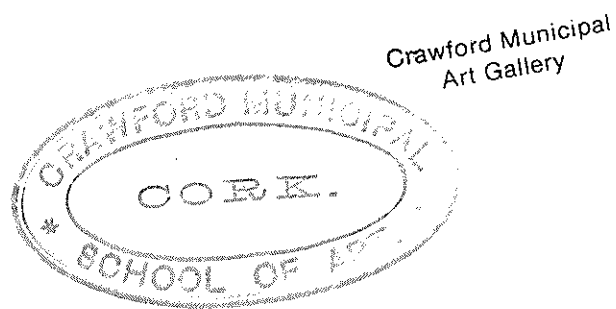


The Works
OF
JOHN HENRY FOLEY, R.A.



THE WORKS
OF
JOHN HENRY FOLEY, R.A.

SCULPTOR



WITH CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

BY

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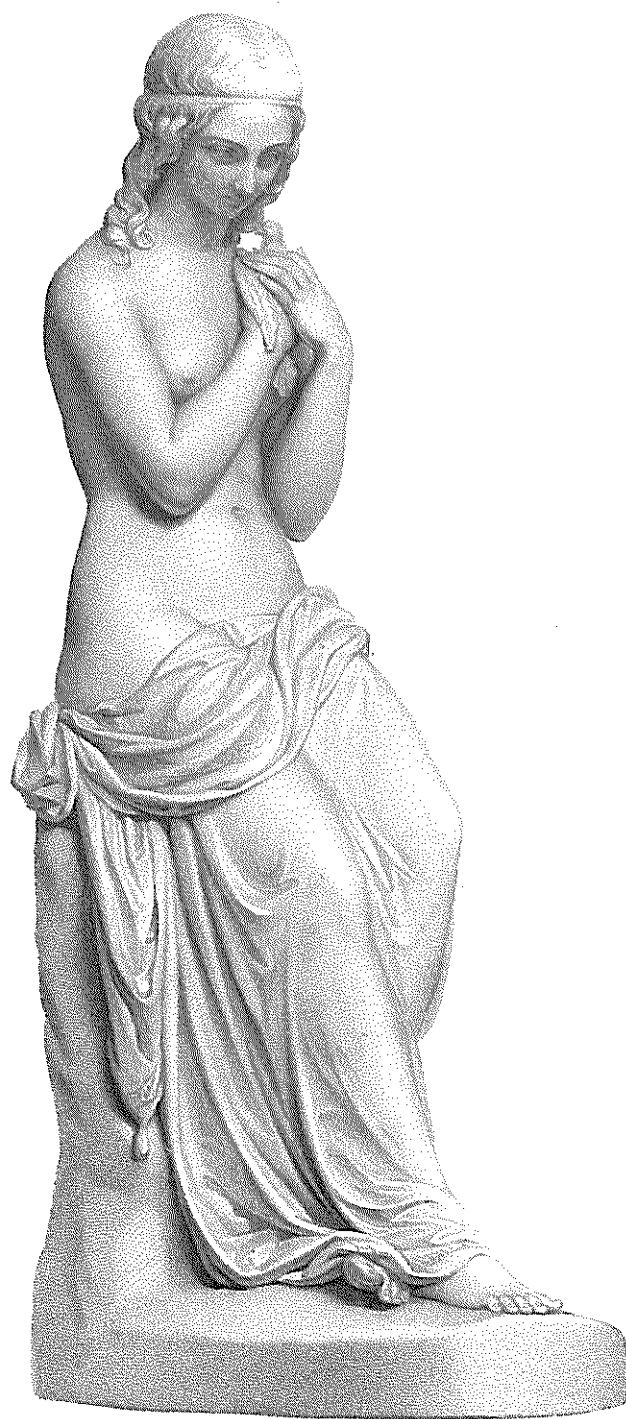
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THE WORKS
OF
JOHN HENRY FOLEY, R.A.





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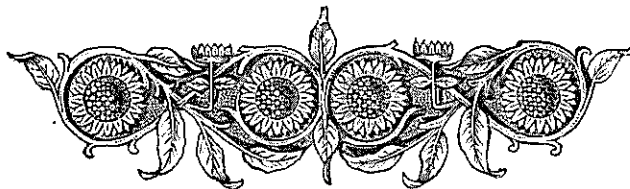
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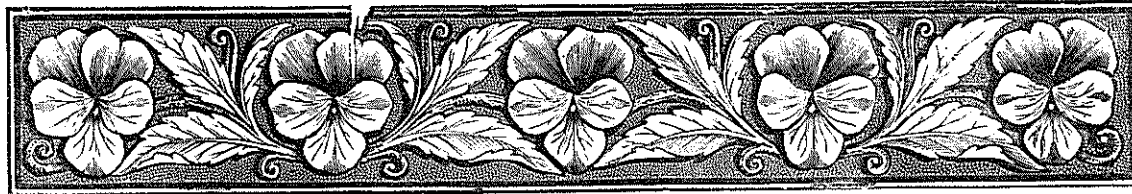
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THE WORKS OF JOHN HENRY FOLEY, R.A.

PREFATORY ESSAY.

"No genuine work of art ever was, or ever can be, produced but for its own sake. If the artist do not conceive to please himself, he will never finish to please the world. Can we persuade ourselves that all the treasures of the world could suddenly produce an 'Iliad,' or a 'Paradise Lost,' or the Jupiter of Phidias, or the Capella Sestina? Circumstances may assist or retard poets, but cannot make them; they are the winds that now blow out a light and now animate a spark to a conflagration."—FUSELI.



HAT no genuine work of art can be produced but for its own sake, is a truth which is now generally admitted; but its general admission has been accompanied by an almost general belief which we deprecate—viz. that any work done for its own sake must be a work of Art. Under the shadow of the proverb, "Art for Art's sake," many a sin against Art itself has been committed. Art itself with a large "A" being freely used for art with a very small "a" indeed, for whose sake the less done is often the better.

By this simple device the sublime goddess is made to appear to crown with her approval many a wild extravagance, many an unhealthy dream, many a meaningless and useless piece of elaboration, many a work of barren and selfish imagination. Does a man's peculiar taste make him delight to paint in all its horrors a bleeding head just severed from its trunk, and one ventures to suggest that the sight is not one that is good or pleasant to the eyes, the answer is, this is Art. If another spends days and weeks in painting an insipid lady taking tea out of a cup of real Worcester surrounded by furniture from Wardour Street, and a suggestion is delicately thrown out that the meaning of the composition is not obvious, the answer still is, this is Art. Does another represent an aged widow in a picture of

which the main intention appears to be not the representation of the dignity of grief, nor reverence for age, but a chromatic experiment on a helpless old lady, and the taste of the composition is questioned, the excuse is ready again, this is Art. Or, to turn to another art, does a novelist exhaust his ingenuity in analyzing a loathsome and corrupt character, so that the reader may distinguish each evil-smelling fibre from the rest, till he protests at an exhibition so revolting even to his senses, the answer still is, this is Art. We might multiply instances in which it is evident that sometimes the mere exhibition of the skill of the artist, and sometimes of his taste, his passion, or his wayward inclination, is held to be the beginning and end of Art. Art so considered is no goddess, but a slave of man's will.

There is another and a nobler class of artists to whom the motto "Art for Art's sake" is also a misleading guide. To them the world of Art is a dream of an imaginary land planted with trees and flowers of Art, but with an Art-sun, and peopled with beings of unearthly mould. In the pages of their poets, and from the canvas of their painters, they look out with lack-lustre eyes, saying, "I am beautiful; perhaps I am what you would call wicked, but there is no such thing as wickedness here—we are only beautiful; admire us. We are rather like the beauties of Greece, some of us, but not quite so strong; some of us are like the beauties of Venice, but not so robust. We are dressed in the style which the art of ages has shown to be most becoming, except that we prefer more neutral tints. We have neither fathers nor mothers; we do not belong to your world, but the world of art, and we exist for Art's sake." To such artists, Art is not a goddess, but a mistress, who, like Narcissus, is enamoured only of her own beauty.

But Art is a goddess in the only sense in which that word has any meaning now—viz. a spiritual force distinct from any other, which has its own laws unalterable by time or circumstance. This goddess* is the lawgiver for the expression of ideas in form and colour, and her worship is ruled by a severe ritual, of which the order is at least as important as the beauty. She appears to the imagination as a triform goddess with three faces, of Love and Truth and Beauty, neither of which may be worshipped alone, and all of which are joined together by a mysterious union and likeness, as though they were but different phases of one idea of perfection. Though she does not allow any of her votaries to neglect the rites due to each of her aspects, she yet allows, or seems to allow, special devotion to be shown to one. Phidias, beauty; Dürer, truth; Angelico, love, attracted more than the others; but each aspect had a share of worship in all their works. This is Art with a large "A," for whose sake all art with a small "a" should be done.

This is the goddess whom Foley worshipped with a devotion which has never

* Minerva, according to the ancients, not Venus, as some moderns seem to think.

been exceeded. All the gifts which Nature gave him he placed unreservedly on her altar. Was it original fancy now that moved him, he did not allow it licence, nor ever set it up in a temple of its own, but he controlled its force into harmony, and its passion into order. Did he, as none more, study with enthusiasm the glorious marbles of Greece, and all the other masterpieces of Art, his worship he gave not to the works, but to their inspirer—Art itself. Did he rejoice, as rejoice he did, in each striking fact and each picturesque accident, he ever deemed them (however interesting in themselves) as but fragments of natural truth, that glorious body which it is the duty of Art's worshippers to offer whole and undivided upon her altar.

So far we have only spoken of Foley as a worshipper; but he was more than this, he was a high priest of the Temple of Art, or, to drop allegorical language, he was not only an artist but a poet. We are obliged to use this word because there is none which expresses the same relations of the highest sculptor or painter to the lowest, as that of a poet to a writer of doggerel. In the one art the vocabulary is rich—we have doggerel writers, verse-makers, epigrammatists, satirists, lyrists, dramatists, poetasters, and poets; in the other, the word artist must stand for all, qualified by such epithets as the speaker or writer may choose, and so the word "artist" has come to have no definite meaning, and is applied to the mere hack workman and the inspired painter alike. Men who would scruple to call even such a man as Pope a "poet," would not refuse to give the term "artist" to the most villainous draughtsman that ever copied faces at half-a-crown apiece.

It is one of the greatest difficulties in attempting anything like a scientific method of criticism of the formative artists that they are generally classified not by the powers of mind or hand which they possessed, but by the subjects of their works, so that artists are often judged more by their ambition than their deserts. But in truth it is the artist and not the subject which gives the value to a work, and a soldier by Rembrandt far outvalues a Holy Family by a Caracci. To the true artist there is nothing in nature which is common or unclean, and he will find worthy exercise for his skill and imagination in whatever work he undertakes, whether its subject be a man of the time or a god of Greece.

No artist more clearly understood this distinction between the principles of Art and the subjects of works of Art than Foley. Like all artists, his fancy first visited the classic land of Greece, the Eden of Art, whose gates, like those of Paradise, seem to have been shut for ever. Even here, however, where, if anywhere, an artist, and especially a sculptor, may be pardoned for allowing his imagination to be enslaved by the works of men (which is the idolatry of Art), he did not worship, but he studied; and in his own lovely conceptions of classical ideas, in

his "Ino and Bacchus" and his "Egeria," we find him adopting the principles which made their works beautiful, but seeking his models from nature and inspiring them with his own thought. To imitate an imitation and call it original (which is the hypocrisy of Art) was repugnant to his principles both of Art and morals.

But Foley seems early to have perceived that however living and indeed eternal were the principles which regulated Greek Art, and the ideas which it expressed, the spirit of it was dead and could not be revived, even if such a miracle were desirable. The imaginary beings of whom they made bodies for their thoughts, no longer lived even in the imagination. The majesty and power of Jupiter, the beauty of Venus, the dexterity of Mercury, and the force of Vulcan, remained, but the divine personalities had vanished for ever. He soon found that something more vital than a historical faith was necessary to make the creatures of imagination powerful to interest, and that the attempt to make living ideas palpable in shapes no longer understood was a hopeless and useless task.

But the ideas remain, though their expression in the forms of gods and goddesses, nymphs and fauns, is not intelligible,* except to the educated few, and even to those only by a double process of imagination destructive of genuine feeling. And not only those ideas, but others of which the Greeks knew nothing, or for which they had little enthusiasm, also remain available for expression in form, now as ever, and the principles and laws of art remain unchanged, at least to the sculptor. To the task of regenerating sculpture by representing living ideas in intelligible forms, according to the rules of the art, Foley devoted his life. The difficulties in the way were many and great.

The language of form is one for which the English nation seems to have no natural gift. Among our dead painters, though many were distinguished by unusual perception of colour and facial expression, there are few who were remarkable for sense of form. We are improving much in this respect, but even now we have very few painters who rely upon form for expression of thought; it is nearly all done by the face and by colour. Appropriate attitude and gesture of the arms, with some not unnatural posture of the lower limbs, is the most that we expect in most of our pictures; but figures of any size that from top to toe appear animated by one sentiment, or indeed animated at all, it is exceptional to find; like Browning's grammarian, they are "dead from the waist down." Of course our costume has much to do with this; in our ordinary life it is the face that we look to, and almost all that we can see; between a lady's ankle and her throat, if it were not for her movable arms (and they are seldom moved to much expressive purpose),

* At the International Exhibition of 1862, we heard a mother, who had been looking at Gibson's "Venus," ask "Why they made Venus always so beautiful."

expression is muffled. But, leaving costume out of consideration, our gestures are very few, and those which can be called in any degree national, are rude and ungraceful; in our conversation we rarely employ their aid, and even in oratory the thumb in the waistcoat and the extension of the arm, the banging of the prayer-book, or the swinging of an eye-glass, are the ordinary limits of expressive action; in any case, the action stops at the arms, for the dinner-table or the pulpit, or the gown or the benches, prevent the lower part of the body from aiding in the general effect. It is this national inexpressiveness of body, more, we think, than any want of opportunities of seeing the nude figure, that has made the language of form so difficult to teach in England. But the language of form is the language of sculpture, and the only language which a true sculptor like Foley will ever employ.

As all art strains towards perfection, so each art has its peculiar perfection to which it strains; the peculiar perfection to which sculpture strains is the perfect expression of ideas by form. The human figure is the most expressive of all forms. The means of expression should itself be as perfect as possible, and the perfection of the human body is the most beautiful of all things. Therefore, the beauty of the human body dominates all sculpture of the purest time, being only modified in so far as it is necessary to express different ideas. This was another very great difficulty with which Foley had to contend, for the "human form divine," as we still call it, the form which we believe to be "the image of our Maker," and the temple of His spirit, has somehow or other fallen into sad disrepute amongst us, and its physical perfection is no longer revered, as in the days of Greece, as the symbol of divinity. But side by side with this feeling of the degradation of the human form exists another—viz. that all works of art should be beautiful, a feeling true in itself, but yet so imperfectly understood as not to cause less difficulty to the sculptor than the other.

The desire of beauty in works of which the preference is given to those which are not beautiful, is a problem which the employment of the terms "objective" and "subjective" does much to confuse. We will not say that we can solve it easily, but it appears to us that much of the confusion arises from the fact that the word "beauty" is constantly used in two senses, the one "loveliness," and the other "perfection of expression," and it seems to us that it is the second which is the end of art and not the first, and that it is a mistake to suppose that the Greek artists cultivated the expression of beauty in the sense of loveliness to the detriment of other ideas. Beauty in this sense was only one of many ideas which it was the aim of their art to express perfectly. In cases where loveliness was the main idea to be expressed, as in a statue of Venus, the two beauties, the aim and the subject of the art were united, and the result was an expression in form of what may be

called the beauty of beauty; but in most cases there was another idea, the expression of which was the main object, the beauty of the work varying with the degree of perfection with which it was expressed. Thus the Discobolus expresses balance, and the loveliness of the figure is subordinated to the expression of this idea; in the case of Hercules, strength; Niobe, woe; and so on, in all of which cases, though the expression of the idea was not inconsistent with a high degree of physical loveliness, beauty in this sense is plainly second.

It is in the expression of ideas that are inconsistent with a high degree of physical loveliness that a great deal of the art of the present day differs from that of the Greeks; but all good modern, mediæval, or ancient art seems to us to have the same end—viz. the expression of ideas. To the painter, whose efforts are produced by colour, it is not very difficult to attract and charm without any striking loveliness of form; but to the sculptor, who works without this, it is a more uphill task. But it is not the end of art to express this beauty more than any other idea, but to strive after that other beauty, *i.e.* perfect expression. Of one thing we are sure, and that is, that the artist who labours in this spirit will always have his reward, and he who honestly seeks to clothe in fit form the humblest idea that is worth expression, shall not only find new beauty, but create it.

So Foley worked, and so he had his reward. From what we have called the Eden of Art, he was shut out with the rest; but in his "Ino and Bacchus" and "Egeria" he showed that he could breathe the rare air of that exquisite garden, and he did what he could to plant another. When his imagination was allowed to create its own forms, he always found living ideas to embody, as in his "Innocence," his "Caractacus," his "Mother," his "Youth at the Stream," his "Elder Brother," from *Comus*, his "Muse of Painting." When the form was given, his imagination clothed it with a rich mantle of ideas, as in his "Hampden," his "Hardinge," and his "Outram." It is the fate of sculptors in England to have to employ an art the most fitted of all for the expression of simple abstract ideas in the representation of concrete individuals. From dreams of ideal loveliness he has to recall his mind to model the often unlovely visages of men of the time, or worse still, faces of men whose characters have nothing in them worth the expression. This, however, is rare, even in the poorest subject, and the necessary realism of portrait-painting or portrait-moulding, which degenerates in unworthy hands to copying (which is the suicide of art), in the hands, or rather the minds, of poets like Foley or Watts, becomes only a more complicated idealism, the clothing a given form with the ideas which make up its character, all of which ideas are united into one complex idea—viz. its individuality.

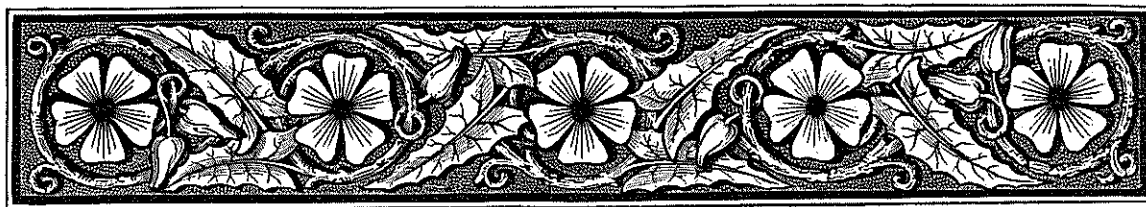
Foley, whether employed upon a so-called ideal figure or a portrait, was always the same imaginative artist; it is not the subject, but the man, that gives the

value to a work of art, as we said before; and whatever clay he touched, became great with his informing power.

