LIVING ENGLISH SCULPTORS. II.*

WHEN we turn from the makers of groups and reliefs to the makers of portraits, we enter a department of sculpture which is not less important, perhaps, but about which there is much less to be said. If the sculptor who treats an imaginative subject is bound to be a poet, the man who models a bust or a portrait-figure is no less bound to be a critic; and there is not so much that can be profitably said about criticism as about poetry. Of course the two gifts are found united in the same man. The poet is always a critic, and, though this is less clearly recognized, the good critic is sure to have something of the poet in his composition. In like measure, the imaginative sculptor of talent will make good busts, and the excellent portrait-sculptor will try his hand at the ideal, not always without success. But, notwithstanding this, we can generally divide the men into two classes. Nollekens remains in history as a great maker of busts, in spite of his many figures of Venus; and his contemporary Banks we recognize as an ideal sculptor, in spite of his intelligent and workmanlike portraits. Perhaps, in dealing with the men that make portraits, we may be allowed to use a word that is scarcely English, and call them "iconic" sculptors, from εἰκών, an image. The French have helped themselves to this convenient adjective, and we may borrow it of them.

Let me, then, explain why I call the iconic sculptor a critic. It is because he has, first of all, to exercise upon his work the faculty of analysis. For instance, he is called upon to model the head of a man whom he has never seen before. If he is a clever, acute fellow, he will make a few inquiries about his sitter's antecedents, will talk with him a little, will gauge the surface of his mind, and will form a shrewd estimate of his character and capacity. It will occur to him, in every instance, to do this quite as much as a matter of course as to measure the features with the calipers, or to imitate the forms of the muscle upon the bone. This is criticism in its most superficial shape, but already how far is it removed from the practice of his fellow-craftsman, the imaginative sculptor. The latter, with his dream before him, is not occupied with the character or individuality of the model which sits to him. The handsome or beautiful figure which patiently adopts the attitude which he has seen in his vision is a mere abstraction to him. This man or woman is a mere fragment of nature; the unmeaning forms before the sculptor have to be inspired by the breath of his genius. A girl who has nothing to say for herself poses for the vocal muse Urania; or behind the sleepy, sleek Italian model the artist has to divine the anger of Ajax. The iconic sculptor's method is the very reverse of this. He must see nothing more than his model gives him, or he fails; his business is to analyze, to criticise, that model as searchingly as he can. Hence it follows that while, as we saw in the former article, ideal sculpture has suffered almost total extinction during periods of centuries, iconic sculpture has at no time entirely ceased to exist. It seems, indeed, to have had no birth, to have sprung full-grown from the brain of the Egyptians. The earliest wooden portraits of Egypt are as full of character, as shrewdly and tenderly critical, as the best modern busts, and we need not be surprised at this comparative uniformity of merit in the best portraits of the world, when we reflect that though the ideals and aspirations of man differ widely in different ages, and his scales of invention rise and fall, man himself remains unaltered, and the same cares and hopes and passions score his features and expand his temples in each successive generation.

There can be no doubt that the work of the iconic sculptor varies in proportion to the weight of character in his sitter. I can fancy that Houdin would knit his brows less strenuously, and feel his heart beat less quickly, when he was called upon to model the head of His Majesty's Gold Stick in Waiting than when there sat before him the intellectual magnificence of Voltaire. But criticism is not all appreciation, and the good sculptor will impress upon his work the ravages of folly, vice, and weakness no less sturdily than those of virtue and brightness, if he finds them in the head before him. Nothing baffles him except the commonplace, and this he must condone as best he can, fortunate if some trick of movement, some accident of drapery, allows him to relieve the platitude that he dares not refuse to illustrate. There is one happy case in which the iconic sculptor can enjoy something of the freedom of the imaginative artist, and combine the excitement of creation with his proper function of analy-

* See Mr. Gosse's first paper on this subject in THE CENTURY for June, 1883.

sis. This is when he receives a commission to execute some great statesman or warrior or poet of the past, and must take his impression from tradition and from existing portraits, tempered by his study of the life and action of the man. In such a case he cannot be too reverent in his attitude toward his art, for all the obvious channels of instruction are closed to him. The living lips are not there to resolve his doubts, nor the living eyes to flash intelligence. In the absence of these it behooves him to employ all possible means to insure a moral and intellectual sympathy with his subject, and to let the soul shine through the mask of clay; and it is in such work as this, more than in the ordinary making of busts, that the man of genius will be found to distance the more painstaking craftsman of talent.

