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ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.

HIS wife dared not tell him Corot was dead, and that another, the power of whose pictures he felt even more,—namely, Millet,—was dangerously ill. It was now too late. One day in June, 1875, there was a quiet bustling to and fro in a small plain house on the Quai des Célestins. Men in dress-coats, with serious faces, forming a kind of deputation, and followed by others in black frocks with the ribbons of the Legion of Honor in the buttonhole, entered the courtyard. Students who affected some garb of Bohemia and students foppish in dress rubbed elbows with workmen in blouses, army officers, foreigners interested in art, and staid friends of the family. The householder and father, a master second to no other of his generation, lay in his coffin surrounded by many of the smaller works of art he had created. The dress-coats were present officially: they represented the School of the Fine Arts. The decorations and the uniforms were there to grace the last ceremonies of a member of the Legion of Honor. The art-students and foreigners came from reverence or curiosity. The blouses testified to the popular esteem for a man whose triumphs in art were reflected back on that great lower middle class of France from which he sprang. For Antoine Louis Barye was not rich ever, and was not noble in the hereditary sense, but when he died he had attained to pretty much everything except fortune which seems to a modest and honorable ambition worth the struggle. When the ceremonies at the house were done and the popular high artists of the day, such as M.M. Carolus Duran and Meissonier, had, with ardent gesticulations, extolled the beauty of the statuettes about the rooms after their generous wont; when, with its military escort, the train of mourners and friends left the courtyard behind the bier, then the worth of the

man and artist in the estimate of the rough people appeared. Moving through a quarter where workshops and forges and factories of all kinds are plenty, workmen still sweaty from their labor came to join the procession or to greet it, to make more motley but still more impressive the funeral of a person who was known to be modesty itself. No man in all Paris could cast bronze as he could; no foreman of a foundry but could take lessons from Barye in the elements of foundry-work. No one ever heard him belittle other artists or try to push himself; many could recall generous words of praise that came with doubled force from a man so quiet, so reserved, so silent. And here was a man of peace accompanied to his grave with military honors; a republican proceeding in pomp. Here he was, a member of that true democracy of the arts which does not deny to men the spiritual glories of an aristocracy provided they have shown their right to preëminence, accorded a funeral that a prince might envy. Here was a man who had seen in his atelier the highest princes of France, and the last king; who had been favored by an emperor and snubbed by envious bureaucrats, regretted and reverently followed by the most irreverent and leveling populace in the world.

Barye was born in Paris four years before that century began whose major part, and in all probability whose most stirring events, fell within his term of life. Still a boy, he was apprenticed to a maker of molds for the brass-work on uniforms. He was hardly through the half of his teens when Napoleon I., robbing for soldiers "the cradle and the grave," took him by way of the conscription. Luckily he was appointed to an inglorious but useful division, that of the military map-makers, so that when the Emperor's last card

was played he became apprentice to a jeweler instead of leaving his bones at Waterloo. He worked on steel with the burin before he was of age, and got some idea of the artistic treatment of objects in metal; then he fashioned medallions large and small, was a pupil in the atelier of Bosio, a mediocre sculptor in the Italian way, and got flattering marks of esteem; studied in oils with Baron Gros, and had serious ambition to become a painter, being at one time encouraged by a faint show of success. Between 1823 and 1827 the jeweler Fauconnier benefited by his designs and took what credit they brought. He felt the tumult of 1830, and listened more than he spoke in the great windy war between classicists and romanticists — needless to say on which side his sympathies were! He had early successes and quick reverses in the exhibitions; so quick, indeed, that they might be fairly taken as warnings from the controlling spirits that it would not do to be overmuch original. Then came the period of indignant withdrawal from the Salon, followed by other and greater successes. Louis Philippe visited his studio and flattered him, but paid him meagerly. A prime minister wished to give him one of the most salient points in the Parisian panorama to decorate — an arch that has played a part in modern French history, been crowned with spoils from other nations, and seen those nations in turn despoil it; an arch which has not yet perhaps received its crowning work of art, though lately it bore a model designed by Falguière. Fifty years ago he brought envy and malice on his head through the erection in the Avenue des Feuillants in the Tuileries gardens of his colossal bronze lion and serpent. It was then the sneer of “animalist” began. “What!” cried an artist, “are the Tuileries to become a menagerie?” He answered detractors by devoting himself to the statuary of animals until, as it is the fashion in the

world, for the same traits he became as much lauded as he had been formerly damned. The Third Napoleon became his patron. Meantime he opened the eyes of people to new beauties in art, widened the sympathies of the connoisseur, and in his own way helped a great work of reformation which will be spoken of later. At the very last, when followers and imitators swarmed, and his fame had spread, with but slender profits to his pocket, into every civilized land, the doors of the French Institute were about to open to him, and he died.

Barye was a sturdy and simple man of few words, quiet manners, and steady habits. Twice married, he was the father of ten children. He dressed like the worthy and respectable burgher he was. His face shows a life of industry and economy; it bears the mark of long hours of solitary thought. “In all French history,” writes an admiring American sculptor, Mr. Truman Bartlett of Boston, “there is no artist who lived in such lofty, isolated strength.” Look in the wood-cut at the massive face with broad forehead, broad, square jaw, straight nose, eyes looking keenly from under pronounced brows such as the phrenologist will have us believe denote unusual powers of observation. It is a face of big masses and planes. A thick-set, short-legged man, with the broad, fleshy, powerful hands of the people, the square tips of the fingers representing, in the lately revived lore of the palmist, a love of movement in the artistic product, whatever it may be. Gravity is felt in his strong shoulders and determined gait. There he stands, a plain, hardworking, patient artist, often so poor that the legend runs (doubtfully enough) how he carried about, like a peddler, his Centaur group for sale; a good husband and father; a professor — without pupils — at the zoölogical buildings in the Jardin des Plantes; one who earned the respect



SLEEPING DOG.

(ETCHED BY JACQUE FROM A BARYE BRONZE IN 1846; ENGRAVED FROM A PRINT IN THE POSSESSION OF S. P. AVERY, ESQ.)



ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.

of everybody that met him, and whose work stirred deeply many sculptors and painters with reputations wider spread and more glittering than his own. Finally, he was a man conscious of his own worth under all his modesty. During his last illness the smaller bronzes stood about the room. To keep up a cheerful tone his wife said to him, as she busied herself dusting them off:

"My dear, when you are better, see that the signatures are more legible."

"Never fear," answered Barye, raising his head from his hands; "before twenty years have passed people will be using a magnifying glass to my signatures."

