Beneath some sad eclipse,
And leave no pleasant record
To be told by fondest lips.

There are, in whom the Godhead,
In youth but dimly seen,
More brightly glows and flashes,
In conduct as in mien,—
When years have laid their burthen
On shoulder and on head,—
So "the last days are the best days,"
As one of old has said.

Methinks no crown *he* needed —
Thus known to world-wide fame —
As one who wore so nobly
The Swiss Deliverer's name :
To be true Tell of Altorf —
What more could patriot need ?
And how could *he* be honored
By any later deed ?

And yet—there was a crowning,
Unknown to history's roll :
One last great revelation
That spoke the Switzer's soul.
And though his years of silence
Have grown to centuries gray,
Why should we pause, to widen
His glory, if we may ?

There's a little stream, the Schacken,
Not far from Altorf's walls,
That downward to its parent,
The Reuss, in tumult brawls ;
And dangerous is its current
To feeble limb or hand,
When those in lusty manhood
Its force can scarce withstand.

Old age had bowed Tell's figure,
And blanched his dark-brown hair :
The hand that clove the apple
No more such deed might dare :—
When in that raging torrent
He saw a struggling child,
While on the bank the mother
In helpless fright ran wild.

The Switzer paused no moment ;
Though prudence well might ask
If yet the limb held vigor
For such a venturesome task.
He plunged to do that rescue :
He sank, to rise no more
Until, with weeds and timber,
He floated dead to shore.

And thus the great life ended :
God!—was it not the best
Of all the deeds of valor
That won a hero's rest ?
So mused I, by the Schacken :
So say we, true and well,
That the last deed was the best deed,
That closed the life of Tell!

—Henry Morford.

ART IN BOSTON.

LANDSCAPE art in Boston never aggregated better results than at present. And of course, when results are spoken of, the term must necessarily imply not only immediate present results, but their influence on the future. Not only growth that will please to-day, but that will encourage toward to-morrow's anticipated pleasure as well. The art that caters only to the moment's delight, or that gives no promise of satisfying a demand that will surely come to-morrow, is very poor art.

Certain it is that recent examinations made of the landscapes of George Inness, both in gallery and studio, are most satisfactory. Early last summer, shortly after Mr. Inness's return from Paris, where he had been studying and working after he left Rome, he exhibited a number of his Italian and American landscapes, neither class of which were entirely satisfactory, though there was a general feeling of a master's presence, as well as special indications of high