A sharp, incisive touch, knowledge what to emphasize and what to omit, the art to secure a portrait and yet to transfigure the mere resemblance with that indescribable quality which we call artistic value,—these are the great requirements of the iconic sculptor. The modern craving for realism has not been altogether beneficial to this class of sculpture. Many conscientious young artists, not ripe enough to be critics, occupy themselves so exclusively with the externals of their busts, with details of skin, and hair, and color, that they miss the first requirement of a head, namely, that it should be noticeable. The great busts of the world's art are irresistible; they hold us as we rush past them; they are as tenacious of our attention as the Ancient Mariner himself. A few years ago, at the French Salon, there was one such bust as this, the bronze head of the painter Baudry, by Paul Dubois. Here was an instance of one of the greatest of sculptors throwing his finest abilities into the task of analyzing the head of a great painter. As one gazed at it, one divined the life and character of Baudry; the long, resolute career of labor, the years of patient, brilliant painting, hung in air under the dome of the Opera House. I remember that as I was sitting to contemplate this bust, an American strolled by, caught sight of it, and after hovering round it for some time, came and sat by my side and watched it. Presently he turned and asked me if I could tell him whose it was, and whether it was thought much of, adding, with a charming modesty: "I don't know anything about art, but I found that I could not get past that head." The expression seemed to me to be as happy as it was naïve, and to express all that needs be said about a good bust. The sculptor, therefore, must remember that when his proportions are correct, his surface realistic, his likeness excellent, there is still something left for him to do; he must give his bust that touch which will transform it into "a presence that is not to be put by."

Among those who have written English history in bronze and terra-cotta during the last twenty years, Mr. Joseph Edgar Boehm undoubtedly holds the most prominent place. His busts throng our galleries, his statues are frequent in our streets, and the palaces of our sporting and hunting aristocracy are still more rich in his memorials of their pleasures. He possesses a robust talent that betrays nothing of the foreigner, he is English to his fingertips, English even in his limitations and his prejudices. It is an idle thing nowadays to theorize on the effect of foreign invasion upon our national art. London, like Paris, has learned that the good artist who settles within her boundaries and makes her interests his, becomes an Englishman, and slips noiselessly into his place in the great national procession of talent. Mr. Boehm has had the gift to avail himself of this privilege. He came to England at a moment when sculpture with us was just ready for a transition. Gibson and Marochetti, with the false theories and feeble practice which they enforced, had passed the zenith of their fame, and were about to disappear. The feebleness of the one and the smoothness of the other, the lack of modeling power in both, must have inspired the youth fresh from the severe schools of Paris with contempt. He would find little to interest him in the Royal Academy; it would seem to him that busts were not to be made in the gentle manner of Weekes, nor ideal statues to be manufactured with the facility of McDowell. He would be, doubtless, a little blind to good work of a totally different school from his own which was being done outside the Academy and in defiance of its traditions. We need not dwell on all this, but consider him as an isolated figure, introduced to do good work of a distinctive character, to make Gibsons and McDowells impossible in the immediate future.

Mr. Boehm was born at Vienna in 1834. He is a Hungarian by birth and descent. In the National Museum at Pesth may be seen his terra-cotta bust of his father, Johann Daniel Boehm, who was a distinguished medalist in his time, and a long while Keeper of the Imperial Mint at Vienna. The son was destined from the first to be an artist, and after some preliminary study in Italy, was sent in his fourteenth year to London, to copy the marbles of the Parthenon. The course of work under the personal direction of Pheidias lasted three years, and left an indelible mark on the hand of the young sculptor, although

RACE-HORSE "CREMORNE." (BY JOSEPH EDGAR BOEHM.)

it cannot be said to have inspired him with any of the poetry of Greece. From 1851 to 1858 he worked steadily at Vienna as a medalist, and gained the *Kaiserpreis* for this species of sculpture in 1853. In 1859 he proceeded to Paris, and completed his education as a sculptor in 1862, when he came at the age of twenty-eight to settle in London.

He suffered but few trials, endured little patience or delay, but started almost at once on that career of prosperity on which he has risen steadily ever since. I believe I am correct in saying that in Mr. Thackeray he found an ardent friend, whose influence smoothed the way to fame and fortune. The Royal Academy of 1862 contained his first contribution, a terra-cotta bust of a gentleman; and in that of 1863 he was represented by a similar head. It was in 1864 that he revealed himself to the British public as a master. He was thirty years of age, in full possession of his powers, and he asserted his position in each one of those departments of sculpture by which he has made himself famous since. There are three provinces of art in which Mr. Boehm holds his own against all comers in England, three in each of which, when he is true to his powers, he is not excelled by any English sculptor. These are in busts, in portrait statuettes, and in equestrian groups. The exhibition of 1864 displayed his talent in all these three departments. It contained a charming statuette of Thackeray, who had died the year before (see THE CENTURY for February, 1881); it contained several striking busts, very bright and animated in expression, if, as the enemy asserted, somewhat wanting in distinction; and it also contained a race-horse in bronze and an equestrian statue which revealed a power of modeling animals which has not been equaled in England, though it has been surpassed in France by Barye, and in Germany by Julius Haehnel.

