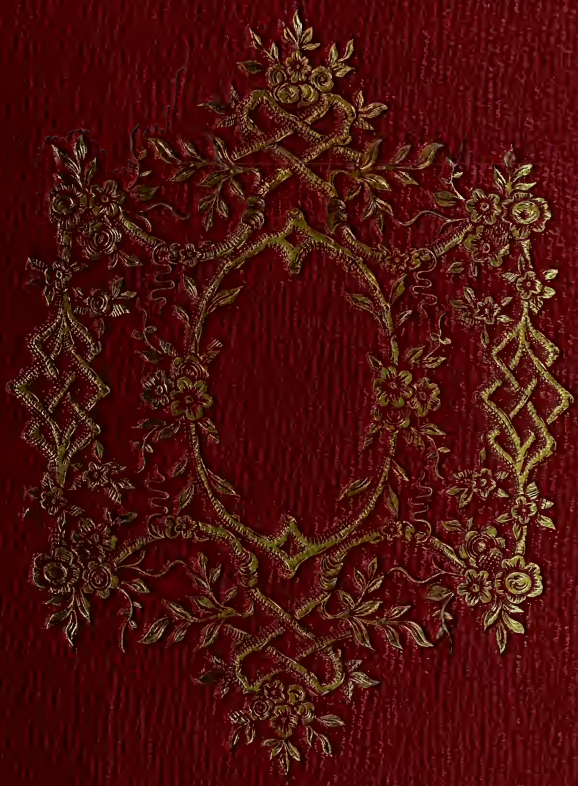

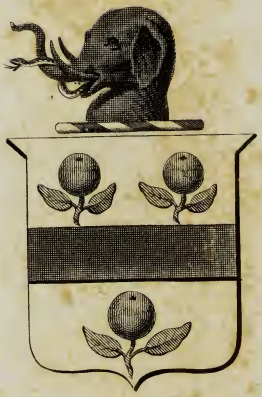

*Nathan Appleton.*

# FAMILIAR SKETCHES

OF

# SCULPTURE AND SCULPTORS.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THREE EXPERIMENTS IN LIVING," "SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF THE OLD PAINTERS," ETC.

" O for those glorious days when living Greece
Disdained to seek renown in 'Golden Fleece,'
But from the marble quarry drew her fame,
And won for Athens an immortal name!"

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# CHAPTER XV.

## GERMAN SCULPTURE.

Sculpture can hardly be said to have existed in Germany previously to the introduction of Christianity by Charles the Great, and was then limited to a few images of the Saviour and the saints, which were made under the strict prescription of the Church. Classical beauty and ideal grace were wholly prohibited, as partaking of heathen characteristics. Its next development was in monuments, adorned by figures, shrines, relic-cases, baptismal fonts, bas-reliefs, and works in ivory, which, though wanting in proportion, exhibited deep feeling and a sense of spiritual beauty.

Many German sculptors might be named, but we know little of their works. Albert Durer is supposed to have aided in building the celebrated tombs of Charles the Bold and of his daughter, Mary of Burgundy, in the Church of Nôtre Dame at Bruges. Seven

suitors were said to have contended for the hand of this fair lady; among them the Dauphin of France, and Maximilian, emperor of Austria; the latter obtained it.

The marriage of Mary with the Grand Duke Maximilian was celebrated at Ghent. A short time before it took place, Oliver the Barber, well known as the confidant and intriguer of Louis the Eleventh, and usually surnamed *Le Diable*, came on an embassy from his royal master to solicit the hand of Mary for his son. He demanded a private audience with the young princess; but the daughter of Charles the Bold scornfully rejected the application, and he was dismissed with disgrace. Her life with Maximilian was a short, but happy one, and was terminated three years after their marriage, by a fall from her horse while on a hunting excursion with her husband. She died in her twenty-fifth year, leaving three young children.

The monument of Mary of Burgundy, erected in 1495, is in the Church of Nôtre Dame, which every traveller who stops at Bruges will visit, for the sake of the pulpit at least, as it is most curious and elaborate. But there is yet another inducement. In a side aisle is a statue of the Virgin and Child, said to be by Michel Angelo. Horace Wal-

pole offered three thousand florins for it. It was carried to Paris by the French.