In this book, which is entirely devoted to Foley's art, we have endeavoured to use each of our illustrations as a text for a little essay, which should exemplify some special phase of his multiform power, or some aspect of his many-sided mind, so that each should aid in our general attempt to build up a little monument to his genius, poor and inadequate though it be. Though not necessary to complete this design, it may be interesting to the general reader to know the main facts of the life of this great artist, which are accordingly appended.

John Henry Foley adds another name to the long list of famous artists and poets of Ireland. He was born in Dublin on the 24th May, 1818. He early began to study art in the schools of the Royal Dublin Society, where he gained the first prize in the different branches of human form, ornamental design, animals, and architecture: he also studied landscape, but did not compete for the prize. In 1834 he came to London, and began to study sculpture as a profession. He was admitted a student of the Royal Academy in the following year, and exhibited "The Death of Abel" and "Innocence" in 1839. In 1844, his beautiful figure of "Youth at the Stream" was exhibited at the competition at Westminster Hall, and he was commissioned to execute a statue of Hampden, and afterwards one of Selden, for the Houses of Parliament. In 1849 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1858 a Royal Academician. Unfortunately a misunderstanding with the Academy prevented him from sending his works to their exhibition after 1861, and the list of his exhibited works appended to this volume gives a very imperfect history of his labours. His principal works are, however, too well known to need mention. In the Mansion House are his "Caractacus" and "Egeria;" at Dublin, his "Goldsmith" and "Burke;" in Hyde Park, his splendid group of "Asia," and his magnificent figure of the Prince Consort; in Pall Mall, his "Lord Herbert," and at Westminster, his "Sir Charles Barry." Not less well-known, though unfortunately lost to England, are his famous equestrian statues of Indian worthies, Lord Hardinge, Lord Canning, and Sir James Outram. After a life of devotion to his art, he died of pleuritic effusion on the 27th August, 1874.

Although we wish to confine our notice as far as possible to the artist, we cannot help adding that we have the testimony of those who knew him long and well, that his moral principles were as firm and defined as those of his art, and his loss, whether privately or publicly considered, was inestimable. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral on Friday, September 4th. The service was quite simple, without either choristers or organ. The choir was filled with mourners, among whom were many ladies.



INO AND BACCHUS.

"Behold the grape bunch I have plucked for thee !
 Sparkle, ye earnest eyes ! Quiver, ye lips—
 Ye rosy, ripe, red lips ! Stretch forth to clutch it,
 Ye chubby fingers ! Glow, thou little frame,
 With new desire ! See how the berries hang
 To tempt thee, Bacchus. Wilt thou grasp them, boy ?
 Ay, so thou shalt, my little ruddy-cheeks.
 The heavy, close-wedged bunches, filled with juice,
 Delight thee ever. Thou hast played with grapes,
 And stained thy lips and fingers with their blood
 Ever with growing joy, since thou couldst smile.
 Lo ! they are ripe, and fresh, and bathed in bloom,
 Almost as lovely as thy longing lips.
 Ay, seize them—hold them—press them to thy mouth,
 And dye with purple the sharp pearls within."

CHARLES MACKAY.



THESE pretty verses are not comparable either in beauty or skill to the group which they illustrate ; but they will touch many whom the sculpture will leave unmoved, because they are picturesque, and, leaving form alone, appeal to the sense of colour and to the affections. We have chosen them to show the disadvantages under which sculpture tries to make its way in England, and to illustrate the following observations.

Not as first in date of execution, but first in spirit, belonging to that far-off youth and spring-time of the world of art, we give the first place to Foley's beautiful dream of "Ino and Bacchus." To that glorious paradise of the imagination, where man, untrammelled by care, roamed fair and free, developing to perfection of beauty in glorious unconsciousness, without the fear that creases our brows



INO AND BACCHUS.





INO AND BACCHUS

THE ENGRAVING BY F. R. KOFFE.

ENGRAVED BY W. R. KOFFE.

with foresight, or the pain that is born of reflection, without the sickness of hope postponed, or remorse for the irrevocable past, the mind of the poet turns, and ever will turn, as to its home.

A dream then, as now, but not so incredible a dream then, when the forces of nature were as gods, and the present was all in all, when men and women grew and died as flowers, and the perfection of growth was the beauty of life.

There is nothing which can more test the strength of an artist's imaginative faculty than the endeavour to realise the dreams of ancient Greece, for he has not only to dream the dreams, but first to dream himself an ancient Greek, a double feat of imagination which few have ever accomplished more successfully than Foley in this work, breathing as it does the spirit of ancient art, but suggesting no comparison with any known work of ancient or modern time.

The ideas which are embodied in this work are the careless joy and unconscious beauty of nature. Ino is represented as a figure of great beauty, but not too sublime in character to be human, lying on the ground, not in lazy languor, but in simple ease of thoughtless happiness, and with beautifully poised arm and hand, holding a bunch of grapes above the outstretched arms and waiting lips of the little god, who is lying on his back, the image of infantine beauty. True to the principles of the art, the game of tantalisation is perfectly expressed without any such perceptible disturbance of the features as would distract the attention from the general effect, and concentrate it on what is only a device.

The beauty of the work speaks for itself. The figures bear no trace of the labour of composition: they seem to live and to have taken their positions of their own free will. It is only on examination that we mark that the form of composition is triangular, and that the larger triangle of the whole is repeated in the form of the child, that the modelling of the ground has a perfect sympathy with the forms it bears, and that the grapes and the dock-leaves assist in the composition without attracting the attention from the figures.

To the majority of men of the present day, the subject of this work will add little to its interest; the woman and the child would be the same by whatever name they were called. By many also the skill of the composition will not be thoroughly appreciated; but we think that no one could help being struck with it from some point of his mental view; the harmony of the lines, the exquisite modelling of the figures, their thorough naturalness of action, must strike any one not utterly insensible to beauty of every kind. The whole effect on the eye is that of soft music to the ear, so rhythmical is each limb, so attuned each separate line. And not only has it that completion in itself which is necessary to satisfy the demands of art, but the beauty which it comprehends is of no mean or little order, but

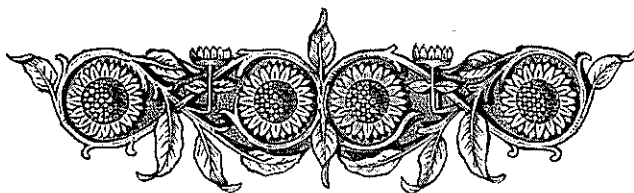
large and liberal, as of ideal beings. But refined and idealised as the figure of Ino is, it is not the refinement of civilisation, as is too often the case in modern renderings of classical subjects, nor is it the refinement of sentiment, but the true refinement of nature, so that she does not shock us with any sense of indelicacy, any notion of being undressed, as is invariably the result when a nude figure suggests a "lady." And yet how refined she is, how utterly unconscious of her beauty, how completely pure. To create such a figure, which does not raise an echo in the memory, nor chill us with its passionless perfection, nor suggest to us any thought of its unreality, is a work which only true genius can accomplish.

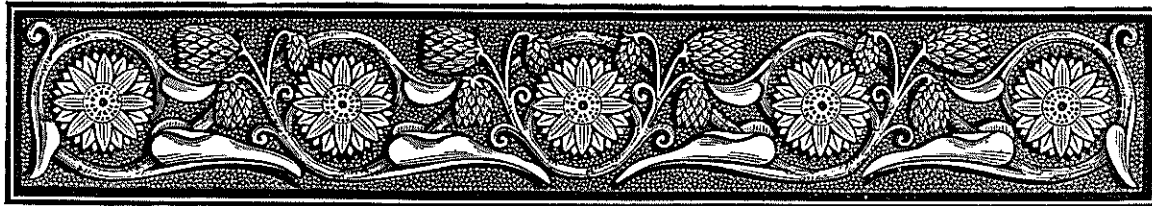
But if sculpture is to grow again in England, it will not be by repetition of such works as these, beautiful as they may be. They belong to a time that is past, and a people who are dead. Poets may sing and painters may paint the myths of a bygone day, and may charm us, as Morris charms us with his "Earthly Paradise," as Leighton with such pictures as his "Rhodos and Helios," and we trust that the day may not come in our time when such rare pleasure is denied us, but sculpture has no such resources of charm as the other arts, and can never hope to be popular until it has learnt to express ideas that live, in shapes that are intelligible without the aid of a classical dictionary. The English public, as we have elsewhere observed, is slow to learn the language of form, and it will not help them if the subjects, as well as the language, be foreign. Nor will it aid them if sculptors do, as so many do, leaving the proper limits of their art, condescend to the popular taste by making their works picturesque, thus lending their aid to confuse the arts in the popular mind. It seems a hopeless task to strive against so many difficulties, but strive against them Foley did. He abandoned the attempt to make popular the creatures of a bygone religion; but he, as in his "Muse of Painting," his "Innocence," and his monumental works, expressed ideas that are well understood in breathing figures, and never, even in his treatment of the most modern subjects, as his portraits of living persons, did he overstep the proper limits of the sculptural. What he has done others may do; and if they do so, it may happen that some day the British public will come to understand and love sculpture for its own special powers, and not for its power of imitating features and pictures without colour.

Before leaving this beautiful group of "Ino and Bacchus," we would remark that the need of accommodating the dreams of Greece to modern feeling appears to have been felt by Foley in his choice of this subject, for though it is taken from an ancient myth, it is scarcely one which an ancient artist would have chosen to represent. At least, we know of no instance in which any incident so domestic as that of a woman playing with a child has been treated by such an artist. He would thus seem in one of his earliest and most classical subjects to have felt the influence

of that modern spirit which drew him from the dim world of classical legend to the daylight of the present.

The beauty of this group is the more remarkable when we consider that it was modelled by Foley when he was only in his twenty-third year, or perhaps before. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1840, and executed in marble for the Earl of Ellesmere.





EGERIA.

“ Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
 Egeria ! thy all heavenly bosom beating
 For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover ;
 The purple midnight veiled that mystic meeting
 With her most starry canopy, and seating
 Thyself by thine adorer, what befell ?
 This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
 Of an enamoured goddess, and the cell
 Haunted by holy love—the earliest oracle !

“ And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
 Blend a celestial with a human heart ;
 And love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
 Share with immortal transports? Could thine art
 Make them indeed immortal, and impart
 The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
 Expel the venom, and not blunt the dart—
 The dull satiety which all destroys—
 And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloy’s ?”

Childe Harold, Canto iv., st. 118, 119.



IF all the many legends of the loves of supernatural beings and mortals, there are few more beautiful than that of Egeria and Numa—she a nymph and he the successor of Romulus, the founder of Rome. The one being is as perhaps as mythical as the other, the king as the nymph ; but, at least, it must be admitted by the most sceptical that the tribe that settled and spread over Italy, and extended the empire of Rome over the whole world, must have had some master spirits to guide them—some one to give them laws, and some one to teach them the rites of religion. With regard to social laws, it is not impossible to suppose that they may have been gradually formed by experience ; but no religion was ever yet founded without some real or



EGERIA.





EGERIA.

supposed revelation. Society may be competent to devise its own rules without divine aid, but it is repugnant to common sense to imagine the affairs of the gods could be revealed to man except by some one who was either a god or who had been let into their counsels. The necessity of bridging over the gulf between the known and unknown, of explaining by some not incredible story the origin and authority of religion, is so obvious, and the need of some religion so universal, that in the early budding of intellectual life in any race, the person to whom first occurred thoughts about divine powers which seemed consistent with appearances, would naturally be thought inspired, and might, without much hypocrisy, think himself to be so. Indeed, that he would be so in some sense, can hardly be denied; and not only in matters of religion, but in matters of skill and knowledge, discovery of a new fact or new power is so like a new creation, and often of such inestimable value, that we, who have the benefit of the latest theories of evolution and development, are yet prone to think of it as a gift of a higher power. Such discoveries do not come every day or every year. A great man arises, to whom it is given to bless mankind by some laws by which they may live in order, some mechanical facility by which they are raised some further step above the brutes, and then a period comes in which no such addition to their knowledge is made; the memory of their benefactor grows dim as a man, but the sense of his superiority over his fellows increases, until the feeling grows that he was no man, but a god, or a man, at least, who had communication with the gods. But the gods are far off, as represented by the phenomena of nature, violent and cruel and pitiless, if also beautiful, powerful and generous, capricious and careless, and without sympathy, if at times benignant and merciful. That such beings as the spirits of the lightning and the sun should have personal communication with mortals was naturally difficult to think; but there were other phenomena influencing mortals which were neither so far off nor so awful. The woods that yielded them shade, and the streams that were so refreshing, though the former might be full of dangerous beasts, and the latter, when swollen by sudden torrents, might spread devastation, were friendly to man, and though influenced by forces outside of humanity, and therefore naturally deemed under the protection of superhuman beings, such beings as naturally seemed to man as of a less removed and unsympathising kind, a link between the beings of heaven and the beings of earth. Fauns and satyrs, nymphs of wood and water, to simple but imaginative folk were the natural means of communication from the unseen to the seen, the source from which men derived those sparks of divine knowledge which from time to time, and at long intervals, added to their comfort and their power. The founder of a new society would naturally be thought to need this divine or semi-divine aid more than other mortals, and the new knowledge and power that he showed in his government, especially in the matter of religion, would as naturally

be ascribed to such aid. Such a story as that of Egeria and Numa is therefore naturally credible, and it has the merit of extreme simplicity and beauty. Imagining, as it appears to have been necessary for these ancient races to imagine, that the woods and streams were haunted by a fair race of beings half human and half divine, what more beautiful and probable than to think that the old human leaven working in some of them would attract them in pity and sympathy towards their less fortunate kindred and away from the pitiless and careless divinities, till the dreamful ease of their higher life became burdensome, and they longed to impart to men knowledge which would render their lives more tolerable, to teach them to propitiate the powers of Olympus, and to gain in return that warmer, if lower, affection which their half-human souls still pined after?

Profitless as we think it is for artists of the present day (when such legends are not only no longer believed, but when men require education and imagination to see dimly how they could have been credible) to spend all the resources of their mind and skill in attempts to realise them; yet, there is, for those who can see, an idea of eternal truth embodied in a form of great beauty in this work of Foley's.

His "Egeria" (of whose grace we are sorry to say our engraving misses much) is a being of surpassing beauty, but yet not too awful to exclude the possibility of sympathy between her and a mortal. Too great and good for human nature's daily food, perhaps, but not for the ideal lover of an ideal man. Raising her hair from her ear, intently listening for the footstep of her mortal lover, her figure is full of the dignity of a noble nature, and the grace of it is so artless and so unconscious as in no way to startle. She is neither divine, nor human, nor artificial, but just such a being, as, if one could imagine oneself an ancient Roman who believed in nymphs, one might perhaps see, with a fear not amounting to awe, with a reverence not rising to devotion, with a love wholly pure and undefiled, and yet not without aspiration.

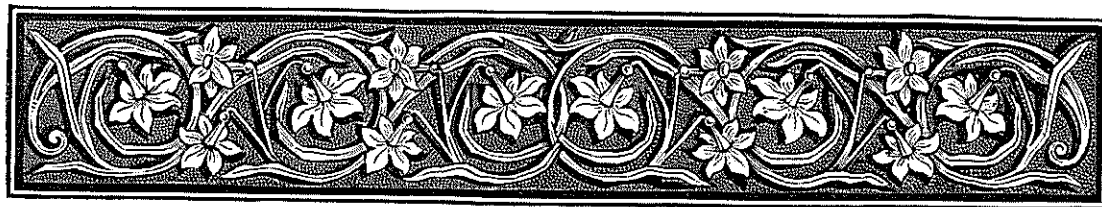
The drapery and the other accessories are as full of meaning and beauty as in Foley's other works. The modulations of the ground, and the form of the tree-trunk, sympathise thoroughly with the lines of the figure, and represent unmistakably the scene—viz. a grove—without in the least attracting the attention.

The statue is in the Egyptian Room of the Mansion House, as is Foley's statue of "Caractacus." It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1856.

A grove, said to be that consecrated to Egeria by Numa, is still shown in the valley of the Caffarelli, near Rome. In the notes to "Childe Harold," it is stated that "this grotto and valley were formerly frequented in summer, and particularly the first Sunday in May, by the modern Romans, who attached a salubrious quality to the fountain which trickles from an orifice at the bottom of the vault, and

overflowing the little pools, creeps down the matted grass into the pools below. The brook is the Ovidian *Almo*, whose name and qualities are lost in the modern *Aquataccio*." "There can be little doubt that this long dell is the Egerian valley of Juvenal, and the pausing place of *Umbrilius*." "Nothing can be collected from the satirist but that somewhere near the *Porta Capena* was a spot in which it was supposed *Numa* held nightly consultations with his nymph, and where there was a grove and a sacred fountain, and fanes once consecrated to the *Muses*; and that from this spot there was a descent into the valley of *Egeria*, where were several artificial caves." "It is probable, from the inscription and position, that the cave now shown may be one of the 'artificial caverns,' of which, indeed, there is another a little way higher up the valley, under a tuft of alder bushes; but a *single* grotto of *Egeria* is a mere modern invention, grafted upon the application of the epithet *Egerian* to these *nymphae* in general, and which might send us to look for the haunts of *Numa* upon the banks of the *Thames*."





THE MUSE OF PAINTING.

MONUMENT TO JAMES WARD, R.A.