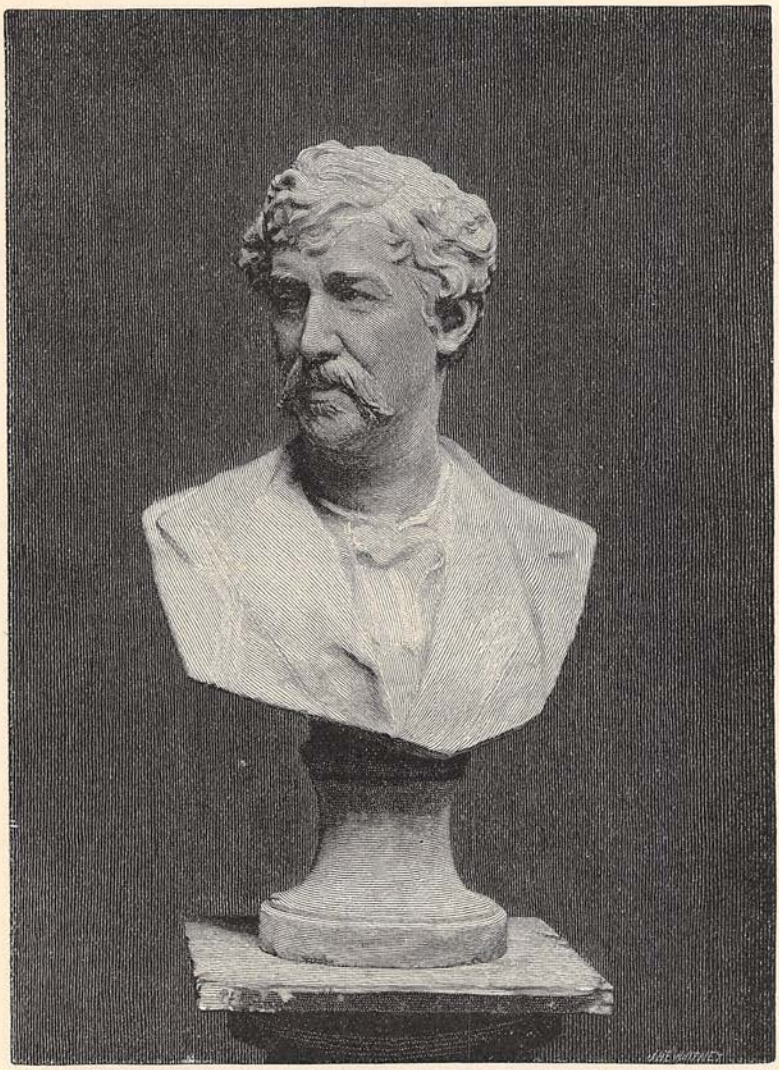
It is, however, as an animal sculptor that Mr. Boehm takes the highest place among English artists. Here he is unsurpassed, unapproached. His portrait-bronze of "Johnnie Armstrong" in 1864 was the first of a long series in which he has illustrated the heroes and heroines of the Derby and the Oaks. His strong personal sympathy with horses, and his practical knowledge of their "points," have prepared him to represent them with a modern exactness. It is not necessary to enjoy the personal acquaintance of Mr. Boehm to know that he is a connoisseur of horseflesh. No figure is more familiar than his in our parks in the early morning; no one is better mounted or more at home in the saddle. It perhaps follows from all this that his

interest in the horse is not so much picturesque as professional; he regards the animal a little from the point of view of the turf. His admirers have naïvely assured us that he looks with contempt on those rough steeds upon which the youths of the Parthenon are riding to glory so majestically. He would not approve the young cart-horse on which Frémiet's Joan of Arc sits astride in the Place de Rivoli. He thinks a little more about "blood" than an artist should, and yet his portraits of the famous race-horses have a value which does not entirely depend upon their historical or genealogical accuracy. Mr. Boehm has produced several statues of horses which have enjoyed signal success. His "Suffolk Punch and Blacksmith" of 1869 was a group which must live in the minds of many for its vigor and for its grand acceptation of rugged forms in nature. As an illustration of this side of Mr. Boehm's genius, we engrave the latest of his equestrian groups, the race-horse "Cremorne." The refinement and delicacy of the nervous, highly strung creature are finely contrasted with the rigidity of the conceited old groom who walks beside, and who pinches a bit of the skin of his charge with an exquisite air of affectation. The whole group is as true and modern as possible, and in this sort of realism, not going very far, but perfect as far as it goes, Mr. Boehm has no equal in England. His bulls, lions, and tigers, which generally remind us slightly of the work of M. Caïn, are not so thoroughly his own as his horses; but he executed a few years ago a seal, now placed as a fountain in the vestibule of Mr. Millais's house, which is a masterpiece of careful and accomplished observation.

Mr. Boehm has little interest in ideal work, properly so called, and has shown no desire to adapt modern life and modern motives to imaginative sculpture. It is said that he has executed some classical figures in the nude for the Royal Family, but he has not cared to exhibit them. All that he has exhibited in this poetic direction are a "Wilhelm and Lenore" in 1867, and a "St. George and the Dragon" in 1876. It is enough to say that these have not tempted us to regret his absorption in the graver practice of portraiture. His portrait-busts have frequently been admirable; we may say more than this, until the last few years they were almost always the best busts to be seen at the Royal Academy. He models with extraordinary skill, and this gift is seen to more advantage in his busts and smaller works, in which the work is entirely that of his own hands, than in his statues and monumental figures, where much of the labor of execution is left perforce to his pupils. His popularity is so very great, and the mass of work which passes to him so overwhelming, that he is obliged to employ a great number of hands, and his succession of studios, full of workers, over which the eminent artist presides in all the fervor of his untiring energy, presents an aspect of business and of material success not to be found elsewhere among the sculptors of England. Since 1870, when he first exhibited royal subjects and a statue of the Queen, Mr. Boehm has sunned himself more and more in the rays of royal patronage. For some years he has avowedly been Sculptor in Ordinary to Her Majesty. But these honors are not always beneficial to those whose hearts are native to the republic of fine art, and some of us may venture to look back with regret to the work which Mr. Boehm produced before the world of fashion was at his feet.

