

for the chance of overcoming them. The gymnastic feats of the acrobat on one hand, and the technical successes of pictures like Whistler's "White Lady" on the other, fairly represent the lowest and highest achievements of the bravura player.

THE DRAMATIC IDEALIST.

THERE is still another group of artists whose standpoint differs utterly from all those heretofore considered. For want of a better name, I am inclined to call them the "dramatic idealists," because they develop their artistic product from an inner ideal of human nature.

On the stage Jefferson and Modjeska are examples of two great artists who work from this same standpoint. Jefferson's definition of an actor is "a player who, *solus*, with neither scenery nor stage properties, is able to run through the gamut of human emotion, and never fail to touch a responsive chord in the audience," and such are those artists who, conscious of the power of music as a language, not only make it the vehicle for the utterance of their personal feelings, but are able to express in music that progress and play of emotions which we call mood. We see at a glance that here is something different in origin, aim, and use of material from any previous type.

The artistic material of such artists is less the dramatic situation than the character they impersonate. Jefferson is *Rip Van Winkle*; he does not play him. Paderewski has the same power. Their strongest appeal is to the imagination and feeling of their hearers. It is characteristic of the idealist that his appeal is at once noble and stimulating.

The exquisite ideal of womanly tenderness which Modjeska expresses when she, as *Portia*, abandoning all stage traditions, obeys the divine impulse of pity, steals toward *Shylock*, and gently touches his arm as she tells him "the quality of mercy is not strained," is a beautiful instance of dramatic idealism.

From the exercise of the same gift arose the touching scene in Carnegie Hall, when an audience, loath to leave their artist or to let him go, went away hushed and sorrowful from the presence of a man who had won them solely by the music of a piano.

The peculiarity and charm of this, perhaps the rarest, type of art, is that it sometimes seems to pass the borders of artistic production and to enter those of inspiration.

NATIONAL TEMPERAMENT.

THE artist who is able thus to impersonate a character, and to express its feelings, does so in the mold of his own nature and nationality. There is no more essential property of music than its national flavor. We demand this flavor in literature, as in the fine arts. We resent the cumbrous Germanism of a Scotch Carlyle. Although we go to Scotland with Sir Walter Scott, we do not ask Hawthorne to become an Italian in Rome. We expect to see every school of painting embody its highest ideals in its national type of feature. Rubens, Da Vinci, Bonnat, and Munkaczky have respectively produced a Dutch, Italian, French, and Hungarian Christ. We would not dream of demanding a denationalized Christ. It would be weak. Ristori, Janaschek, and Modjeska have played the same character—*Maria Stuart*. The national temperament of each of these great artists was perfectly obvious in her conception.

And so must be the nationality of the pianist. The greatest artist is he who, like Liszt, uses his national instinct to the highest artistic purpose. Paderewski gives us a Polish Chopin. Some of us enjoy it because the Polish temperament, especially in its romantic quality, is strongly akin to the American. But next week comes De Pachmann, who offers Chopin the Frenchman. Let us who prefer Chopin the Pole remember that to a musician of Parisian instincts De Pachmann's Chopin is the speaking truth of nation and taste. If we do not find it true, may it not be because we are not in sympathy with French character? We hear a dozen Teutonic pianists play Beethoven with the utmost breadth of tone and grandeur of crescendo. Two others of different nationality and temperament follow. The one offers us a Beethoven of physical beauty and grace, the other of chivalrous feeling and action. Now and then appears a philosopher, a poet, a musician whose philosophy is broad enough, whose sympathies are strong enough, whose utterance is direct enough, to make him the mouthpiece of the world. Such were Shakspeare and Beethoven. Even Schiller in *Maria Stuart* created a world's type of suffering. Dare we affirm that a symmetrical and consistent art creation falls below our standard because it shows how a French, Italian, Russian, or Polish temperament deals with the chain of moods which forms the dramatic material of a sonata?

How inartistic would be a *Macbeth* played with the Scotch burr proper to the smaller art form of the *Man o' Airlie!* The larger the artistic creation, the less essential are its outside details, and the more easily it runs in the mold of any and every nation, and rises from the particular instance to the universal type.

ARTISTIC SCHOOL AND PERSONALITY.