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Barye dying in June, 1875, there was an exhibition of his works at the School of Arts in November. People marveled at the quantity of drawings, water-colors, and oil-paintings, and the careful measurements of animals. A beast could not die at the Jardin des Plantes without Barye being on its coroner's jury and at its post-mortem. The thoroughness of his labor and its extent seemed to argue well for the sale at the Hôtel Drouot, which was set down for February of 1876, particularly as the right of reproduction was to go with the object sold. Nevertheless, the prices were not what might have been expected. Only now and then did one overstep the valuation placed



BEAR-HUNT. (DRAWN FROM ONE OF THE CORNER-PIECES IN THE TABLE SERVICE OF THE DUC D'ORLÉANS, NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. W. T. BLODGETT.)

on it by the experts. Why was this? Partly, no doubt, because very few connoisseurs can tell first castings from later ones. The objects had been in many cases already reproduced, and few people were sufficiently skilled in such matters, and in Barye bronzes particularly, to hazard a mistake. Somewhat similar embarrassment exists in buying etchings, or used to exist, perhaps it is safer to say, since the processes to harden the surface from which etchings are printed have become perfected. But there was another reason. Even Barye could not entirely live down the old sneer against the "animalist," a sneer which became popular and acute during his later years, owing to the aggravated polemic between religionists and evolutionists. Nor could he make headway always against the scoff about paper-weights and clock and parlor ornaments. From pure ignorance

the bulk of buyers must class all small bronzes as paper-weights or some such supposed word of contempt, since they cannot be expected to understand that a two-inch figurine may be a masterpiece while a Colossus of Rhodes is a gigantic botch; and then, in Paris classicism is even to-day powerful, and Barye was a heretic. But while the mass of buyers abstained from the sale at the Hôtel Drouot, the professionals were there, and secured, for the foundries to which Barye disdained to intrust his precious work, a supply of beautiful and original models, which in some instances brought them wealth. The world is full of Barye bronzes now; but those we see are rarely the fine examples. The jewels are those which Barye designed and cast for some friend or patron, over which he lingered lovingly, touching and filing the cast work, and giving it the full benefit of the master's hand. These bring, as he meant to give his wife to understand, fabulous prices, and the magnifying glass does literally explore each stroke in the letters of his name to make sure that he and no other touched it. Yet it is rather a printed name than a signature, and how legible that was appears from one in the possession of Mr. Avery reproduced below. It was a pity that his family should have parted at once with the right to reproduce the groups. The fear of it haunted Barye during his life, and one is at a loss to understand how his executors dared to violate a cherished wish well known to his wife. Alas! he feared not only on account of his family these reproductions "for the trade," but on account of his own fame. He knew that one bronze badly cast would do more harm to his reputation than ten would do it good, though superintended by himself, cast at his own foundry, and touched by his own tools. It is said that false Baryes were cast in New York twenty years ago. It is certain that a parasitical workman who lived on Barye's name in Paris had his shop visited by the police before the sculptor died. The iron lions which one sees in the stores are

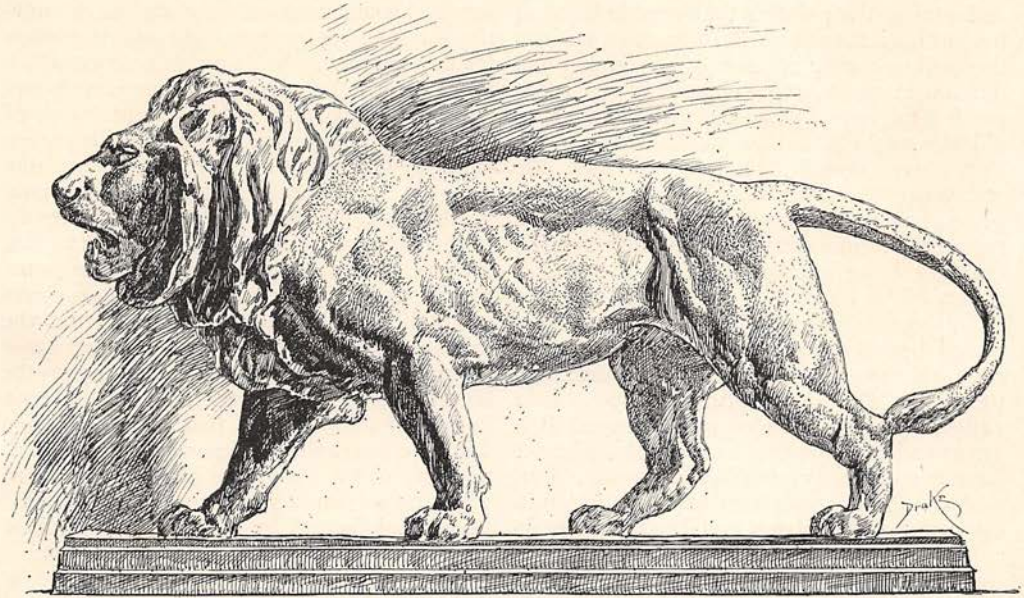
*Reçu de Monsieur Durand. (Paul  
à somme de Cent-cents francs pour  
quatre bronzes.  
Paris le 29 Janvier 1843 Barye*

often Barye's, the design being stolen without acknowledgment.

Who were Barye's comrades in art? Among the artists of Paris with whom was he in sympathy? With Corot, the poet of atmosphere; with Rousseau, the friend of trees and woodlands, hardly inferior to Corot in aerial subtleties; with Millet, the painter of the sad and grandiose in the life of peasants. And who in art are his spiritual forefathers? Michael Angelo has been suggested by one, Leonardo da Vinci by another. His contemporary Delacroix, though a painter, has been pointed out

member how quaintly Ariosto remarks that while such odd birds come to the Rhipæan mountains across the icy sea, they are rare! The pace at which Barye's hippogriff is going is tremendous. Roger backs him well. It is true that the princess of Cathay is liberal of charms, but of Rubens it is hard to see the trace.

Why, one is often tempted to complain, do critics insist on tracing these godfathers in art? Few things anger artists more; for it is felt by a sensitive person as a slight put on his originality. Yet, after all, the critics only obey a process natural to all minds, and one in which



WALKING LION.

(DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIEU, PARIS.)

by an enthusiastic sculptor, a competent judge. Certainly the water-color animals of Barye are like the animals painted by his friend Delacroix, and the passionate creative nature of that great prototype of the Impressionists must have been specially welcome to a kindred but very different genius in another branch of the fine arts. M. Genevay says that Barye passionately admired Rubens, and in the group of Roger the Paladin bearing away Angelica on the hippogriff sees in the swelling bosom and hips of Angelica the influence of the mighty Fleming. The statuette group embodies two strong traits in Barye — movement, and love of transition forms in animals; for it is Ariosto's hippogriff on which the enamored couple drive through the air, and in accordance with the poet's description, the bird-beast is not a fictitious creation of magic, but a real horse-griffin, with the head, claws, and plumed wings of its father and the hind-quarters of its mother. Re-

artists, when they criticise, indulge more than others. We regard with distrust an idea we cannot classify, for the reason that it is by simplification of masses, categories, classification, that we have what knowledge exists. Therefore the artist who cannot be assigned to a predecessor or made one of a school is apt to be thought no artist at all. Until he is affiliated with others, forcibly or otherwise, or at least placed historically in some connection with the men before or after him, he is an outcast. It is of small use for the victim to cry loudly meanness, timidity, ignorance! Not these are to blame so much as the love of system; the need, in fact, of cataloguing and disposing in groups that go by the name of "schools" the various artists of a country. The coördinating necessity accounts for the efforts made to button the mantle of one painter to that of a follower, to find the germ of this sculptor's art in the work of that. Per-

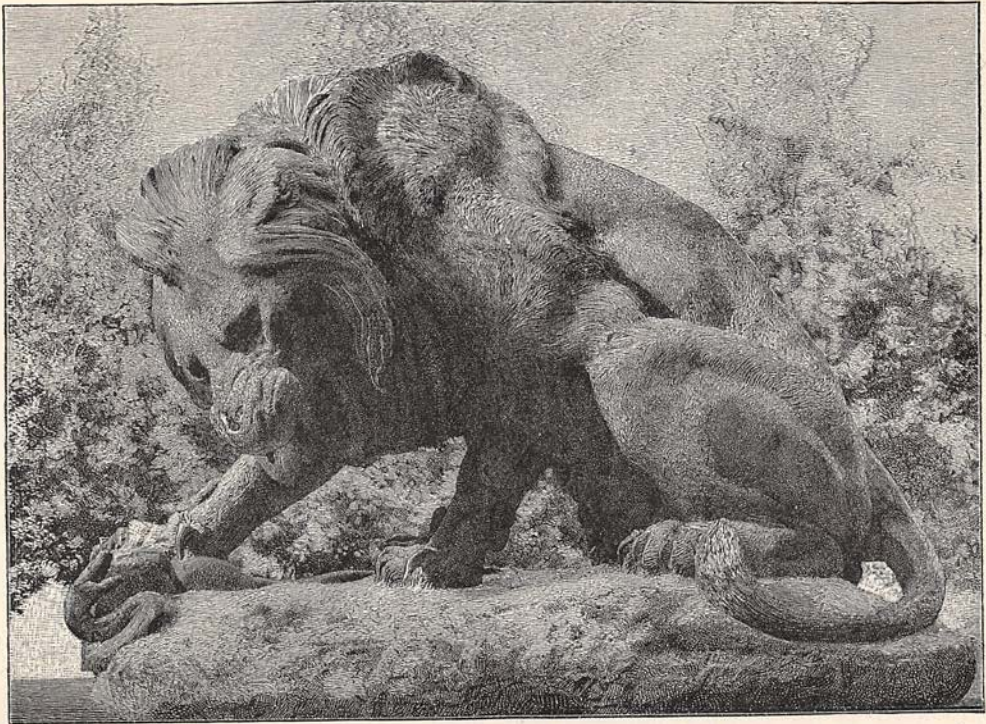
haps we have gone too far in that direction. It is certain that some artists decline to be indexed so simply, for there are points in their work not to be explained in this way. Nor does it follow that a painter gets the spur in the beginning of his career from a painter, or a sculptor from a sculptor. Another art often shows him truth much more clearly, because his trained faculty of observation is not so much trammelled by the prejudices and habits of mind acquired in the study of his specialty. Looking at France to-day and seeing how many sculptors have had inspiration from Jean François Millet, looking at France earlier in the century and noting the painters that were influenced by the classical sculptor Pradier, one questions the ordinary easy fashion of explaining the origin of methods, or germination of genius, by naming the actual person in whose atelier an old master began. Exceptions are too many to "prove the rule." Let us give over the search for the master to whom to assign the peculiar genius of Barye; let us drop all sculptors and painters of his day and the past, and consider quite another field for the likelier source of his ideas.

Our age has seen the gaps wonderfully narrowed between nation and nation, between race and race, between the human animal and the beast. The cry has been that man is in danger of being degraded to the brutes. It is juster and more godlike to say that the brutes have been steadily raised nearer to man. For, with it all, has there been any diminution in the wonders discovered and the further pow-

ers suspected in man himself? Man is more marvelous than ever; but the brute is no longer separated from him by a gulf that excused any cruelty from the higher to the lower form of creation. Before our century opened Buffon, Goethe, Erasmus Darwin, stirred men to be natural historians, to be naturalists, as the word is still broadly used. On the threshold Lamarck and Cuvier made their lasting effect, carrying men on, the one by profounder theorizing, the other by more careful collection of facts, toward a far more thorough and exhaustive examination of life now and formerly on the globe. While Barye was in his impressionable years the foundations were laid by these and other masters for that surprising building of science which now seems to be revolutionizing church and state, or at any rate recasting men's views of society and morality. He had still sixteen years to live when the great English elaborator Charles Darwin and his brilliant rival Wallace set the world agog with the results of their generalizations. It is true that at first Barye's practice was mastered by classicism, or what might better be termed pseudo-classicism. He did not as a scholar revolt from the school of the day, but in maturer years came slowly to change his views according to the bidding of a sober, reflective temperament. It may be also allowed that with the human figure he never wholly departed from classical patterns in art. But during his strongest years, when he was doing his most original work, he was dominated by the scientific spirit of



STAG ATTACKED BY PANTHER. (FROM AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY BARYE, FROM A PRINT IN POSSESSION OF S. P. AVERY, ESQ. ACCORDING TO MR. AVERY, THIS IS THE ONLY ETCHING BARYE EVER EXECUTED.)