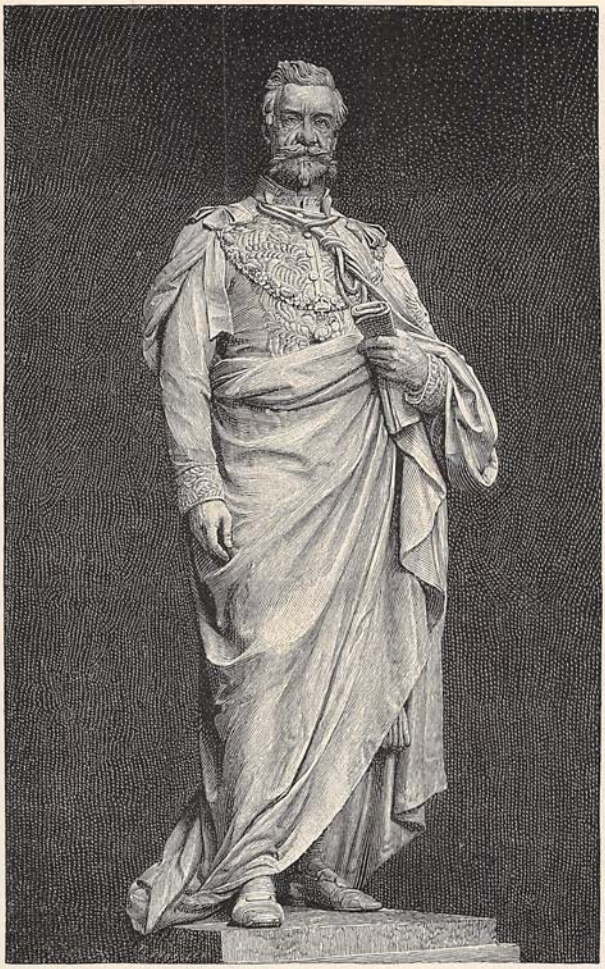
The most remarkable statue which Mr. Boehm has produced, and that by which he is most widely known in the world of letters, is his figure of Carlyle, which adorns the Thames Embankment at Chelsea. This statue, first exhibited in plaster at the Royal Academy of 1875 and afterward in marble in 1882, forms the best, nay, perhaps the only truly satisfactory effigy of the master of pessimism. The attitude of the body, slouching and abandoned without being vulgar or ungraceful, suggests the action of Carlyle in the happiest manner possible, and the head, reflective and ferocious, modeled with great firmness and courage, seems to live in a moment of arrested intellectual action, between one outburst of loquacity and another. This figure made a great impression on the academicians, who had long resisted the claims of Mr. Boehm's candidature, and the death of Durham, in October, 1877, gave them an opportunity a few months later of electing the Hungarian sculptor to fill his place as an A. R. A. In 1883 Mr. Boehm was elected to be a full academician, and presented to the body, as his diploma work, a bust of Mr. Millais.

When Mr. Boehm took up his abode with us there was but one English sculptor who was financially enjoying a great success and yet was an honor to the profession. It has been a great misfortune in the history of sculpture that it is easy for a charlatan to impress his name on the public with vicarious work, produced no one can tell how or where. With the names of such impostors, past or present, these pages shall not be defaced. But Foley was a man of honorable genius who had actually succeeded in becoming prosperous and the center of a school. Twenty years ago his Irish warmth had attracted



BUST OF JAMES A. M. WHISTLER. (BY JOSEPH EDGAR BOEHM.)

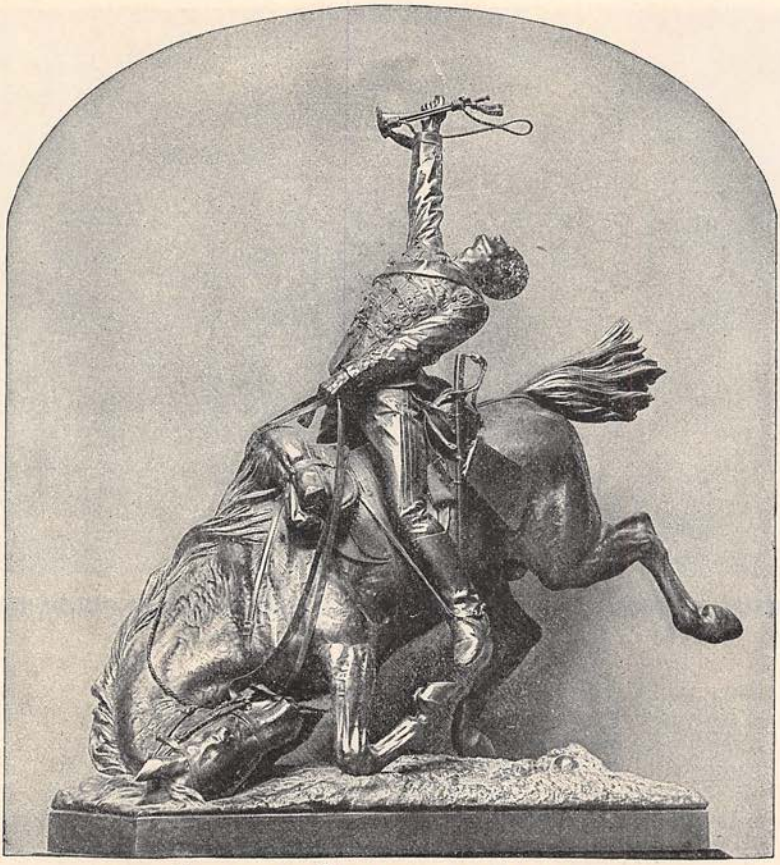
around it about twenty assistants or pupils, who formed a group of active workers, that "school of Foley" of which we hear so often. These men were scattered at the death of the master in 1874; some of them have passed away, one or two of them have taken a start in a new direction. The majority retain the tradition of Foley in a rather tame and mediocre form. The man among them all who has asserted the greatest originality and has become most widely known as an independent artist is one of the youngest of them. Mr. Thomas Brock, A. R. A., was born at Worcester, in 1847. His father and his grandfather had been engaged in the decorative arts, and he was early destined to follow in their footsteps. At the age of thirteen he won a medal in the local school of design in his native city, and he soon gained all the honors and all the knowledge that Worcester could offer to him. He was engaged for several years in the great porcelain works in that place; but the longing for a higher order of things became stronger and stronger, until at last, in his twentieth year, he found his way up to town, and knocked at the door of Foley's studio. While working there Mr. Brock passed through the schools of the Royal Academy, and won all the honors there in succession. After five years of probation he