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
That is the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

SHAKSPERE. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*



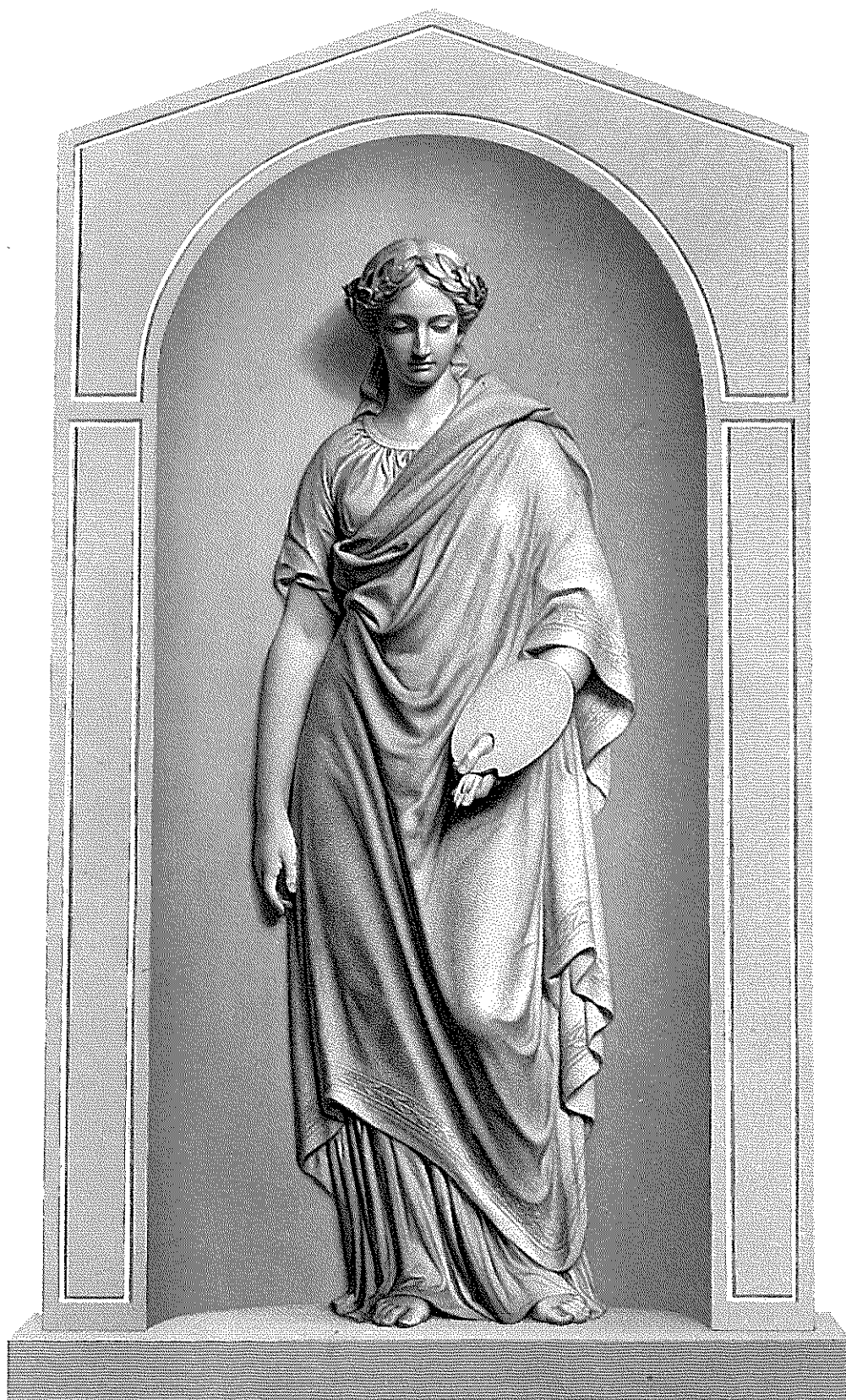
PICTURE of a poet by a poet. Change the word "poet" in the lines to "painter" or "sculptor," and the description would be almost as appropriate. But the description itself could not be given by either paint or marble, only by words. The painter might give the "fine frenzy" of the eye, but not the "rolling" or the changing glance, though he might suggest them ; the sculptor could not even give the fine frenzy, and it is only the artist in words that has power to represent all. But sculptors and painters may be poets too, and the process of conception is the same, whatever may be the art employed to express it ; and as imagination bodied forth to Shakspeare this picture of a poet, so did she body forth to Foley this figure of the Muse of Painting—the airy nothing which he, not with pen but chisel, turned to a shape, and to which he gave so beautiful a local habitation, and so appropriate a name.

This figure is a conception not of a poet by a poet, but a painter by a painter ; not of a real painter, nor even of an ideal painter, but of the idea of the art of



THE MUSE OF PAINTING





ENGRAVED BY FLAARTEINT

THE MUSE OF PAINTING

(THE MONUMENT OF JAMES WARD R.A.)

painting embodied in a female form. The mood is not the same as that of Shakspeare's poet, it is a musing mood, and not a frenzied one; there is more in it of thought than passion, it represents the working out of a conception rather than conception itself, an idea more fitted for motionless marble and the harmonious repose of sculpture; but with all the differences of thought and method, of art and material, there is more than a mere resemblance between these two works—the one of the poet's, and the other of the sculptor's art.

She too—for a moment let us view her as a concrete being—she too is a poet and an artist. If the motion of her eyes and her head is denied us, her whole figure is suggestive of the inward working of powerful, if controlled, emotion; if at rest, it is instinct with coming action. In her mind, imagination is bodying forth some hitherto unknown thing, which her hand is ready to endow with a beautiful shape.

And as she perfects her dream of loveliness, so did Foley perfect his dream of her. In that studio of the mind in which not only the first sketch is roughed out, but even the finest detail completed before it can be made visible to others, this form of the Muse of Painting grew under spiritual fingers till it breathed and was.

The Muse of Painting, an idea which was first conceived so many years ago, and is so closely associated with classic feeling, is yet one which belongs to no time or place, and does not die with any creed. If the Greeks had never been, we might not have called her the Muse of Painting, but the idea would have come to us, and some artist must have striven, inevitably, to embody it in some such form as we see here. Classic, no doubt, is the type of beauty, but still not foreign or archaic, a type not un-English nor un-Christian, but very beautiful in form, and full of a tenderness unknown to Athens. Pausing in the moment between thought and execution, she stands poised on one foot, while the other is half-lifted, as though to approach the canvas. Her hands are idle, but ready; her right arm hangs motionless at her side; but it is bare, and prepared for her work. In another minute (or moment, maybe) she will have raised her head and seized her brush.

At first there may seem some want of appropriateness in placing so pure a work of beauty, so sweet a figure of a woman, above the ashes of a painter of bulls, and horses, and pigs; but James Ward was no common artist, and his pigs and bulls have more truth and beauty than the human figures of most English artists. For though lowly in subject, Ward's pictures are remarkable for their greatness in treatment, and his love of animals was simply for their own beauty and their own sake. His bulls were bulls, rough and strong and proud, not painted to show his power of imitating the hide, but to show what a bull is; his pigs were pigs, his horses, horses, not painted to show how much a pig or a horse may look like a

man, or how much gloss can be put upon a horse's coat and hooves, but porcine and equine nature. A bold, honest, fearless, and unsentimental artist, striving to show the beauty of truth, not to manufacture beauty out of it or by disregarding it. So that all that he did will last as long as Nature and animals last, and is not dependent for appreciation on the sentiment of the hour, or the fashion of a generation. Over the grave of such a painter no figure of subtlest ideal beauty is too lovely to preside.

We learn from Mr. Wornum's catalogue of the National Gallery, and Ottley's "Dictionary of Recent and Living Painters," that James Ward was connected in many directions with artists of different kinds. Brother of William Ward, the mezzotint engraver, who married Maria Morland, a sister of the celebrated George Morland (whose sister James Ward married), he was father-in-law of Jackson, the portrait-painter, father of G. R. Ward, the engraver, and grandfather of Mrs. E. M. Ward, the wife of the Academician, who, however, belongs to a different family.

He was born in Thames Street, London, on the 23rd of October, 1769. After devoting himself for many years to engraving, he abandoned that art for painting, and at first produced works very similar to those of his brother-in-law Morland. But he speedily rose to a much higher level as an artist, and achieved a great success. For his picture of "The Triumph of the Duke of Wellington" he was awarded by the British Institution the prize of 1,000 guineas.

The nation is fortunate in possessing his famous "Bull and its Family," painted at the suggestion of Benjamin West, in no unsuccessful emulation of Paul Potter, and also the "Council of Horses," in the Vernon collection, and the "Fighting Bulls," presented by Mr. C. J. Maud, an excellent etching of part of which appeared in the Portfolio last year. There are also a few minor works of his to be seen at South Kensington.

In 1794 James Ward was appointed painter and engraver to the Prince of Wales; he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1807, and a full member in 1811. He died on the 17th November, 1859, in his ninety-first year.





THE MOTHER.

“ O that those lips had language ! life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine : thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
‘ Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away.’
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles Time’s tyrannic claim
To quench it), here shines on me still the same.”

COWPER. *On the Receipt of my Mother’s Picture.*



It was a portrait of his own mother that set vibrating in Cowper’s heart the strings which gave forth the music which we all know so well. The work of the painter preserved an image which was powerful to inspire the poet, but it was a very different image to that which Foley has given to us, conceived in a very different spirit, and exciting a different kind of emotion. Whether the portrait of Cowper’s mother were an exquisite work of art or not, it would probably have had power to make him feel keenly, if it reminded him of his mother. This effect was above and beyond the intention of the artist. It would also probably produce little impression upon a ‘stranger. But the work of Foley should, if it succeed in its aim, raise some feeling in the mind of all who regard it, and if it be not beautiful, it is nothing. On the other hand, the feeling which it can arouse must be very different from that breathed by the poet into his verses. There can be no “meek intelligence” in those eyes, nor can the beholder wish that the “lips had language” without condemning the group as a work of art, for whatever it has to say, it ought to say without sound; and the eyes are the only members of the beautiful body which are without power of expression. Form, outline, contour, pose, modelling, grouping, this is the language of the

sculptor, and this group is an easy lesson in it for any one who has not yet learnt to read its elastic characters.

Here, at least, we have a living idea expressed in an intelligible form. One has no need to be an ancient Greek, or to belong to any particular age, race, or country, to understand what is meant by this group; no need to have studied a foreign tongue or literature, or even to have listened to stories or traditions, in order to see what is meant. Whether the "inward and spiritual grace" be represented as in Cowper's verses, or "the outward and visible form," as in Foley's marble, the artist who treats of maternal love is sure of a public who will at least have some acquaintance (and generally, we trust, a personal acquaintance) with the subject.

Nor ought, we think, the special aim of each artist, different as they are, to want general appreciation. Of this, Cowper's pure and nearly universal sentiment is more sure, for there are few who have not felt similar emotions and expressed them, or wished to express them, in similar words, and allowing for the most "Philistine" ignorance with regard to the proper province of sculpture, most persons will readily understand that the artist who tries to carve figures out of marble which shall represent maternity will naturally choose those of a mother and her children, beautiful and gentle, and inspired by love for each other.

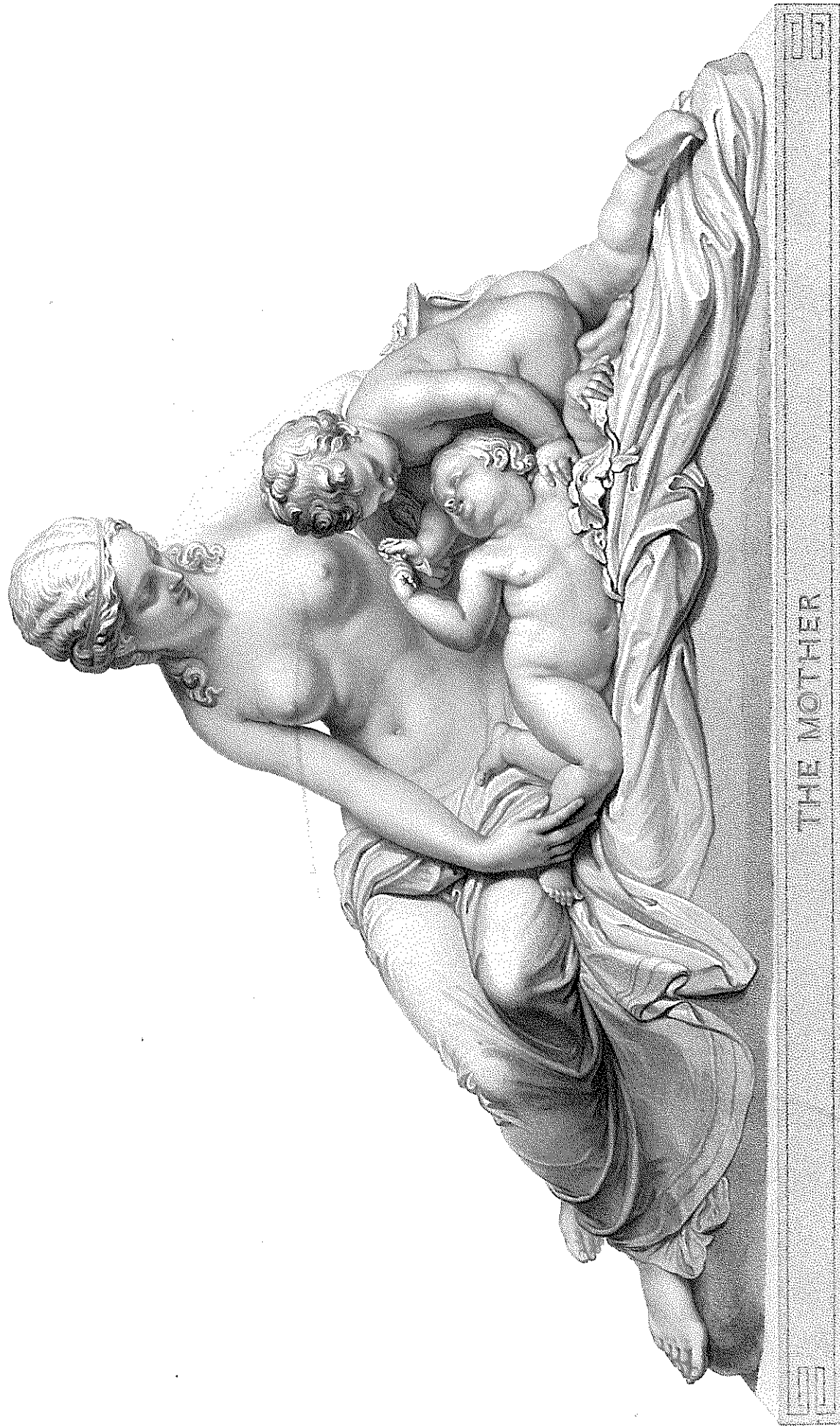
The very simplicity of its subject, however, greatly enhances its difficulty, especially to the sculptor, who cannot pour forth his personal feeling in the natural music of language, but has to conceive clear-cut, motionless shapes that may awake emotions in others. Still more difficult is the task when the emotion to be awaked is not the feeling of one individual to another, but that of humanity in general to a universal idea. It is easy enough to arouse emotion in the individual; it does not need a mother's portrait—a lock of her hair, a glove, a trinket, anything that in any way suggests what we love will do this; but it is only art, and the highest art, that will arouse these primary and catholic emotions of hate, anger, grief, and love, which belong to us not as members of any particular family, or even country, but as members of the one great family of man. Art, like religion, has this power, but it is only rarely that it is exhibited by one or the other.

There is indeed nothing more catholic than Art, which embraces every subject capable of arousing the faintest emotion, from a passing fancy or a slight interest to profound awe and entire devotion. With humanity for its centre, it rays out on all sides, reaching the heaven above and the hell below. From superhuman beauty to sub-human grotesque; from the "odd," or "rather pretty," to the "sublime" and "perfect;" from the personal peculiarity to the universal truth, there is nothing strange to it. But high or low, grand or mean, it must have something to say, and it must say it. In accordance with the perfection with which it says what it means, the work is successful, but the ultimate classification of all



THE MOTHER.





works of Art must be according to the value of the thing said, or in other words, of the emotion which it awakes. Cowper's verses awake the affections of an individual to his mother, Foley's group of a human being to maternity.

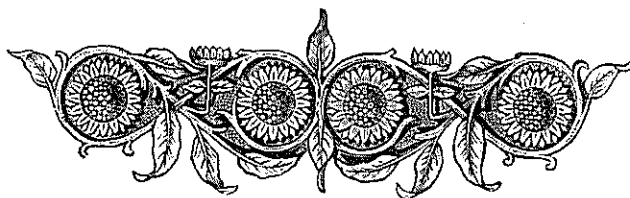
Without pausing to consider which is the more valuable thing to say or the nobler emotion to arouse of these two, we will pass to the manner in which Foley has expressed his thought—not "A Mother," but "The Mother." Though a creature of the imagination, there is nothing superhuman in the idea, like that of "Juno" or "Venus," nor even semi-human, like "Egeria" or "Ino," nor even meta-physical, like "Innocence;" she is simply and entirely human, perfect after her kind, and typical of its physical and moral beauty, but the mother pure and simple. With regard to physical beauty, we do not think that any one will be likely to deny that Foley's "Mother" belongs to the highest and sweetest type, nor that her children are worthy of her. She, as is right in one who represents no special race, cannot be said to be Greek or English, but rather the blending of the Greek type with the softer grace which later civilisation has made necessary to the modern idea of female perfection, a grace which is specially emblematic of that domesticity which we have learnt to consider as the best nursery of virtue, and of that motherhood which is the best fosterer and teacher of it. The mother is indeed beautiful enough for Eve, the mother of us all, and the children for Cain and Abel in their infancy, so entirely fresh and pure is the conception of these figures, and so "large" are they in treatment. The exquisitely easy grace of the attitudes, and the softness and suppleness of the limbs of the children, require no exposition.

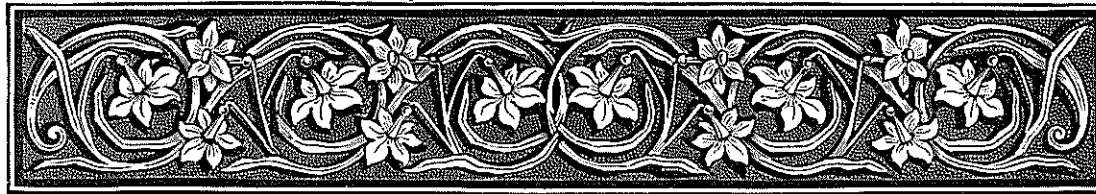
With regard to the "inward and spiritual grace," the mother first embodies the idea of the producer of all and the source of many, especially the sweeter and gentler, graces of the mind. As a symbol of her office in replenishing the earth, she is represented with two children: one would scarcely have sufficed, but two are better than any larger number, which would have made the notion of fertility too predominant. A sign of the constant repetition of Nature may be found in the correspondence of the shape of the composition of the two children with that of her own figure, a lesser triangle within a greater; though this is possibly an accident, as the same reduplication occurs in many groups in which no such hidden meaning would be appropriate, as, for instance, in that of "Ino and Bacchus," on which we have already remarked. We feel on surer ground in calling attention to the manner in which the figure of the mother includes and protects those of her offspring, as symbolical of her guardian care, while the love that she bears them is unmistakably told in the gentle handling of the little leg and affectionate inclination of the head.

Such an embodiment of domestic happiness is as alien from classic as it is characteristic of modern spirit; but it is not the less suitable for sculpture, as treated

by Foley, for the sentiment is subordinate to sense of form, or rather, is entirely conveyed by form. The happiness of the mother, as she broods in perfect peace above her little ones, breathes not only from her face, but from her whole form, and the playfulness and beauty of the children is represented by an exquisite harmony of curves and contours, without any loss of naturalness. Yet the expression of the face is perfectly adequate, without distracting attention from the whole effect, in which each line aids, even those of the drapery, one curve of which compensates admirably, but unobtrusively, the uplifted arm of the little girl. Though the sentiment is tender, there is nothing weak in its expression; and though maternal love is so common, its representation by Foley rises high above the commonplace. On the contrary, all is conceived in a spirit of grand grace, so that it makes one feel the glory of womanhood, and not the beauty of an individual woman; the purity and playfulness of childhood and not the prettiness of two babies. If any one who sees it does not feel this, and turns away without a higher sense of the beauty and blessedness of motherhood, it is not Foley's fault, for this is what he meant to say, and what he has said; this is the emotion that he wished to inspire, and they must either be above or below such inspiration on whom his work does not produce its intended effect. To those to whom the work does not appear sufficiently "classical" in feeling, we would only say that we believe the aim to catch the ancient feeling is false, and that what is wanted is to learn the principles of the ancients without their feeling; and that what we have here is not a reproduction, but a regeneration of ancient art.