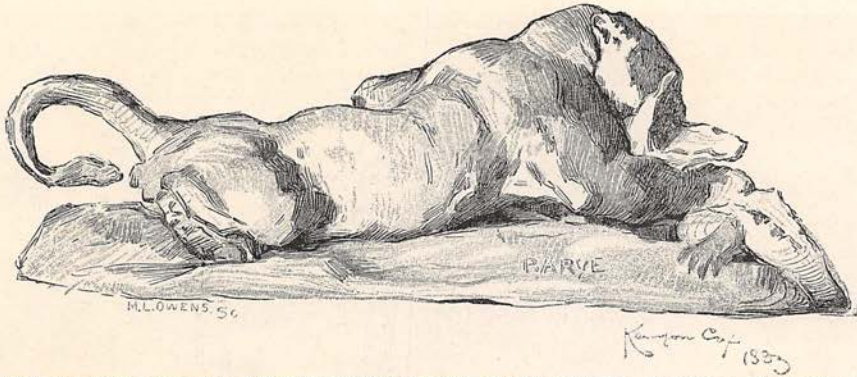


BRONZE LION AND SERPENT OF THE TUILERIES GARDENS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY PERMISSION OF A. GIRAUDON.)

the advanced minds of his nation. It was not Darwinism exactly ; it was not evolution ; but it partook of it. The idea was latent ; it had occurred partially to a French botanist in the middle of the last century, and to a German observer of flowers toward the close. Lamarck almost told it ; Darwin finally modeled it as we now see it. Not that Barye was a scientific man, but that Barye sympathetically expressed in art, or forecast if you will, the idea of a gradually unrolling creation at which the Maker sits sublime, with folded arms, needing to give but one First Impulse to matter and no more. It was the artistic form of science that turned him toward the study of wild beasts ; him, the respectable, hard-working citizen of a town whose sons are renowned for their ignorance of field sports and of foreign lands. It was science that bade him examine animals near at hand, become intimate with them, instead of accepting the conventions decreed by the art of the past. Science made him haunt the Jardin des Plantes and tabulate the measures of all beasts he could lay his hands on ; Science urged him to lecture to empty benches ; Science upheld him in penury ; Science allowed him to stay content, though he was leaving to his family little more than a great name. He felt himself in the stir of new views of the world of men and beasts, in the current of a great

age, and foresaw that what he had done would some day, and that not far off, be recognized at its full worth.

The master of Barye, let us then believe, was not Michael Angelo, or Leonardo, or Delacroix, or poor Bosio, but the spirit of his age. For that reason was he the creator, the opener of a new line of work, the widener of enjoyment in the plastic arts. But as such he inevitably mixed the novel with the hackneyed in a way that sometimes perplexes admirers. Had he done otherwise, could he have succeeded at all ? He would have been cast aside as an eccentric ; he would have starved. Moreover, it is evident that the two strains of classicism and modern realism were not incompatible in his mind. His effort was to appropriate the best in each and fuse them in his work. In this way he aided the cause of evolution not less powerfully because on a side-issue, bringing people to consider the claims of brutes by making them admire their beauty and recognize their dramatic character. He, too, was an evolutionist, artistically speaking. Like Millet, he had a mission, and, as usually happens, was only half conscious of its bearing and scope. It was not to reach what some artists consider the apex of art, and which, if done well, is indeed art of a high order ; it was not to bring back animal statuary to those conventional but vivid forms which obtained



JAGUAR ATTACKING CROCODILE. (DRAWN FROM THE BRONZE IN THE POSSESSION OF CYRUS J. LAWRENCE, ESQ.)

to some extent in Italy during the renaissance, but had their bloom in Greece during the great epoch, and their magnificent roots in Asia Minor during pre-Athenian times. His mission was to raise animal statuary from the contemptible situation in which it lay by pursuing quite another plan. Preliminary sketches were made in pencil and water-color for outline and pose. The animal was then examined close at hand and measured. Next the model was constructed, measurement by measurement, from figures and from studies of the dead beast, of the skeleton and the flayed body. Nothing was left to chance. Had Barye stopped there, he would have been a common realist such as we hear much of today in the arts and in letters. But with him this drudgery did not preclude the synthetic effort in addition to the analytic. "The magnificent lion of Barye," said the painter Rousseau to his pupil Letronne, "which is in the Tuileries, has all his fur much more truly than if the sculptor had modeled it hair by hair." Having built his figure as accurately as possible, he then felt it safe, and only then, to let imagination have its way. He was master of that wonderful organism and knew it inside and out; he could take liberties with it, make a wild beast more than wild, thicken the thick

paws of a lion, make more sinuous the winding back of a tigress, broaden the planes on the muscular shoulders of a jaguar, until they look like the broad protecting sheath-plates of an antediluvian lizard, a cousin of that very alligator with which the big cat is fighting; wind the neck of a tall wading-bird until it is forced to show how near is the relationship between reptiles, the crawlers, and birds, the flyers; unite in one horse the best points of heavy chargers and high-bred Arab steeds,—in this way calling attention to the beauties in animal forms, and often showing their desperate struggles for existence. What was Barye doing so very different from Millet? It was another field. The latter called to the passer to note the somber lot of the peasant, that man who before the Revolution was described as a being little better, to outward appearance, than a brute. Barye helped the cause of the dumb creation. He raised the animal in art as Millet did the human caste from which he sprang.

This kinship in aim was accompanied by a strong personal friendship. Barye also had his *pied-à-terre* in Barbizon village near the woods of Fontainebleau, where Rousseau, Millet, and Diaz lived, where Corot often came. He left a number of studies in oil of the Fontainebleau landscape, studies that have a somber dig-



JAGUAR ATTACKING CROCODILE. (DRAWN FROM THE BRONZE IN THE POSSESSION OF CYRUS J. LAWRENCE, ESQ.)



nity, a quiet richness, which are very individual. The wood-cut is from such a picture in the possession of Mr. Cyrus J. Lawrence, who, with Messrs. Theodore K. Gibbs of New York and Wm. T. Walters of Baltimore, has enabled us to study and enjoy Barye more completely than is possible in France. Those who estimate a man by the breadth of his range can hardly refuse to place Barye beside if not before the greatest of these friends. The Tuileries lion with serpent is animated; but what a sullen dignity in the colossal lion seated before the gateway of the Prefecture of the Seine on the river front of the Louvre! How magnificently have the mane and heavy hair about the head and shoulders been massed! At Marseilles the Château d'Eau is ornamented with four gigantic animals. The Bastille column has in relief a lion of the zodiac which is

density for animated action, and showed the domestic idyl in the lives of wild deer? He reached humor in the figurine of a Senegal elephant trotting. The quiet ferocity of the walking lion is most impressive. In the little group of jaguar and dead hare, the sense of muscular power and ferocious rapacity is terrible.

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright!"

