

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI.

JUNE, 1883.

No. 2.

LIVING ENGLISH SCULPTORS.

I.

IT is a very impressive moment to the lover of sculpture when he stands by the ivy-grown tomb of Thorwaldsen in Copenhagen, and sees around him those stately and noiseless galleries in which rest the masterpieces of the father of modern plastic art. Nature loves to refresh the pools of thought with water brought from distant and sequestered springs, and nourishes her Winckelmanns in the arid wastes of Brunswick, and brings forth her Thorwaldsens from a squalid village in Iceland. By this means she renews her ancient forces; for in art, as in everything else, her process is one of birth, of perfection, of decay, and of birth again out of decay. During certain long periods of history, sculpture has hardly existed in Europe. When the last Roman revival of Greek sculpture ceased, there was an absolute eclipse till Christian art began to carve the fronts of Wells and Pisa. Less obvious but as real eclipse darkened the two centuries that lie between the manhood of Bernini and the youth of Thorwaldsen,—a period not indeed unprovided with statues and busts, but permeated by ignorance and false taste to such a degree that the revival of the art seemed absolutely hopeless. In every part of the west of Europe this dark age of sculpture has left its mark, often signed by names of those to whom we pay all possible positive honor, though denying their relative position,—such artists as Roubillac with his astonishing swiftness and versatility, as Bacon with his virile force, as Canova with his prescience of a better age that was coming and with his wonderful skill in technique. Yet these and many other sculptors, who achieved reputation in the seventeenth and more particularly late in the eighteenth cent-

ury, leave us dissatisfied with their aim and vision. If they strive to be classical, they are removed so many degrees from the simple and learned beauty of the Greeks, that we find them, on the whole, insipid; if their aim is to be Christian, they are so deeply impregnated with conventional elegance and so bound by a series of acknowledged symbols, that we are neither solemnized nor touched, for the element of spiritual surprise is carefully avoided. We find that skill has entirely taken the place of sentiment, and workmanship of imagination; yet, by a curious irony of nature, the technique for which everything has been sacrificed has almost every fault except that of rudeness. The "Graces" of that excessively clever carver, Canova, by dint of over-elaboration, seem to simper at every joint of their polished bodies, and their fingers, in excess of flexibility, cling to their flesh like leeches. Thus a man of unusual talent, a workman of the first order, fails in the very matter of modeling through ignorance of the true principles of his art; he knows not what to select or what to avoid. Into this false atmosphere, charged with bad taste and erroneous ambition, Thorwaldsen brought his eager northern spirit, rugged and sincere, and led the way for great and essential changes.

Unfortunately he, too, was brought up in a false school, and kept under vicious authority too long to perform all that his genius might have effected. He was ill-equipped in many technical respects, lazy as a workman, only very occasionally inspired by great and original ideas,—a man of strange contradictions, now brilliantly enterprising, now indolently dull. Some of his most famous work can in no way be esteemed better or even different in character from the conventional

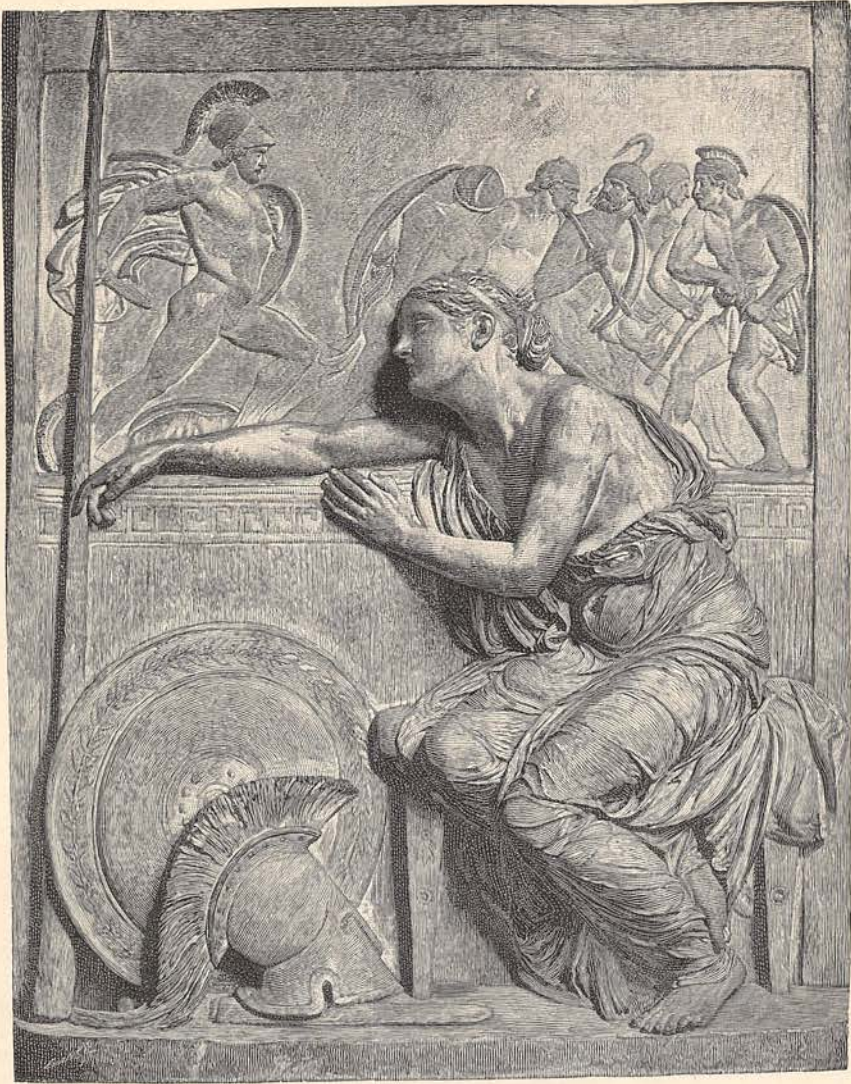
work of the century before him. The visitor to Cambridge must pronounce that, as he is there revealed, he cuts a sorry figure by the side of the vigorous Roubillac. And therefore I began by saying that the student of modern sculpture must make a pilgrimage to Copenhagen. There, as he wanders among the countless plaster works which bear still the impress of Thorwaldsen's hand, he may see, what he misses in the smooth and facile marbles carved often in the absence of the indifferent sculptor, how the ancient fire was sometimes rekindled between those uncertain fingers and the true principles of sculpture revealed to that sluggish brain. Standing before the "Mercury" of Thorwaldsen, that noble figure of adolescence, the whole attitude of which breathes a lyric simplicity and grace,—noting the vivid eye, the absorbed features, the finely modeled hands lifting the pipes,—I have been inclined to fancy that the spirit of pure sculpture, which fled from the world when Goujon fell, shot to the heart, from the relievo he was carving on the day of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, came back to earth with timid flight while Thorwaldsen was fashioning this statue.

What Thorwaldsen partly performed in the way of recalling plastic art to truth and sincerity of expression was carried much further and in a finer spirit by an artist of our own race. The divine Flaxman—to whom England alone of all the countries of Europe has been slow to do honor, that great poet of design in whom our critics will perhaps one day learn to recognize the greatest ornament of English art—saw through the medium of his keen and learned imagination all that was needed to revive the practice of sculpture. Before the light of his intuition all the finery and flummery of Italian false taste, all the dull traditions and pompous Latinities that the French had laid down as law to Europe, all the burden of detail, all the dread of vitality, passed away like a vapor, and he saw life and man as the Greeks saw them. Where then, it may be asked, are the statues of this great sculptor? What museum is crowded with his figures, what church with his reliefs? To this we all know the melancholy answer. He lived at a period and in a country that were blind to the value of such work as his; the ignorance of his rich contemporaries put so few commissions of the grander sort within his reach, that his hand never quite attained that sureness and vigor of workmanship which must always come with use; and accordingly, the exquisite and nobly sculpturesque dreams with which his brain was always brimming were expended on the decoration of plates and cups, or drag out a dubious ex-

istence on scraps of paper. If the English Government or the wealthy classes in England had known what manner of man was moving so quietly among them, they might have won the gratitude of posterity by supplying him with bronze and marble. There is something exceedingly irritating in the reflection that a Bernini can always secure abundance of material on which to perpetuate his monstrous taste, and yet that, when once in five hundred years a Flaxman is born, the wealthiest nation in the world cannot find him blocks of marble to work upon.

The legacy of Flaxman to us, therefore, is almost intellectual rather than physical. His matchless designs pathetically cry to the student: "Thus I should have modeled if the world had cared to let me; work thus if you are born into a more intelligent age than I was." And it is from his drawings rather than from his executed works that we must gather his message to posterity. His immediate followers did not understand his mission. They sought to imitate the exact practice of Flaxman in individual cases, instead of trying to look at nature and the human body from his free and original standpoint. So that once more the attempt to revive sculpture, in the broader sense, as a great imaginative medium, failed for want of courage and instinct in those who trod in the steps of Flaxman. Sculpture fell lower than ever, reaching throughout Europe, about fifty years ago, a condition of nullity and poverty greater than, perhaps, at any moment, even in the unlucky eighteenth century.