"The Mother" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1851.





INNOCENCE.

“ Of her own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fevers into false creation,—where,
Where are the forms the sculptor’s soul hath seized?
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
The unreach’d Paradise of our despair,
Which e’er informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom again?”

Childe Harold, Canto iv., st. 122.



AMONG the ideas unknown to Greeks, or not greatly cared for by them, which we have, in our prefatory essay, mentioned as remaining for embodiment by modern sculptors, may be placed that of “Innocence”—a negative and most abstract idea; not a virtue, for that implies consciousness; nor a passion, for that implies power; but a possession, a gift,—spiritual beauty without knowledge.

What purity and chastity were, the Greeks knew as well, if not better, than we, although, from modern attempts to imitate their work and spirit, one would scarcely think so; but Innocence never appeared so palpable until she was relieved against the dark background of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Not even the doctrine of original sin, nor any theory of evolution from apes, can prevent the childish form of sweet natural simplicity from standing in distinct, though undeveloped, outline in our minds for evermore as the symbol of a sinlessness from which we came, and to which we hope to return.

But it stands thus as a symbol, not as an expression, of an idea, and it is doubtful whether, though Innocence is represented to our minds as a young figure, any young figure can be made to represent it so exclusively as to justify the attempt,

and whether therefore the Greeks, however much they might have revered it, would ever have thought it a fit subject for Art. For it is a negation, and therefore outside, we think, the province of Art, and the expression of it in form unaided by symbol is next to impossible. We can, however, get very near it, for the period of life previous to adolescence does seem to provide a form and symbol at the same time, which, treated so as to suggest the absence of other ideas, may be made to suggest this one, if not to express it. This Foley has done as far as it is possible; but it is doubtful whether, without the aid of the other recognised symbol of the dove, the meaning of this beautiful work would be apparent.

It is, however, in many ways an idea fascinating to the sculptor. Innocence may be deemed the younger sister of Purity, and cannot exist without unconsciousness. On the other hand, Purity and unconsciousness are two qualities without which sculpture is nothing. It is also a distinct and natural idea, which the normal development of a beautiful figure would seem to fit as a glove. The difficulties, however, are so great—viz. to give interest to a figure with nothing positive to express, to establish its identity, and to give the sense of perfection to an immature organisation,—that most attempts of the kind are either vapid, or graceless, or indefinite.

Foley has, however, nearly, if not quite, triumphed over these difficulties by conceiving his figure on the borders of womanhood, so that she contains, as it were, the essence of future maturity, and the interest of the future woman; and he has given her the simple loving employment of fondling a bird, which she presses to her with unconscious purity of action. He has thus succeeded very fairly in conveying an idea by distinction from other ideas in close juxtaposition, rather than by expression of itself. Not childish enough to be taken for childhood, nor woman enough to be taken for beauty, or any conscious virtue such as chastity or purity, she expresses all these ideas more or less imperfectly, and with the aid of her harmless action, and love of harmlessness as symbolised in the dove, reveals her identity with Innocence.

The lines which head this article are the despairing cry of a noble mind beaten back by the rude waves of reality from that ideal land to which all noble minds are ever striving to attain; but Innocence, at least primal Innocence, was not one of the forms of which Byron was thinking when he wrote—

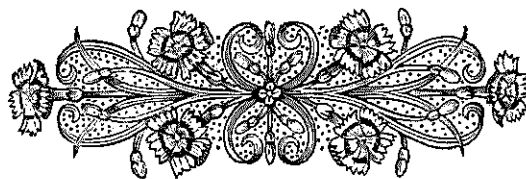
“Where are the forms the sculptor’s soul hath seized?
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?”

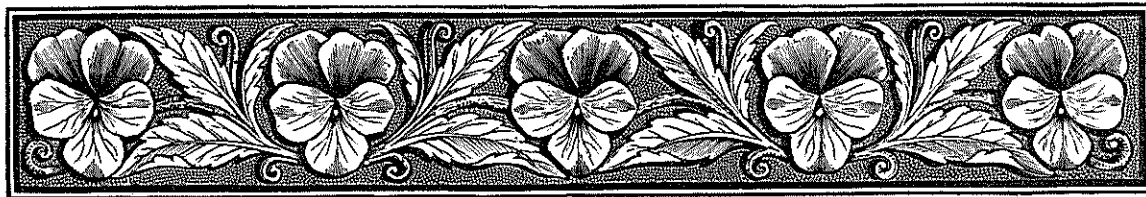
Such innocence is no charm or virtue which can be “conceived by the boy and pursued as a man.” She is behind him, not before, in the “paradise” of our uncon-

sciousness, not in that of our "despair." She is beyond even despair, because she is antecedent to hope. She is not part of the beauty of the mind of which itself becomes diseased, because the mind has lost this beauty from the moment it became conscious of its own; nor can it "fever itself into false creation" of what it knows is past and gone. Finally, if Byron had admitted the existence of this kind of innocence, he would have allowed the nature, and nature alone could "show so fair."

But all the aspirations of men tend to another form of innocence—viz. that which is consistent with knowledge, or positive innocence; but this idea seems equally without the domain of human art, for, if it is difficult to endue with moral interest a harmlessness without will to do harm, it is equally difficult to do the same with a harmlessness without will or necessity to do good. Such passive perfections are neither to be regretted nor aspired after, and however fascinating such subjects may be as exercises of skill to the sculptor, they cannot be made living even by the greatest art.

So, though Foley has made it evident that this beautiful figure of his is meant for Innocence, she is a symbol mainly, expressing no active principle. At the same time, whatever exception we may take to the subject on theoretical grounds, the work in itself should only be judged by the degree of success with which it attains its end, and from this point of view we have nothing but praise to award, and as the work of a young man of one-and-twenty, it is one of marvellous mastery. If taken as a statue of a beautiful young girl without any ideal significance, it would, by the simple elegance of its form and the natural tenderness of its sentiment, be remarkable amongst the thousand and one similar efforts of modern Art, while the modelling of the figure and the drapery, and its total absence of affectation, would proclaim it as the work of a skilled sculptor and of a poet.





ASIA.

"The most unobjectionable mode in which the ancient sculptors treated a group is, perhaps, exemplified by the Laocoon. The figures are, in a great measure, distinct, but yet sufficiently united to form a whole. In the group of the Boxers, which belongs to the class called Symplegmata by Pliny, the circumstance of the figures being only two in number (which appears to have been a condition of every group of the kind), does away, in some measure, with the objection; even here it may be questioned whether the absolute similarity of colour does not remind us that they are of marble—a proof that the art has gone to its limits. The group of Dirce tied to the horns of the bull by Zethus and Amphion (called the Toro Farnese), may be objectionable on the same grounds, though the figures are treated as much as possible as separate wholes, so as to give the utmost distinctness; but the necessity of this very precaution may be considered an evil, except in the application of sculpture to architecture."—EASTLAKE, *Essay on Sculpture*.



AT the base of the Albert Memorial, as probably all our readers know, are four groups, supposed to be expressive of the four quarters of the globe. Different in almost every other respect they are alike in this, that each is composed of a number of human figures with an animal in the centre. The Toro Farnese probably suggested this arrangement, which was perhaps the very best that could have been chosen for the purpose.

With the purpose itself we have little sympathy. The division of the globe into quarters is a geographical convention which has no corresponding idea in the world of art. In art the east and west are distinct ideas, but not Asia and Africa; to Africa and Asia belong a common artistic past which it is difficult for the mind to dis sever. But even supposing the dissociation with the past complete, the quarters of the globe present, even to modern notions, such a complication of different ideas of races, productions, and interests, all running into one another, that it is fairly impossible to divide them absolutely in the mind, let alone embody their essence in one group. Only a process of distillation, producing an "extrait de mille fleurs," could do this. Nor, if we take each quarter by itself, is the task much easier. To take America, for instance: what possible unity of idea can there



ASIA.





ENGRAVED BY F.A. ARTIST

ASIA

(THE ALBERT MEMORIAL, HYDE PARK)

LONDON: VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED.

be between Brazil and the United States, Mexico and Monte Video! In this group, as in the others, the artist has done his best to grapple with the difficulties of his subject, and has endeavoured to find a common sentiment for the various nationalities, viz., that of progress. But it is too weak to bind them. Progress they all may, but it will be by different paths and in different directions, and at present they neither have a starting-point or a goal in common.

The attempt to give a common form to ideas which have no unity is a hopeless task. It is seldom that even a city or a country has such a marked individuality that one idea clothed with human form would so fitly represent it as to distinguish it from its neighbours; but such figures, if objectionable, are so in a much less degree, and they are, at all events, necessities which we must endure, however constantly reminded of the fact that, as a rule, one figure, bearing a strong likeness to a Grecian goddess, serves as a model for all, with a little alteration of the symbol which she carries in her hand, or on her head, or which is laid down at her feet. But when a whole continent is boiled down, so to speak, into a few marble shapes, the result can scarcely be anything but a collection of meaningless and incongruous figures, unattractive and indigestible. The worst of it is that the meaning which does not appear in the work has to be supplied with letterpress, from which one learns that so-and-so is one country going to sleep, and so-and-so another country wearing its peculiarly unattractive headgear, and that all of them are engaged in a fearfully complicated allegorical pantomime, so that the brain at last aches in mastering what the eyes have been blinded in fruitlessly endeavouring to see. From allegories in sculpture may the future genius of English Art deliver us.

To say that Foley has succeeded in a task which is, in our opinion, radically hopeless, would be inconsistent, to say the least; but he has in his Asia produced a group which would go far to reconcile us to future attempts of the kind if we had any assurance that they would be made in the same spirit. If he has not combined in a homogeneous whole ideas which have nothing in common, he has at least placed them (or their representatives) so that they do not pretend to have any connection, and arranged them mechanically so as to preserve a scientific unity of design. They also separately have their distinct meanings, which are plainly perceptible to a person of ordinary education without any explanation; and over all these is a spirit of calm diffused, suggestive of the East and congenial to sculpture, while the pyramidal form of composition is happily Oriental whether we view it as the symbol of a pyramid or a tent.

There appears to us a sort of open defiance and scorn of his allotted subject in the way he has made all his figures turn their backs on one another, as though they were determined not to allow for a moment that they could have any connection, however remote, with the gentleman round the corner; but we must, at the same

time, allow that this isolation is eminently suggestive of the mystic, solitary, and unsympathetic character of Oriental races. Taken as a whole, then, this group has the effect of mechanical unity while preserving the distinctness of the separate figures; and, looked at in what light you will, has an aspect of grand and solemn beauty, worthy of the great master who moulded it, and of the wonderful countries which it symbolizes.

If, on the other hand, each figure is taken separately, you have five masterly single figures, either of which would suffice to make a reputation. Each of them is governed by that calm of which we have spoken as governing the whole, but each calm is of a distinct quality, suited to the different race that it represents. First, the calm of watchfulness, the easy indolence of the Indian warrior, ready to spring into instant activity, but patient to wait till opportunity arrives; next, the calm of passivity, as seen in the Chinaman, whom long ages of tradition have fossilised into semi-idiotcy, waiting for nothing; next, the calm of inspiration, in the Persian poet waiting for his thought to crystallize into words like jewels; fourthly, the calm of mysticism, in the Arab reading his Koran by night, solitary, beneath the stars, waiting for the Lord to speak; fifthly, and lastly, the calm of superb luxury, in the sumptuously-formed woman in proud indolence, raising the veil from her consummate beauty for the nations to gaze at and adore.

There is yet one figure to which we have made no allusion, viz., that of the elephant, the largest of all, who plays the least obtrusive and not least useful part. Physically, perhaps, we cannot describe him as not obtrusive, but even physically he is as little so as his huge bulk will allow him. His size alone is not a bad symbol of that vast quarter of the globe which he serves so humbly, and it facilitates the separation of the distinct races which are grouped around him. He forms a royal throne for the fair Queen of the East, he gives his back as a leaning-post for the Indian, his strong head serves as a safe rest for the poet's hand; in the shade of his great ear the Chinaman sits serene, while the Arab merchant gains his coveted isolation out of the way there in the rear. Even Sir Charles Eastlake would have forgiven what he called his "objectionable legs" if he could have seen how useful were the great caves of shade which they could be made to afford, and have forgotten his general ugliness in consideration of the excellent foil he presents to the nobler figures around him. Not only his bulk, but his complete want of sympathy with the human form makes him specially admirable as a non-conducting medium between opposing ideas, while his part in the mechanical unity of the group is one which no other beast could perform so well. Foley's animals are all good, but he never succeeded better than in this elephant. All the beauty with which Nature has endowed him, viz., the wonderfully mobile trunk, Foley has shown to the best advantage, and he has also shown a full appreciation of his

moral qualities of docility and patience. In technical execution alone this elephant is a masterpiece, the wrinkles and rifts in his hide, and its general texture, being given with a truth and ease which appear little short of the marvellous.

Of all the figures we prefer that of the woman, the ideal of Oriental loveliness, a figure of superb sensuous beauty, of which our engraving gives a very imperfect notion. Not a pretty girl full of curiosity or eager to be admired, as she appears in our print, but a grand and grave woman, proud and reserved, raising her veil in stately pride, not to see nor to be seen for her own pleasure, but out of pure grace and condescension to inferior mortals.

Next to her we prefer the Arab, whose splendid face, half shaded by his coif, is unfortunately not visible in our engraving; next, the Indian warrior, whose easy attitude can only be guessed from our point of view. The others are well represented.

On the whole the work is a wonderful example of how much can be done by a true artist towards accomplishing the impossible, and our only regret in viewing the group is that the figures cannot be seen separately as well as together, as no arrangement, however ingenious, of single figures inspired by different motives can possibly be satisfactory as the embodiment of one idea, however complex, unless it be the idea of chaos.





CARACTACUS.

"And the Britons had now (A.D. 43), during almost a century, enjoyed their liberty unmolested ; 'when the Romans, in the reign of Claudius, began to think seriously of reducing them under their dominion. Without seeking any more justifiable reasons of hostility than were employed by the late Europeans in subjecting the Africans and Americans, they sent over an army under the command of Plautius, an able general, who gained some victories, and made a considerable progress in subduing the inhabitants. Claudius himself, finding matters sufficiently prepared for his reception, made a journey into Britain, and received the submission of several British states, the Cantii, Atrebates, Regni, and Trinobantes, who inhabited the south-east parts of the island, and whom their possessions and more cultivated manner of life rendered willing to purchase peace at the expense of their liberty. The other Britons, under the command of Caractacus, still maintained an obstinate resistance, and the Romans made little progress against them, till Ostorius Scapula was sent over to command their armies (A.D. 50). This general advanced the Roman conquests over the Britons ; pierced into the country of the Silures, a warlike nation who inhabited the banks of the Severn ; defeated Caractacus in a great battle ; took him prisoner, and sent him to Rome, where his magnanimous behaviour procured him better treatment than those conquerors usually bestowed on captive princes."—HUME's *History of England*, chap. i.

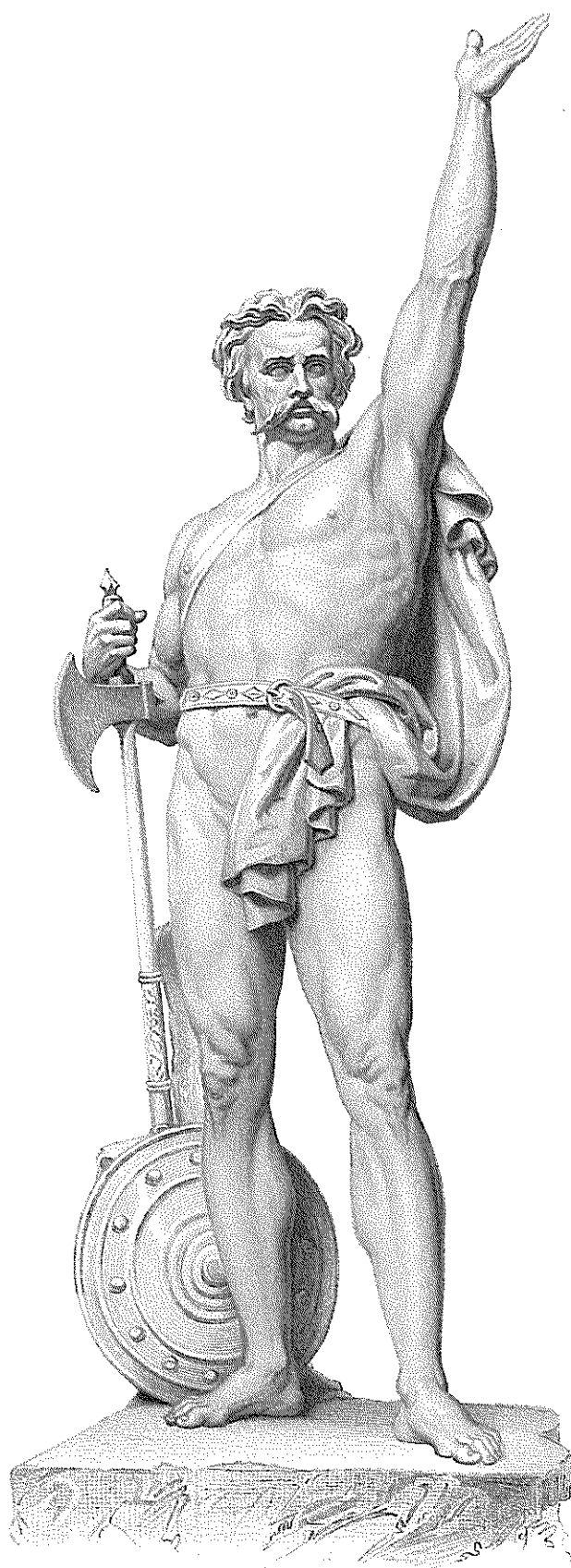


HOWEVER much we may admit the justice of Hume's satirical parallel between the spirit which animated the Romans in subjecting our ancestors when we were uncivilized, and that of our ancestors in subjecting others, we may be pardoned for thinking, or finding it difficult not to think, that there were some distinctions not unimportant between an ancient Briton and a being even as noble as a North American Indian. Although the ancient inhabitants of these islands painted themselves with woad, and we cannot help admitting that they were barbarous, we wince at such an epithet as "savage" being applied to them. In a word, however uncultivated and wild they may have been, we feel that they were not degraded, and that they possessed the essence of that noble character and the capacity for improvement which only needed time and cultivation to develop them into such an altogether admirable race as ourselves. We have, however, fortunately, an alternative consideration which will enable us to view with comparative complacency any revelations



CARACTACUS.





ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE

CARACTACUS

discreditable to the ancient Britons, and that is, that, thanks to Romans, Picts, Danes, Saxons, and others, we have probably little or none of their blood in our veins.

At all events none of us could help being proud of a connection, however remote, with such a splendid specimen of humanity as Foley has represented in his conception of Caractacus, a character of which we know little, but of which we know enough to feel with certainty that he was a man of commanding talent, dauntless courage, and singular nobility of disposition. We know that he was not only a fine soldier, but no mean orator; that he was honoured as well as feared by his foes, and, while terrible in the field, was grand even in captivity. Caractacus brought in chains to Rome is a subject of which painters used to be fond, and one worthy of any artist; but it is before his defeat, when he was the leader of the British tribes which had not as yet bent the knee to the Roman empire, the commander of the wild legions who gathered together for a desperate effort to preserve their independence, that Foley has chosen to model him. He may be supposed to be haranguing his army, before the disastrous battle with Ostorius, in a speech partly preserved by Tacitus, in which he warned them that on that day and that contest it depended whether they should recover their freedom or have to bow beneath an everlasting yoke.

There could scarcely be a subject chosen which would supply a severer test of a modern sculptor's genius. In such a work he must trust to his own imagination, no classical type will serve him; indeed, any apparent resemblance to Greek or Roman form would at once condemn the work. Nor would the shaggy-headed barbarians of ancient sculpture aid him with an example for a figure in which barbarity should be overcome by inward fire and outward beauty. To gain his model he must seek within his mind, and without help of example or tradition, or memory, create his man. If his imagination be weak he has no chance of success, if strong, the very absence of association with known masterpieces, the isolating effect of centuries, the barrenness of the history of the time, the necessity of making something new, will be as stimulants to his brain, and power to his hand, and he will add one more to those children of genius which are the revelations of the world of art.

In this figure, perhaps, more than in any other which he executed, we see Foley's imagination unfettered. In representing the man, the only "accident" he had to regard was that of race; he could not be a Greek, a Roman, or even a Teuton, he must be a Celt, and a Celt he is of the finest type; as regards history, Foley was encumbered with few facts, most of which could be expressed by symbols such as the battle-axe and targe; as to dress, he was justified in representing him as nude, or nearly, while the only modification which tradition required of the natural body was the

shaving of his beard. "They wear their hair long," writes Julius Cæsar, "and shave every part of their body except the head and the upper lip." With these few concessions to fact, Foley was able to let his fancy mould at her will a figure of a noble warrior in such an attitude as should best express not only courage but the power of rousing it in others—the leader of men, great of deed and eloquent of speech, exciting his followers to the noblest of all struggles, the battle for liberty.

It was a daring and noble thought to make him stand thus, with his arm stretched high above his head in extreme energy of appeal. This action is grand without violence, and the tight grip of the other hand round his weapon, and the contraction of his brows, express intensity of determination without any loss of that noble calm which is the characteristic of the best works of art. The moment when opposing forces, however numerous or violent, balance each other and produce suspense, that moment pregnant with the past and prophetic of the future, Foley, like all great artists, knew how to seize. To compare this work with others, either of ancient or modern art, we have no intention or desire. The best proof of its real worth is that it suggests no such comparison. Sculpture is said to be a dead art, and assuredly it will never live again if both artists and critics do not free their minds from the tendency to interminable comparison. As long as the one strives after reproduction rather than rebirth, and the other makes each effort of the sculptor run the gauntlet through the masterpieces of the world, so long will the art be dead; but let the one, like Foley, dare to think out his conceptions without fear of how they will look beside the works of others, and let the other judge each work by the merits which he finds in it, and not by those which he finds in others, and we doubt not but ere long we shall find flowers of true native genius cropping up more frequently in England, and the Royal Academy will be full of work not only replete with knowledge and skill, but also with originality and imagination.

There is more stiffness in the engraving than in the original, in which, also, the face and hair are less suggestive of the present civilized and lock-trimming age.

Caractacus, or Cataratacus, was one of the sons of Cunobelin, or Cymbeline, the king of the Trinobantes, the inhabitants of Essex. For a century since the departure of Julius Cæsar the Britons had remained unmolested, but in the year A.D. 43 the Romans returned under the command of Aulus Plautius, landed without resistance, and defeated the Britons in two battles, in one of which they were commanded by Caractacus, and in the other by Togodumnus, his brother. The Britons, however, struggled gallantly, and it was not till after the Emperor Claudius arrived with reinforcements that Camelodunum, the capital of the Trinobantes (supposed to be Colchester) was taken, and that the Romans established

themselves on the island. Tribe after tribe was subdued, but not without difficulty, and Caractacus appears to have been a moving spirit in that first great British struggle for independence. We meet with him again in Roman history about A.D. 51, as the commander of the gallant band of the Silures and Ordovices (people of North and South Wales and Shropshire), making his last gallant stand against the forces of Ostorius, the occasion which Foley has chosen to represent. His eloquence and his courage were, however, in vain; his position was stormed, his forces routed, and his wife and daughter taken prisoners. He took refuge with Cartismandua, queen of the Brigantes, who, to her eternal dishonour, put him in chains and delivered him to the Romans, by whom, with his wife and daughter, he was carried to Rome and exhibited in triumph to the people in the Campus Martius. When his time came to be shown forth he addressed the Emperor Claudius in a speech of such noble temper that his life and that of his wife and daughter were spared.





HAMPDEN.

"He became a debater of the first order, a most dexterous manager of the House of Commons, a negotiator, a soldier. He governed a fierce and turbulent assembly, abounding in able men, as easily as he had governed his own family. He showed himself as competent to direct a campaign as to conduct the business of a petty sessions. We can scarcely express the admiration which we feel for a mind so great, and, at the same time, so healthful and so well-proportioned, so willingly contracting itself to the humblest duties, so easily expanding itself to the highest, so contented in repose, so powerful in action."—MACAULAY, *Essay on Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden*.



AMONG the statues of the twelve chosen statesmen which partly adorn and partly disfigure the beautiful chamber called St. Stephen's Hall, in the new Houses of Parliament, that of John Hampden at once strikes the eye as the noblest and most beautiful. We have no wish to draw any comparison between the artistic work of Foley and that of other sculptors, and we include the statue of Selden, by the same artist, in this general depreciation. Our comparison is physical, not artistic, and no sculptor could have made of the burly, stunt figure of Charles James Fox, or of the gaunt presence of Pitt, a shape which would have been equally beautiful, without so departing from known reality as to have made it palpably insincere. Though belonging to no remote age, sufficient time has passed to invest our idea of Hampden with an imaginative beauty, and though we know much of his history, we know absolutely nothing which would make us hesitate to accept, as a true resemblance of him, a figure endowed with all attributes of human worth and beauty. As modelled by Foley, he is perhaps as perfect an ideal of a noble English gentleman as an artist could conceive, and no one who reads the name of Hampden beneath it, can feel for a moment that it is an exaggeration.

The difficulty of defining the word "gentleman" is proverbial. All are agreed only in this, that it implies a union of various admirable qualities; which of these qualities are essential is the moot point. But if we put together all the qualities



HAMPDEN.





J. HAYLEY P.A. SCULPT.

ENGRAVED BY W. ROSE

which different definitions demand as the essence of the character, we shall find that John Hampden possessed them without exception. Is birth an essential, then Hampden had a pedigree which scarcely any man in England could equal; money, he was one of the richest commoners in England; manners, not Chesterfield could have found a fault; education, he was an Oxford man, a master of the principles of law, and wrote and spoke English of the purest and most elegant; position, he was a large landed proprietor and member for Buckinghamshire; tact, he was at least the equal of the present member* for the same county both in and out of the House; morality and religion, he possessed the former without cant, and the latter without bigotry; manliness, he was fond of sport and a gallant soldier; firmness, he suffered imprisonment, sacrificed all the ease of his life, and died for principle. To define a "gentleman" is difficult to attempt, but it is easy to give an instance—John Hampden.

When we consider the marvellous collection of noble qualities which this man undoubtedly possessed, it appears an almost hopeless task to attempt to represent them in a single still white figure; but Foley has put them all, and more, into his work. There is birth in his bearing, knowledge and power in his head, taste in his dress, inflexibility of purpose in his mouth, and no other quality which we have mentioned whose presence is not guaranteed by some touch or other in this beautiful statue. But, as we have said, there is more. The artist has managed to convey the impression of the soldier and the statesman, the commander and the orator, and in the perfectly-developed figure and the thoughtful brow, you find Hampden's own ideal of the "old English gentleman"—"All summer in the field, all winter in his study." But there is even more than this: that wonderful union of power with modesty, the man that never obtruded himself, but was always equal to any emergency when it arose, that infinite reserve of force which could control itself. More than this even: there is precisely that union of the qualities for which we respectively admire both parties in that great warfare—the chivalry and absence of vulgarity of the Royalist, and that sternness of principle of the Roundhead—which is suggested partly by the costume, which has neither the effeminacy of the one nor the ugliness of the other, and by the attitude, which is graceful as that of Charles I., and as uncompromising as that of Cromwell. Even yet more: by the gentleness of his face and the bareness of his sword, the figure shows the man who would postpone war till honour compelled it; but who, in Clarendon's celebrated words, when he drew the sword, threw away the scabbard.

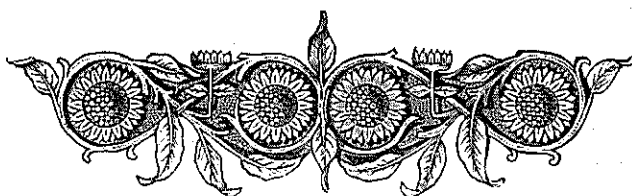
As in this man's life, so in his statue by Foley one has a rare instance of a close approach to perfection without any loss of human interest, of an approximation

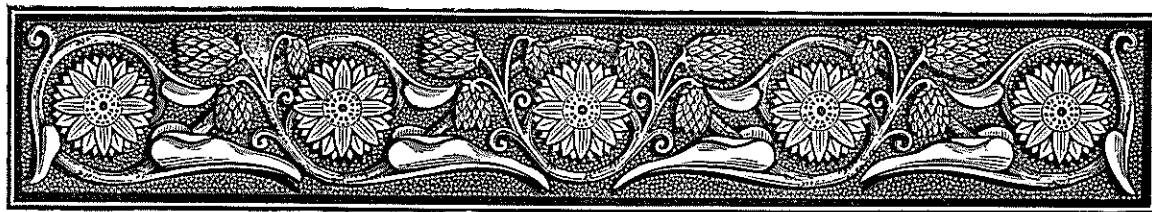
* Mr. Disraeli.

to abstract idea not incompatible with complete individuality. Hero, gentleman, Christian, there is nothing prodigious, or superfine, or transcendental about either the man or his portrait. Attaining a height to which none of us can hope to aspire, he yet seems to be of us and with us, a hero, but not a demigod; a gentleman, but not an aristocrat; a Christian, but not a saint; yet not falling short of either of these in our estimation, but an impersonation of all that is brave, and noble, and good, without the sense of separation. And as we think he was, so Foley has made him stand before us: modest, but self-sufficient, needing no exaggeration to make him grand, or poetry to make him beautiful, an "ideal" ready made by Nature.

John Hampden was born in London in 1594. He was the son of William Hampden, a member of Queen Elizabeth's Parliament, and Elizabeth Cromwell, aunt of the Protector. He was the head of a family which had been settled in Buckinghamshire before the Conquest. His father died in 1597, leaving him the heir to a very large estate. He was educated at the grammar-school at Thame and Magdalen College, Oxford. At nineteen he was admitted a student of the Middle Temple, and in 1619 married Elizabeth Seymour. He lived upon his estates, indulging in all the sports of a country gentleman till 1621, when he entered Parliament as member for Grampound. About this time, Macaulay conjectures, the change came over him which is recorded by Clarendon, "When from a life of great pleasure and licence he retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, to a more reserved and melancholy society." In the first and second Parliaments of Charles I. he sat for Wendover, and when the latter was dissolved, he made his first stand for the fundamental principle of the British Constitution by refusing to contribute a farthing to the King's forced loan, levied without consent of Parliament. For this he was imprisoned, as also were seventy-six other gentlemen who followed his example. In the next Parliament, that of the famous "Petition of Rights," he again represented Wendover, and in the eleven years which elapsed between it and the Long Parliament he lost his wife, and made his second great stand for the Constitution, by his celebrated refusal to pay ship-money, and by trying the question at law. The cause came on at the close of 1636, when five out of twelve judges pronounced in his favour, a virtual victory in a corrupt time, when the places of the judges were at the disposal of the King's will; and so violently did it inflame Hampden's political enemies against him, that his person was no longer safe, and it is said that he and his kinsman Oliver Cromwell were embarking for America when they were stopped by an order of the Royal Council prohibiting emigration without licence. At the meeting of the Long Parliament, he became the most popular man in England, and exerted more influence in and out of the House than any

other. He was one of the committee who tried Strafford, and one of the five members whose arrest was attempted by Charles. From this moment his nature and carriage, says Clarendon, seemed fiercer than before. He was made a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and took the field against the King, who raised his standard in August, 1642. As a soldier, he soon distinguished himself, not less by strategical skill than personal bravery, and his conduct, contrasted with that of the vacillating Essex, proclaimed him as the right man to command the whole Parliamentary army. But his life and career were cut short in a skirmish with Prince Rupert near Chalgrove. His last completed sentence was, "O Lord, save my country." He received his death-wound on June 17, 1643, and died on the 24th of that month.





GOLDSMITH.

"E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
 And placed on high, above the storm's career,
 Look downward where a hundred realms appear ;
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
 When thus Creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man ;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crowned ;
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale !
 For me your tributary stores combine ;
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine."



E all know Goldsmith. Do we see him here? is a question which the artist who attempts to represent his figure must expect to be asked by thousands of mouths. Uncritical as the British public are, and safely as the artist may disregard their judgment in works of a more abstract imagination, in such a work as this he must own the power and probable justice of public opinion. The characters of men who, by their writings, have charmed their fellow-creatures, especially those who, like Goldsmith, have shown such exquisite sympathy with all shades of humanity, are dear to rich and poor, and there is a little shrine set up in many a lowly heart with a little ideal figure complete, with which any such statue as this of Goldsmith will have to be compared.



GOLDSMITH.



To pass triumphantly through such an ordeal is perhaps not a very difficult task, an obvious resemblance to well-known portraits and an appearance of thoughtful benevolence would satisfy perhaps the requirements of most; but it is in uniting what is true in the popular conception with the fuller and deeper insight of the artist, and the embodiment of all in one figure, which shall express the true total idea in sculpturesque language, that the real difficulty lies.

The language of sculpture is unwritten, difficult, and revealed only to a few. Like that of the violin in skillless hands, it can say little; but in those of a true artist its capacities for expression are only limited by the genius of the player. Nor is the language "well understood of the people;" it is easy for the sculptor who is poor in this scholarship to eke out his meaning by (so to speak) words, and even long phrases and passages from other languages, as those of painting or decoration, or even literature, and the interpolation will not be so much as suspected. For instance, if this figure had been relieved against a ruined wall, expressive of the "sweet Auburn," and its feet had been set among the tangled weedage of a deserted garden, the artist would have used pictorial expressions to make his thought palpable; and if, on the other hand, he had been represented as exhibiting to the public a scroll inscribed with some of his verses, or supposed to be so inscribed, he would have used literary language to help out his sculpturesque dumbness.

In days when artists seem to care less and less about the landmarks of the different arts, when sculpture has leapt over the wall into the garden of painting, and painting and poetry make excursions into the lands on all sides of them, it is rare to find an artist who confines himself so strictly within the proper domain of his art as Foley did, even when he had a subject which offered such temptations to incorrect treatment as this statue of Goldsmith.

How thoroughly statuesque this figure is, can be most easily seen by comparing it with the figure of the "Muse of Painting," and our notes thereon. Perfection of beauty is the idea that controls the form in that work, perfection of character the controlling idea of this. They are, however, both inspired by similar spirit, which expresses itself outwardly in just the same way—viz. by the different limbs of the figure, each of which perform their share in the general effect, which is undivided, without the help of any accessory, except necessary clothing and instruments.

In the case of Goldsmith, as indeed in all Foley's statues in modern costume, he has treated the dress in the simplest manner, managing it so as to show the figure within, even as the figure shows the spirit within itself, so that there is scarcely a fold which does not have its use in conveying some indication of the artist's idea. Unfortunately, it is not a difficult quest to find a contrast to this thoroughly sculpturesque and obviously right treatment of drapery. One has only to go to

Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, or the South Kensington Museum, or even to look at the statues which you come upon now and then, like dirty ghosts, in different parts of London, to find it. Here (we will not mention names or works) you will find a face at the top of a bundle of clothes, whose density (in marble) is evidently the only reason why the face does not fall on the floor; here a magnificently-attired gentleman, whose face is not worth looking at, till you have exhausted the admiration due to his lace or love-knots; here a gentleman of the present day, perhaps a statesman, whose face would be the only guarantee that he is not a copy of a tailor's dummy, if it was not apparent that no respectable tailor would turn out such an infamous suit of clothes.

Perhaps Goldsmith has on his "peach-blossom" coat, or his scarlet breeches, but Foley has not moulded the figure so maladroitly as to call attention to his garments. Goldsmith may have been vain in a small way, but it would have been as silly to have made this trait observable in his statue, as to print his poems so as to show his Irish brogue. No, the clothes in this statue tell only what they should do—viz. the limbs that lie beneath, and the time in which their wearer lived.

The figure in act of composition is expressive of the exact tone of Goldsmith's mind, lit with the gentle fire of his fancy, not the frenzy of the great dramatic poet, but the somewhat sluggish spirit, whose smouldering humanity burst out into vivid flame, but warmed all he wrote with the equable glow of his generous nature. It would have been impossible to give the author of *She Stoops to Conquer* and of "The Traveller" in the same statue, a marble figure cannot laugh and be grave too. It is as the latter that Foley has rather chosen to present him, "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

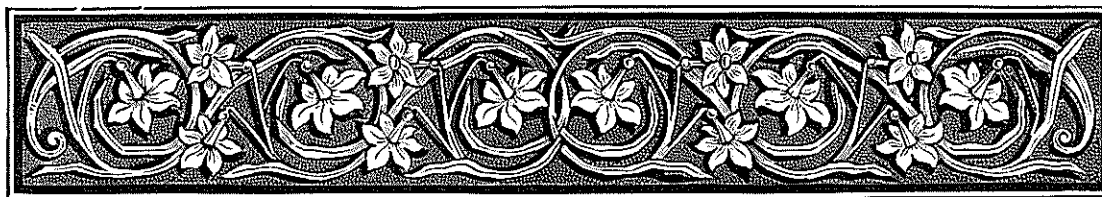
This figure, therefore, though the outline and contours of the perfection of physical beauty are from the nature of its subject, yet satisfies the sense of all those who know and love the beautiful writer and the amiable man. It satisfies the desire for truth, not only by fidelity to outward appearance, but by fidelity to the inner power and character which animates each limb, and it also satisfies our affection, for surely no one who did not love what Goldsmith was, could have realised him for us so tenderly and truly.