IF we take into account the artistic value of a musician's nationality, we must also recognize that of master and school. If Union Seminary or Princeton sets her mark on a theologian; if Paris, Munich, or Spain effectually qualifies a painter's method and ideal, so Paris, Berlin, or Vienna alters the development of the growing pianist. A pupil of Liszt, Kullak, or Leschetizky cannot be mistaken. Moreover, the culture, the nature, the social habit of the artist, must be considered. These will not counteract his genius, but they will work conclusively upon his taste, his sense of propriety, and upon the moods of which he is able to form a conception. They will largely go to make the personal quality which is the crowning charm of all artistic work.

Fanny Morris Smith.

Columbus Relics—The Question of Genuineness.

IN this year, when all the world is concurring to celebrate adequately the memory of Columbus, everything bearing upon him is of interest. We hear therefore on all sides of biographies that have appeared or are about to appear, of fêtes to be held in his honor, of relics pertaining to the great explorer. Of these relics a great number are to be lent by the various owners to the Exposition of Chicago, to be publicly exhibited in the section devoted to Columbian memorials. It is much to be hoped that all such mementos may prove really genuine, that no frauds, conscious

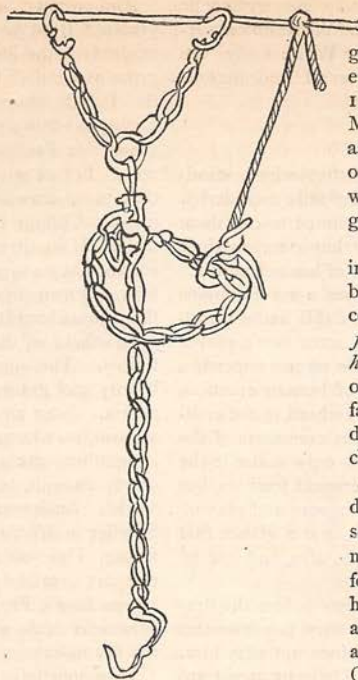
or unconscious, be committed upon the good faith of the public. That there exists great danger in this respect is beyond question.

We learn that Don Cesareo Fernandez Duro, captain of the Spanish Navy, announces that there has been consigned for the purpose of exhibition, to Mr. Robert Stritter, the sword said to have been unsheathed by the great Genoese at the taking of Guanahani, and which is now in the possession of the Museum of Salzburg. Speaking of this relic, truly precious if genuine, the same gentleman declares that there are those who boast of having found the fetters and manacles with which Bobadilla tortured the navigator. Is it possible that we are really dealing here with those chains which Columbus desired should never leave him, as a sort of *memento mori*, and which, it is asserted, he willed should be buried with him?

Let us examine the matter a little in detail, availing ourselves for that purpose of an erudite and searching article published by Fernandez Duro in the "Ilustracion Española y Americana" of February 22, 1892, as well as of the biography of Columbus written by Justin Winsor, and thus try to solve the probabilities regarding the genuineness of these fetters.

Signor Michelangiolo Maria Mizzi of Malta has published a pamphlet in which he narrates that the chains of the admiral are at present in the possession of Signor Giuseppe Baldi of Genoa, who guards them jealously in his house, together with other memorials of his great fellow-townsmen. The fetters are preserved in a magnificent casket inlaid with ivory and ebony and lined throughout with white and red satin; they weigh about seven English pounds, and can be detached into separate pieces for the hands, legs, and waist. The writer of this pamphlet declares that the authenticity of these fetters has been attested by expert and learned antiquarians and archaeologists, whose names, however, he omits to mention, and that on the two manacles and on a ring-belt are to be read three inscriptions, of which we give facsimiles. These inscriptions are cryptogrammic, composed of abbreviations and designs which reduce themselves into three rebuses. The author avers—the burden of the proof lies with him—that it was needful to have recourse to this method in order to gain space, and that, moreover, this strange system was the one commonly adopted in the fifteenth century for writing inscriptions. In order to avoid mistakes, let us give the Spanish reading of the hieroglyphics.