SIR RICHARD TEMPLE. (BY THOMAS BROCK, A. R. A.)

became Foley's principal assistant, and remained in that somewhat arduous and responsible position until the master died of pleurisy, in the plenitude of his powers, in 1874. When Foley's will was read it was found that he had directed Mr. Brock to carry out the numerous and important commissions left uncompleted at his death. This seemed a very advantageous thing for the young sculptor left to carve out his own career, and, in not a few respects, there can be no doubt that it was beneficial to him. But the benefit was exaggerated, whether from the financial or the artistic point of view. From the former some of these commissions were so vast and so poorly paid that it required great prudence not to be ruined in their execution. The O'Connell monument at Dublin, which is now (in 1883) only just completed, is a work of colossal size, mainly in bronze, and required an outlay of capital in its preparation which might have overwhelmed the young artist. Nor from the purely artistic side could the benefit be said to be more apparent. To be bound for years to carry out the designs of another man, however admirable that man may have been, is a most distressing and exhausting labor. It is like the ancient torture of being chained to a corpse. The young mind expands, sees nature from fresh points of view, is affected by new ideals, and all the while the hand is cramped in the act of following the dead master's indications with reverence. There has been, therefore, in Mr. Brock's career a certain period of eclipse, during which Foley, though in his grave, has repressed and overshadowed him to an extent which, in spite of his strong personal influence, would have been impossible during his lifetime.

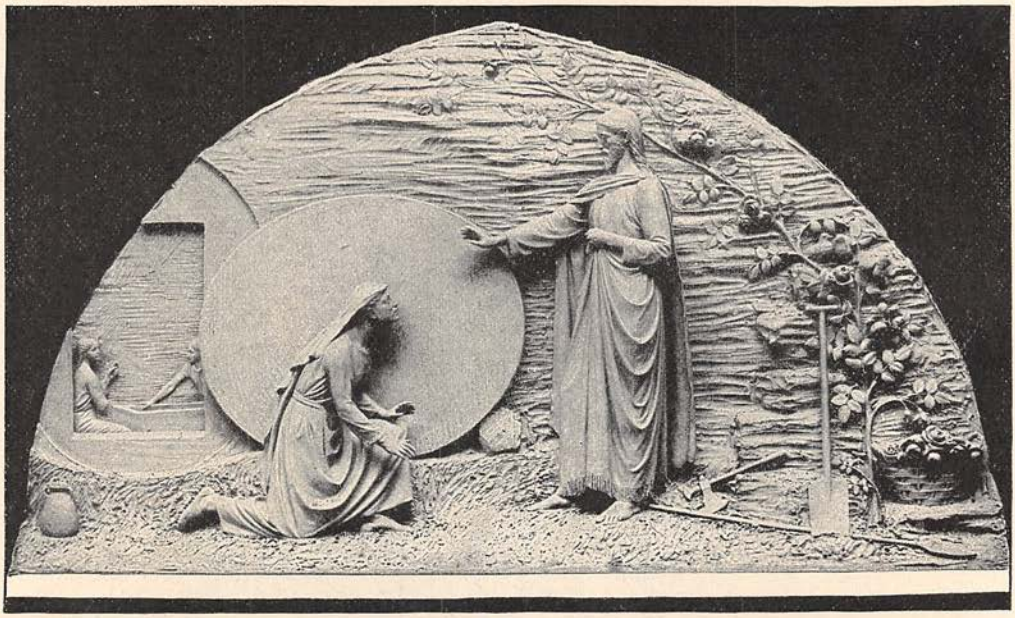
Mr. Brock's first appearance at the Royal Academy was in 1868, when he sent the bust



"THE LAST CALL." (BY CHARLES B. BIRCH, A. R. A.)