This figure, with another of Burke by the same hand, now adorns Trinity College, at Dublin, where both were educated.

Oliver Goldsmith was born in the hamlet of Pallas, or Pallasmore, County Longford, Ireland, on the 10th of November, 1728, his father being a poor clergyman of the Established Church. In 1744 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar, a position at that time disagreeable and humiliating. His time at college was not

a happy one, and he was often reduced to great straits; but he managed by writing ballads and other expedients to keep his position till 1749, when he took his degree as Bachelor of Arts and left the University for ever. His first intention was to enter the Church, but when he presented himself as a candidate for ordination he was rejected. He then became a tutor in a gentleman's family. The next years he spent idling and fruitlessly preparing for different professions, but settled to nothing. He then went abroad, stayed and studied and dissipated at Leyden and Paris, and afterwards travelled in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. At Padua he took his medical degree. In 1736 he returned to England friendless and penniless, and appears to have been doctor, chemist's assistant, usher, and corrector for the press for Samuel Richardson, the novelist and publisher. His first essays as a writer were in the *Monthly Review*, and in 1759 he published his first acknowledged work, "An Inquiry into the Present State of the Polite Literature in Europe," and soon after began writing his famous "Chinese Letters" for the *Public Ledger*, which were afterwards republished under the title of "The Citizen of the World." This book made his reputation, and he soon became a member of that brilliant clique of the Literary Club. Smollett—Johnson—Reynolds—who that knows Goldsmith does not know his friends? "The Traveller" appeared in 1764, the "Vicar of Wakefield" in 1766. In 1767 he wrote "The Good-natured Man." The next two years were employed on his "Roman History" and "History of Animated Nature." In 1770 appeared his "Deserted Village," which gained immense popularity; in 1771 his "History of England," in 1772 *She Stoops to Conquer*. His receipts increased largely, but they never grew in proportion with his necessities, and his overtasked system gave way in 1774, when he died, and was buried in the Temple.





LORD HARDINGE.

“Busts and statues (portraits of individual persons) were not generally permitted until near the time of the death of Socrates; and as this practice, once introduced, became popular and extensive under the successors of Alexander the Great, it was an additional stimulus to the study of the human figure in detail, and thus as the art departed from ideal sublimity, it partook of the peculiarities of nature. It descended to the intelligible, and became a stronger resemblance of the human race.”—FLAXMAN, *Essay on Style in Sculpture*.



It is difficult to conjecture with what feeling the sight of this equestrian statue would have filled Phidias. If the Greeks of the purest period of sculpture did not admit portraits, what would they have said of a portrait fully clothed on horseback? The usual explanation of the difference between ancient and modern styles of sculpture is that one was ideal, and that we are more and more tending to realism; there is, at all events, little doubt as to the difference; this statue of Lord Hardinge would have been as impossible for them to have conceived as it appears impossible for any modern to rival the Belvidere Apollo.

So far all are agreed, nor is there, we think, much room for difference of opinion as to the growth of what is called realism; but the terms ideal and real are used to express so many different things that it is sometimes difficult to know what is meant by them, and it will, perhaps, enable us to make up our minds in some measure as to what is or should be meant by the terms, if we compare for a moment this statue with the masterpieces of ancient sculpture.

If portraits were a late introduction, equestrian portraits were still later; indeed, they may be said to be unknown till Græco-Roman times. The nearest approach to Lord Hardinge in ancient art of a pure time are the mounted figures in the frieze of the Parthenon and other bas-reliefs where horses and men are combined; but what a gulf between! The least consideration will convince that the aim of these

ancient sculptures, both of men and horses, was to express the perfection of pure human and animal form, and to enhance the beauty of each by combination with the other. In the statue of Lord Hardinge neither the beauty of the animal, nor that of the human, form was the most serious intention of the work.

Yet both these bas-reliefs and this statue are equally examples of formative art which is the expression of ideas visibly, and of sculpture proper which is the expression of ideas in the solid. Though the bas-reliefs were ideal in an exclusive sense which does not apply to Lord Hardinge, Lord Hardinge is ideal, and in a noble sense too. Ideal, as used in speaking of the best ancient Greek work in contradistinction to the best modern, means expressing few ideas instead of many; abstract or primary ideas, instead of concrete and complex ones: in the one case we have, say, beauty of form and manly vigour, &c., expressed with beauty, for the main and controlling idea; in the other (take our statue of Lord Hardinge) we have mental power, authority, and many other ideas, with an individual character, for the main and controlling idea. To deny the title ideal to a statue like that of Lord Hardinge would be as ignorant a mistake as to say that the Venus of Praxiteles was an instance of realism because her beauty was probably constructed from the limbs of several real living women.

The abstract aim of all art must be the same, and no art worthy of the name but expresses some idea; but the ideas to be expressed will change with each time and each artist, or his work will want another essential of real art, namely, originality. Not only is the aim the same, but the means, viz. imagination, or the forming power. Whether the artist embodies an abstract idea in form, or shapes or arranges a real shape so as to make it expressive, the mental faculty employed, whether great or small, is the same. In one case the process appears the converse of the other, and one artist may have the skill to perform the one without equal skill in performing the other, but the faculty is the same in kind. Neither of them can be said to be wholly ideal or wholly real; in the one case, where "a thing unknown" has to be bodied forth, the process may be called realising the ideal; in the case, as in a portrait, where the form is known, the process may be called idealising the real, and to do one or the other requires the moulding or formative quality termed imagination. In the one case the process appears "creative," in the other "expressive" only, but they are both equally the making the ideal apparent; and it is doubtful whether there is not as much power and skill, as well as labour, involved in clothing a known form with idea as in clothing an idea with a form.

Certainly this "triumph of mind over matter" has seldom been more clearly exhibited than in this work of Foley's. Not as an ideal of manly and equine grace combined is he set upon his charger. In such a contrast any man in modern costume must compare unfavourably with the beautiful untrammelled natural lines of a fine

horse. Thus, at once, from the point of view of ancient art, an equestrian portrait is an absurdity. But yet the horse must be made as fine a specimen of his kind as is possible. Some other force than mere physical beauty in the man must, therefore, be brought in, to balance the natural advantages of the animal, which must be subordinate. This force is the mental power, the moral dignity, the spirit of authority, in a word, the "character" of the rider. It seems to us that Foley has in this succeeded beyond expectation, so that the horse, in all his beauty, seems only as a fitting throne for the noble figure who sits thereon, with so splendid a sense of security that his horsemanship (which would have been of so much importance in Greek art) does not attract a thought.

"Few and simple" was the maxim of ancient, "many and complex" that of such art as this; but however many ideas may be expressed in one work of art, ancient or modern, it is necessary that they should be blent into one expression. This figure has unity if it has nothing else; however many thoughts it may suggest, it does not suggest them separately but in one view. It is only by a process of analysis that we can discover how many ideas are conveyed by the statue.

Henry, Viscount Hardinge, was born in Wrotham, Kent, on March 30th, 1785, and died at Southport, near Tunbridge Wells, in the same county, on September 24th, 1856. He entered the army in 1798, and served throughout the Peninsular war, being part of the time on the staff of the commander-in-chief. He became lieutenant in 1802, and captain in 1804. From 1809 to 1813 he was deputy-quartermaster-general of the Portuguese army. In 1815, when the war recommenced, he was again one of the staff of Wellington, and his loss of his left arm at the battle of Ligny, where he acted as brigadier-general with the Prussian army, prevented his presence at Waterloo; he had been wounded twice before. On his return to England he received a pension and was made a K.C.B. He sat as member for Durham in 1820 and 1826, and was Secretary of War and Chief Secretary for Ireland in Wellington's administration. He also held the same office twice under Sir Robert Peel, and in 1844 was appointed Governor-General of India and took a leading part in the Sikh war, for his services in which he received the thanks of parliament and a pension of £3,000 a year, and was raised to the peerage with the title of Viscount Hardinge of Lahore; the East India Company also gave him a pension of £5,000. He received sixteen medals for service in as many battles. Lord Dalhousie succeeded him as governor-general in 1848, and carried out the policy that he had commenced, and which led to the annexation of Oude. In February, 1852, he was appointed Master of Ordnance, and succeeded the Duke of Wellington as commander-in-chief in September of the same year. In October, 1855, he was made a field-marshal. A stroke of paralysis compelled him to retire from public duties in July, 1856.



LORD HARDINGE.





FOLEY, R. A. SCULPT.

ENGRAVED BY R. A. ARTLETT

HARDINGE.

LONDON, VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED.



HELEN FAUCIT.

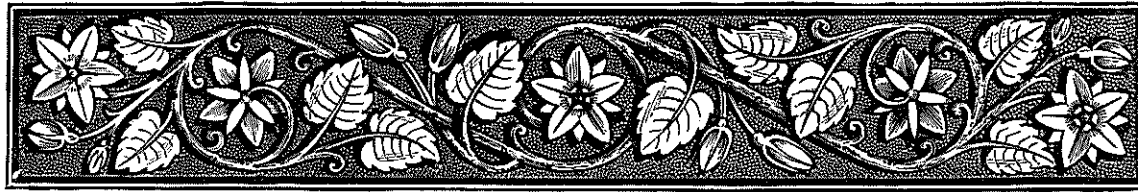




ENGRAVED BY J. BROWN.

HELEN FAUCIT.

LONDON: VICTOR & CO. LIMITED.



HELEN FAUCIT.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently ; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. . . .

"Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature ; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."



SHAKESPEARE in these words shows himself not only as the writer, but the player ; not only the dramatic poet, but the tutor of the stage. And surely, in our time at least, there lives no deeper student of his works, or more reverent scholar of his instructions, than the lady who, under her maiden name of Helen Faucit, is the subject both of our illustration and our essay.

"To hold the mirror up to Nature" seems a simple aim, however difficult it may be to accomplish. One would at least think that it was an aim about which all artists would be agreed. Painters, sculptors, poets, all have comparatively little difficulty in holding the mirror, the point on which they are at a loss, or differ, is the face to which they should hold it up. What is Nature? where is she? how is she to be known? Here it is that the difficulty lies. Like truth and self, Nature is hard to know.

Some would have Nature to be the mere outward appearance of things as palpable to the senses at one given moment of time. This is holding the mirror up to Nature the most literal, in the most literal sense. Others think of Nature as the essence of creation, to be expressed only by symbols. Between these two lies the real domain of Art, where symbols are clothed in form, and phenomena are generalized or selected so as to express ideas.

All Art must have intention, and every intention must have something to express. Whatever is to be expressed, is an idea. So all Art must be ideal in this the broadest and truest sense. If you take, on the one hand, a drawing of still life, of a jug or a shell, or, on the other, the character of an individual, you have in each case an idea, and in proportion as that idea is conveyed, so is the work successful, or to push the contrast further, if you have no intention of expressing the essence of anything in particular, though it be only a jug or a shell, but merely wish to put certain appearances together, for the sake of producing a certain effect of form and colour, as is unfortunately the aim of too many modern pictures, you have still an effect to produce, and that is the idea, small in importance, but equally an idea as that of the majesty of the human form expressed in the marble by Phidias. "He," as Ruskin well says, "is the greatest artist who has embodied in the scene of his works the greatest number of the greatest ideas."

The arts of the actor and the sculptor are both alike in this—that they both represent Nature in solid form. But there the resemblance stops, or nearly. Of all arts, the actor's has the most resource, and sculpture least. There is literally nothing denied to the actor—time, form, colour, motion, sound, all are at his command; to him also is infinity of change, to the sculptor eternity of motionlessness. But the changeful ceases, and the motionless remains.

Sculpture appeals only through the eyes, and the idea she conveys is unalterable. For her there is no retrieving a false step, no correction of a false impression; what she does once is done for ever. If she has done ill, she has done nothing, or worse than nothing; if well, her work is immortal. Ay, if she does well, what limits are there to her power! If she really holds the mirror up to Nature, and shows "virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," what may compare with her work? She may leave motion to actors, colour to painters, sound to music, and words to poets, and her work will still remain, the palpable and imperishable embodiment of pure truth, and beauty, and love, limited indeed in outward show, but infinite in suggestiveness and significance.

The body of the present time is always more difficult to see than the body of the past time. It needs a greater effort of the imagination to project the mind to a distance from the present, sufficiently far to see it in its true proportions, than to draw the shapes of things that have gone by, which are already measured by relation to others in the perspective of time. It indeed requires a quasi-prophetic power, and when accomplished, will always lack capable critics.

But something of the same difficulty lies in a true portrait, especially of a public character, and still more especially if in sculpture, where what is accidental only is unavailable, and what is essential must be determined. Nor could any portrait be more difficult than that of an actress in private life and costume, when the fire of

genius is unexcited, and that face worn which is the only one she does not show upon the stage—viz. her own. And yet for the portrait to be worthy, it must not only show the woman, but the actress. Let us see how much Foley has been able to express of Helen Faucit.

First, as to the woman, we have likeness* distinct and individual; sweetness, refinement, and purity breathe from the whole figure, as well as grace and beauty, nor can the merest glance fail to assure that the person represented is gifted with unusual intellectual power. Next, as to the actress. She is not acting, but studying or conceiving her part. It is not given to sculpture to represent more than one phase in one work, but one phase can be made to suggest several; if motion is denied, the idea of mobility can be given; if gesture is forbidden, infinite capacity for expression can be told by every line. The mouth in this sculptured work cannot move, but its flexibility is shown; the face is still, but exquisitely sensitive; while the whole lithe supple figure conveys completely the sense of power of endless variety of movement, graceful or impassioned. The figure is in repose, but not the repose of languor or inanimation; it is action held in solution, pregnant with Protean possibilities. Nor should the student omit to note the happy and thoroughly sculpturesque treatment of the drapery, which is so plain and so "informed" as to hide nothing of the spirit of the figure, while thoroughly preserving the modern character of costume. The accessories also are introduced in a manner worthy of the art—symbols which help the main idea, without adding to or detracting from the supreme reign of the figure.

The masks of Tragedy and Comedy in the spandrels are masterpieces in their way, conveying the maximum of expression with the minimum of effect; but this can hardly be seen in our engraving.

Helen Faucit, now Mrs. Theodore Martin, is as rare and true an artist of the stage as Foley was of the chisel. Unfortunately to one who has so high an ideal of her art, its exercise is attended by so many discouragements in these days, that none can wonder at her preference for a private life; which is not, however, due to any loss of love on her part for the exercise of those powers which gained her so sudden and great reputation when a mere girl, and which are always recognised with enthusiasm whenever she makes her appearance in public.

The following facts of her life, which, by the kindness of her husband (himself an artist in another way, too well known to need any of our weak praise), we are able to give to our readers, show how little genius may need from the training of men.

* We regret to say that this is true of the original work only, not of the engraving.

She was brought up in great seclusion, and had rarely been within the walls of a theatre before she was herself an actress. She never saw performed any one of the characters, either of Shakespeare or others, with which her name was so soon to be associated. Her dramatic instinct was developed by the enthusiastic study of Shakespeare, commenced at an early age, and so strongly, that when fresh from school, with no previous practice on the stage, she was allowed to make her appearance at Covent Garden in January, 1836. She was originally announced to appear as "Juliet"; but she was so young, that no actor could be found sufficiently youthful in appearance to play Romeo to her. The play was, therefore, much to her grief, changed to the *Hunchback*, with herself as "Julia." Before the piece was half over, so profound was the impression she produced, that an engagement was made for her (she being several years under age), and instead of returning, as her friends had anticipated, to her quiet studies, she was called upon from that night to play all the leading characters in nearly every play that was produced at Covent Garden, the Haymarket, and Drury Lane between that time and the end of the season of 1843, when Mr. Macready resigned the management of Drury Lane. A year of this time was, however, passed in retirement, the necessity for which was caused by bad health, brought on by the strain upon her nervous system and unformed constitution. The reputation thus formed spread from London through all the leading cities of the United Kingdom, and even to Paris, where her few performances in 1844 are not yet forgotten in the artistic circles of that city, as entitling her to the place then awarded her by the best French critics in the very foremost rank of dramatic artists.

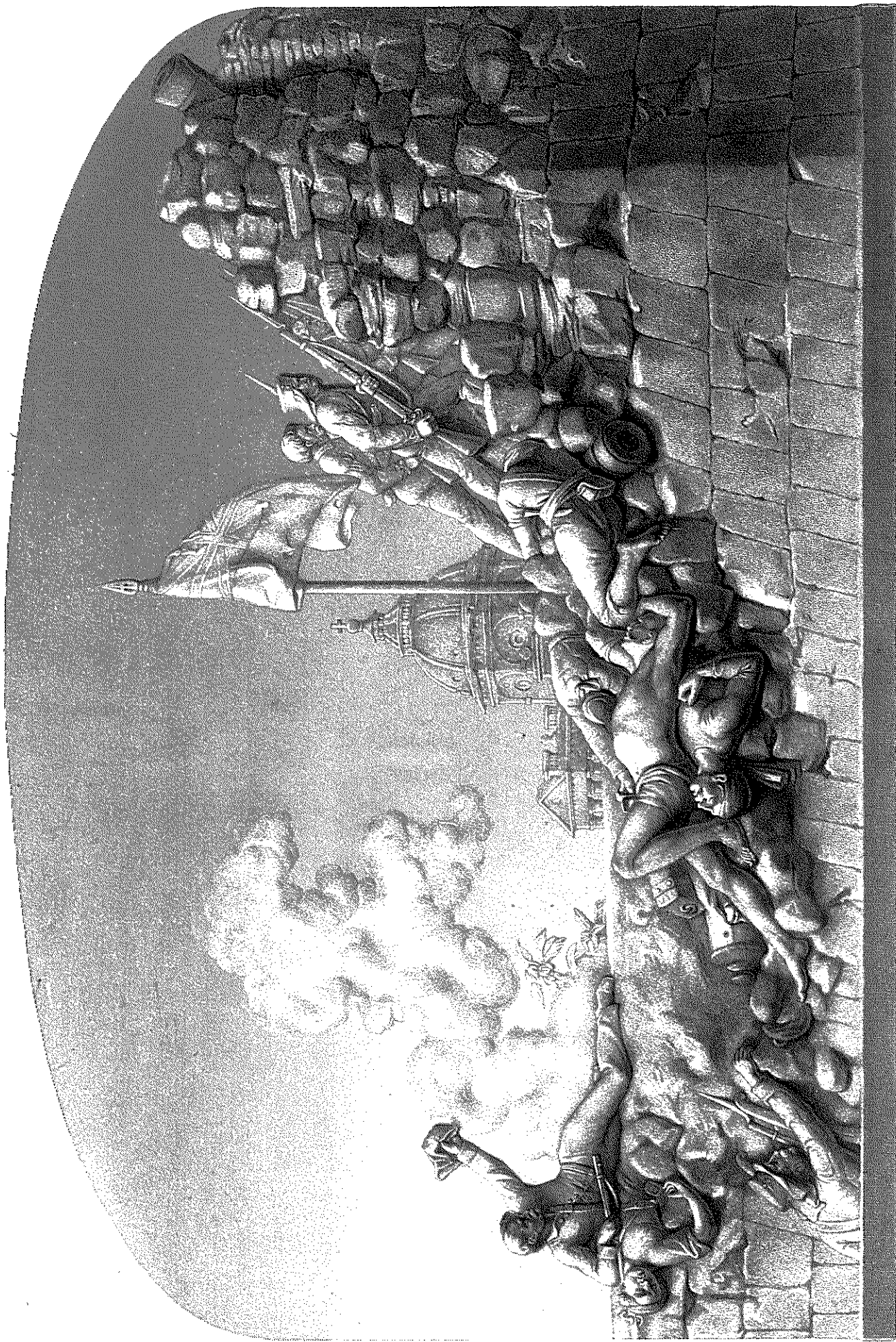
The relief, which, we regret to say, has never been cut in marble, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1856.