Germany had revived the judicious love of antiquity; Denmark and England had successively indicated the direction of revival; it was left to France to carry out this newest *renaissance*, and make sculpture once more take rank among the living arts. It was François Rude, the great sculptor of Dijon, who brought to this task the needful combination of skill and intelligence, and who first dared to set entirely aside those rules and exceptions, traditional bondage of the schools, which every sculptor had bowed down to until his time. It is no part of my business here to tell the story of Rude's life, or chronicle the successes of French sculpture. The first has often been done for English readers, and particularly well by Mr. Hamerton in his charming book called "Modern Frenchmen"; the second is obvious to any one who visits Paris with discerning eyes. But, before proceeding to discuss what has been done of late in England by a group of artists whose inspiration comes more or less from the true modern source, I must quote one phrase of Rude's which is very significant in its bearing on



VIRGILIA. (THOMAS WOOLNER.)

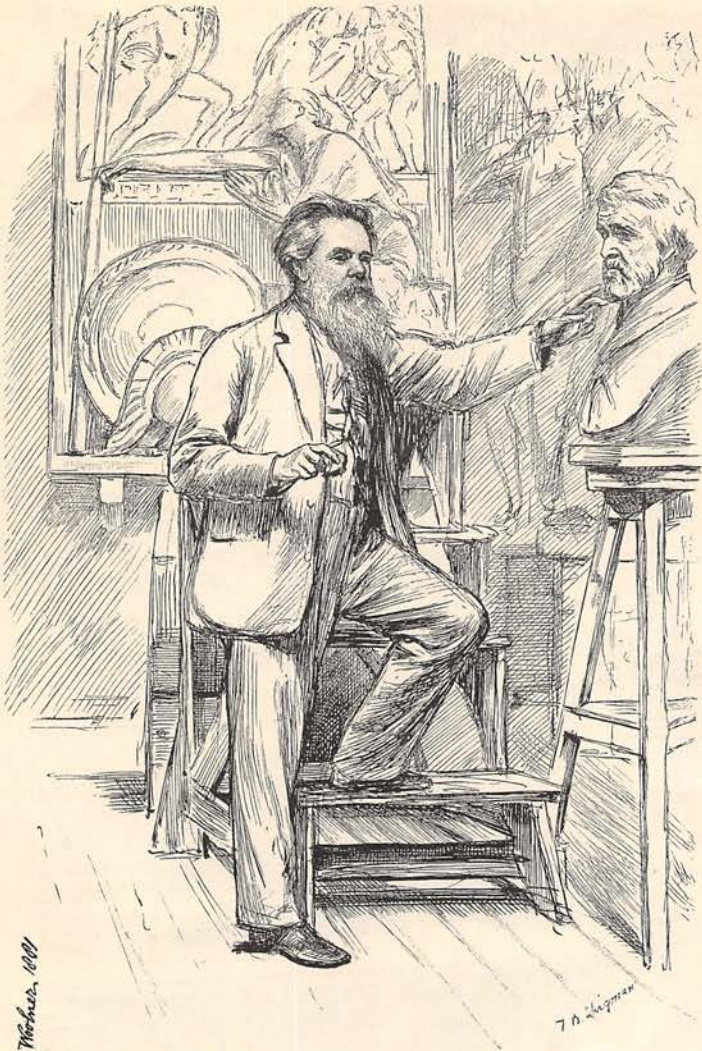
sculptors' work. Rude was a rough man, not given much to writing or reading, but his disciples have preserved for us some of his apothegms, and they are wonderfully wise. To some one who asked him how he would define the human body, he replied, "As a skeleton, of which the muscles form the ornament." It is easy to see that a man with such a doctrine of his art could not go far wrong, and the acceptance or disregard of this seems at the root of all failure or success. The ancient Greek who modeled his queer archaic figure of Phœbus was thinking mainly about the skeleton; we see the ribs correctly indicated, the slope of the pelvis and even the contours of the thigh-bones excellently

suggested, and we take great pleasure in looking at the statuette, though its ornaments—its muscles and skin—and the modeling of the face are very rude and poor. We take, for instance, much more pleasure in it than we do in the late Roman statue of the same god, where the skin is polished, the features exquisitely even, and the muscles laid on with every affectation of elegance, but where the bony structure is absolutely neglected or treated in slavish accordance with some traditional practice of Praxiteles or Polycletus. For it is a very remarkable fact, of which the history of art is forever repeating examples, that the artist injects into his work the charm of his conscientious effort,

and that what is carelessly done, or done in the spirit of a charlatan, or even ignorantly and tamely done, may please the world for awhile and secure ephemeral applause, but cannot long arrest the attention of any unbiased company of observers.

Sincerity, then, and study of nature must be the leading forces of sculpture if it is to regain its authority over human thought; and these must be exercised in a large sense by men of remarkable power, moving in a bracing and strenuous atmosphere of intellectual effort. No doubt there is a species of monumental and iconic sculpture,—memorial figures and portrait busts,—in which at all times, whether the art rises or falls, honest workmen will achieve tolerable results. In England, at the darkest periods of our art, we have had sculptors like Nollekens and Behnes who produced contemporary heads which were entirely satisfactory,—valuable documents, precious to students of history, and well executed as works of art. But portraiture is, after all, though the most prosperous and necessary branch of sculpture, not its noblest, and not that which feels most sensitively the spring or winter of the imagination. It is in ideal work, in the poetic creations of the sculptor's mind, that we see most readily whether his mode of work is sound or not. Now it may seem to some readers a bold thing to say, and yet is merely a truism to those who think on the subject, that so great has been the general rise in sincere and capable treatment of sculpture in the French schools within two generations, that any one who visits the Salon at Paris will see, even in an unfavorable year, several imaginative statues which show more real knowledge of the body, a truer sense of beauty, a livelier fidelity to pure Greek feeling, than is to be found in all Canova's work, in most of Thorwaldsen's work, and in all else that Europe produced in sculpture from the death of Bernini (1680) until the present age. We need to have this said plainly, and to clear our minds of tradition and prejudice. If we want to see what is truly beautiful in sculpture, let us look at such fragments of genuine old Greek work, down to the age of Praxiteles, as the piety of the modern world has collected out of chaos; in Christian sculpture at the alto-relievos of Ghiberti, the penciled bass-reliefs of Donatello, the saintly terra-cottas of Della Robbia, and the virile monuments of the pagan Italians from Verrocchio down to Michelangelo; then at nothing else, however much the amateurs of two centuries may have praised it, until we come to the work of Frenchmen who are not yet old, Chapu and Dubois, Falguière and Mercié.

The poverty of English sculpture has been due to the fact that, not having the force of the Middle Ages, when, as it seems, sculpture was rediscovered for Europe by the Englishmen who built Wells Cathedral,—not having, I say, the force of the thirteenth century, it was obliged to move in bondage to the old traditions, copying not Greek art, but wretched Roman imitations of Greek art, not Michelangelo and the manly Italians before him, but the feebly furious school that aped his mannerisms, erring everywhere through timidity and half-heartedness, contented, as we see the Italians of to-day contented, to be executants and not composers, servants, not masters, unrivaled workmen in the technical part of their trade, but without any creative talent, without courage, without taste. We may take Foley as a very fair example of the best sort of sculptor that the old tradition could produce in England,—a man equipped as a workman at all points; practically without fault, in his best time, as far as the superficial part of the modeling goes and in crafty treatment of surface, yet merely a workman at best; without knowledge or the trained instinct that makes up for knowledge; without imagination, content to ring the changes on half-a-dozen vigorous or graceful attitudes; in short, a man of extraordinary native gifts, but ignorant of their meaning and without any just sense of their responsibilities. His statues are simply marvelous pieces of workmanship; they have no sentiment, they suggest no thought. Perhaps his finest work, his truly superb statue of "Caractacus," at the Mansion House, is no contribution to history, and throws no light upon the motives of a savage patriot. It is simply a very fine figure of a naked Englishman, with a large mustache and a very heavy head of hair, looking as though something or another had annoyed him very much. Now if anything is plain in the history of art it is that mere good workmanship, without ideas to guide it, is not self-sufficient for more than a single generation. Sculpture in England has had to begin anew, faintly encouraged, I cannot doubt, by the greater revival across the Channel. The pre-raphaelitism of Mr. Woolner, and the independent movement toward realism of Mr. Armstead, were the first steps toward the light, and we shall briefly discuss these first. They have led the way to a generation of younger artists, who move on the crest of a second wave of revival, a wave much more plainly tending toward us from the shores of France, and of the very highest interest and importance to students of our national art. And this would indeed be the fit place for a brief tribute to the genius of that great and