of a gentleman to the exhibition. The next year he attracted some notice with a pretty female figure of "Salmacis," which possessed too much of that smoothness of surface and ineffectual ideality which were the bane of the school of Foley. But in 1870 he gave a very remarkable evidence of the genius that was in him, in the shape of a group of "Hercules strangling Antæus," which won the gold medal of the Royal Academy and a scholarship. This group has a singularly modern air, that is to say, it bears much more the impress of 1880 than of 1870. In a time when nobody in England thought about the French, when perhaps Mr. Brock had never visited the Salon, it possessed the vigorous vital qualities of French work. The body of Antæus is lifted into the air and crushed against the irresistible frame of Hercules, the strong limbs being paralyzed by a strength infinitely greater than their own. The group is much more than a mere academic study; in its science, in the fine treatment of surface and detail, it is already masterly, and remarkably free from the fatal Foley smoothness. However, the atmosphere of Osnaburgh Street seems to have crushed his young ambition as completely, for the time being, as Hercules subdued the presumptuous Lybian giant. At all events, his original work during his last years of association with Foley has neither the freshness nor the importance of this early group.

For some years Mr. Brock was not a copious exhibitor at the Royal Academy. In 1873 he sent his admirable bust of Foley, and in 1875 two graceful Tennysonian statues in marble, a "Paris" and an "Œnone." Gradually he became known as a very accomplished sculptor of large public statues; in 1876 he put up a "Richard Baxter" at Kidderminster, and in 1880 "Raikes," the founder of Sunday-schools, on the Thames Embankment, statues which are as good as anything of the kind which we possess in England. Indeed it may be said without fear of contradiction that the best man now living for public work of this kind is Mr. Brock, whose long training under Foley taught him to estimate with peculiar adroitness the qualities needed by a figure in



"NOLI ME TANGERE." (BY GEORGE TINWORTH.)

coat and trousers under a murky sky. Mr. Brock has a curious way, peculiar to himself, of looking at his large statues, while he works on them, through an inverted opera-glass, the reduction of apparent size helping him to discover the relative value of ornament and detail.

His best-known and most popular group, the "Moment of Peril," which has been bought in bronze and placed in the national collection, was finished in plaster in 1880. It is the duel between a boa-constrictor and an Indian mounted on horseback, and illustrates the moment of arrested action, while the combatants regard each other. The incident is a little far-fetched, and the snake might have been more closely studied, but it is none the less a very powerful and important group, which attracted popular favor and secured for the artist his election as an associate of the Royal Academy, in the room of the late E. B. Stephens. Mr. Brock occupies the fine suit of studios in Osnaburgh Street, which have a certain historical interest, as being for so many years the scene of Foley's labors, and for many still previous the workshop of Behnes. One of these studios is let by Mr. Brock to Sir Frederick Leighton, who, when he indulges in his favorite art of sculpture, leaves his lovely mosque in the Melbury Road for an asylum where he, as the poet Gray puts it in one of his letters, can be happy and dirty to his heart's content.

One other sculptor identified with the school of Foley must be mentioned in this brief survey. Mr. Charles B. Birch, A. R. A., was born in 1833, and therefore came under the influence of the great Irish master at an age more mature than did Mr. Brock. Mr. Birch, in fact, received his art-training in Berlin, under Rauch, and this German strain remains marked in his work, although it is modified by the tradition of Foley. Great delicacy and fidelity have been the qualities of Mr. Birch as an iconic sculptor. His heads of girls and women are always feminine, and sometimes possess a charm that is very refined and delightful. What he lacks is breadth; his large figures are often pleasing from their grace, but where his subject is recalcitrant and refuses a graceful rendering, Mr. Birch is apt to be feeble from lack of style. As a sculptor of a higher order than portraiture, it is difficult to define his position, because his failures have been numerous and yet his successes undeniable. In 1867 he exhibited a "Wood Nymph," embracing a fawn in her tender arms, which was simply exquisite, and in 1869 a "Whittington," which was of high merit. In each case the simplicity and elegance of youth found a sympathetic exponent. But unhappily, of late, Mr. Birch has adopted a martial bearing quite foreign to the nature of his talent, and persists in giving us dying hussars, trumpeters falling shot in their saddles, British heroes in tight uniforms taking singular attitudes of defiance. Our wars in India and Egypt have sadly

seduced him from that quiet idyllic field in which he once showed himself capable of excelling. But his portraits, especially his heads of women, retain their propriety and grace. Mr. Birch has been an associate of the Royal Academy since 1881, when he was elected to fill the vacancy formed by the promotion of Mr. Armstead.

Within a short time, the name of a sculptor who was known only to a few students, has been raised into wide notoriety. The exhibition of the works of George Tinworth, held in London during the spring and summer of 1883, called forth from all classes of the public, the illiterate as well as the cultivated, the involuntary praise which is enforced by work that is very strong and new, and that yet appeals to the most obvious emotions of mankind. George Tinworth, who is a species of Adam Kraft or Peter Visscher born out of due time, is an artisan in the employment of Messrs. Doulton, the great potters of Lambeth. He was born in the squalid suburb of Walworth, south of the Thames, in 1843; his father was a broken-down wheelwright, his mother a decent woman who tried to struggle through her hard life by the comfortable light of her Bible. Her son grew up like herself, pious, grave, and thrifty, but with the additional and still rarer quality of original genius. In a volume on his life and works which has been published, the romance of his career is told at length; we learn by what strange accidents and happy coincidences he was put in the way of rescuing himself from the laborious and insecure trade of a wheelwright. He entered the Lambeth pottery in 1867, and under the almost paternal protection of the Messrs. Doulton, who recognized his genius at once, he was able, without any further anxiety for the future, to pursue his own course and develop his own curious turn of mind.