Who ever molded such limbs before? What sculptor ever told a tragedy so inexorably? One must go back to the wounded lioness on the bas-reliefs from Mesopotamia to find this spirit. The famous lion in the Tuileries gardens was a revelation to many artists in 1833, when it was put up. Perhaps more open to criticism than later work, it showed the world a new master, not merely because of its ex-



FONTAINEBLEAU LANDSCAPE. (FROM A PAINTING IN OIL BY BARYE, IN THE POSSESSION OF CYRUS J. LAWRENCE, ESQ.)

greatly admired. The Madeleine and Sainte Clothilde have full-length statues of woman saints. At Ajaccio, Corsica, is the equestrian statue of Napoleon the Great surrounded by four standing figures, and carrying in his right hand a globe surmounted by a winged victory. This is perhaps the most classical (and the least interesting) large work by Barye. The little statuette of the First Consul or of the young General Bonaparte on horseback is a wonderful piece, infinitely finer than the Ajaccio Emperor ordered by Napoleon III. The face of the young Corsican is ascetic and beautiful, the figure slender, the costume most picturesque. The horse unites the Arab head with the barrel of a charger, and the treatment of the tail and mane is singularly fine, massive, original. It is needful to speak of the groups of stag, doe, and fawn in which he curbed his natural pro-

traordinary lifelikeness, but in a more technical sense by its boldness in the handling of the hair. The same group occurs, slightly different, in a small bronze in which the lion is younger. The mood is pettier; he is snarling and strikes at the serpent in a perfectly cat-like manner. Then there are the eagles; they surprise one by the size of their talons and spread of wings as compared with their bodies. The rabbit in the wood-cut is full of character, a minute "paper-weight" bigly molded. This and certain minim stork-like birds are delightful bits; but each, though a "paper-weight," is treated with a largeness in the modeling that removes it from all fear of contempt. In Japan the nobles treasure okimonos or paper-weights signed by famous masters in metal-work who lived several centuries ago. In regard to them the phrase "worth their weight in gold" becomes ridic-



NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL, STATUETTE.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE.)

ulous. When Western amateurs can get them, the prices range from three to ten thousand dollars, yet one hundred golden dollars may outweigh them in the balances. Looking over a collection of Barye bronzes like the large one in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, or private collections like those of Messrs. Lawrence and Gibbs, one is astonished at the amount of genius modestly hidden in such figurines. Not every one is equally great; yet the evenness of their excellence is remarkable. Look at Barye's hunting-dogs, bears, wolves, panthers, jaguars, and ocelots; his hares and rabbits; his axis deer, stags, *bouquetins*, buffaloes, bulls; his tortoises, crocodiles, and pythons; his eagles, storks, marabouts, and pheasants; his half-bred and his pure Turkish horses. It is a marvel where he found time to study all these animals in the conscientious fashion we know he did. It was in these and the groups of them that he showed most his love of movement. Soon after his death, forced to it by unappreciative criticism in America, Mr. Truman Bartlett wrote a warm letter to "The Tribune." He spoke as a sculptor and a personal acquaintance. "No sculptor of modern times," he wrote, "has

treated so large a number of subjects with such consummate grasp and elevation of conception. A candlestick was as seriously and successfully composed as if done by a Greek. No subject was too simple. There was none he did not touch with grace." What a heart-rending series of struggles the collection holds! If one allows oneself to look at Barye from that side alone, without remembering the great lessons that science was telling the world at the time, it is natural enough to feel more than amazed, perhaps to feel shocked at the savageness of the scenes. By superficial observers he has been accused of brutality. But the scenes were true; they were, moreover, refined and enlarged above the bald truth; and they were part of the great lesson of evolution in which, so far as the writer is aware, here for the first time Barye has been shown to have done his part.

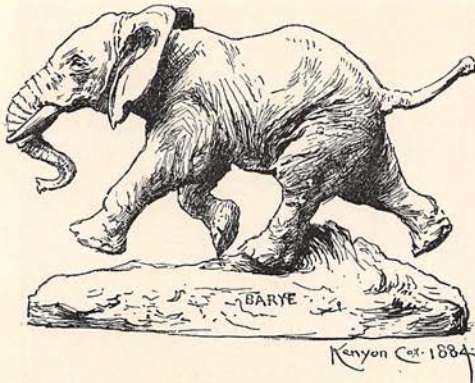
A powerful trait in Barye was his faculty of generalization. He saw things naturally on a big scale, in great masses. Only his laborious career permitted this trait to remain a good one and not become a danger. His big, broad-palmed, short-fingered hands are, according to gypsy lore, the hands of one who



BRONZE LIONS IN FRONT OF THE PREFECTURE OF THE SEINE.  
(ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY PERMISSION OF A. GIRAUDON, PARIS.)

thinks of things first as wholes and afterward in particulars. A case in point occurred when Louis Philippe, who admired the Lion and Serpent extremely, and yet haggled with Barye over its price, agreed to have the Arc de Triomphe crowned with a suitable sculpture to take the place of that which the Allies carried off. Thiers, always an advanced connoisseur in matters of the fine arts, asked Barye for a design. The genius of the latter did not shape for the top of that handsome arch a complicated, semi-classical group. Perhaps the richness of the lower parts warned him that a big and simple object was needed. Very certainly, knowing from what great distances the arch can be seen, he formed in his mind some large single figure, but not a human

one, because, to be effective, that would be too tall and slender if standing, too complicated in outline if seated. So he modeled in extreme roughness a gigantic eagle, the eagle of France and her armies, alighting on a pile of cannon and trophies from all nations. It was this simple, colossal, effective, and, for the period, incredibly bold conception which was then cast aside, and now perhaps will be supplanted by a labored and unsimple, a complicated and uneffective group, containing a chariot, a female Liberty, a mass of standards, two falling figures, four horses in wild movement, and a group of men behind. So that even at the present, even under a republic which seems come to stay, classicism is so entrenched in Paris that Barye's big simple



ELEPHANT OF SENEGAL.  
(DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PLASTER CAST, BY  
PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE, PARIS.)

thought is not revived, but an inferior by Falguière considered—a design difficult to understand, and impossible to decipher at a distance.