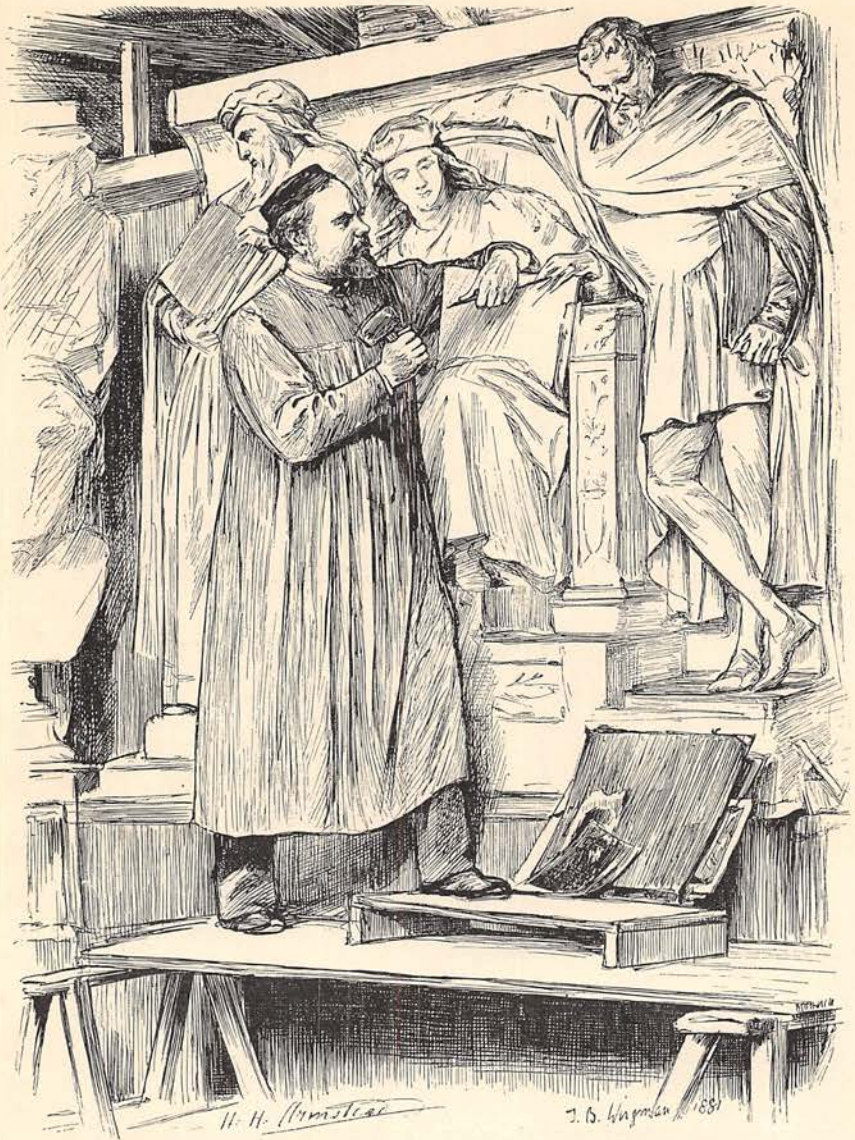
THOMAS WOOLNER IN HIS STUDIO. (FROM A DRAWING BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN.)

obscure artist, the late Alfred Stevens, whom we scarcely knew till he was gone from us, and who stood apart from every school with his eyes fixed on the sole figure of Michelangelo; but this digression would take us too far from the subject of our present inquiry.

II.

THERE is no living artist whose work a man of letters approaches with more instinctive interest than Mr. Woolner, himself almost as eminent a poet as a sculptor. His literary position is not that side of his career which will be discussed here; his place in literature, as the author of "My Beautiful Lady" and of "Pygmalion," has long ago been decided,

and needs no re-illustration. But, after all, the profession of Mr. Woolner's life has been sculpture, and it is as a sculptor that he calls for our attention among his most prominent colleagues. Thomas Woolner was born at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, on the 17th of December, 1825. At the age of thirteen, he began life as the pupil of Behnes, sculptor in ordinary to Her Majesty. With all his faults, Behnes was a considerate and intelligent master; and under him Mr. Woolner found, if no encouragement, at least less opposition to his views with regard to the exact reproduction of nature than he would have found, for instance, in the great rival studio—Sir Francis Chantrey's temple of conventionality. At the age of eighteen, just before leaving

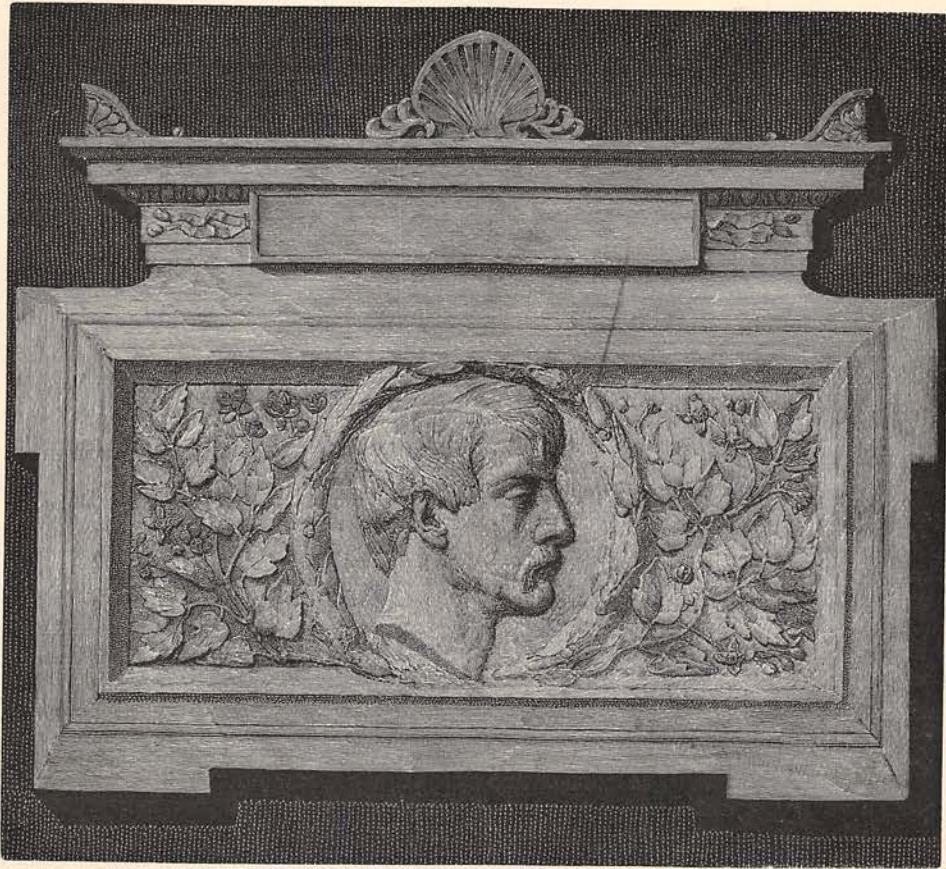


HENRY HUGH ARMSTEAD AT WORK. (FROM A DRAWING BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN.)

Behnes, Mr. Woolner began to exhibit. The catalogue of the Royal Academy for 1843 announces an "Eleanor sucking the Poison from Edward's Wound," which has disappeared; and there was shown at the same time in Westminster Hall a large group of "The Death of Boadicea," which no longer exists. The first work of Mr. Woolner's which can still be examined is a "Puck," completed at the close of 1843, when he had just started in life on his own merits. It is a work of extraordinary interest. The body of the sinewy little imp is closely modeled after nature; the snake which creeps between his legs, the toad

on which he is about to stamp, the broad fungus that supports the whole group,—all these are rendered with that exact observance of truth in detail which was so soon to become the great new power in art. One touch of observation in this work—the rotten leaves being drawn downward by worms—so struck Tennyson years afterward, that into "Enid," which he happened to be then writing, he introduced the famous simile:

"Souls the old serpent long had drawn
Down, as the worm draws in the withered leaf
And makes it earth."



MEMORIAL TO FREDERICK WALKER. (HENRY HUGH ARMSTEAD.)

This epoch-making little statue of "Puck," with its unprecedented return to the study of nature in sculpture, was produced just before the beginning of the similar revival in painting, and was in some sort a herald of it. It was by more than a lucky chance that Mr. Woolner was thrown into the company of that celebrated group of lads, mostly younger than himself, whose names have since been so widely known in painting, and of whom Mr. Holman Hunt was the leading spirit. Mr. Woolner formed one of the original Pre-raphaelite Brotherhood, in company with Mr. Millais, Mr. D. G. Rossetti, and the other less illustrious artists who formed the famous Seven. In 1850, he took a prominent part in bringing out "The Germ,"—that little magazine, so disregarded then, so precious to bibliographers now,—and in its pages he printed the first installments of his poem "My Beautiful Lady." A little before this, in 1848, he had formed the friendship of Mr. Tennyson, then already acknowledged as the coming star in poetry, although still unrecognized by the large public. Mr. Tennyson's lodgings

in the north of London were close to Mr. Woolner's studio, and when at last they mutually discovered this fact, an intimacy sprang up between them which has lasted ever since. In 1852, the attention of the artistic world was widely called to Mr. Woolner's name, although the final result of the circumstance was excessively disappointing to the artist himself. Wordsworth having died in 1850, a subscription was at once made to set up a suitable monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. Forty-two designs were sent in to a general competition, and among these the most admired was that by Mr. Woolner: his old master Behnes, himself a competitor, remarked, in words to which his position gave great weight, his admiration of his pupil's design and his despair for his own. Mr. Woolner's sketch was so widely acknowledged to be the best, that it was with almost universal surprise and indignation that the news was received that the choice of the judges had fallen upon the very unfortunate monument which now does more dishonor than honor to Wordsworth's memory in Westmin-