In what is called the Princenhof, the marriage of Charles the Bold was celebrated, in the year 1468, with Margaret of York, sister of Edward the Fourth. Only a few fragments of the palace remain, and those inclosed in a private house; but in the Palais de Justice, in the council-chamber of the magistrates, is an antique chimney-piece, carved in wood, the date 1529. This is sculpture worth examining. Here may be seen statues as large as life, well executed, of Charles the Fifth, Charles the Bold and his third wife, Margaret of York, surrounded with the heraldry of Burgundy, Spain, &c.; also of Mary and Maximilian. This famous chimney-piece is decorated with bas-reliefs, representing the story of Susanna.

The Academy of Painting is in the Hôtel de Ville, and contained curious statues of the Counts of Flanders, which were destroyed by the French in 1792; there is remaining, however, a statue by Van Eyck, called John of Bruges.

In Belgium are many specimens of Gothic architecture, but we must not look there for sculpture; yet the few samples which remain are striking and original.

In Nuremberg is still preserved the house of Albert Durer, likewise a portrait of him. His house is hired by a society of artists, who use it as a club-room. His effigy in stone is over the door. The street in which he lived is called by his name; the inhabitants have built a fountain to his honor, and planted trees around it. Every thing proves the enthusiasm with which he is remembered.

In the Church of St. Sibbald, now the chief Protestant church, is the shrine of St. Sibbald, the work of Peter Vischer, who was contemporary with Albert Durer. Mrs. Jameson, in her Sketches of Art, tells us that it is adorned with ninety-six figures. The base of the shrine is supported by gigantic snails. The whole is cast in bronze, and finished with exquisite skill and fancy. At one end of this extraordinary composition the artificer has placed his own figure, in a sort of niche, represented with his cap and leather apron, his working dress, with tools in his hand.

Veit Stoss, born about the year 1447, is celebrated for his carvings in wood.

Verbruggen is the carver of the pulpits so common in the Netherlands, and which travellers are so eager to behold. The one in the Church of St. Gudule at Brussels is said to be his best work. In the British Museum there is a fine piece of carving done by him.

John Henry von Dannecker must be ranked among modern sculptors. He was born in 1758. His father was groom in the stables of the Duke of Wurtemberg. He early discovered a strong inclination for drawing. His father one day observed that the Duke would receive the children of his servants into his military school, but added that nothing would induce him to let his son belong to it. The boy earnestly begged that he might be permitted; his father, suspecting his design, shut him up. The boy jumped out of the window and joined a little band of companions, who were resolute like himself in their wish to be admitted to the school. The Duke was informed of their petition, and immediately examined them. He selected all but Dannecker and two others, and placed them on his right hand. Dannecker remained on the left, and believed himself rejected, but found afterwards, to his delight, that he was one of the three chosen. After he had sustained a regular examination, it was determined that he should be an artist.

It is beautiful to observe how we are led, apparently by accidental steps, to the very position most suitable for us. Dannecker, instead of becoming a groom, as his father designed, now found fellow-pupils to stimulate

his mind, and improve his taste in various departments. Here was Scheffauer the sculptor, Müller the engraver, Zumsteg the musician, and Schiller the poet, with the last of whom he formed an intimate friendship.

In 1785, Dannecker went to Rome, where he became acquainted with Canova, who at once conceived an affection for him, and gave him every assistance. Though he produced many beautiful statues, Sappho, Ariadne, Milo of Crotona, and innumerable others, he was thought to excel chiefly in busts. His most celebrated head is that of Lavater, in the public library in Zurich.

Landelin Ohnmacht was another German sculptor. He made some beautiful monuments, and several classical figures.

Wagner was a distinguished sculptor at Stuttgart.

Reich distinguished himself at Carlsruhe.