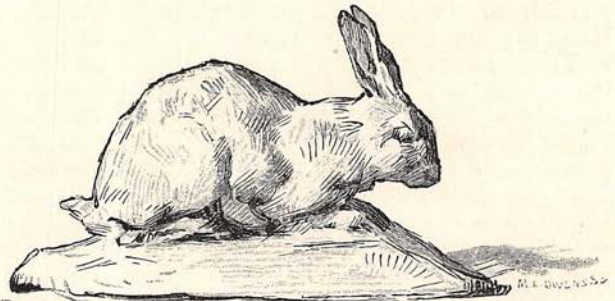
Among other treasures the Louvre contains a series of chambers devoted to antiquities from Nineveh and older towns in the Euphrates valley. There can be little doubt that Barye availed himself of any hints the remote past might give. But he was far too able to be an imitator. In all probability the lioness dying under the bolts of an Assyrian king, the most vivid piece of Assyrian bas-relief which has been unearthed, was to Barye a delightful surprise. Yet if he took from it anything, it was not, as a weaker might have done, a pose, but movement in its very essence, the living emotion of anguish in the crippled beast. Assyria has revealed transition forms in art between man and brutes such as Greek art was indeed not without, but analyzed as the Greek was not, and grosser. At Phigaleia there was one, a horse-headed Demeter, goddess of agriculture, and at Delphi there are traces of a bear-headed Artemis, sacred to the Arcadians, whose symbol was a bear. How instructive to Barye must have been the impos-

ing bull-men, guards at the portals of royal court-yards, which Layard found at Nineveh and Place at Khorsabad! It must have thrown a flood of light on the origin of the Centaur and Minotaur figures, which his patient and audacious hand evolved again under the glare of the skeptical nineteenth century. Barye's "Theseus Slaying Minotaur" is in the museum of Le Puy. We are



EAGLE. (DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PLASTER CAST,  
BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE, PARIS.)

now able to understand better than the savants of thirty years ago what this grotesque among Greek myths signified. Instead of considering Minotaur the product of licentious imaginations run wild, or the caricature of an early tyrant who exacted slaves as tribute from Attica, or the symbol of the juncture in Crete of two warring religions, or a special emblem of the god of the sun, we can now ally him with such genii, *jinn*, as the wardens of the portals in Babylonia and Assyria, and, like them, consider him the idol of a subjugated people, the sign of a religion relegated to a second place. We can be as confident as possible that Theseus himself was a pure sun-god humanized, like Hercules, Bellerophon, and Perseus. He makes war on and



RABBIT. (DRAWN FROM THE BRONZE IN THE POSSESSION OF CYRUS J. LAWRENCE, ESQ.)

subdues a monster who bears the root of the word "moon" in his name. As it was suggested long ago, Minotaur means the moon plus the beast sacred to the moon. Theseus overwhelms him, just as the rising sun causes the moon to fade. The labyrinth in which he wanders is the dark world under the flat earth, Hades. The boys and maidens dedicate to him are the human sacrifices his rites de-

begins to appear between the man shoulders and meets the bull head with its sharp horns. The only human beings who recall him are the horrible *goîtreux* one sees at Aosta and in some of the Swiss valleys; bull-visaged, half-imbecile creatures, who sit begging by the wayside; incorrigible misers, whose relatives fill the local courts with suits for guardianship of their rights and property. Various and



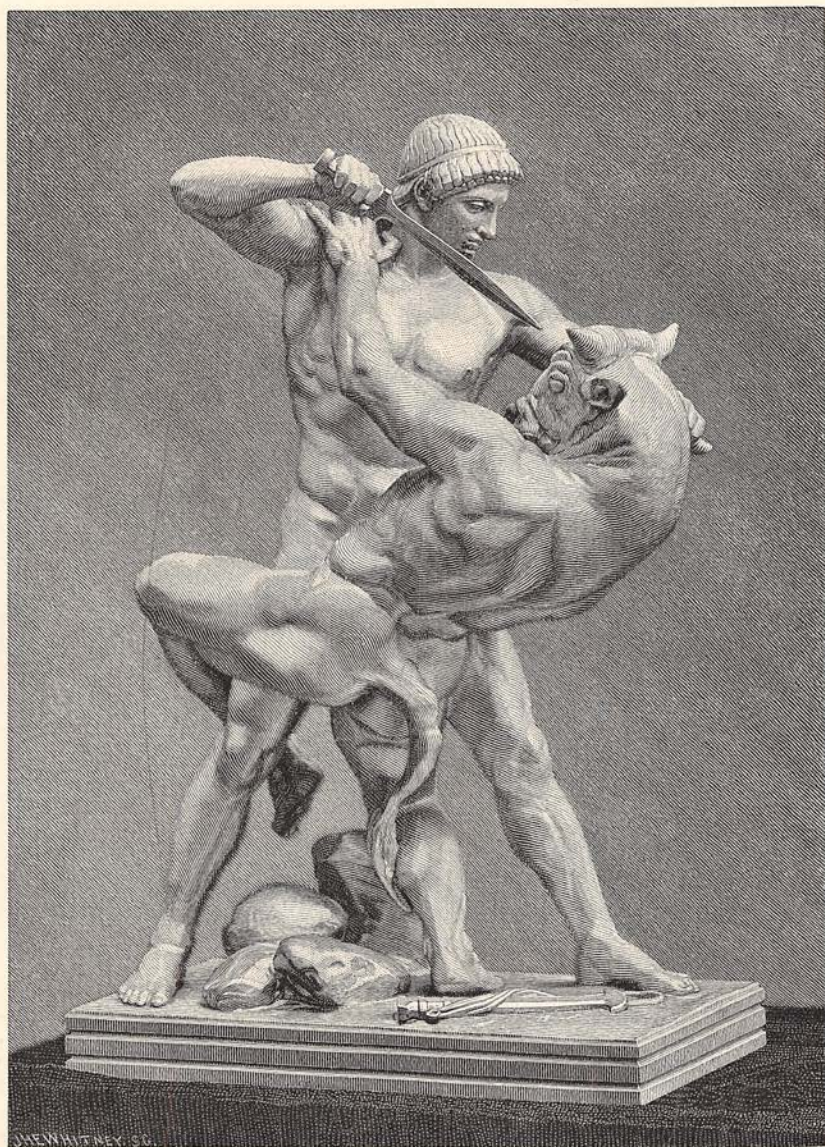
TIGER. (FROM A WATER-COLOR BY BARYE, IN THE POSSESSION OF S. P. AVERY, ESQ.)

manded, which the new religion puts an end to. In many other places besides Crete sun-worship drove out moon-worship with its horrid rites of Moloch. Thus Minotaur belongs with Gorgon, Typhon, the Titans, Giants, Cyclopes, among the gods of a dark past and lower civilization. By a further move back into the past these composites of animals and men connect themselves with totems, or the animal badges assumed as crests or emblems by families, tribes, and nations.