ster Abbey. This feeble and ugly work was modeled by a sculptor named Thrupp, who was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy for nearly fifty years, but without attaining distinction. Mr. Woolner's sketch remains in his studio, and, as being one of his most remarkable works, deserves particular description. The sculptor had seen Wordsworth but once, in Behnes's studio in 1839, and had no recollection of his appearance, but his collation of accredited portraits and his life-long sympathy with the genius of the man enabled him to give a likeness which the most intimate friends of the poet were eloquent in praising. Wordsworth sits on the central pedestal, dressed like an elderly farmer; his legs are crossed, his right hand is thrust into his bosom, his head is bent forward in reverie. In his left hand he holds a pimpernel, as a blossom at once humble and rustic in character and yet so beautiful as to demand attention. The bass-relief on the front of the pedestal shows Peter Bell, who, in the act of striking the ass, refrains in sudden awe at the presence of the mountains. For the groups flanking the pedestal, and worked out in the round, the sculptor designed Law and Religion. To render these qualities of the soul in sympathy with the genius of Wordsworth, Mr. Woolner sought out a fellow-thinker in Carlyle, and amid the Olympian cloud of tobacco emerging from these two great men's pipes it was finally decided that Law should be depicted by the representation of a father who controls the passion of a sullen boy ("Make him sullen," said Carlyle; "more god-like task that"), and Religion by that of a mother who encourages her little child to pluck a lovely flower, and in the same instant leads the infant mind to the contemplation of the flower's maker, God. Such is the noble and imaginative monument which was so very nearly raised to the memory of Wordsworth, and which may any day, by an accident or a change of studio, be broken up and no longer exist except in memory. It is greatly to be desired that, before it is too late, some wealthy body of devout Wordsworthians should rescue this appropriate and seemingly tribute from its perilous condition in plaster. No commission, I should suppose, could, even at this time of day, be so welcome to the poet-sculptor as this which he so nearly received thirty years ago.

In 1854, Mr. Woolner was bitten with the prevalent craze for Australian gold, and went out to Victoria to try his luck at the diggings. After working at several points, not without success, yet not with sufficient to make the toil worth continuing, he proceeded to New South Wales, and made a great "hit" by

modeling medallion portraits for the rich Sydney merchants. He was received enthusiastically. It was the first time that any recognized English artist had found his way out to Australia, and the compliment was warmly responded to. Mr. Woolner was so successful in this field of sculpture that he might have remained in Sydney, had not the hope—as it proved, a delusive one—of a very important commission lured him back to London in 1856. He returned, however, to find that his reputation had increased during his absence, and since that year he has very seldom been unrepresented at the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy.

It would serve no good purpose to give in this place a bare list of all that Mr. Woolner has produced during the last quarter of a century. The specimens we are able to engrave of his work will give a very good idea of its average manner, and will exemplify the three different classes into which it falls. Mr. Woolner has taken advantage of his long friendship with Mr. Tennyson to record at various stages of life the outlines of that noble and singular countenance. As early as 1857 he contributed a bronze medallion of the Poet Laureate to the Royal Academy, and another, in high relief, in 1867; while a bust taken in middle life is one of the ornaments of Trinity College Library, Cambridge. In our portrait of the sculptor himself, the artist has represented him as carving another of his most striking busts, that of Carlyle in 1868. Carlyle, like Tennyson, sat very frequently to Mr. Woolner, showing an amusing alacrity in response to any offer of portraiture, the idle arts being for once well employed in handing down his crabbed features to posterity. As the sculptor and the humorist sat together in this contiguity, there would break forth windy war of words, for Carlyle's delight was to confound all the artists of the world, from Phidias downward, in one sweeping denunciation of "fools" and "rascals," and very particularly the Greeks. On the subject of art, of course, his knowledge and his taste were, as Mr. Leslie Stephen says of Dr. Johnson's, a minus quantity. Some of Mr. Woolner's later busts—his Kingsley and his Keble, for instance, in Westminster Abbey—have lost vital truth in the excess and finish that he has expended on them; but others, again, form lasting and worthy records of the eminent men they represent. Such are his busts of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak in 1859, of Sir William Hooker in 1860, of John Henry Newman in 1867, of Darwin in 1870, and of Charles Dickens in 1872.

Of the second class of Mr. Woolner's sculpture, that founded directly upon historic work

of the imagination, there is no more favorable example to be found than his large and beautiful relief of "Virgilia," of which we give an engraving. The wife of Coriolanus sees in vision her husband routing the Volsces. In the same strenuous manner Mr. Woolner modeled, as his diploma work, on his admission to the full honors of the Royal Academy, a relief of "Pallas and Achilles Shouting in the Trenches." His "Mercury Teaching a Shepherd-Boy to Sing," in 1874, was another of these poetical and refined reliefs. It is a circular composition, in which the god, seated with a lyre in his hands, bends forward over the shy and wondering head of a boy, to whom he teaches the magic by which the learned contrive to make "music and sweet poesy agree."

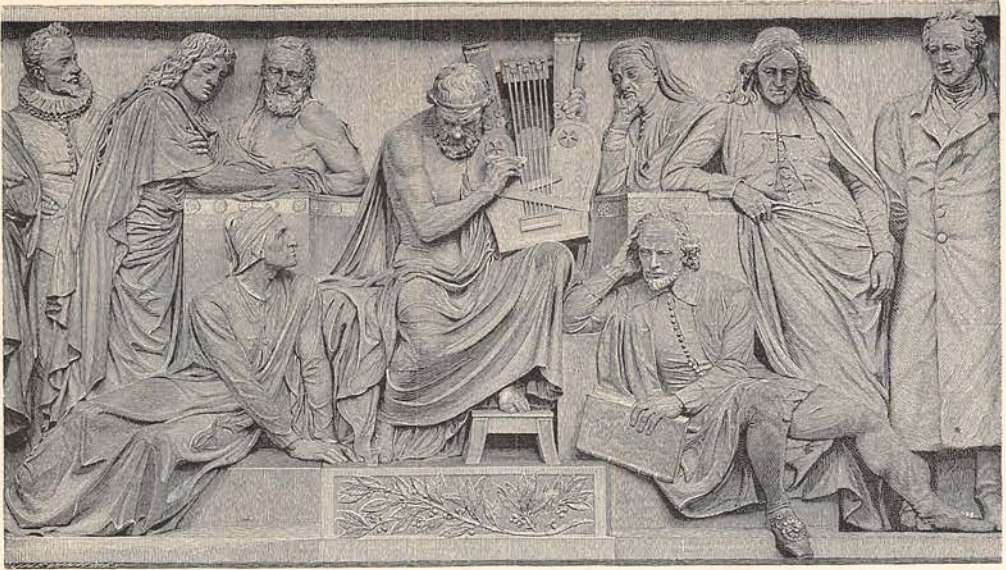
A fine example of Mr. Woolner's monumental or funeral sculpture is an "In Memoriam" tablet, executed in 1870 for a family of four children who had been carried off at one time by an epidemic. The father waited on Mr. Woolner, and asked him if he thought it possible to erect to their memory a monument which should preserve their features without being extremely painful to the mother. The sculptor undertook to solve the difficulty, and he did so with true poetic tact. He has represented the four children in paradise, full of joy and life, in blithe unconsciousness waiting till those left below on earth shall join them and reunite the family. There is a shade of pensive memory, with no sadness, on the face of the eldest daughter; the second graciously responds to the rapturous ecstasy of her little brother; the third holds out her hand for two butterflies to perch on. This latter incident was criticised, and by no less exact an observer than Mr. Tennyson, as improbable, even in paradise, where the butterflies may, however, surely be conceived as being more confident and courteous than here below; but it appears that there is an earthly precedent for it, for that gentle and patient people, the Japanese, are found to possess the art of taming insects, and in particular of persuading butterflies to perch upon their fingers. It will be seen that the temper of Mr. Woolner's art is joyous and robust; he has not shared the love of melancholy and almost of disease that has been so strange an impulse with many of his most illustrious companions. His conception of sorrow is accidental and transient; his belief in happiness fixed and essential; at least, that is the impression that all which is most successful in his sculpture gives to an observer.

Mr. Woolner was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in 1871, taking rank between poor Frederick Walker and Sir John

Gilbert; and in 1876, he succeeded Foley as a full R. A. He lectured as professor of sculpture for a short time at the Royal Academy, and then abandoned the chair, which still remains vacant.

III.