Schwanthaler was the son of a statuary of Munich; he was born in the year 1802. The death of his father compelled him to follow for a livelihood the family occupation, which for several generations had been the art of sculpture. He became a pupil of the Royal Academy at Munich. In 1824 he received a commission from the king, Maximilian, to model a plateau for a dinner service. This

he did in so admirable and classical a manner, in bas-relief, and with such variety of invention (it being a hundred feet in length), that it acquired him much favor. After this he resided some time at Rome, where he improved himself under Thorwaldsen. King Louis and the Duke Maximilian extended their patronage to Schwanthaler on his return to Germany. In the year 1832 he went a second time to Rome, but finally returned to Munich, where he from that time resided, and became Professor of the Royal Academy. Among his celebrated works are monumental statues of both Goethe and Mozart, in bronze, at Salzburg; and a colossal statue of the Grand Duke Louis, also in bronze, placed upon the summit of the monumental column in the public square. His large works are numerous, besides busts and medallions.

There is in Munich the Royal Bronze Foundery, a mechanical institution, but of high and unequalled perfection. It was founded by J. P. Stiglmaier, contemporary with Schwanthaler, and is now superintended by F. Miller. Here were cast, among others, Schiller's statue, placed in Stuttgart; Bolivar's, in Bolivia; Goethe's, in Frankfort; Jean Paul's, in Bayreuth; Mozart's, in Salzburg;

and at this time they have in process Crawford's great statue of Washington.

Vienna is deficient in good taste in sculpture.

In Hanover is Bandel, who attempted the colossal statue of Hermann, in the forest of Teutoburg, in Westphalia. It was planned on so large a scale, that it has not been finished. It was to have been erected on a high mountain, to be seen at many miles' distance.

In Dresden are Hand and Rietchel, the latter a scholar of Rauch.

Rauch is the most eminent sculptor at Berlin; belonging to a poor family in the principality of Waldeck, he was early destined to a common trade; he is now the court sculptor of Berlin, has his professorship, his order of merit, and places under the government. He was patronized by Louise, the late queen of Prussia, and sent by her to Italy to study sculpture; during his absence the queen died. Rauch, inspired by love, gratitude, and veneration, made her funeral monument. Mrs. Jameson says this statue is his *chef-d'œuvre*, and is not perhaps exceeded in modern art. It was executed at Carrara; and a living eagle, which had been taken captive among the Apennines, was the original of the magnificent eagle he has placed at her feet.

The great patron of Rauch, King Frederic William the Third, has deceased also. The artist, who had been deeply attached to the king through all his trials and humiliations in the time of Bonaparte, exulted in the restoration of Prussia, and shared in the joys, as he had before done in the griefs, of the monarch. He now stood on the grave of his friend and king, and it was a solace for the sculptor to chisel another monument to the memory of one so venerated. William had erected a chapel, in the midst of a grove, in the garden at Charlottenburg, near Berlin, for the monument of the queen, and by the side of this is his own placed.

The king is represented in his military dress, on a bed of state, sleeping, like his queen; but the sleep is of a different character. Hers is so light and ethereal, so full of spirituality, that you are tempted to tread softly lest you awaken her. His is the deep tranquillity of repose after a life of toil. It conveys the idea of *rest from labor.*

Christian Frederic Tieck, brother of the poet, is one of the principal sculptors in Germany. He is the old and intimate friend of Rauch. They began their course nearly at the same time, and, living under the same roof, have pursued their brilliant career together in per-

fect harmony. The works of Tieck are numerous, and dispersed throughout Germany.

J. Schadon has done essential benefit to the arts, by establishing the simple elements of truth and dignity, and has great merit as an academical teacher.

Kiss displays with wonderful energy a perfect imitation of nature. His celebrated Amazon group he exhibited at the World's Fair; it was purchased for America. The first one he made is in Berlin.