But, to leave the myth, Barye has fashioned the sun-man beautiful, shapely, stalwart, with the calm look of triumph irresistible that one finds in the best period of Greek art, and perhaps on the features a trace of the earlier and more conventional epoch when religious precedents and the absorbing attention paid to the human figure rather than the human face made the sculptor think more of form than feature. The moon-bull man is tailed, big-footed, thick-ankled, grossly-fleshed. Marvelous is the modeling where the bull neck

sometimes unmentionable are the causes assigned for these beings among the people — Italian imagination running riot to account for their origin, just as the Greek fantasy tried to explain Minotaur through the fable of Pasiphaë (whose name means the shining moon) and Dædalus, the complacent artificer. Somewhat like these poor creatures, but not disgusting, because he seems to be a possible and in no way a morbid form, is Barye's Minotaur, as he catches at the shoulder of implacable Theseus and tries to throw him; as he feels his own knees giving way, although the sharp short sword leveled at him is not yet buried in his neck, very much as in the Iliad the unarmed Lykaon suffers at the hands of Achilles. "But Achilles drew his sharp sword and smote on the collar-bone beside the neck, and all the two-edged sword sank into him, and he lay stretched prone upon the earth, and blood flowed dark from him and soaked the earth." (Myers's translation.)

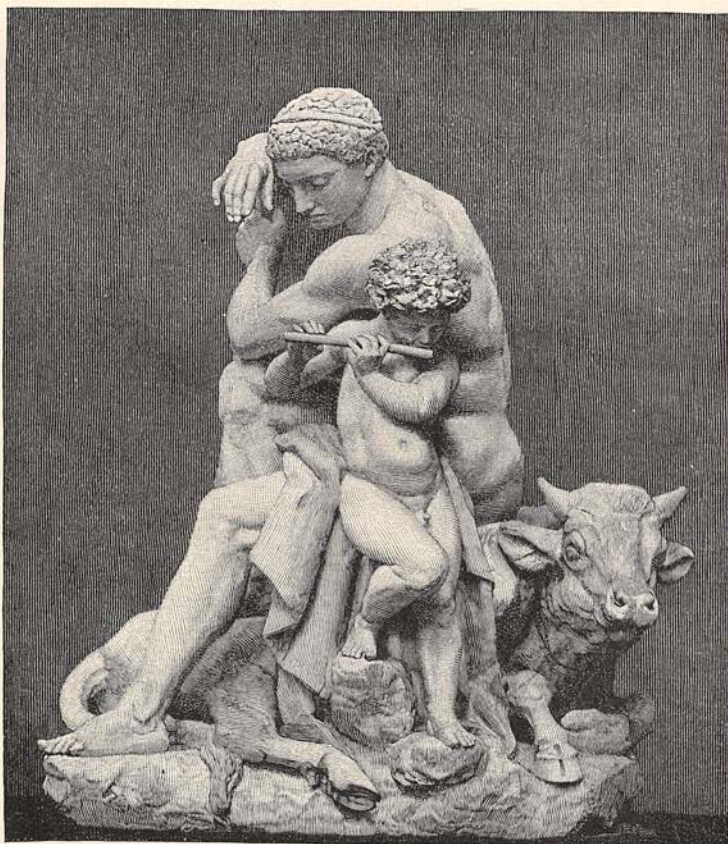
The Centaur is a more grateful subject. What



THESEUS BATTLING WITH THE MINOTAUR.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIEUNNE, PARIS.)

looks like fun, laughter, or perhaps the intoxication of love or of wine, in the famous Centaur of the Capitol, appears a mad struggle for existence in the group by Barye of Theseus killing the Centaur Bianor. It is the tragic antithesis. The Centaurs may be allied in art to the genii of Mesopotamia, but in history it is likely that they represent a tribe, not a religion; a totem, not a faith. When first mentioned the Centaurs have no special monster-trait. We can see in many early sculptures the gradual evolution of the Centaur on Greek soil: first, the man being the larger, a monster man, with the equine barrel and hind-legs added to the complete

human figure; then, with the horse preponderating, a four-hoofed beast with a human torso in the place of the horse's neck. In the arts we can watch the Centaur becoming less and less man, more and more horse, thus corroborating history, which does not assign to the Centaur tribes physical monstrosity, but savagery and moral depravity. The Centaurs in art are curiously parallel to the Asian man-bulls, and if the meaning of their name as the learned explain it is correct, namely, "bull-drivers" (compare the vulgar Western term "cow-punchers"), and, later, "horse-bull-drivers" (Hippocentaurs), it is extremely likely that we



PEACE—IN A COURT OF THE LOUVRE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE.)

owe the Centaur of Greek art to a mixture of ideas among the Greeks of the Asia Minor coast. They had seen on the Euphrates, cut in soft stone, the majestic man-bulls, and heard from Greece of the equestrian bull-drivers whose crest was a horse's head. In all probability we have a singular and complete instance of the march of a Semitic art-idea from Asia into Europe, which idea became Aryanized in the process, changing from the bull, more common to Semitic moon-worship (the golden calf, the brazen serpent, Moloch, Astarte, Baal), to the horse, the favorite Aryan symbol of the sun.

Barye's Centaur was much criticised, and objection in particular was made to one of its most realistic points, the digging of the toes of the Theseus into the sides of the Centaur's horse-back. That reminds one of the story told about Regnault's horses of Achilles in the picture now at Boston.

"Have you ever seen such a horse as that?" cried an envious person.

"No," was the answer, "but I have been looking for one like it for forty years."

To those who believe that all art worth

thinking about was confined to a couple of centuries before Christ and to the small land of Greece, the battle between the man and the horse-monster is too violently moved. The suspended blow of the Theseus worries them; the agony of Bianor's face as his rider drags back his head to give him the finishing stroke, the convulsive grasp of his hands, and the stumbling of his hoofs (whereby the horse is shown in the most intimate fusion and sympathy with the man) do not give them that sense of peace, that gentle glow of delight, which the greatest sculptors in Greek art are capable of imparting. After Canova's spirited but conventional group, at Vienna, too much importance seemed given to the conquered man-horse. It is the bane of art that people make standards for themselves, and force every new creation to reach the mark they have fixed. To be narrow in sympathies is one of the cheapest, simplest ways of setting up for wisdom. Unfortunately, habits of mind grow like others. He who, narrow from ignorance, begins innocently enough, remains narrow always, becomes narrower and narrower the more he learns. Without claiming for

Barye's Centaur the magnificent simplicity of the horses on the frieze of the Parthenon, or the restrained wildness of the broken bas-reliefs of Pergamos, it may be pointed out that he has shown new beauties, new capabilities in the horse, and made more spirited and understandable as a possible creature the Greek Centaur.