THERE is probably no living artist who more resembles in temper of mind the great Renaissance masters who just preceded Michelangelo than Mr. Armstead. Like Leopardi or Verrocchio, he is prepared by training and laborious accomplishment to be goldsmith, sculptor, or painter, and as a matter of fact he is all these, even the last. His fecundity of invention, his patience as a workman, his untiring intelligence and perfection of style, have all been expended on a great variety of labors, of which but few have received their due reward of public attention, and it is only of late years that the transcendent merits of this great sculptor have been appreciated. Henry Hugh Armstead was born in London, on the 18th of June, 1828. His father, John Armstead, was the most prominent herald chaser of his time, and indeed raised this branch of art into such a perfection as it has not enjoyed before or since. The son was originally to have been trained to continue his father's calling, but he finally started in life as a silversmith. To prepare himself for this delicate work he became a student at the Royal Academy, and passed through all the accredited art training of the day. What special schooling he did not gain from his father came from Baily, the sculptor, whose heavy thumb, however, usually rather marred than mended the minute traceries that the boy already preferred to the "large treatment" then fashionable in sculpture. As a worker in silver, Mr. Armstead performed, in an unobtrusive way for many years, such lovely work as had never before been modeled for this purpose by an English hand, and developed his talent with such rapidity that soon he could not endure to have fine modeling spoiled by the chasers, and learned to do the repoussé work with his own hand. Countless racing cups and vases carry on their lids the results of his fecund imagination and faultless chasing,—work much of which would not be unworthy of a modern Cellini, but which brought its author the minimum of public recognition. While he was still quite young, the preraphaelite movement began to stir beside him; and though he took no active part in it, he was acquainted with its leaders, and felt a reflex warmth fall upon him from their ardor. From the first he had modeled nothing, however trivial, without exact study



FRAGMENT OF THE PODIUM OF THE ALBERT MEMORIAL. (HENRY HUGH ARMSTEAD.)

of nature, and now he redoubled his care and observation.

The climax of his work as a silversmith came in 1860, when he gave months of assiduous labor to the last and greatest of his feats in silver, the "Outram Shield." This masterpiece of delicate and original modeling in very low relief illustrates, in a series of panels which form the exterior of the shield, the romantic events of Sir James Outram's life. They deserve, and, indeed, from the art student demand very close and long attention. So much learning and skill, so much grace in contrivance, so much delicacy in workmanship, so much, in a word, of all that is delightful in modern art, has probably never been expended in vain by any English artist. The result was a masterpiece which nobody looked at with intelligent eyes except half-a-dozen artists and critics; and his wonderful work, not less astounding in its rich completeness than any silver-work of the Italian Renaissance, did not bring its creator the shadow of a single client. Mr. Armstead had performed the work to which all the training of a life-time had been tending, and the result was so crushing that from that time forward he threw up silver-work altogether, and permitted the profession of which he had made an art to degenerate at once into a trade. At the age of thirty-four, he began to be a professional sculptor. The first work that he was engaged upon, after some little skirmishing with book illustration, was a series of mural decorations in stone carving for Easington Hall, in Warwickshire. In these the sculptor illustrated the adventures of those Shirleys,

famous in history and in literature, of whom three brothers so fired the imagination of the age of Elizabeth by their long and romantic captivity among the Persians, their object having been to persuade the Sophi to join in a crusade against the Turks. On this marvelous story the dramatist John Day, in 1607, while all the Shirleys were yet alive, founded his exciting drama of "The Travels of Three English Brothers," and now, after two hundred and fifty years, it has received elaborate illustration from the pencil of the most poetical of sculptors. Mr. Armstead retains the designs for these carvings, and would certainly gratify a great number of his admirers if he could be persuaded to publish them. They display his powers of invention and of composition in their quintessence.

The sculptor then opened the large studios he now occupies at the back of Victoria Station, roofing over a carpenter's shop to add to his rough temple of art, and was soon busy with a number of important commissions. Comparatively little of his monumental and decorative sculpture has been exhibited in public galleries; its dimensions have usually been too considerable. But the visitor to the notable buildings of London may find Mr. Armstead's genius constantly accompanying him. At Westminster, the eighteen friezes in relief, carved in wood around the walls of the Queen's robing-room, represent the sculptor's conception of Arthurian myth, and mainly that branch of it which deals with the visions and the prowess of Sir Galahad. It is to be remarked that, in an age extremely prone to repeat Tennyson's render-

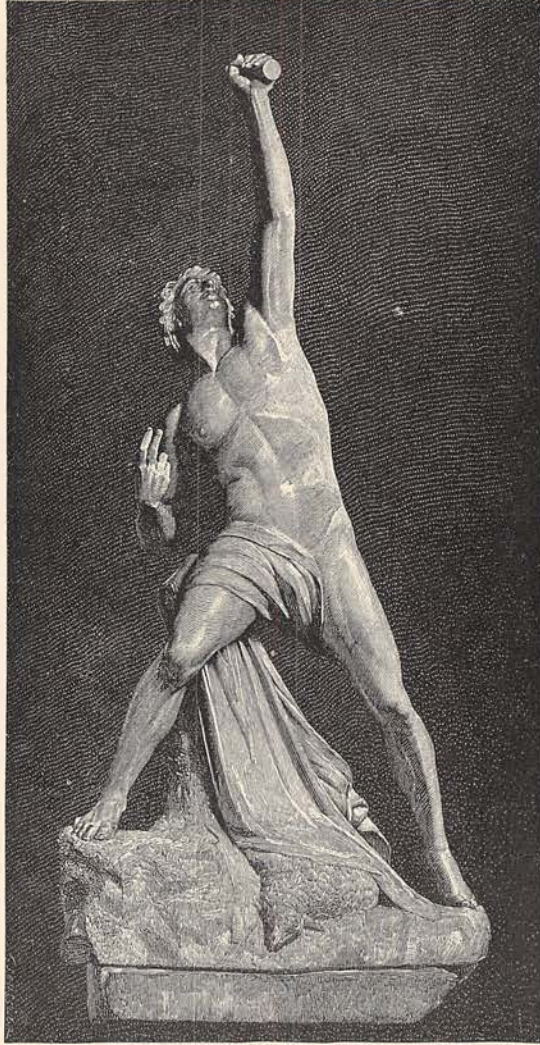


OPHELIA. (WILLIAM CALDER MARSHALL.)

ing of these legends, Mr. Armstead has been actively unaffected by it, and gives a version of his own which has a singular charm of grotesque romance. The reredos of Westminster Abbey is an elaborate contribution by Mr. Armstead to this venerable museum of English sculpture; but we have no space here to dwell upon its marble figures. The elaborate ornamentation of the whole front and side of the Colonial Office in Whitehall belongs to this public class of Mr. Armstead's work, and may properly be described before we approach his masterpiece, although posterior to it in date. These sculptures form the most noticeable external decoration of public buildings in London, and include large reliefs of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia, and

two allegorical reliefs of Government and Education, while in the niches above these panels are placed statues of a great number of English statesmen. Among the latter, which unfortunately are lifted so high, in accordance with the scheme of ornamentation, that they cannot well be seen in detail, that of Earl Grey is particularly happy.

The work, however, by which Mr. Armstead is most widely known, and by which his name will most prominently be handed down to posterity, is his share of the Albert Memorial, on which he was occupied uninterruptedly for eight years. Of this great monument—a mosaic of many styles and varied talent—his portion is by far the most attractive, and gains in charm as time brings out the demer-



EAGLE-SLAYER. (JOHN BELL.)

its of some of its neighbors. Four large bronze statues on the eastern side of the memorial, representing Chemistry, Astronomy, Rhetoric, and Medicine, and the whole of the elaborate frieze filling the southern and eastern surfaces of the podium, were intrusted to him; and these eighty-four life-size figures testify from their station in Kensington Gardens to the vitality, versatility, and tireless originality of the great artist who carved them in Sicilian marble. It can hardly be contested that these friezes contain the finest, that is, the most fully sustained work dedicated to public uses by an English sculptor.

Since the unveiling of the Albert Memorial, Mr. Armstead has been employed, with the exception of the decoration of the Colonial

Office, mainly on private work of an imaginative or monumental kind. In 1873, he exhibited the study for an exquisite public fountain, adorned with figures taken from Milton's "Comus." We believe that we outrage no confidence, and divulge a very open secret, when we say that the Government expressed itself willing to commission the sculptor to execute this fountain in marble for a London site, if he would exchange for the pensive nymph of twilight, which now surmounts it, a figure of "Rule Britannia," and that Mr. Armstead's patriotism broke down under so stringent a test. In 1877, the exhibition of the Royal Academy was adorned by a very delicate and characteristic work of Mr. Armstead's, which we have the pleasure of en-

graving here for the first time,—the medallion placed in Cookham Church to the memory of Frederick Walker. This great and unfortunate painter, in some respects the most original that England has produced since Turner, had died in June, 1875, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, having been prevented for some years, by the fatal disease against which he vainly struggled, from exercising his magnificent powers to their full extent. Mr. Armstead carved this monument entirely as a labor of love, and set it up, in the church where Walker was buried, solely as the personal tribute of a stranger to the marvelous genius of the dead, in the same mood that drew from Dryden those immortal lines of elegy, beginning

“Farewell, too little and too lately known!”

Those who knew personally the Marcellus of English painting pronounced the likeness to be singularly true, and yet Mr. Armstead had, I believe, spoken to Walker but once.

Among Mr. Armstead's latest works must be mentioned two octagonal marble panels in extremely low and broad relief, curiously Ninivite in character, executed for the Guards' Chapel. His diploma work for the Royal Academy, of which he was made an associate in 1875 and a full member in 1879, is a relief of Aphrodite, drawn by dolphins. In 1882, he completed a very finely finished and originally conceived statue of Ariel.

Our business here is mainly with the men who have responded to the spirit of revival. Of the many sculptors who still survive and continue in advanced age what we may call the conservative tradition, there are but two whose names demand attention, Mr. William Calder Marshall and Mr. John Bell.