"La flecha de la calumnia dió estos yerros a Don Cristobal Colón paloma de la buena nueva, ciudadano de Genova muerto en mi casa posada Valladolid," of which the English version runs: "The arrow of calumny gave these irons to Cristobal Colon, dove [i. e., messenger] of the good tidings, citizen of Genoa, who died in my house in Valladolid." On the second man-



THE SO-CALLED COLUMBUS FETTERS.

cle: "Mayo quinientos seis en la paz de Cristo F.^{co} M.^{ro} hizo grabar en secreto este recuerdo en eterno." In English: "In May, 1506, in the peace of our Lord, F.^{co} M.^{ro} secretly ordered this engraving as a remembrance forever." On one of the rings of the belt is the well-known signature of the navigator, and the date 1499.

Now we must bear in mind that in old Castilian, as it was employed before the fifteenth century, the word corresponding to iron was written *ferro*, later it assumed the form *hierro*, but never was it written, as on the pretended relic, *yerro*. This fault in orthography casts the first doubt on the authenticity of the chains.

The host of Columbus at Valladolid has not thought proper to inscribe his own name, but has remained satisfied with his initials followed by the last syllable of his cognomen. This circumstance arouses suspicion. Messrs. Mizzi and Baldi say that the chains of Columbus resemble those which the angels, according to the legend, loosened from the apostle St. Peter,

and which are adored to this day by the faithful in the church of St. Pietro in Vincoli at Rome, but, as Fernandez Duro justly observes, the reputed chains of the saint are not of the same model as those in use since time immemorial in Spain for the securing of prisoners. Here we are face to face with the third argument in favor of our theory, which doubts the genuineness of these pretended relics.

M... S... D. CRIS, val
 A x [dove] d. G... ua
 P m. [house] de
 Apos v < d

M-D. VI # J. F.,^{co} M.^{ro}
 P RES - O R, [eye]

+ XPO FERENS +
 1499

INSCRIPTIONS ON FETTERS AND BELT.

It now behooves us to see how far the carefully pondered facts put forward by Justin Winsor support or destroy our arguments. Winsor narrates that when Bobadilla sent to St. Domingo to recall Columbus, who was at Concepcion, the 23d of August, 1500, the admiral obeyed the summons. He was then arrested at Bobadilla's orders, laid in chains, and imprisoned in a tower, which is still to be seen in the southeastern portion of the city. Las Casas in his history tells us that Espinosa, the cook of Columbus, was the person chosen to rivet the fetters. Now Las Casas knew Espinosa personally, and is a trustworthy witness. The act of riveting (in Spanish *remachar*) does not fitly describe chains such as those possessed by Baldi, and illustrated by Mizzi.

It is well known that in the life of the admiral attributed to Don Fernando Colon, his natural son, are to be read the following words, which for the sake of brevity we translate into English from the Italian text of the first edition, which was published to the world in the city of Venice in the year 1571 :

The admiral had decided to keep these fetters as relics and memorials of the first of his many good services, and this he did, for I always saw in his room those irons, which he willed to be buried with his bones.

Now the supposed host of Columbus, if we are to accept the testimony of these inscriptions, was a certain Francisco Mesonero, *anglicè*, Francis the innkeeper. But when Columbus died on May 20, 1506, in the house marked as Number 7 in the Calle de Colon in Valladolid, a house still extant, he could not have been lodged in a hotel, but in a private residence, and therefore there could be no question of an innkeeper. And this because one of the provisions of the most Catholic King in favor of his good servant Christopher Columbus was that each and every time that the admiral viceroy should remove himself from one city to another he should not only be lodged at the public expense but recommended to the care of the notables of the city, and that no such host was to permit himself to be paid even a farthing by this great man under penalty of a fine of the heavy sum of 2000 maravedis. Further, the royal decrees bearing the dates May 24, 1493 Barcelona, and that of April 23, 1497, Burgos, declare that to the admiral and his suite should be given over gratuitously the best houses, such as are not *mesoneros*—that is to say, inns. Consequently, Columbus could not have died in an inn, but in a private house.

Let us proceed yet further. The last will and testament of Columbus is very diffuse and detailed, and that there is no doubt as to its authenticity is well ascertained. A great part of it is occupied with the question of his rights, and he complains bitterly regarding the ill treatment he had received. Of the chains there is not one word. Now, is it likely that the heir of the great admiral, Don Diego Columbus, should not have religiously preserved these chains, which would have served as such sentimental arguments in order to continue the famous lawsuit of the Columbus family against the crown of Spain? And even if Don Diego should not have so done, Don Fernando, who had the custody of his father's papers and books, and who founded the Columbian library of Seville, is certain to have preserved them. Hence, either Fernando Columbus is the author of the life of his father, known under the

name of "Historie," or he is not. If he is, he must have felt an interest in these chains, which the writer of this biography asserts that he saw, as mentioned in the quotation already given.