Drake, a scholar of Rauch, has acquired his master's mode of modelling and finish; most of his works are at Berlin. His father was a turner in Pyrmont (a bathing-place belonging to the principality of Waldeck). The son had just finished his apprenticeship as a cabinet-maker, and was about to begin his *Wander-jahre*, or his years of travel, as is customary in Germany. While his parents were preparing necessary articles for his knapsack, which he was to carry on his back, and which cost them some thought and trouble to collect, for they were poor, the young boy amused himself with modelling images in clay. He succeeded in making a likeness of a well-known Jewish merchant, Henry Herz Behrens, and also another of Dr. Mundhenke, a distinguished physician, who, when he saw the

ability of the boy, sent him to Professor Rauch in Berlin, who took him immediately as a pupil.

Charles Steinhäuser, a native of Bremen, is a pupil of Rauch. His father was a picture-framer, simple and respectable, with a taste for art, which was inherent in the family. Two younger brothers of Charles are artists.

Steinhäuser has fixed his residence in Rome, and his works are now well known. He has executed the statue of the historian Rotteck for the city of Freyburg, that of the astronomer Olbers for Bremen, and a number of others. The one most interesting is Goethe's. For this Bettina von Arnheim gave the design, and raised the funds for executing it by the sale of a book which is well known to us, " Goethe's Correspondence with a Child."

In America are several of Steinhäuser's works. In Philadelphia is the group of Hero and Leander. It is a repetition of the one seen at Rome in 1844, and exhibited at Bremen in 1845, in the possession of the king of Prussia. It represents Hero and Leander on the shore of the Hellespont; he has just reached her, and sinks exhausted by her side. The beacon from the tower, it is recollected, has guided his course.

Next to Steinhäuser, at Rome, is the studio

of Imhoff. He is a native of Cologne, and an artist of high repute. He has spent some time in Athens, where among other statues he made that of Otho, king of Greece. In 1844 his beautiful statue of Rebecca at the Well was to be seen at his studio.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### SPANISH ARTISTS.

Of Spanish art in sculpture very little has been known, until lately, in this country. Bermudez, the historian, has given a long list of names. The churches are much adorned with rich carving; the best specimens are comparatively modern, and are of saints and martyrs. The Spanish ecclesiastical carving was usually colored to imitate life; sometimes of terra-cotta, sometimes of wood.

An account of the Moorish palace is given us by Washington Irving. The Escurial, fifteen miles from Madrid, is also a superb structure. Of the ancient treasures of Spain, little judgment can be formed, for the country has often been invaded and stripped of its ornaments, yet there are still fine specimens remaining. Most of the sculpture and painting is dedicated to the Virgin.

In paintings Spain is said to be rich. Connoisseurs in that art speak with rapture of the

beautiful specimens they have found there. I once heard from the lips of an amateur, that he would not exchange the paintings he had seen in Spain for all the treasures of Italy, if a few of the greatest masterpieces were thrown out of the scale.

Their Gothic architecture is no doubt peculiar and interesting. Mateo, Bartolomé, Castayls, are all mentioned; the last comes down to the Middle Ages.

There is an Ecce Homo much celebrated among the devout, — the work of Diego de Siloe of Burgos. He also executed a St. Jerome.

There is but little interest to readers in names, or even in descriptions, if we never are to behold the subjects; but who at this period will fix the boundaries of his travels? What illimitable space is open to enterprising youth? He may, like Puck, "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." With steam for wings, with the telegraph for language, what may not the young accomplish! Enterprise they do not lack; witness the rush to California. But it is not for art, or domestic happiness, or useful knowledge, that they peril life and health, it is for gold; for this they are willing to dig in the mines, to barter life and liberty. We mourn over

Southern bondage, but what is hereditary slavery to voluntary slavery of the mind and character? They may reply, that this gold for which they toil is necessary for travel; yet there is resolution, there is activity, there are *thews* and *sinews*, which gold cannot buy, and to a mind eager and resolute for one object, *knowledge*, how little is wanting for this specific purpose! How much a young man, untrammelled by the world and its conventional forms, with ardent and noble impulses, may accomplish! There is a most interesting book of travels, — "Views Afoot"; with how small an amount of gold the author travelled everywhere, and saw every thing! It is true, much of his journey was on foot. Many an amateur has pursued this method from choice; has travelled through Switzerland and across the Alps on foot.