Mr. Marshall is at present the Nestor of official English sculpture. With the exception of Mr. Herbert and Mr. Cope, he is the oldest member of the Royal Academy, and in sculpture he is the only one who retains the tradition of the age of Chantrey. He was born in Edinburgh in 1813, and began to work in art at a very early age. He was still only a boy when he came up to London, and got permission to walk in and out of Chantrey's studio and pick up any information he could without exactly becoming the pupil of the popular sculptor. He found the style of Chantrey dry, conventional, and prosaic, and as his own bias was all in favor of poetry and Greece, he made his bow to Chantrey as soon as he politely could. Mr. Marshall then turned to Baily, in whom he found a very different master. Flaxman had

only been dead five or six years, and in the penetralia of Baily's studio the worship of Flaxman was cultivated with ardor and piety, if hardly according to knowledge. These were the curves—it was explained to novices—which Mr. Flaxman projected in bass-relief before the body of a floating female figure; these were the folds employed by Mr. Flaxman to indicate drapery passing rapidly through air. All such formulæ seem to us not less foreign to the healthy genius of that great artist than to the dictates of nature herself, but they seemed both fascinating and authoritative to the little school of whom Baily, not yet disenchanted by misfortune, was the high-priest, and it may be that Mr. Calder Marshall has never become entirely free from this bondage to tradition. He still thinks that sculpture only moves with safety when it walks closely and demurely in the traces of Greek art, and of Greek art not as by analogy we may judge it to have been, but as by existing relics we know it to be; and he looks with some horror and dismay on those signs of widening observation and realistic freedom of treatment which some of us are apt to look upon as the only possible salvation of modern sculpture. From his youth to the present time he has scarcely ever failed to exhibit every year at the Royal Academy, and he has usually been represented by three or four works. As his task lies almost entirely in imagination, or, as it is called, “ideal” work, and as the public responds very coldly to this sort of sculpture, it follows that, notwithstanding his success, Mr. Marshall's groups have very frequently proceeded no further than plaster. In his magnificent studios in Ebury street, he has arranged a very interesting selection of his work, covering a period of nearly half a century; but in spite of this, to the inquiry of a visitor after some statue admired in the forties or the fifties, Mr. Marshall will grimly reply, “Oh! it was broken up long ago, and buried in the garden.” Of the statues of that early time, one of the most notable, and one which, so far from being broken up, has been exquisitely executed in marble, is an “Ophelia,” life size, with a trailing garland of the blossoms of the brook depending from her hands.

Mr. John Bell is a sculptor whose work has been favorably before the public for just fifty years, and who yet has reached old age without reaping any of the honors of his profession. There are few living artists, however, who have shown more dignity of conception, or more pure feeling for design, than he. His groups are broadly sculpturesque, they give an impression of solidity and calm, they secure



ARTEMIS.

(HAMO THORNCROFT.)



TEUCER.

(HAMO THORNYCROFT.)

largeness of plane instead of sacrificing all to ingenuity of detail. One of these days, probably, it will be recognized that Mr. Bell has been an artist whom England would have done well to hold in honor. He was born in Norfolk, in 1811; and as he exhibited in the Royal Academy as far back as 1832, he forms a living link with the art of the beginning of the present century. In the garden of the South Kensington Museum, and passed by every one who enters that interesting institution, stands at present the most successful of Mr. Bell's early works, his "Eagle Slayer," modeled and exhibited in 1837. In 1841, he made a great success with a marble statue, half nude, of a girl washing her feet, called "Dorothea," and illustrated by a charming passage from "Don Quixote." In the International Exhibition, he attracted attention by an "Eve," half-sized, the peculiarity of which was that it was cast in white wax. Mr. Bell has interested himself in art education of all kinds, is the author of several volumes of a theoretical nature, has not disdained to impress the designs of porcelain inkstands and carved wooden bread-platters, and, which is perhaps more important, he made the beautiful iron gates to Kensington Gardens in 1851. He has done a good deal of monumental work for the Government.

By far the most successful, however, of Mr. Bell's works is the group of "America," in the base of the Albert Memorial. In this place he competes with sculptors so accomplished as Foley and MacDowell without losing anything by comparison; indeed, in the judgment of the present writer, his group surpasses even the "Asia" of the first mentioned in all the great qualities necessary for monumental sculpture.

IV.

THE exhibition of the Royal Academy for 1881 was remarkable, and perhaps unique, for containing one statue that was as much discussed and admired as any of the pictures. When we consider how little sculpture has done in England to keep itself on a level with its versatile and flourishing sister art, it is not surprising that visitors to the Academy too often enter the sculpture galleries only to give their eyes a little repose after being so long dazzled with color. But, from the very opening day, it was obvious that Mr. Thornycroft's "Teucer," which stood in the place of honor in the middle of the lecture-room, was going to be an exception. There has rarely been such unanimity of applause as greeted this statue, and we may be inclined

to turn upon the sculptors who declare that the critics overlook their work, with the answer that when they produce such work as this there is no inclination to do them an injustice. Whether the "Teucer" is or is not, as has rather rashly been asserted, "the best imaginative statue ever exhibited at the Royal Academy," can hardly be decided without careful consideration of what Bacon and Flaxman may have exhibited before the memory of living generations; but it is very easy to admit that recent times have shown us nothing in England fit to compare with it. The young sculptor has leaped to the foremost rank at once, and has done so much at the outset, that he will have to preserve a very strenuous attitude in face of his art to support a reputation so suddenly assumed.

But though Mr. Thornycroft's name was thus abruptly brought before the general public, his own profession has for some years past been aware of his promise. At an unusually early age he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and though his success has been very rapid, he has risen on a gradual plane, and not by a perilous leap. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft was born in 1850. He belongs to a Cheshire family, and from both parents inherits a tendency to sculpture. His mother, Mrs. Mary Thornycroft, is the daughter of John Francis, and herself for many years the most successful female sculptor in the profession. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft went through the schools of the Royal Academy with great success, working meanwhile as the pupil of his father. The competition for the gold medal of the Royal Academy has been very frequently the occasion which has first brought out in a marked degree the individuality of English sculptors. It was so in 1875, when the theme given was a "Warrior Bearing a Wounded Youth from the Field of Battle." Mr. Thornycroft won the prize by a composition of great power and beauty, which showed him for the first time as a master, and which must always remain one of his important works. In this group, which was exhibited in 1876, and which became, in bronze, one of the standing prizes of the Art Union of London, the warrior is represented as a Greek of about thirty years of age, in full battle armor, with a voluminous crested helmet; he is bearded, and carries tenderly, with an expression of great sympathy and distress, a beautiful lad of about eighteen, entirely nude, whose head and limbs droop in the exhaustion of extreme suffering. The theme could hardly have been treated with more dignity or with a finer sentiment; and several points in the composition, though not at all obtruded, are soon



HAMO THORNYCROFT IN HIS STUDIO. (FROM A DRAWING BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN.)

detected, and show great study and a happy intuition. For instance, the somewhat rigid forms of the warrior, who stiffens himself in his heavy panoply to carry the tall youth, contrast very cunningly with the soft curves of the swooning, unclothed body that he holds in his hands.

The six years which have succeeded this first public success have been years of sustained effort and continuous ascent. Mr. Thornycroft went to Florence and Rome, and made himself personally acquainted with the great sculptors of the Italian Renaissance, following with close attention, as only a practiced and professional eye can follow, the method of those marvelous workmen. His own work has shown manifest good result

from the combined study of the Elgin Marbles and of Michelangelo, the two schools of art in which he has most deeply graduated. In 1877, he did not exhibit at the Royal Academy; he was preparing the statue of heroic size with which he adorned the exhibition of 1878,—a "Lot's Wife" in marble, exquisitely finished, at least in the upper part, and showing great advance on his preceding work. The woman was represented in the act of being changed into a pillar of salt, the transformation having already taken place in the lower part of her body, where the long lines of the drapery had already taken columnar forms, but not in her head, which was violently turned over her shoulder, or in her massive arms, which hung beside her. The



CALLICLES. (GEORGE A. LAWSON.)

modeling of the throat and shoulder were specially admirable, rendered, perhaps, with a certain exaggeration of type, excusable and natural in a young sculptor conscious of his powers and just fresh from the study of the Tomb of the Medici, and due, perhaps, to a conscious revolt against the smooth prettiness of the conventional female statue. Where there may be discovered, perhaps, a failure in the conception of this statue, is in the insistence on the rather trivial fantasy of the figure's turning to an actual pillar of salt, which has made the lower half of the statue monotonous and barely intelligible.

In 1880, Mr. Thornycroft made another great stride forward with his "Artemis," a statue of heroic size, which has since been placed in marble in Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster. We give an engraving of this figure seen from the front.