DELHI.

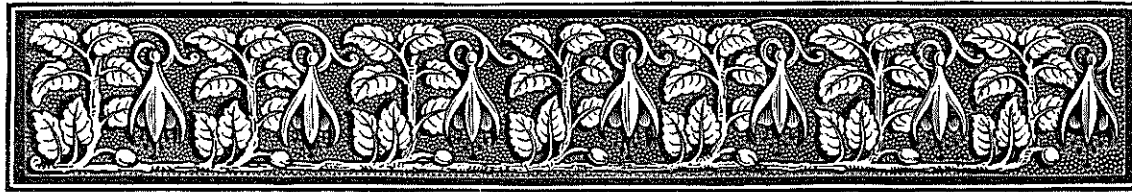




ENGRAVED BY T. AGNEE.

THE CASHMERE BASTION DELHI SEPT 14 1857

LONDON VIRTUE & CO LIMITED



DELHI.

"The *colour* of white marble, which, it appears, may sometimes increase the illusion of Drapery, is not the only quality by means of which some substances may resemble nature more literally than the marble flesh can. The qualities of smoothness, of hardness, of polish, of sharpness, of rigidity, may be perfectly rendered by marble. It is not easy to conceive a greater accumulation of difficulties for a sculptor aiming at the specific style of his art to contend with, than the representation of a personage in the modern military dress. The smoothness and whiteness of leather belts, and other portions of the dress, may be imitated to illusion in white and smooth marble. The polish, the hardness, and sharpness of metal, and the rigidity even of some softer materials, are all qualities easily to be attained in stone; yet the white marble flesh is required to be nearest to nature, though surrounded by rival substances, that, in many cases, may become absolute fac-similes of their originals. The consequence of the direct and unrestrained imitation of the details in question is, that the flesh, however finished, looks petrified and colourless, for objects of very inferior importance, even to the buttons, are much nearer to nature. The objection to these details, from their unpleasant or unmeaning forms, is here left out of account.

"The boldness with which the ancient sculptors overcame similar difficulties is remarkable. Thus to take an extreme case, *rocks*, which in marble can be easily made identical with nature (thereby betraying the incompleteness of the art in other respects), are generally conventional in fine sculpture; witness the basso-relievo of Perseus and Andromeda, and various examples in statues where rocks are introduced for the support of the figure. In order to reduce literal reality to the conditions of art, the substance, in this instance, is, so to speak, uncharacterized. The same liberty is observable in sculptured armour as treated by the ancients; sharpness is avoided, and the polish does not surpass, sometimes does not equal, that of the flesh. In like manner, steps, or any portions of architecture, are irregular, and not geometrically true in their lines and angles. On a similar principle, probably, the inscriptions on the finest antique medals are rudely formed; for it cannot be supposed that the artists who could treat the figures and heads so exquisitely could have been at a loss to execute mechanical details with precision."—EASTLAKE, *Essay on Sculpture*.



E need scarcely apologize for the length of a motto which so fully and aptly illustrates the difficulties which beset a sculptor in attempting such a work as this relief of Delhi. We have here "personages in the modern military dress," "rocks" (or "masonry," which is worse), and, finally, "portions of architecture." These difficulties would have been scarcely surmountable if, as in the case of best ancient art, the chief aim was the representation of the human form and its material—flesh—in supreme beauty.

The artist, wisely we think, has abandoned this idea as incompatible with the subject, and has found other ideas scarcely less abstract, though less beautiful, which can be adequately conveyed by means of form. In such a scene as this in modern warfare, where individual courage is clearly subordinate to discipline, and where the powers at work are the engines of man's ingenuity rather than his personal attributes, the tremendousness of the struggle of the mimic elements which he calls into play dwarfs into comparative insignificance the value of the individual, and the artist must call other than human forms to his aid to represent the power of powder and the devastation of shot and shell.

So the "rocks" or "masonry," the "uniform," and the "architecture" even, assume an ideal importance which was unknown to such things in ancient art. Yet, as "steam-engines" have not, as it was once supposed they would, rendered useless the further propagation of horses, so still, amongst his most powerful engines of war, man still remains the symbol and spirit of life; and if his beauty be not so great an object of regard, his energy and endurance are as much prized as ever.

But how shall his energy and endurance and that spirit of life be shown except by the impersonation of such ideas in a frame that expresses them? Surely in no way, at least, in sculptor's art; and if the frame that most fitly expresses them falls short of the sublimated beauty of Greek form, is it, therefore, a frame unfit for art? We think not; at least, we are sure that truth is greater than beauty—and by truth we do not mean fact or realism, but truth of idea; and to represent a Hindoo with a Greek form would be to sacrifice not only fact, but truth, to beauty. Each thing has its possible perfection, and this perfection it is the aim of art to represent.

However this may be theoretically, there are practically many subjects which demand representation in art, the full expression of whose meaning would be incompatible with subordination to the supreme idea of the highest physical beauty. Such a subject as the conquest of Delhi is one of these, and no attempt to represent it by unclothed warriors of a pure Grecian type in attitudes the most expressive of human beauty and vigour, could escape a result of helpless and hopeless failure; but represented it must be, and represented by human form mainly also. This can, therefore, only be done by substituting for beauty other powerful ideas as dominant.

The main ideas of this work are the terribleness of the struggle, the dauntless courage of the British army, the spirit of its officers, and the stubborn resistance of its foes, and all these are expressed in "terms" (to speak mathematically) of the human body, with so much aid from stones and guns as to show the mightiness of other than human forces employed in the struggle. The controlling idea, the chord of which is struck by the wounded but unvanquished soldier cheering on his comrades, is victory, sure though unseen.

The whole composition is severe in the extreme, learned in its art, and telling its story in a simple but complete fashion. The centre is occupied by a confused heap of dead men, stones, and guns. The stones can be counted, of the guns there are but two or three, and but four dead figures; but how could any multiplication of such forms show more forcibly the terribleness of the struggle at the breach! Nor is this awful heap of battered wall and extinct life without a fearful beauty of its own. We must go back to Michael Angelo before we can find any approach to the concentrated power of this lifeless group, so horribly natural and yet so severely sculpturesque, so complicated and yet so simple in its elements. Up and over this fearful ladder which living they fought with and dead they trampled on, the victorious English have entered Delhi over against the English church. The courage which animated them is equally simply and as effectively shown by the fine figure of the wounded soldier whose uniform, modified for war, does not conceal the activity of his figure, while the discipline of the army is shown by the regularity with which the two soldiers are marching on, at the rear, it is evident, of a larger force. The figure climbing the rampart suggests that further support is at hand, and completes the sense of security for the flag which has just been planted on the breach. Could more have been told by nine figures and a few stones? The hardly-noticeable palm-trees are the only indications of the climate, and the introduction of something of the sort was the more necessary, as the architecture of the church would seem to denote a different scene of action.

The model for this relief was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the year 1861, the last year in which Foley exhibited. It is thus described in the catalogue:—

“‘The Cashmere Bastion, Delhi, September 14th, 1857;’ model of part of a monument erected in Lisburne Cathedral, Ireland, to the memory of Brigadier-General John Nicholson, C.B., who led the first column of attack, and fell mortally wounded in his victorious efforts to gain possession of the city from the mutineers.

“Owing to there being no satisfactory portrait of the General at the time of his death, the design was made in conformity with a request that he should not be represented in it.

“In the background is the English church, or Church of St. James, which stands immediately within the walls and received considerable damage from the fire of the besiegers.”

The following particulars are extracted from the *Art-Journal* of April, 1865:—

“He was an Irishman by birth, and at the period of his death had only reached the age of thirty-five years, after having, by his great ability and gallantry, risen rapidly to the rank he then held. On the 8th of June, 1857, Sir Henry Barnard arrived before the city, and besieged it with a comparatively small British force;

on the 5th of July following he died, and was succeeded in the command by Sir Archdale Wilson. On the 8th of August Nicholson joined the besiegers with a reinforcement, consisting of the advanced guard of a brigade, organized under his command in the Punjaub, and which had rendered important services in that region. After intercepting, on the 20th of the month, and completely defeating, ten miles from Delhi, a large force of rebels, Nicholson was placed at the head of the first assaulting column on the memorable 14th of September; the orders given to him were 'to assault the main breach and scale the face of the Cashmere bastion.' Having accomplished this, Nicholson led his men along a narrow lane against the Lahore Gate, which had defied all the efforts of the besiegers; the lane was swept by the grape and musketry of the enemy, and the brave young officer fell desperately wounded. 'The grief and rage of his soldiers,' says an historian of the war, 'were unbounded.' He died soon after."

"Of the three foremost men in the composition, two belong to the Fusilier Guards and the other to the 75th Regiment, of which Nicholson was colonel. The group of slain is composed of a Brahmin, a Hindoo, a Mussulman, and a British officer. To the extreme left is a private of the 75th who has struck down a Sepoy. On the scaling-ladder below that by which Nicholson entered the breach, is one of the men belonging to the reinforcements."





GRIEF.

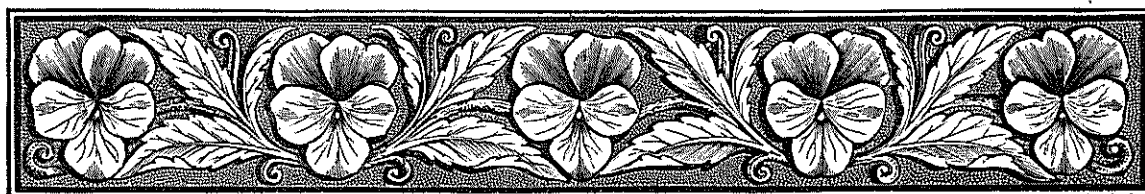




ENGRAVED BY T. W. ENGLBY

CRIEF

THE END OF THE WORLD



GRIEF.

"Common painters forget that passion is not absolutely and in itself great and violent, but only in proportion to the weakness of the mind it has to deal with; and, that in exaggerating its outward signs, they are not exalting the passion, but evaporating the hero. They think too much of passions as always the same in their nature, forgetting that the love of Achilles is different from the love of Paris, and of Alcestis from that of Laodamia. The use and value of passion is not as a subject of contemplation in itself, but as it breaks up the fountains of the great deep of the human mind, or displays its mightiness and ribbed majesty, as mountains are seen in their stability best among a coil of clouds; whence, in fine, I think that it is to be held that all passion which attains overwhelming power, so that it is not as resisting, but as conquered, that the creature is contemplated, is unfit for high art, and destructive of the ideal character of the countenance."—
RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (1846), p. 120.



THE word "passion" is used in so many and varied senses that it is not always easy to understand what is meant by the word. We talk of children being "in a passion," as we speak of the body being "in a great heat," as though the influence were in a measure external; and then we are warned by Dr. Watts not to let "our angry passions rise," as though they were internal enemies which must be kept down. With regard to love we speak of "passion" in such different senses (now as a good, and now as an evil genius) that its moral qualities are somewhat difficult to determine. We say that this man always was very fond of his wife but had no "passion" for her, as if passion was necessary to make love perfect; of another we say that he did not love his wife when he married her, but only had a "passion" for her, as though passion were something different and almost antagonistic to true affection. We speak of great passions and noble passions, base passions and evil passions, very much as though they were good and evil spirits. Then we use the word in a sense that is almost synonymous with a natural bias and inclination, we talk of a passion for study, or for art, or for cheesecakes. We speak of it in the abstract as a mental or moral force, one and indivisible, as Ruskin does in the first sentence of our motto, and we speak of the "passions"

as a collection of such forces, as he does in the second. Finally, we speak of the Passion of our Lord in the primary sense of the word, viz. as "suffering."

However loosely and widely the word may be used, we find under each and all of its meanings a connection with this original idea of suffering; but, instead of meaning the suffering itself, it generally means the force which makes us to suffer or undergo, a force to which we are subject and in bondage, against which we sometimes rebel, and to which we sometimes willingly yield, but which, in either case, alters the ordinary course of our thoughts and acts, so that we are in a measure "passive" in contradistinction to its activity. The child "in a passion" is mastered by it; the man in love is willingly passive as long as its influence is pleasant; if jealousy creeps in, then we have two passions tugging hard at one another, and the man is more suffering, more truly self-inactive than ever. In speaking of a passion for art or study the sense of antagonism to, or separation from, will is less strong; such a "passion" has more the appearance of a normal growth in sympathy with himself, and not a sudden and quasi-external force which interrupts or disturbs previous conditions; but even this form of passion cannot exist without making its subject in a measure its slave, often stinting the normal development of other mental qualities, and in most cases inflicting positive suffering of the most acute mental kind. The most terrible and intense of all engines of torture are, perhaps, at the disposal of this power or passion, viz. the curses of imagination, which are, at least, equal to its pleasures.

But of all passions with which the connection of suffering, in its usual or painful sense, is most patent, the chiefest is grief; and, though grief has been known from the earliest time, yet it has for the last eighteen centuries changed places with joy as the key-note of humanity. In all modern art sadness prevails over mirth; to find one sunrise in a gallery of modern pictures we shall have to pass many sunsets, one happy love-meeting many tearful separations, one joyful gathering many solitary mourners. To the ancient Greeks was the careless enjoyment of the present, the glorious memory of the past; to us rather the carefulness of the present, and the joy of the future seen through clouds of fear. But we have our compensation; the future is not blank, and, if clouds intervene, we have ever the assurance of the "silver lining." But the loss to Art, especially to the objective arts, is great, and no manly struggles of an imagination, however prophetic, can make stand forth the vision of the Apocalypse in such forms of clear and intelligible beauty, as those with which the Greek imagination clothed their defined ideas of the abstract forces of nature.

Grief, therefore, is not only the "passion" which is most in harmony with the signification of the word, but it is that which is most congenial to the spirit of modern Art. By accident in England it has come to be the passion in which our

sculptors have had most practice, for our churches and cathedrals are all only natural sculpture galleries, and our domestic affections are the only sources of demand for works of art which can be said to be native to our countrymen. Thus in painting, portraits, in sculpture, sepulchral monuments, are and always have been in demand, even when we had to import both our sculptors and our painters.

But, notwithstanding this demand for sculptured monuments, we must admit that until the days of Flaxman and Banks we had no expression of this passion of grief by an English sculptor which, either in art or sentiment, could compare with the little bas-relief by Foley of which we give an engraving.

From the time of Greek art to the present day it has been held that a face so convulsed with passion or suffering of any kind as to destroy its nobleness should not be delineated or carved. That the most extreme mental agony may be shown by a face without disturbing this nobleness is proved by that wonderful face of Niobe by Scopas of Paros,

"Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe ;"

but this is the agony of suspense, paralyzed into magic calm, and it is also the agony of an heroic spirit. It is when the mind is too weak to bear the burden, or when, as even the strongest mind must, it gives way when suspense is over, that the tears come, and the muscles relax, and the beauty of nature succumbs to the bitter power of grief. In sculpture, where beauty depends entirely on form, it is evident that the contortion of the features has a greater power of degradation than in painting, where some of the beauty is retained by colour ; and, besides this, the absence of eyes in sculpture makes every strong facial alteration show the deficiencies of the art in a way which is destructive of that appearance of nature which it is the first object of art to produce.

It is written of King David that when he was in suspense as to the fate of his son he put on sackcloth and mourned, but that when the child was dead he washed and ate bread, to the astonishment of his household. This astonishment shows that his action, however based on philosophy and consistent with right feeling, was contrary to the dictates of Nature, who would, if she could, have compelled him to reverse the process. But it is neither with characters so heroic as Niobe, or so philosophical as David, that modern art has to deal in sepulchral monuments. The grief, if expressed at all, must not be ancient Greek or Hebrew grief, but modern English ; and though Christ "wipes all tears from off all eyes," it is not in this world. Nor, however great control the mature in years may learn to exercise over the outward expression of their feelings, has any power yet arisen which will teach the young and tender how to forbear from sobs and cries and bitter tears. But if Christ does not forbid the tears to flow, He has given us a

comfort in the very midst of our grief and a spirit of resignation, ideas which were unknown to ancient Greece, and which are the motive of some of our finest works of sculpture.

In the little bas-relief of "Grief," of which we give an engraving, Foley has expressed these ideas in the simplest possible way by means of two mourning figures clasped together in a common sentiment of grief. The grief of the elder may be supposed to be physically uncontrollable, for the face is hidden, but the tender way in which she holds the child in her embrace, and the reverence of her attitude, show that the mind has not lost its balance, nor is desperate of comfort. The physical abandonment of the child is more complete, though she does not weep. Overcome, perhaps, more with awe and sympathy than with personal sorrow, she, in her half-conscious state of discomfort, limp as without control over her muscles, huddles herself in her mother's (or her elder sister's) protecting arms; but the action of her right hand, which appears to be caressing the elder's arm, shows that she also is full of pity for her fellow-sufferer as well as of pain at their bereavement. Very pathetic is the way in which these two, so separate in years and differing in the depth and kind of their sentiment, are joined together in a bond of mutual love and sense of loss. Very beautiful, also, is the group in the simple naturalness of its arrangement, which looks so little like Art, but is, in fact, a composition of great difficulty, controlled by severe laws. Viewed apart from its sentiment, as a simple combination of two figures, the design is strikingly beautiful, both as to general forms and the harmonious interweaving of graceful lines.