attainments honoring American art. One of the unsatisfactory pieces was a large canvas, about six feet by ten, "Pine Grove at Barbarini Villa," which in many parts was hard and woodeny, but which he has now at his studio, literally making a new picture of it. In the centre of the picture is a massive growth of the "stone pines" of Italy, three of them towering high in the air, and the others receding in distance and stature. The three principal trees are fine studies of form, and of color and effect lent by light striking in different ways as observed from the spectator's line of vision. A stone wall comes up at a sharp angle just at their base, catching a streak of sunlight exquisite in its intensity, and dividing it with a growth of olives; while further to the left it illuminates a portion of a flock of sheep, leaving another portion in shadow. In the immediate foreground, reclining on a gray rock, his lower limbs hidden behind it, is a peasant watching the sheep: a perfect picture of an Italian peasant, giving a fine suggestion of laziness and listlessness. Italian life—or, to use a better expression, Italian lack of life—is charmingly hinted at. Beyond the grove, and seen through its interstices, the pink flush of the *campagna* stretches for a dozen miles, and then is lost in the dimly suggested shore-line of the Mediterranean. The sky is strong and masterly, and the whole subject expresses grandeur and immensity. Yet for my own feeling, and for the truest expression of the Italy of poetry and song, I should often turn my eyes from it to ponder the extreme simplicity of a small canvas which he exhibited recently, inviting the eye to a stretch of vision across the same *campagna*, in the centre of which, and in the middle distance, appeared a portion of an arch of the ancient aqueduct. This was all, except sky and grass. No combination of rock, mountain or tree could speak so eloquently and so poetically. And here a word parenthetically. Why do all our artists, when they seek the West, forthwith put on canvas only the "grand cañons," the "noble gorges," and similar objects, to the exclusion of simple breadth of distance and sweep of vision offered by the vast prairies? I have often been asked, by mountain-reared people of New England, if the prairies did not become monotonous, when I saw so much of them; and they frequently flush with a fit of indignation when I say that the monotony is in the mind of the gazer rather than the landscape. Why, I saw a little canvas, a short time ago, painted by G. D. Russell, the music publisher, who wields the pencil occasionally, more for his own amusement than anything else—that was, in its way, literally full of this breadth of feeling. It was only a bit of prairie, an Indian trail reaching off through the tall grass, and up this trail were riding several Indians on their ponies. It is true art that can present this vastness with no measuring line of mountain or tree; and when American artists present such views in the simple way in which French ones do the homely, almost vulgar scenes about the very doors of the suburban villas of Paris, then we shall have an art that is American in every sense, and that is worthy of the name. Mr. Inness has a number of other subjects in the galleries and on the easel, that are fine examples of his genius. A sunset effect at Doll & Richards' is the sweetest expression of sentiment by means of light and atmosphere, that I have seen from his easel. The cloud formations are grand and expressive, and their tints are exquisite. This is a study in Medway, and shows more genius in its handling than any of his Italian subjects. His best American pictures, it seems to me, are unrivaled.

George L. Brown has lately had at Williams & Everett's one of his finest Italian views, which somehow present Italy to my vision better than those of any other American artist. People speak of the monotony of his coast scenes; but when I look upon their stretch of distance over still and dreary water, and the beautiful tone, color and quality of his atmosphere, and when I see each and all of them treated in the same way, I can not avoid the impression that they are painted not only from knowledge and feeling, but in thorough obedience to a settled idea in his mind. Italy itself personifies monotony, so his translations are doubly true. Whatever Mr.

Brown's incongruities of color in foreground may sometimes be, it should be remembered that what he is after is the effect of Italian atmosphere and distance, and his success in this is invariably attained. Mr. Brown sketched in New Hampshire the past summer; and the subjects he brought home show him in a new light, their effects of color being quite superb in many instances, and their qualities of tone and atmosphere thoroughly good.

Ernest Longfellow is doing good work, taking the same line in art that his father does in poetry. He chooses simple and modest scenes for his pencil, and puts them on canvas through the medium of grays and a variety of modest colors, all toned and sweetened therewith. A little landscape at Williams & Everett's is all aglow with sunlight painted in a low key; and a marsh subject, its monotony relieved by arms of the sea, full-viewed at high tide, and a stretch of a black evergreen growth that composes finely in the picture, and relieves firmly against the grays. Beyond is the broad ocean, beautiful in a sympathetic color; and above is a sky of tenderness and genuine poetic feeling.

W. E. Norton, our marine painter, has made fine studies of sea and shore during the season, and now has on his easel a grand effect which he calls "At Sea:"—the sea rolling in a saucy way; the sky, blustering and threatening, finely conceived and powerfully drawn; a ship, with bellying sails, bearing down toward the spectator, with great force, and sailors in the rigging furling the sails against the coming greater rigor. A small view of Portland, from Peak's Island, occupying a place of honor in his studio, is charming in a silvery light dancing over the water, and an atmosphere over the distant city, which, with the concentration of light in the middle distance, veils it in delightful semi-obscurity.