The goddess advances through the forest, and suddenly arrests her steps as she sees the quarry in front of her; with a dignified action she lays her hand over her right shoulder and takes an arrow from the quiver, which rests on her left. The other hand, with her bow in it, passes behind her back and is drawn against her right hip by her hound, which has strayed on the wrong side. This dog has been much admired, and a little anecdote concerning it, which has not been recorded, may be worth telling. The sculptor had arrived at the point when he wanted a hound as a model, and he could find none that suited him. On the very day when a dog was to have been finally fixed upon, there came to the studio door a very beautiful deer-hound, without any collar or mark of ownership, which seemed to have suffered much privation, and which absolutely refused



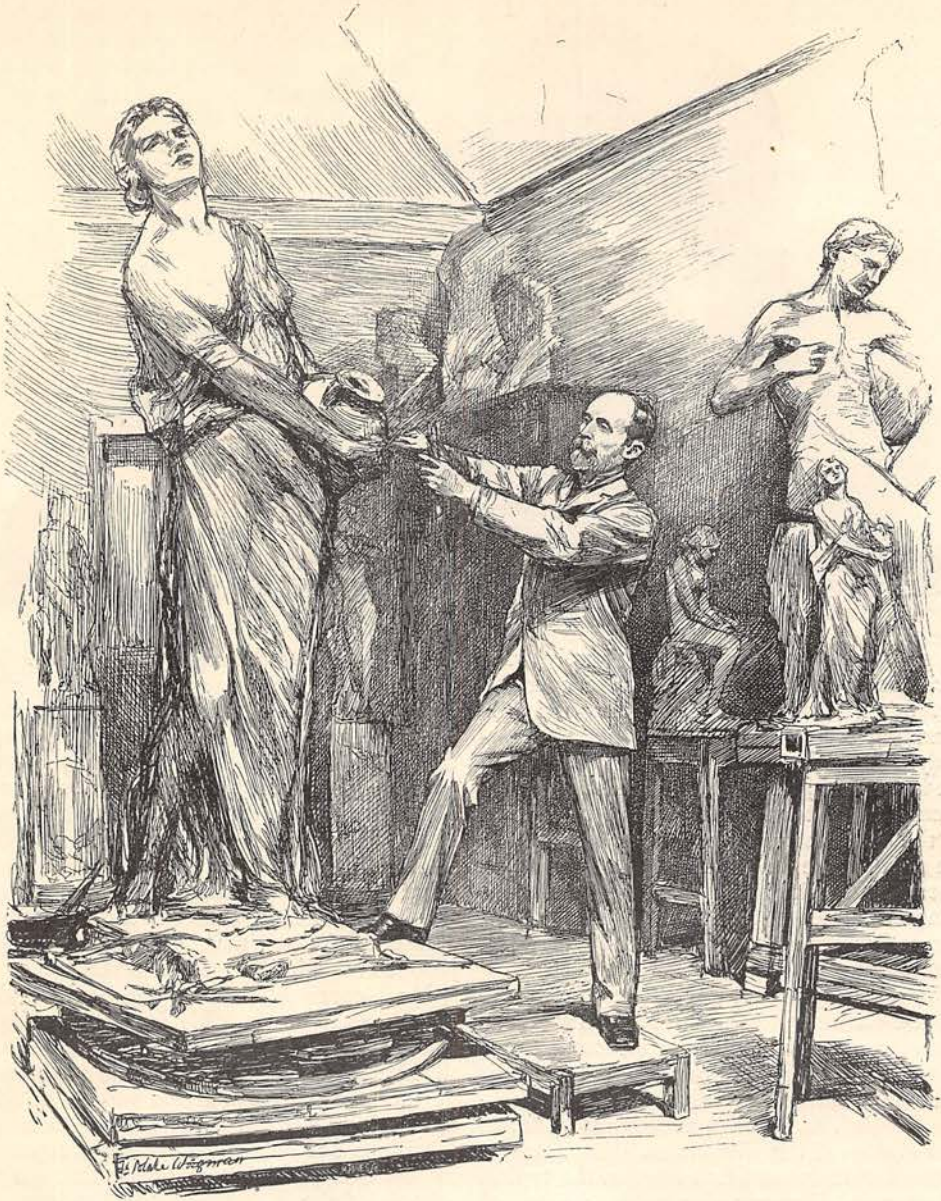
IN THE ARENA. (GEORGE A. LAWSON.)

to go away. The model was exactly what Mr. Thornycroft wanted, and while every effort was made to find the dog's master the charming creature sat for her portrait. Nobody claimed her, and she became the pet of the household; but the effects of her long exposure brought on a decline, and in spite of all the care that was taken of her, she died on the night of the day when the model was finished. A Greek would have said, with the utmost confidence, that the goddess had sent her, and when her work was done had taken her away again.

In January, 1881, Mr. Thornycroft was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, —an honor which has very seldom, if ever, fallen to the lot of so young a sculptor. His principal contribution to the ensuing exhibition showed, as we have already said, that he was worthy of the distinction. His statue of "Teucer" represents that warrior, the typical bowman of Homeric warfare, in the act of supporting the army of Greece, which otherwise mainly consisted of spearmen, against the ranks of Troy. Secure behind the shield of his brother Ajax, Teucer aimed constantly at Hector, but in vain. Homer could not, however, permit his mighty archer to be stigmatized as a bad shot, and he therefore states that each shaft was directed by the gods to another Trojan heart, since Hector was not to be slain. Mr. Thornycroft has given to the face of his archer an expression of intense malice and of eager expectation. He has aimed once more at Hector, and his fingers scarcely relax as he bends slightly forward, retaining the tense curve of his figure,

while he watches the flight of the arrow. The whole statue is tingling with vitality; strength, passion, intelligence are all there in arrested action; and the warrior, unused to being thwarted in his purpose, can scarcely breathe until he sees that his vengeance is accomplished. Mr. Thornycroft's "Teucer," which is now in the public collection at South Kensington Museum, is a figure that has done more to restore the prestige of sculpture in England, and to give us hopes of a general revival of the art, than any which has been produced within the present generation.

Mr. George A. Lawson was born at Edinburgh in 1832, and his instinct for style, which is certainly very great, was starved and thwarted at first by the exhausted atmosphere of the age into which he was born. He received his earliest training from Alexander Ritchie, a Scotch sculptor of some repute in his own day, and after passing through the schools of the Royal Scottish Academy, he proceeded to Rome, where he mingled, but without any overweening sense of devotion, among the worshippers of Gibson. During his early life, Mr. Lawson made what he now considers the mistake of living in Liverpool, thus dividing himself from the larger art life of the metropolis, whither he finally came in 1867, to find himself, at the age of thirty-four, still completely unknown in London. He had, however, already attained a considerable reputation in the north by imaginative groups and figures in terra-cotta, in which he had thus early begun to display that intellectual effort and disapproval of the commonplace which may be said to be the principal char-



GEORGE A. LAWSON AT WORK. (FROM A DRAWING BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN.)

acteristic of his works. These terra-cottas, however, had nothing else in common with the severe sculpture by which Mr. Lawson has made himself famous within the last few years. They were essentially romantic and picturesque—thoroughly Scotch, it may be said—in their appeal to a straightforward lyrical emotion or to a broad vein of humor. The year 1868 saw, at the Royal Academy, a work which enjoyed a very wide popularity and first made the artist's name generally accepted. This was his statuette of "Dominie Sampson." Everybody remembers the scene in "Guy Mannering," when the box of books

arrives from London, and the dear old pedant is beside himself with excitement at the prospect of so much fine, confused reading. Mr. Lawson has represented him on his knees before the books, with a quarto open on one side and a folio on the other, vainly striving, in his exaltation of spirit, to read in all the volumes at once. In this delightful work humor runs riot,—it is impossible to contemplate the figure without laughing,—yet nothing is unduly exaggerated, and what is most important, the canons of sculpturesque effect are nowhere sacrificed, as, in the comic emanations of modern Italian sculpture, we find them

everywhere sacrificed to mere emphasis and eccentricity. "Dominie Sampson" is one of the most successful works in genre sculpture that has been produced in our time.

In Mr. Lawson's recent manner he has abandoned his early romantic and picturesque style in favor of what is more Greek, and yet, at the same time, more modern. Since that time Mr. Lawson has produced many charming and poetical studies of adolescence. We engrave the "Callicles" of 1879, one of these, a figure of a boy of thirteen or fourteen, in which Mr. Lawson has paid a masterly tribute to the genius of Mr. Matthew Arnold. The young slave of Empedocles has followed his master's mules up the ravine of Etna; and now he sits by the torrent side, under the pines, and having his laurel round his head, and his harp at his side, he tries that rare touch on the strings that the great man loves, and which soon arrests him, for a moment, as he hangs over the edge of the crater. We all know what words he is singing, and can hear on the lips of Mr. Lawson's boyish figure the faultless cadences beginning:

"When from yon Parnassus' side,
Young Apollo, all the pride
Of the Phrygian flutes to tame,
From the Phrygian highlands came."

In 1880, Mr. Lawson exhibited yet another study of adolescence, a boy a little older than "Callicles," and this, though not perhaps so interesting as others of his works, seems to me to be the most carefully and learnedly modeled of them all. This was "Daphnis," and represented the beautiful young shepherd of Mitylene as he stood when Chloe saw him first, in the shadow of the chestnut-trees, lost in a reverie before plunging into the fountain of the Nymphs. Mr. Lawson's most ambitious works have been "In the Arena," 1878, and "Cleopatra," 1881. The first of these, of which we give an engraving, represents a fight between an athlete and a panther. The "Cleopatra," a dignified draped figure in middle life, of massive forms, shows the "serpent of old Nile" at her last extremity; her head falls back on her throne, the asp is on her bosom, and in another moment her features will be contracted in death. Mr. Lawson exhibited last year a large figure of one of the Danaides, listlessly carrying her urn to the fountain, full of weariness and dejection, dragging along her miserable footsteps in despair. The general composition of this figure is indicated in the portrait we give of Mr. Lawson, who was working at it in the clay when he stood to Mr. Wirgman for his drawing.