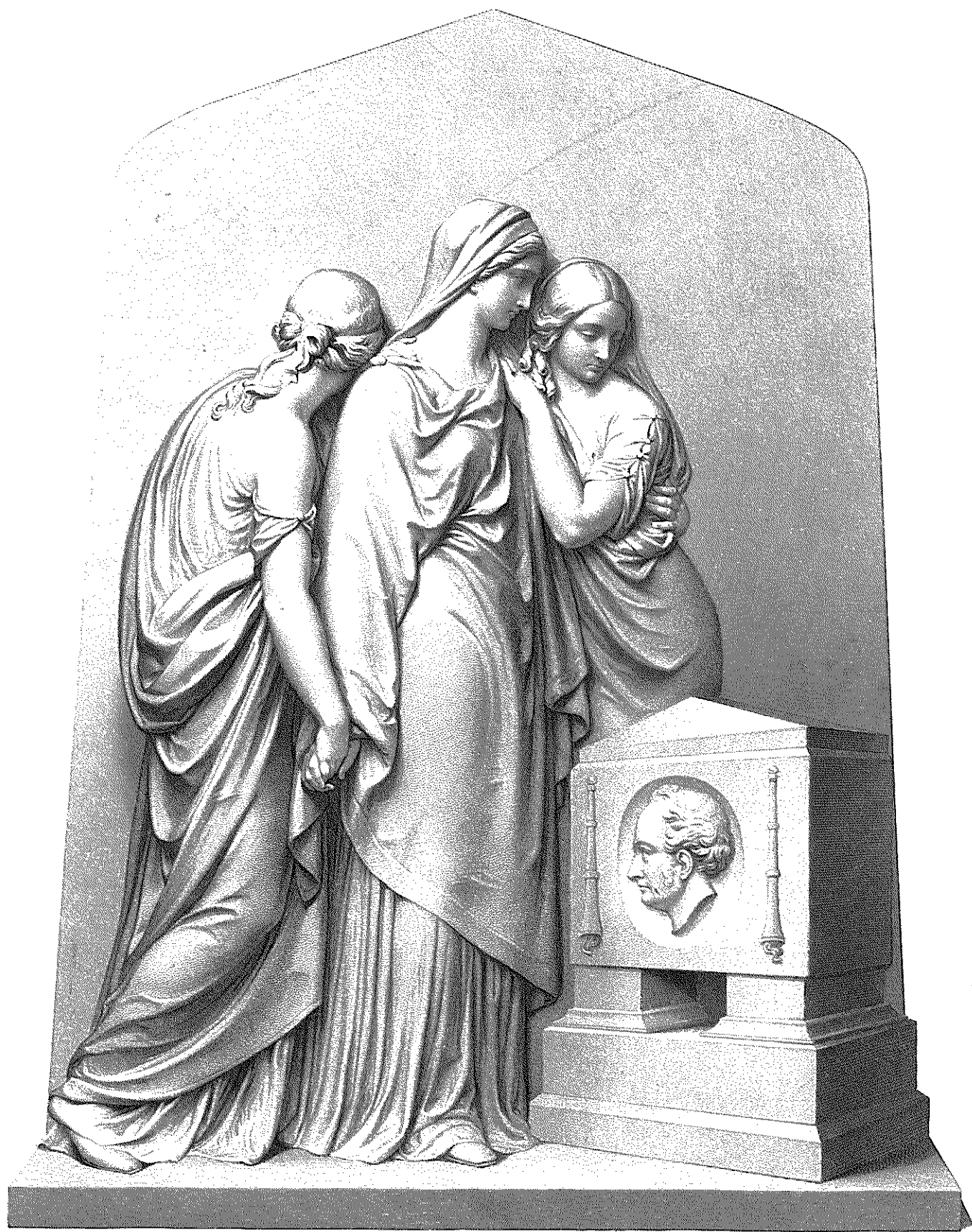
This group shows how much of feeling can be expressed in pure form, even if the face be hidden. The grief, too great for sculptured features, can be suggested by the rest of the figure. The fingers clasped across the eyes are eloquent of suffering; the form bowed, as it were, under the weight of sorrow, yet bends over, and covers and protects the child; the arm clasps it as if deriving comfort in return from what is left to her of love. They are bereaved but they are not alone.





THE TOMB REVISITED.





ENGRAVED BY H. A. AGUE

THE TOMB REVISITED

LONDON: WILKIN & CO. LIMITED



THE TOMB REVISITED.

"We must not doubt, or fear, or dread, that love for life is only given,
And that the calm and sainted dead will meet estranged and cold in heaven :—
Oh ! love were poor and vain indeed, based on so harsh and stern a creed.

"True that this earth must pass away, with all the starry worlds of light,
With all the glory of the day, and calmer tenderness of night ;
For in that radiant home can shine alone th' immortal and divine.

"Earth's lower things—her pride, her fame, her science, learning, wealth and power,
Slow growths, that through long ages came, or fruits of some convulsive hour,
Whose very memory must decay—heaven is too pure for such as they :

"They are complete, their work is done, so let them sleep in endless rest.
Love's life is only here begun, nor is, nor can be, fully blest ;
It has no room to spread its wings amid this crowd of meaner things.

"Just for the very shadow thrown upon its sweetness here below,
The cross that it must bear alone, and bloody baptism of woe,
Crowned and completed through its pain, we know that it shall rise again."

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.



HIS lovely group of three female figures visiting a tomb illustrates many of the remarks which we have made with reference to the bas-relief of "Grief." In this case, too, we have a hidden face, but it is hidden in a different manner; it is not covered with the hand but averted, as with a sudden sense of the intolerable. The attitude of the other figures, who are older, is more calm, and it is evident that some time has passed since the loss of the mourners' father, and the elders have shed their tears and are able to look with calm and reverent resignation on the sepulchre of their loved one. As there are degrees and different kinds of love so there are degrees and different kinds of grief. Both in its intensity, its tenacity, and its manner of expression, it will differ with the temperament of the individual

and also with his age, so that the same man shall be melted to tears with one grief and stunned into tearlessness by another; nor does it always happen that the most severe grief will stun as is sometimes thought. It is the manner in which grief approaches, whether by slow and well-noted steps, or with, as it were, a sudden bound and shock, that will determine its effect in many cases. The older we get we are less liable to be unmanned by any surprise, however sudden; a time arrives to almost all who live beyond a certain age when, whether from mental discipline or a certain numbness of feeling (which seems to creep over some old people as surely as dimness of sight or hardness of hearing over their physical faculties), they are conscious of a decrease in their very power to express emotion, and almost inclined to doubt whether they feel it very strongly. Such a general characteristic of humanity has not escaped our present laureate, who has noted it in one of his most pathetic poems—"The Grandmother:"—

"Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold,
For all my children have gone before me, I am so old :
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest ;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best."

It is, moreover, observable that those who have had much sorrow are, as a rule, the least lively in their expression of it; worn down by affliction, as water wears the stone, some seem incapable of further fretting; and others, who are gifted with a less melancholy temperament, surmount the waves of sorrow with an elasticity which seems to increase rather than diminish with experience.

Such general considerations would be sufficient to justify any artist in making the youngest of his mourners appear most outwardly affected. But it is evident that the superior control which is shown by the elder mourners at this tomb does not arise either from peculiarity of temperament or from any want of sensibility. Neither of them is past that time of life in which the heart beats quick and tears flow freely. It is, therefore, evident that the control must come from a different source. It is the control of reason and religion, whose teachings on this point at least are altogether at one, viz. that every expression of emotion by the body, or abandonment of the soul to it, beyond a certain limit, is unworthy and unfaithful. The beautiful but very simple verses by Miss Procter which will be found at the head of this article contain, better than we can express it, the surest source from which the mental strength can be derived which enables the tenderest hearts to view with tearless eyes the place where lies the dust of that which was once the very core and centre of their happiness. But we have already digressed too far, for this is the place neither for moral discussion nor for passages of sentiment.

Viewed only as a work of Art, it is impossible for the least-informed not to be

struck with the singular grace of this group, a grace not of a low kind of pretty waviness, but of great harmony of various shapes and lines. Striking in its sorrowful but self-possessed calm is the figure of the eldest daughter, tender as a woman can be, but as a rock of comfort and strength to her younger sisters, one of whom she clasps with her arm and the other with her hand. So full of expression is that mute clasp of the two hands that one can scarcely break the mind from the sentiment in order to fully appreciate the artistic skill with which the effect is produced. This is in itself an evidence that there is more than skill, that the figures were not built up and put together in various attitudes till they looked right, but that the whole group was a real conception, worked out, perhaps, with modifications, but as actual in its entirety to the artist's imagination as though he had seen it.

The special power of sculpture and its province are, perhaps, seen more clearly in figures of which the face is hidden. In the present day, especially, where expression is almost entirely confined to the face, and when our dress is so destructive of real form, and habits of thought so constantly turned inward, the other members of the body are next to useless as means of expression. The constant influence of these conditions of existence leads us to turn instinctively to the face even of a nude figure, and to give it an undue share of attention; but if the face is hid we are compelled to regard the rest of the figure, whether nude or draped, and the result is often like a revelation both of the expressiveness of the general frame and of the power of sculpture. The mind is even apt to rush to the other extreme and think that such a featureless figure is more expressive because the face is *not* shown, and there are many (and we must confess ourselves amongst them) who will think this faceless form the most living of the three.

It certainly does not yield to either of the others in beauty, beautiful as the others are, and it alone is enough to prove how capable the most severe rules of ancient sculpture are of being applied to modern work in a modern spirit without fear of comparison with classic work, or, what is better, without challenging it at all. In it we have a figure of the purest beauty inspired by a sentiment the most delicate, draped simply and expressively, and in an attitude not only greatly graceful but perfectly natural—and it is original. If an artist be able to show these qualities in his work he need not care who carved before him, and in what time he live.

Nor is naturalness and grace of attitude, and strength and sweetness of expression, both of face and figure, wanting to the other two. The distinction of feeling is finely marked but not forced. The younger leans on the elder, but it is as much out of affection as for support, and the two meanings are conveyed without any strain after effect. Art is to conceal art, says the proverb, and in this group it is concealed so perfectly that, except for the sculpturesque treatment

of the drapery, one might imagine the three standing thus at the side of their father's grave; three mortal English women of the nineteenth century, models of English beauty and English character, filled with a finer spirit than the Greeks ever knew.

With regard to this drapery we would remark as curious, that there is nothing like the same sense of unreality given by conventional draping of modern female and modern male figures. This is, no doubt, partly due to the very varied costume which our ladies affect, so that one scarcely has reason to be much surprised at any change, and partly that hanging drapery of some kind always forms part of the attire of a woman, and the petticoat, or something like it, is common to all climes and countries. One of the most noticeable of Foley's powers is his mastery over drapery, in treating which, as in treating everything, he applied the principles of the Greeks to modern necessities; we say the principles of the Greeks, not because there was any virtue in their being Greek, but because they worked on the only true principles, viz. that the dress on sculpture should be so modified as to represent the form beneath and the character of it, discarding it altogether very seldom in statues of the female figure. In the late Græco-Roman statues, when portraits became common, we find the modern dress modified so as to suit the requirements of the art, viz. the preservation of form and the supremacy of the body.

As we have already pointed out with regard to the relief of Helen Faucit, so, in this case, the spirit of modern costume is so well preserved, and the character of the separate figures so distinguished, that there seems no discord between the necessities of sculpture and the conventions of the day.

The sarcophagus seems to us to be introduced in an obtrusive manner, which, to some extent, mars the group; nor does the style of the medallion quite sympathize, we think, with that of the figures, but otherwise we can detect no flaw in the beautiful work.

The engraving represents part of a monument erected to the memory of John Jones, Esq., of Crosewood, near Welshpool, Montgomeryshire, in Guilsfield Church, near Welshpool.

The model was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1859.



MONUMENT TO
GENERAL THE HON. ROBERT BRUCE.





ENGRAVED BY H.A. ARTIST.

MONUMENT OF GENL. THE HON. ROBERT BRUCE.
(UPPER PORTION.)

LONDON: VIRTUE & CO. PRINTED.



MONUMENT TO GENERAL THE HON. ROBERT BRUCE.

"What do we give to our beloved?
 A little faith all undisproved,
 A little dust to overweep,
 And bitter memories to make
 The whole earth blasted for our sake;
 'He giveth his beloved sleep.'
 * * * * *
 O Earth, so full of dreary noises!
 O men, with wailing in your voices!
 O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
 God makes a silence through you all,
 And 'giveth his beloved sleep.'

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



HE only defect which we could find with the last beautiful group was the interruption in the design by the sarcophagus, and a certain want of artistic sympathy, as it seemed to us, between the mourners and the profile on the tomb. No such want of sympathy exists here between the awfully pathetic figure of the mourner and awfully still form of the effigy.

Here, for the third time, we have a face concealed; and here, also, the figure is more heavily draped, and all is done to do reverence to that unspeakable grief which is too sacred to be shown. This grief is newer than that which animates the two other monumental reliefs on which we have already commented. So new that the body is not buried, and the warm human love has not yet felt the chill of that bodily separation which does so much to calm the soul by realising with

cruel demonstration the fact that the ashes have returned to ashes, and the dust to dust.

The terrible tenderness of that reverent caress, hopeless of any return, the awful pathos of that beautiful living body, so careless of its attitude, and yet lovely in its abandonment, are sights to which words can do no adequate justice. The beauty of the statue is almost as unspeakable as the grief, to which, however, unlike the sculpture, a change must come, when the mourner will find a relief in words as well as tears, and she, like the poet, may say—

“ In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline, and no more.”

Our engraving represents the upper portion of a monument erected to the memory of the late Honourable Robert Bruce, second son of Thomas, seventh Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, whose name is so well known in connection with the remains of the sculpture of the Parthenon, now in the British Museum, called the Elgin Marbles, the collection of which was made by him and sold to the nation in 1816.

General Bruce was appointed governor of the present Prince of Wales, and accompanied his Royal Highness in his tour through the Holy Land, where he was attacked by fever, of which he died at St. James's Palace, shortly after his return to England, on the 27th of June, 1862, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

The tomb is also adorned with three reliefs, which are thus described in the *Art-Journal* for May, 1866:—

“ The first represents his Royal Highness setting forth on the expedition, attended by his governor and suite, habited as pilgrims. The second shows them standing on the Mount of Olives, in the sight of Jerusalem, the general pointing out to his youthful fellow-traveller the various objects of historic interest spread out before them. In the third the two principal figures are seen as having exchanged positions. The younger traveller appears gently and affectionately ministering to his fever-stricken friend and guide—a touching incident, serving as the key-note to the monument itself.”

The monument was erected by the widow of Major-General Bruce in Dunfermline Abbey, where his great ancestor, Robert Bruce, also lies.



LIST OF WORKS BY J. H. FOLEY, R.A.
EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. in Academy
Catalogue.

1839.

1290. Death of Abel.

1316. Innocence.

1840.

1099. Ino and the Infant Bacchus.

1841.

1260. Lear and Cordelia.

“Do not laugh at me,” &c.

1311. The Death of Lear.

1338. Bust of Robert Dickenson, Esq.

1842.

1275. Venus rescuing Æneas from Diomed.

1395. Bust of W. Farren, Esq.

1843.

1468. Bust in Marble of Miss Helen Faucit.

1485. Prospero relating his Adventures to Miranda.

No. in Academy
Catalogue.

1845.

1341. Contemplation.

"If that high world which lies beyond
Our own, surviving love endears,
If then the cherished eye be fond,
The eye the same, except the tears,—

"How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth, and find all fears
Lost in thy light, Eternity!"

1378. Posthumous Bust of James Oliver, eldest son of Sir James Annesley.

1386. Posthumous Bust, in marble, of the late Mr. Prendergast, unfinished.

1848.

1330. Innocence.

1443. Bust of the Son of the late Sir James Annesley.

1449. Bust of the late Sir James Annesley.

1849.

1202.

"Beside the grass-clad grave she kneels to mourn,
And thinks of days that never can return."

1262. Innocence—a statuette.

1851.

1260. The Mother.

1852.

1477. Marble Bust of the Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D.

1488. Grief: part of a monument executed in marble, to be erected in Melfield Church, Hampshire, to the memory of Admiral the Honourable Sir William Cornwallis, G.C.B., Captain John Whitby, R.N., and his wife Mary Ann Theresa Whitby.

1853.

1396. Bust of the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Hardinge, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's Forces.

No. in Academy
Catalogue.

1854.

1396. Design for a Memorial of the late Duke of Wellington.

The Duke is represented sheathing his sword, having overthrown the Spirit of War, while the Spirit of Peace ascends to bestow her blessings on Britannia, who in gratitude for Wellington's services, crowns with a wreath her hero and protector. The groups below illustrate the miseries of war and the pleasures of peace; and underneath, resting on branches of laurel, are volumes of his despatches, a scroll, indicative of his statemanship, and a ducal coronet, the reward of his prowess.

1397. Model for part of a monument to be erected by public subscription at Ceylon, to the memory of the Honourable J. Stuart.

Mr. Stuart is represented reading a law case, submitted by a Kandian head man, who in company with his wife and child, attends to receive his opinion upon it. So great a favourite was Mr. Stuart among the natives, and so highly were his abilities esteemed by them, that his services were ever in request. Unceasing occupation and deep study brought on a disease of the heart, of which he died at the early age of thirty years, having attained the high office of Deputy Queen's Advocate.

1463. Bust in marble of Lord Hardinge.

1855.

1425. Model for a Statuette of the Honourable Mrs. James Stuart Wortley.

1508. Bust of Thomas Mason, Esq.

1856.

1240. Egeria.
- Vide*
- "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," canto iv., stanza 118. Executed in marble for the Corporation of the City of London, and erected in the Egyptian Hall in the Mansion House.

1293. Figure in alto-relief of Miss Helen Faucit.

1321. Posthumous Bust of the late Sir Charles Hulse, Bart.

1326. Bust in marble of Lady Hulse.

1359. Bust in marble of Thomas Mason, Esq.

1857.

1343. The late Richard Sheepshanks, A.M., posthumous bust in marble.

1858.

1239. Major-General Forbes, posthumous bust in marble, to be placed in the Mint at Calcutta, by order of the Honourable East India Company.

1302. G. B. Airy, Esq., M.A., D.C.L., LL D., F.R.S., Astronomer Royal.

No. in Academy
Catalogue.

1859.

1298. Model of part of a Monument erected by his surviving children to the Memory of John Jones, Esq., of Crosewood, near Welshpool.

1344. Egeria.

1860.

960. The Elder Brother in Comus. Diploma work deposited on election as Academician.

First Brother.

"List, list! I hear

Some far-off halloo break the silent air.

.

For certain,

Either some one, like us, night-foundered here,

Or else some neighbour woodman; or, at worst,

Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

.

I'll halloo:

If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,

Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us!"

1035. Son of James Vaughan, Esq.—marble bust.

1039. The late Viscount Hardinge. Executed by command of her Majesty, to be placed in the corridor of Windsor Castle—marble bust.

1059. John Purcell Fitzgerald, Esq.—marble bust.

1067. The late Mr. Samuel R. Healey—posthumous marble bust.

1861.

981. Oliver Goldsmith. Design for a statue to be executed in bronze, and erected in front of Trinity College, Dublin.

1053. Lieutenant-General Sir J. Outram, Bart., G.C.B.

1058. The Cashmere Bastion, Delhi, September the 14th, 1857. Model of part of a Monument erected in Lisburne Cathedral, Ireland, to the Memory of Brigadier-General John Nicholson, C.B., who led the first column of attack, and fell mortally wounded in his victorious efforts to gain possession of the city from the mutineers.

7
G.H.F.
Birmingham
Marble bust