Darius Cobb has lately finished a view across the Common, from the roof of the Studio Building, taking in a bird's-eye view of the architecture of the Back Bay, and giving a distant view of outlying hills, that is so much a novelty in the way of treatment as well as subject suggested, that it deserves longer mention than is at present possible. The strength of the picture is in its sky: a mass of cloud reaching across the canopy, intensely white with the noonday light massed upon it, throwing much of the middle distance, such as the tops of the trees, into comparative shadow, and lending to several church spires and prominent buildings something of its own clearness and vigor. It is one of the most notable pictures I have seen on a Boston easel this season. Mr. Cobb paints a good many portraits, and some of them are exceedingly good. One of these is a head of his brother Sylvanus, of *Ledger* romance fame, which is now at Williams & Everett's. It is picturesque and rich in color, the light being massed on the white beard much as on the cloud in the landscape spoken of, and with the same effect in an art sense.

E. L. Custer also continues portraiture and landscape; the latter being *con amore*, as he can snatch time from the commissions continually crowding him in the former line. His finest heads are those of children—with whose ways he thoroughly sympathizes, and whose actions are suggested, as well as features outlined, on canvas. His latest portrait is of a little daughter of Governor Cheney, of New Hampshire, whose face is a wonderful study of vivacity. A landscape studied in New Hampshire in early autumn, is poetic in color and artistic in treatment.

William Willard's head of Sumner might be written of to the extent of an entire letter. In qualities of strength and massiveness, it ranks among the best heads by any American artist since Stuart, and its color is rich and full. I have seen no other head of the statesman, by Boston or other artist, that gave more than a suggestion of the massive strength of the Massachusetts senator's character. Maps of his face we have had *ad nauseam*; but this is "the only head," as the general verdict of Boston art-lovers expresses it.

It is a pity some such verdict as that could not have been arrived at respecting the Sumner memorial, regarding the models submitted to the committee lately, and as yet but partially decided. Boston is some-

thing of a merry surprise in her public statuary, and bids fair to run from merriment to uproarious laughter. The committee have selected three of the models for future action—one by Martin Millmore, one by Thomas Ball, and one by Annie Whitney. The former has a good head, but one of the most stiff and ungainly bodies ever modeled from clay. The second is a better figure, but the face expresses nothing of Sumner. The third is Sumner in neither face nor figure. It is rather spirited, but so are many figures that have no other merit; and to me there is something ridiculous in any ordinary woman attempting to reproduce Sumner in clay or marble. If she had some of the elements of Charlotte Cushman or Harriet Hosmer, she might succeed, but not else. If America had a Thorwaldsen, he would be the man. It is a disgrace that the matter was submitted to a committee at all; but, if at all, the decision should have been one to command respect. The best of the models exhibited was by J. D. Perry, and it was set aside entirely. I have heard no authoritative reason. Some say because it was smaller than the prescribed directions; which reminds one of the woman who selected her library by measurement, buying her books in bulk; another, that the legs were crossed, which was a favorite position with the senator; and, if not, it might be better for Massachusetts to have a commanding head and figure, even if the legs were crossed. If either Miss Whitney's or Mr. Ball's is selected, it will be a good plan to place the statue so high the head can not be seen. —*Jarl Marmor.*

A TOUCH BY BUONAROTTI.

From the Italian.

COSIMO I. DE MEDICI, Grand Duke of Tuscany, published, in the year 1552, an edict in which he invited all the Italian and foreign sculptors to make a statue of St. Cecilia. It was to be executed in one year; and he offered a reward of two hundred florins of gold for the one which should be without defect, and Michael Angelo was to be the judge.

At this period, there were in Florence two orphan brothers, very poor, whose name was Rolla. The elder was twenty-two years old, a sculptor by profession; the younger, Carlino by name, scarcely counted ten years, and was studying design with great assiduity, having for his master his brother, who, in order to provide for their maintenance, made statuettes, much in vogue at that time, and sold them to a merchant, who gave him twenty florins of silver apiece, and afterward sold them for four times that sum, as they were remarkably beautiful. Keeping secret the name of the skillful Florentine artist, he gave his customers to understand that these statuettes came to him from Germany, in order not to lose so lucrative a business.