If we may say that vivacity and delicacy

of sentiment form the ruling characteristics of Mr. Lawson's style, in that of Mr. MacLean we are no less struck by the eminent technical skill and sound professional training. Mr. MacLean is the only English sculptor of consequence who has gone through the French schools, and enjoyed the privilege of art education in the one nation where sculpture is thoroughly alive. Thomas Nelson MacLean was born at Deptford, in Kent, in 1845, and spent his early years, until he was ten or eleven, at Birmingham, where his father was foreman to a firm of pin manufacturers. His father, though without knowledge of or care for art, recognized the boy's talent, and consented to send him to Paris, where he entered the studio of the famous sculptor-goldsmith, Carrier-Belleuse, as his *élève*. The *élève* of a Parisian sculptor is not exactly an apprentice or a pupil. He pays no premium, and he receives no wages. In exchange for lessons and advice received from the master, he has to clean up the studio, wait on the master, and assist the man he employs to execute his works by mixing clay or plaster for them. In Paris, Mr. MacLean enjoyed the companionship of some of the greatest artists of the day, such as Falguière and Dubois, and worked side by side with men who were then unknown, but who now stand in the foremost rank,—the sculptor Mercié, the painter Bastien-Lepage, the etcher Rajon. While thus working as a French sculptor, he did not entirely forget his fatherland, and in 1870 sent to the Royal Academy a statue of "Clio" and a terra-cotta group of a Greek mother teaching her son to read, called "La Reprimande." The accomplished style of these works at once attracted attention, but the war broke out, and any benefit which the artist might have enjoyed was entirely lost. During the siege of Paris, the sculptor was not merely almost starved, but was within an inch of being shot as a spy. On the 15th of November, 1870, he finally slipped through the French and Prussian lines, and contrived to reach London. But he was totally unknown, confounded in the general flight from Paris which glutted the art market, and before he received any employment he had very nearly suffered starvation a second time. At last, after four months of severe privation, he was able to make his way. In 1875, Mr. MacLean produced a certain sensation by his exhibition at the Royal Academy of three important and original works,—a group in marble of "The Finding of Moses"; "La Fleur des Champs," a charming marble statue; and "Ione," a female figure seated, which has been hitherto the most popular of all this sculptor's works. The "Sea-Nymph," a beautiful statuette in



SEA-NYMPH. (THOMAS NELSON MACLEAN.)

terra-cotta, of which we give an engraving, was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1879, and a graceful statue destined for the decoration of a fountain, and called "La Source," in 1880.

Mr. MacLean has undergone many vicissitudes in the course of his career, and has pursued his art under unusual privations and disturbances. His severe French training has left him a little cold and mannered in the midst of his fine modern grace, a little reserved in invention, a little afraid of what is

bright and novel, but equipped with a science and a technical experience which should insure him brilliant success in the future.

One of the healthiest signs of the revival of sculpture in England is the general spread of executive skill among the youngest generation of sculptors. It would be premature to assert a supreme position for any one of three or four rising men whose names are beginning to be familiar to artists, and who only need to model a "Teucer" or an "Ione" to become familiar to the public. Among those who

stand thus at the very threshold of distinction, Mr. E. Roscoe Mullins and Mr. Percival Ball have yet to do full justice to their remarkable powers. Mr. T. Stirling Lee, whose "Cain" was one of the best statues of 1881, has apparently enjoyed still sounder training, and should appropriate to himself the highest honors. But of all these inheritors of renown, I confess that to myself none has seemed more full of promise, more interpenetrated with the instinct for plastic beauty, than Mr. Alfred Gilbert, of whom I know nothing save that last year he sent from Rome a "Perseus" and a "Kiss of Victory," which were worthy of the highest praise. In the death of a young student named Wade, whose work was seen this winter at the Royal Academy schools, it

is probable that we have lost a very considerable sculptor.

We have but traversed half the field of living English sculpture. We have touched the poetry of the art; we may return another day to its prose. An article, at least, would be required to do justice to the most popular sculptor of our day, Mr. Boehm, R. A.; to the school of Foley, with Mr. Thomas Brock, A. R. A., at its head; to the picturesque religious terra-cottas of Mr. Tinworth; and to the monumental art of such rising sculptors as Mr. Onslow Ford and Miss Henrietta Montalba. Names crowd up before us, but we must refrain from further testimony to the wide revival of English sculpture.

Edmund W. Gosse.

AT TEAGUE POTEET'S.

A SKETCH OF THE HOG MOUNTAIN RANGE.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings," etc.

IN TWO PARTS: PART II.

WOODWARD was aroused during the night by the loud barking of dogs, the tramp of horses, and the confused murmur of suppressed conversation. Looking from the window, he judged by the position of the stars that it was three or four o'clock in the morning. He sat upon the side of the bed and sought, by listening intently, to penetrate the mystery of this untimely commotion. He thought he recognized the voice of Tip Watson, and he was sure he heard Sid Parmalee's peculiar cough and chuckle. The conversation soon lifted itself out of the apparent confusion, and became comparatively distinct. The voices were those of Teague and Sis.

"Come, now, pap, you must promise."

"Why, Sis, how kin I?"

"You shall, you shall, you shall!"

"Why, Sis, hon, he mought be a spy. Sid Parmalee he 'lows that the whole dad-blamed business is a put-up job. He wants to bet right now that we'll all be in jail in Atlanty 'fore the moon changes. I lay they don't none of 'em fool Sid."

"You don't love me any more," said Sis, taking a new tack.

"Good Lord, Sis! Why, honey, what put that idee in your head?"

"I know you don't—I know it! It's always Dave Hightower this, and Sid Parmalee

that, and old drunken Jake Norris the other. I just *know* you don't love me."

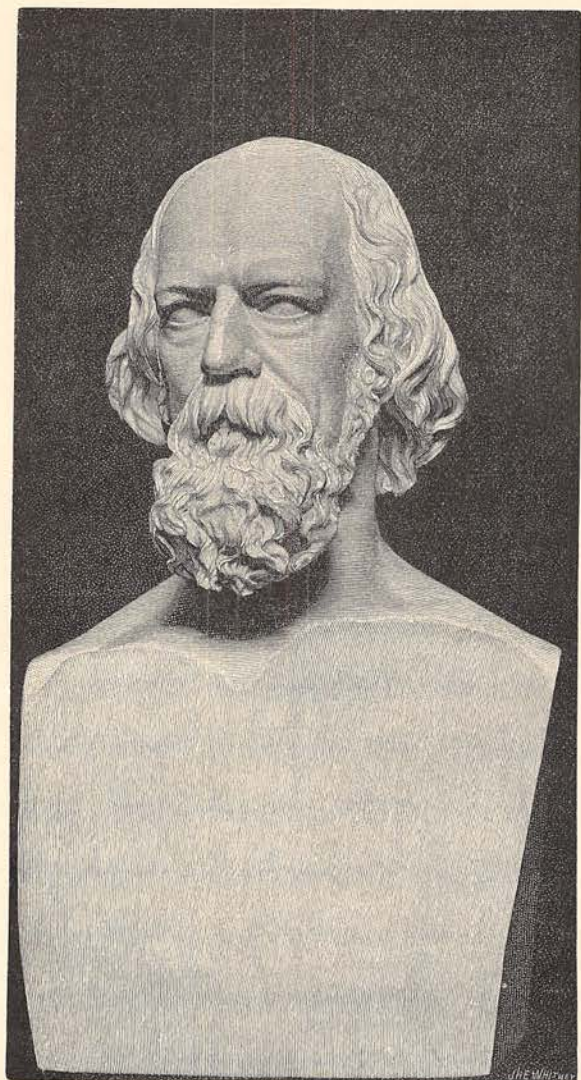
Teague also took a new tack, but there was a quiver in his voice born of deadly earnestness.

"I tell you, Sis, they er houndin' airter us; they er runnin' us down; they er closin' in on us; they er hemmin' us up. Airter they git your pore ole pappy an' slam 'im in jail, an' chain 'im down, who's a-gwineter promise to take keer er *him*? Haint ole man Joshway Blasingame bin sent away off to *Albenny*? Haint ole man Cajy Shannon a-sarvin' out his time, humpback an' cripple ez he is? Who took keer *them*? Who ast anybody to let up on 'em? But don't you fret, honey; ef they haint no trap sot, nobody aint a-gwineter pester *him*."

"I wouldn't trust that Sid Parmalee out of my sight!" exclaimed Sis, beginning to cry. "I know him, and I know all of you."

"But ef they is a trap sot," continued Teague, ignoring Sis's tears, "ef they is, I tell you, honey, a thousan' folks like me can't hol' the boys down. The time's done come when they er tetotally wore out with thish 'ere sneakin' aroun' an' hidin'-out bizness."

This appeared to end the conversation, but it left Woodward considerably puzzled.



A. Tennyson

(ALFRED TENNYSON, AFTER A BUST BY THOMAS WOOLNER.)