In 1509 the body of Christopher Columbus was disinterred at Valladolid, where it had until then rested, and was transported to the Certosa Convent of Seville, called Las Cuevas. Although the body was identified, the fetters were nowhere to be found in the coffin, and they were diligently sought for, since legend had already promulgated the tale that such fetters would be discovered together with the body of Columbus, rumor having it that these famous chains had been buried with his bones. It is, therefore, more than probable that the chains, if they were so buried, had vanished long before the removal of the body, and hence Messrs. Mizzi and Baldi must be deceived as to the authenticity of the relics which the one owns and the other writes about, for we hesitate to believe that they can voluntarily be palming off a fraud upon the public.

It is notorious to all who collect antiquities how easy it is to falsify objects made, for example, in iron. It is an art which in Florence is practised with an ability such as to deceive every one who is not a thorough expert. May it not, therefore, well have happened that some such skilful forger of things ancient played the part of deceiver to Signor Giuseppe Baldi? And is not this theory all the more probable when we add that no traces of the chains were found in the coffin of Columbus on the two subsequent translocations of the admiral's body, when it was taken to the cathedral of San Domingo, and, afterward, when it was removed to Havana?

Here, too, is what Justin Winsor says concerning the chains :

It is the statement of the "Historie" that Columbus preserved the chains in which he had come home from his third voyage, and that he had them buried with him, or intended to do so. The story is often repeated, but it has no other authority than the somewhat dubious one of that book, and it finds no confirmation in Las Casas, Peter Martyr, Bernaldez, or Oviedo. Humboldt says that he made subtle inquiry of those who assisted at the reinterment at Havana, if there were any traces of these fetters or oxide of iron in the coffin. In the account of the recent discovery of remains at Santo Domingo it is said that there are equally no traces of fetters in the casket.

The question as to the authenticity of these chains, which it is proposed to exhibit at Chicago, may therefore be considered to be solved. And what about the sword? Is not that also an antiquary's fraud? Surely this too would have remained in the hands of Don Diego Columbus, and at his death have passed to the heir, Don Luis Columbus, with whom ended the direct male line of the admiral. Would the son who so carefully preserved all documents bearing on his father have parted with his sword? There cannot even be put forward the plea of poverty to justify such an action. Don Diego made a great marriage: he wedded Maria de Toledo, niece of the Duke of Alba, and hence became cousin to King Ferdinand V. It might, of course, be that Don Diego bestowed the paternal sword upon the royal family, from whose hands it passed into those of Charles V., who may have carried it to Salzburg; but these are mere conjectures, and in a question of such value conjectures do not suffice, and definite proofs are required. It is much to be desired and hoped that this question as to the authenticity of the sword may also

be thoroughly sifted, so that America may not incur the reproach of exhibiting to the crowds that will rush to Chicago relics which are worthy to be classed only with the wooden nutmegs of evil repute.

X. Y. Z.

The First Account of the Grand Falls of Labrador.

THE pleasure of reading Mr. Henry G. Bryant's interesting article on the Labrador Falls, which appeared in *THE CENTURY* for September, is, I think, somewhat marred by reason of the very brief reference made by Mr. Bryant to the circumstances of the discovery of the falls, and the impression thereby conveyed to the public that there is no record of McLean's visit to the falls, except the traditionary story known to the Hudson's Bay Company; whereas the discoverer, John McLean (not McLane), in his book entitled "Notes of a Twenty-five Years' Service in the Hudson's Bay Territory," gives the following description of the scene as it appeared to him when he first saw the locality in August, 1839:

About six miles above the falls the river suddenly contracts from a width of from four hundred to six hundred yards, to about one hundred yards, then, rushing along in a continuous foaming rapid, finally contracts to a breadth of about fifty yards ere it precipitates itself over the rock which forms the fall, when still roaring and foaming it continues its maddened course for about a distance of thirty miles, pent up between walls of rock that sometimes rise to the height of three hundred feet on either side. This stupendous fall exceeds in height the Falls of Niagara, but bears no comparison to that sublime object in any other respect, being nearly hidden from the view by the abrupt angle which the rocks form immediately beneath it. If not seen, however, it is felt. Such is the extraordinary force with which it tumbles into the abyss beneath that we felt the solid rock shake under our feet, as we stood two hundred feet above the gulf. A dense cloud of vapour, which can be seen at a great distance in clear weather, hangs over the spot. From the fall to the foot of the rapid, a distance of about thirty miles, the zigzag course of the river presents such sharp angles that you see nothing of it until within a few yards of its banks. Might not this circumstance lead the geologist to the conclusion that the fall had receded this distance? The mind shrinks from the contemplation of a subject that carries it back to a period of time so remote; for if the rock (syenite) always possessed its present solidity and hardness, the action of the water alone might require millions of years to produce such a result.

Thus it will be seen that we have reliable information regarding McLean's discovery, not mere tradition.

A. H. Whitcher.

William Thorne.

PERHAPS the one great advantage which the Académie Julian possesses over its rival, the Beaux Arts, is its eclecticism, although that eclecticism is possibly not complete, for impressionism as exemplified in the work of Monet would hardly find favor with the Julian professors. What I mean is, that while the traditions of the Académie are nobly upheld by Le Febvre and Laurens, the modern spirit in art is fairly well represented by Doucet. It is but natural, however, that an earnest and conscientious student, venerating, as he must, the skill and knowledge of Le Febvre and Laurens, should be disposed to yield to their overmastering influence, much as he may be attracted by the light and joyousness of the modern movement. It is as well that it should be so, for there are few greater

masters of the human form than they, certainly no better workmen; and I have little faith in the originality or individuality of the artist under thirty. The history of art teaches that style and individuality are the ripe fruit of years of following a stronger and more "knowledgeable" master or masters.

In Mr. Thorne's "Purity," printed on page 560, one sees an honest following of the traditions of the Académie, together with a reaching out toward the more modern. The picture has much of the quality of Le Febvre, much of his excellent drawing and workman-like putting on of paint; it shows also that impulse toward tenderness, sentiment, and light which is affecting all the younger painters.

Mr. Thorne has but lately returned from Paris, where he has studied since 1889 in the Julian school under Le Febvre, Constant, Doucet, and Laurens. He won an honorable mention at the Salon of 1891, and was an exhibitor in the Champs Elysees Salon in 1890. He was born in Delavan, Wisconsin, in 1863. His first instruction in art was at the National Academy of Design in New York, where he received a first medal for drawing.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Abraham Lincoln's Last Hours.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN ARMY SURGEON PRESENT AT THE ASSASSINATION, DEATH, AND AUTOPSY.

THE notes from which this article is written were made the day succeeding Mr. Lincoln's death, and immediately after the official examination of the body. They were made, by direction of Secretary Stanton, for the purpose of preserving an official account of the circumstances attending the assassination, in connection with the medical aspects of the case.

On the fourth anniversary of the fall of Fort Sumter, the beloved President, his great heart filled with peaceful thoughts and charity for all, entered Ford's Theater amid the acclamations of the loyal multitude assembled to greet him. Mr. Lincoln sat in a high-backed upholstered chair in the corner of his box nearest the audience, and only his left profile was visible to most of the audience; but from where I sat, almost under the box, in the front row of orchestra chairs, I could see him plainly. Mrs. Lincoln rested her hand on his knee much of the time, and often called his attention to some humorous situation on the stage. She seemed to take great pleasure in witnessing his enjoyment.

All went on pleasantly until half-past ten o'clock, when, during the second scene of the third act, the sharp report of a pistol rang through the house. The report seemed to proceed from behind the scenes on the right of the stage, and behind the President's box. While it startled every one in the audience, it was evidently accepted by all as an introductory effect preceding some new situation in the play, several of which had been introduced in the earlier part of the performance. A moment afterward a hatless and white-faced man leaped from the front of the President's box down, twelve feet, to the stage. As he jumped, one of the spurs on his riding-boots caught in the folds of the flag draped over the front, and caused him to fall partly on his hands and knees as he struck the stage. Springing quickly to his feet with the suppleness of an athlete, he faced the audience for a moment as he brandished in his right hand a long knife, and shouted,