When the young Rolla read the edict of the generous prince, he at once resolved to try for the prize, thinking that if he should be happy enough to obtain it, his fortune would be made. In order to procure the marble, he was constrained to sell nearly all the furniture he possessed. Fortunately, he had already made several statuettes, the sale of which would furnish them with their daily bread for nearly a year, because, in putting his hand to so important a work, he could not be occupied with other things.

He had enough money to get the marble, but he had not enough to procure the models necessary for the perfection of his statue. He resolved, therefore, to go every day to the Santissima Annunziata, the most frequented of all the churches in Florence. Several weeks had gone by, and he had never once seen any one who could by any possibility serve him as a model; when, one morning, there entered a beautiful young girl, elegantly dressed, and followed by two servants in rich livery. With a majestic bearing she approached the altar of the Virgin, threw herself on her knees, and raising her eyes to the divine image, seemed rapt in ecstasy.

Then our young sculptor, who had earnestly watched this heavenly being, drew from his pocket a sheet of paper and a pencil, and set himself to draw the lovely girl in this humble attitude.

Returning home, Rolla made a model in clay which bore a wonderful resemblance to the young stranger; her very position, with her elbow leaning on the cushion of the *prie-dieu*, made a beautiful study for his St. Cecilia. He worked at it early and late, with an ardor and a zeal he had never felt before. He thought of the glory, of the fame he should achieve if he should be rewarded for his labor; he thought of the fortune he could make for his dear little brother, and then he should have kept his promise, made at the death-bed of his father, to take care of him and to make him happy. Animated by these noble sentiments, and inspired by an intense love of art, he produced in marble a St. Cecilia which almost seemed to breathe; and one would have said that an immortal being had come down into this lower world for a brief time, then to return to the heavenly mansions of the blessed.

He had finished it all except the elbow of the left arm, and, he did not know for what reason, perhaps by a fatal presentiment, several times he had begun to work on it, and in a few moments would stop and put it off till another day.

At length, as the end of the year approached, he resolved to finish his statue, and taking the chisel in his hand, he began to work at the elbow of which we have spoken. But, alas! he found a vein* in the marble, and letting fall the chisel from his hand, he stood terrified; he dared not go on, fearing the marble would break; an unusual tremor seized him, and cast down and disheartened, he covered the statue with a cloth, exclaiming, "Oh! how unhappy I am! There is an end of all my fine hopes," and embracing his little brother, he shed bitter tears of grief and despair.

At the end of the year, according to the order of the Grand Duke, all the sculptors sent their statues of St. Cecilia to the Pitti Palace, and the Grand Duke, accompanied by Michael Angelo, who had come expressly from Rome, went to see them. When the visit was ended, Cosimo called upon Buonarotti to pronounce his judgment; but great was his surprise when the latter said that not one of these statues deserved the reward. The Grand Duke, not wishing to come to any determination without having first well weighed the matter, ordered that the halls should be thrown open to the public for a week, that he might in that way discover the opinions of the Florentines in regard to the statues.

The next day, when the young brother of our sculptor was going to carry the last statuette to the merchant for sale, he met a little boy of his own age, who said to him, "Ah! Carlino, I have great news to tell you—the halls of the Grand Ducal palace are open to everybody, and I have seen so many, so many statues all representing a saint whose name I have forgotten. Oh! what a crowd of people! You could not move! I could hardly see them all."

Hearing this, Carlino, instead of going to the merchant's, went straight to the Pitti Palace, with the statuette on his shoulder. After having seen the statues, he said to himself: "I do not see one as beautiful as my brother's St. Cecilia. What a pity it is not here! It would surpass all these."

He was going away, thoughtful and melancholy, when he saw, through the open door of an inner room, the royal guards enter to make way for the court. The boy, eager to see the Grand Duke, hid himself behind a statue; but the small head of the statuette was seen between two pedestals.