That turn of mind is one of the most unique which has shown itself in our generation. There is no similarity between Tinworth and any other European sculptor that has flourished within the last three centuries. Without any plagiarism, and we may even say without any imitation, he belongs entirely to the Christian school of the early renaissance. He is almost Gothic, almost mediæval, in his simplicity, but he has the knowledge and the selective power of the fifteenth century in Italy and Germany. He has no interest in anything which is not scriptural; with the solitary exception of a large panel suggested by a poem published in THE CENTURY, his subjects are taken from the Bible. And these hackneyed themes he treats with a freshness and a realism that are astounding. It is true that he cares nothing for preserving the Oriental or the Roman type, that his Pharisees are Walworth tradesmen and his centurions are Lambeth artisans under their disguises of costume; all this does not affect the vivid truth of the presentment, indeed by means of this reality he seizes the attention and touches the heart as he could do by no amount of correct archæology. His great panels, the work of his mature years, the "Going to Calvary," of 1879, the "Entry into Jerusalem" of 1880, the "Preparing for the Crucifixion" of 1881, and "The Release of Barabbas" of 1882, form a series of perhaps the very finest illustrations of the last hours of Christ which have been achieved by a

"THE CITY OF REFUGE." (BY GEORGE TINWORTH.)

"LINUS." (BY E. ONSLOW FORD.)

modern artist. It is to be regretted that it is impossible, within our pages, to reproduce satisfactorily any one of these huge panels, crowded with figures in high relief, each one carefully studied, and steeped, as it were, in pathos and religious fervor. Our examples of Tinworth's work are taken rather from his earlier and much smaller and less ambitious work in terra-cotta. Of these slighter panels he produced a very great number before his hand had become thoroughly trained. His invention was for a long while ahead of his technical faculty, and his early works have the charm of sketches, but will not all bear to be analyzed by strict laws of the modeling art.

Tinworth's best and most mature sculpture dates from 1874 onward. In that year he finished a very elaborate and original "Descent from the Cross," which is now in the Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh. The necessity of adapting his genius to the exigencies of architectural design seems to have had a chastening influence on his work, which at one time threatened to be overwhelmed by a plethora of ingenious detail. His first large public work was a terra-cotta reredos for York Minster, which he carried out with marvelous spirit and success, under the architectural supervision of the late George Edmund Street, R. A. In Wells Cathedral a figure of David in high relief is Tinworth's, and dates from the same period. But the spot where his work in combination with architecture can best be studied, is the Guards' Chapel, in the barracks inclosure, on the south side of Bird Cage Walk. Visitors to London should boldly pass the sentry, who will not interfere with them, and cross the graveled yard to the door of the chapel, which is open to strangers all day long, though they very seldom seem to take advantage of the privilege. The interior of the old chapel is entirely new and is one of the most interesting monuments of what the third quarter of the nineteenth century has been able to do in the way of ecclesiastical decoration. The windows, the mosaics, the hexagonal marble panels by Mr. Armstead, all are worthy of careful examination, and certainly not least

the twenty-eight semicircular panels in terra-cotta, each illustrating a scriptural scene, which have been placed above each of the mosaics by Mr. Tinworth. These are, moreover, in low relief, whereas it is the custom of the sculptor to project his figures almost violently forward; and without laying down any law, it may be admitted that there is a greater satisfaction in looking at work that shows reserve than at that which seems striving to exceed the capacity of plastic work.

Mr. Tinworth has a large studio at the top of one of Messrs. Doulton's huge factories at Lambeth. After stumbling along dark corridors and up endless stairs, through rooms where the clay is flying from the potter's wheel, or being decorated by cheerful-looking girls intent over the soft gray urns that they tenderly handle, the visitor comes at last to the rough studio under the roof, where the sculptor is marshaling his clay figurines into some great frieze or sacred procession. If he makes an alteration in the visitor's presence, or illustrates his meaning with the soft lump in his hands, we wonder at the rapidity of his touch, the sureness of his vision, his wit and shrewdness. He is, as we have said, an artisan, and he has not cared to check the flow of his invention by troubling himself with what is called culture in any form. He can read the Bible, and he can model like some old craftsman of Nuremburg or Florence, and that is enough for him. He does not see that he can exhaust the great stories and scenes of Scripture history in one short life, but by taking heed he thinks that he can improve his own touch in modeling them, and his knowledge of their meaning, and this seems to him quite enough to have lived for. In our restless age, sick with unwholesome ambition, the modest attitude of this artist seems remarkable enough, and not easily to be overrated. There can be very little doubt that his name will be remembered among those of the most original men of our time.