Thus Barye passed the gap between brutes and men by the stepping-stone of the monsters. He was an evolutionist unconsciously; not a scientist, but a sculptor who based his work more immediately than others before



ORDER—IN A COURT OF THE LOUVRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY  
PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIEENNE.)

him upon that basis of science, accurate observation. His stepping-stones were not of the barbarous kind mentioned in the sixth book of the Iliad: "First he bade Bellerophon slay Chimaira the unconquerable. Of divine birth was she and not of men, in front a lion and behind a serpent, and in the midst a goat, and she breathed dread fierceness of blazing fire." (Leaf's translation.) It was the monster that could lend itself to compositions, in which the magnificent movement of the horse or the muscular power of the bull could be joined to the grace of the human torso. Nor did the ideal of grace desert him when he rose to the human form unallied to the beast, as we have seen in his two figures of Theseus. Yet when one weighs him against the greatest sculptors of the past, it is an error to claim for Barye as high a position for his human figures as for his transition figures and for his beasts. This, let it be at once said, is very far from conceding that he was weak

in the treatment of the human being. Few careful judges will hold to that opinion, however much it may have been heretofore advanced. It is notorious that Barye was crippled by the stigma "animalist," in so far that he failed of getting many orders for human groups. While the painter, lucky mortal! can paint a great picture between whiles, keeping the hearth alight with commissions on lower levels, the sculptor, like the architect, works with materials too costly to permit experiments. His work is seldom independent of its background and surroundings; these must commonly be known to him before he begins on the clay. He must do what is ordered and feel in luck if he gets a commission at all. At the most he can model a sketch, and trust to its catching the eye of a patron wise enough in such matters to forecast its appearance when enlarged and hewn or cast. But Barye does not need to rest upon negative arguments his claim to a high place as a sculptor of the human nude. At the Tuileries is the graceful recumbent youth as a river-god, a charming, sober, peaceful male deity of the Seine, let us say, with none of the turbulence supposed to be characteristic of the inhabitants of its great city, but with much of the tranquil beauty of its glistening reaches. Among the statuettes are the Duc d'Orléans, the Tartar Warrior Reining in his Horse, the small Minerva, the Piqueur in seventeenth century dress, the little Roman Fool, the Horseman Surprised by a Serpent, the animated groups of sportsmen and of beast combats modeled for the dinner-table of the Duc d'Orléans, a central elephant-hunt with eight supporting groups, and a number of other human figures and groups besides. The table-ornament, by the way, forms probably the strongest proof that can be advanced for the theory that Barye was beholden to Delacroix; for the fiery painter loved such Oriental scenes as the center-piece now in the galleries of Mr. Walters of Baltimore, the elk and bear hunts in the possession of Mrs. Wm. T. Blodgett, and the other groups of that famous and now scattered set. The pieces, however, on which his high claims to a sculptor of the human figure must rest are the large three-figure groups which perch high above the tourist's gaze in the Carrousel court of the Louvre. Here are pretty effectually concealed from notice the compositions of man, boy, and beast that symbolize War, Peace, Force, and Order respectively. Unlike the Centaur, with its tremendous movement, they are extremely restful, particularly in the dominant member of each group, the man. Varied expressions and some range of individuality are given to the man; his gestures of head and arms, either martial, or



pondering, or determined, or insistent, add wonderfully to the effect of each. The naked boy is delightful, perhaps the most delightful of the trio, in one case supplying an element of humor. Barye allowed himself more play of surface, of curves, and rounded masses in the outlines of these charmingly fresh young figures. Peace and War have two domesticated animals—the ox and the horse. Order and Force have the savage—the lion and tiger. Each beast is thoroughly subordinated in the composition: the peaceful lie at the feet of the human beings in trustful comradeship; the savage aid the meaning of Order and Force by showing the repression of their natural instincts to destroy. It is true that he might have made the action of the man more moved and his face more vividly expressive. But the effects he sought were strength, calmness, massiveness. He felt that the meaning ought to be told by masses rather than play of features; taking a useful leaf from the Greek book, he subordinated expression in feature and brought out expression in the composition of the whole. Sculptors say that the combination of man, boy, and beast is difficult to manage; these do not, without great art, come together as a group in a way that will satisfy the requirements from all points of view. But Barye has not solved the problem once or twice—thrice, four times he has solved it. When one reflects on the task one is amazed at the simple, solid power of these four groups, which may be seen in bronze, reduced, on one of the principal squares of Baltimore (the gift of Mr. Walters of that city). Still, it is by no means needful to contend that his greatest work will be found in the human groups. Let him re-



FORCE—IN A COURT OF THE LOUVRE.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST,  
BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIEENNE.)

main, like St. Francis of Assisi, the apostle of the animals. Let us agree that his highest level, or his highest originality, was reached in them. But it is wrong to hold that he failed in life-sized and heroic human statuary. On the contrary, there, too, he was original enough. It was a monumental, massive, large-planed figure that he made, but it does not follow that it is not good because it resembles hardly at all the hollow elegancies of Canova or the commonplaces of Thorwaldsen and Rauch. His human statuary is unlike that of the century in which he lived, as if it had been evolved out of sources quite different from those drained by other sculptors. Michael Angelo, Cellini, Bernini, David d'Angers, were not for Barye; his ambition took a much humbler flight. The masses and broad planes of his men recall the sculptor's own face and figure. His statues of men may be wanting in majesty, or in style, or in grimace, or in technical dexterousness, but they are unmistakably genuine, unmistakably Barye, the work of a master more truly representative of France (not Paris) than any native since Goujon and Pujet. The pity is that nobody who had the power quite realized how alone the genius of Barye was; how unlikely it is that he will have an equal. Otherwise the French, in many ways the most patriotic nation in the world, devoured with ambition to be first in arts, letters, and war, would have given him earlier in life as good a chance as Rude to grapple with human groups on a scale worthy of his mettle. He is the modern equivalent of the stone-cutter artists on the old French



WAR—IN A COURT OF THE LOUVRE.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST,  
BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIEENNE, PARIS.)



THESEUS BATTLING WITH THE CENTAUR BIANOR.  
 (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PLASTER CAST, BY PERMISSION OF F. BARBEDIENNE, PARIS.)

cathedrals; like them showing a passion for animal forms, but, unlike them, learned in books and instructed at once in life and art by the menageries and museums of Paris. Surely without a tithe of the fame he deserved has this quiet, modest, deep-thinking man passed away! Is there any sculptor now living in Europe or America who can fill his shoes? But let us think farther back. Where, when, was there a sculptor like him? Exaggeration reacts and harms its subject. But is it exaggeration to say

he was unequaled in his range? The Assyrian human figures do not approach his. The great Greeks and Michael Angelo: could they near him in modeling animals? The more one studies Barye, the more his range fills the mind, the bigger his genius seems to grow. Another significant fact, and then an end. The closer one examines the sculpture of to-day in France, Italy, England, and America into which animals enter, the more one meets with Barye.

*Henry Eckford.*