Michael Angelo, who preceded the prince, observed it. Going toward the boy, he said to him: "What have you there, my boy?—let me see it."

"A statuette of my brother's," he replied, coming out of his hiding-place. "Do you wish to buy it? Will you give us more for it than our merchant?"

Michael Angelo took the statue, and, after having greatly admired the work, said a few words in a low voice to the prince, who, giving the statuette to a page, gave his purse to the lad, who departed at once, followed by Michael Angelo, who was impatient to

make the acquaintance of an artist of such distinguished merit.

When they reached Rolla's studio they did not find him at home; but Carlino said to the great artist, whom he did not know, that he would look for his brother, and would bring him back in a few moments. Michael Angelo remained alone, and was much struck with the poverty of the place; and, looking around, he saw the statue. He lifted the cloth, and was overwhelmed with astonishment at seeing so beautiful a St. Cecilia.

But to his experienced eyes, which nothing escaped, the unfinished elbow at once presented itself; and examining it, he soon discovered the cause.

Taking a chisel, in a few moments he made the most beautiful elbow imaginable. Hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, he covered the statue, and sat down again.

It was Carlino, who told him that he had sought in vain for his brother everywhere that he was in the habit of going. Michael Angelo replied that it did not matter much, and that he would come again in the course of the day; and he went away very well pleased with having discovered, in this poor dwelling, a genius, a new glory to Italy.

An hour after his departure, the elder brother returned home, more sad and melancholy than usual; but Carlino, throwing his arms around him, said, "Courage, dear brother,—great news, be merry, take this purse, there are five beautiful golden florins in it. An old gentleman made the Grand Duke buy your last statuette, and the prince himself gave me this purse. I ran off at once, impatient to tell you the good news, when I saw that the good gentleman had followed me. I slackened my steps, he overtook me, and said he wished to make your acquaintance. We came together; you were not here. I left him here alone, and went everywhere looking for you, but could not find you."

At these last words Rolla raised his eyes to the statue, and saw that the cloth which covered it had been displaced. He uncovered it. Oh, wonder of wonders! the elbow was finished, and his St. Cecilia was perfect.

"A divine angel," he exclaimed, in a transport of joy, "has deigned to visit my poor studio. Oh, Michael Angelo! you alone can have wrought this miracle; may you be a thousand times blessed!" Our Rolla could not contain himself in his joy at an event so extraordinary—so fortunate. He kissed his brother again and again. He walked up and down in his studio. He clapped his hands. In short, he was beside himself. At length, he heard in the street a great noise of horses, carriages, and men-at-arms, and heard the shout, "Long live Cosimo!"

It was, indeed, the prince, who, at the instance of Michael Angelo, had come in person to see the statue of St. Cecilia which so far surpassed all those which he had seen in his palace.

"Your Royal Highness," said Buonarotti, "here is the statue which deserves the prize. It is without defect, and does honor to the man who could produce so perfect a work."

Cosimo, after having gazed upon it for some time, replied, "Beautiful, indeed! We had not expected to see a work so finely executed among the best masters of the art. But why was not this St. Cecilia sent to the Pitti Palace? Where is the artist? We would see him."

Then Michael Angelo presented the young Rolla to the Grand Duke, who said: "Let this statue be carried immediately to the royal palace; the young artist shall be rewarded in the presence of our whole court, and we will grant him our protection."

Cosimo de Medici went away with Michael Angelo amid the shouts and acclamations of a great crowd of people, who accompanied them, leaving, overwhelmed with joy, the two brothers, who saw a happy future opening before them, by the generosity of a prince who protected the fine arts, and by the magnanimity of an artist who, more than any other, has enriched Italy with a great number of marvelous works and magnificent monuments, which this great mind had wisdom to create. —*Alice D. Wilde.*

* A vein in the marble, in the language of artists, is a most fragile part, which will break very easily, unless the sculptor has had many years' practice with the chisel, and has great lightness of hand.