Mr. E. Onslow Ford is a young sculptor of very great promise, whose name has first begun to come before the public within the last few years. It is almost certain that Mr. Ford is destined to be a prominent artist, but it would be rash as yet to say in what particular branch of sculpture. He was born in 1853. He began to study as a painter, and went to Munich for the purpose of working in the Academy of Arts in that place. He did not, however, feel much inspired by the tones of the German palette, and falling under the personal influence of the eminent Bavarian sculptor, Michael Wagmüller, he formed a predilection for the plastic art. Wagmüller, who, unfortunately, died quite

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE. (BY HENRIETTA MONTALBA.)

prematurely last year, was much in London in his youth, and indeed seemed likely at one time to add to the number of foreign sculptors who settle here and become Englishmen. His style is vigorous and individual, his treatment of drapery in heavy, almost rocky, folds giving his monumental statues an air which is quite their own. Mr. Ford did not exactly become Wagmüller's pupil, but he worked in his neighborhood, and had the advantage of his advice. He returned to England, having married a young German baroness in Munich, and in 1875 he first exhibited at the Royal Academy, sending in a bust of this lady, which attracted the favorable notice of the profession. His technical skill has been steadily on the increase since then, but it was not until 1881, when he was successful in a competition for a statue of Sir Rowland Hill, that he really showed what he could do with a large figure. This statue, in bronze, now adorns the Royal Exchange, and in spite of the costume, which is not happy, is one of the best figures in our London streets. Upon this followed a "Sir Charles Reed," which stands in the School Board Office, and a "Mr. Gladstone," recently placed in the one vacant corner of the Reform Club vestibule. All these statues, but still more Mr. Ford's terra-cotta busts and ideal heads, have shown a very fine talent; but none of us, perhaps,

were quite prepared for the admirable science and vigor of his statue of "Henry Irving as *Hamlet*," in the Royal Academy of 1883. This statue, an engraving of which was given in this magazine for March, 1884, was distinctly the best of the year, and gave us the right to look forward with great pleasure to the further development of a talent so earnest and so genuine. Mr. Ford has hardly, however, had occasion to show us, until recently, what he can do in purely imaginative sculpture; the strenuous toil and exercise of taste and knowledge required to produce a really fine nude figure have, however, displayed themselves in a statue of "Linus," or the ancient Dirge impersonified, which adorned the Royal Academy of 1884. But Mr. Ford, in whose future we have the greatest confidence, will do even better things than this.

The physical strength required for the rough art of sculpture is too frequently denied to women to make the profession one which they can be expected commonly to adopt. Female sculptors have been rare in all periods of the world's history. Here in England, in the last century, we had the Hon. Mrs. Damer, a powerful and enthusiastic woman, who has left some creditable work behind her, and whose ambition it was to be supposed to chisel her own marble. In the generation which is now passing away, Mrs. Mary Thornycroft, mother of the sculptor, held the highest, almost the only, place given to women in the profession. She was the daughter of John Francis, himself an excellent iconic sculptor, and she exhibited, as M. Francis, so long ago as 1834. In 1842, after her marriage, she went to Rome and studied very seriously under Thorwaldsen. Her "Sappho" and her "Sleeping Child" were among the most popular works of the next decade, and she took rank, by general consent, among the first English sculptors. Looking back upon her works, which are very numerous in our royal palaces, we find that they still hold their own against formidable rivals. Mrs. Thornycroft never possessed the knowledge or the masterly workmanship of Foley, but she has at least as much nature as McDowell, and a lively touch which was altogether absent in Gibson. Her portraits of children, and she has carved statues of perhaps every member of the Queen's family, are admirably graceful and vivacious; the best of all, and probably the masterpiece of her work in general, is her "Girl with the Skipping-rope." Mrs. Thornycroft has retired from the profession since 1875, when she exhibited, for the last time, statues of a daughter and of a grandson of the Queen. For forty years she was one of the most constant and abundant exhibitors at the annual show of the Royal Academy.

Since 1880 Miss Henrietta Montalba has been a prominent exhibitor of busts which have attracted attention from their realism and delicate force. She works entirely in terra-cotta, a substance which does not demand from women so heroic a labor as the manipulation of marble. Miss Henrietta Montalba is a younger sister of the famous water-color painter, Miss Clara Montalba. Both sisters began by studying painting under the veteran sea-painter, Eugène Isabey, now in his eighty-first year. Miss Henrietta Montalba then studied modeling under M. Dalou, while he was professor here in South Kensington. Her busts have still something of the Dalou touch, the reproduction of which, when not completely successful, is apt to be a little timorous and petty. She is, however, often entirely successful, not least in her children's heads, where she is unsurpassed in the delicacy with which she renders the tremulous forms and tender lines of the mouth and chin. Her last work is a capital head of Mr. Robert Browning.

Edmund Gosse.

THE NEW MOON.

THE new moon bends her golden sickle slow
Above the tree-tops, in the deep-blue west;
My heart's upswelling passions overflow
And will not let me rest.

Mysterious lady of refreshful night,
Ere thy thin horns in perfect circle meet,
Grant that my love her faith to me may plight,
And make my joy complete.

When in my hands her little hands I hold,
My heart beats fast for joy within my breast;—
O hide below the west thy curvèd gold,
Dear moon, and let me rest.

Arthur Platt.