But I am wandering from my subject of Spanish sculptors.

Alonzo Berruguete followed the style of Michel Angelo, having studied with him. He was among the sculptors chosen by Bramante to prepare the model of the celebrated Laocoon for being cast in bronze. After a long residence at Rome, and receiving the instruction of Buonarroti and Vasari, he returned to his native country. Charles the Fifth, whose

name we generally find mentioned in connection with the artists contemporary with him, patronized Berruguete. He had carried back to Spain the Italian school of improvement. His last work was begun in his eightieth year, but finished by his sons. It is the monument of the Cardinal Juan de Tavera. He is represented as quietly reposing on his sarcophagus, and looks like a saint who has rested from his labors.

Cano is mentioned as one of the last of the celebrated Spanish artists. Bermudez describes a guardian angel sculptured by him, placed over the door of a convent.

We mention Pedro Roldan, born 1624, belonging to a distinguished family in Seville, rather for an opportunity of introducing his daughter, Doña Luisa.

Female sculptors are so rare that we cannot omit the mention of any one who comes under our notice. Independent in her circumstances, and possessing distinguished rank, she early determined to follow the profession of her father. She sculptured a Magdalen supported by an angel; this statue gives a beautiful idea of angelic sweetness and protection. It is placed in the hospital at Cadiz, and no doubt has cheered many an aching heart. Her small figures are full of delicacy and expression.

We have heard Don José Alvarez, who died in 1826, mentioned as the rival of Canova. He had an opportunity of studying the sculptures of the Parthenon. At Paris, Napoleon visited him in his studio, and presented him with a golden medal. Yet Alvarez was so true to his country, that, when Napoleon's arbitrary and unjust conduct towards Spain came to his knowledge, he declined going on with a bust he was modelling for the emperor, and, refusing to take the oath of allegiance, was imprisoned in the Castle of San Angelo at Rome. He has executed a bust of Cean Bermudez, the author of the Dictionary of Spanish Artists.

In the work mentioned in our Preface, "Sculpture and the Plastic Art," may be found a complete list of the names of eminent artists.

There are specimens of Spanish works in terra-cotta of diminutive size perfectly executed. But as they are generally tinselled, and clad after the fashion of the occupation which the figures represent, frequently those of musicians and dancers, they are not favorites, and pass rather for toys than for accurate specimens of the art to which they belong. The finest miniature figures are only sent on order, and are costly.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### FRENCH ARTISTS.

France has not been inferior in the number of her sculptors. A list of ancient French sculptors is given in a book entitled, "Patria: La France Ancienne et Moderne." To this work we refer our readers, contenting ourselves with naming a few of the more modern artists.

Jean Gougeon, in 1550, revived the taste for sculpture in France. Pilon, usually called Germain Pilon, was another artist; also Sarrassin, Anguier, Theodan, Puget, Pierre le Gros, and Pigalle. The last was born in Paris in 1721, and in 1752 was Professor in the Royal Academy of Paris. He studied at Rome, and became distinguished after his return. There are a number of statues of his extant, among them that of Louis the Fifteenth. His finest production is the monument of Marshal Saxe, which is to be seen at Strasburg in the Church of St. Thomas.

Jean David of Angiers was to the French what Canova was to the Italians. Born in 1792, he devoted himself to art. David the painter assisted him in his studies, and gave him instruction. He went to Rome and received the teachings of Canova. In 1816 he repaired to England to study the Elgin sculpture. Some of his statues are now in the Museum at Versailles. His works are scattered through Europe. His Boy eating Grapes is thought very beautiful. His Jefferson is now at Washington. His statues are as striking for their absence of delicate finish in their details, as they are for boldness of composition and picturesqueness of effect. He was enthusiastic, and worshipped the romantic and ideal. David was a republican, took an active part in the Revolution, and was driven into exile.

M. Houdon was born at Versailles in 1741. He succeeded distinguished artists, such as Coysevaux, Le Pautre, Legros, the two Coustous, and Bouchardon. By studying the works of these artists, he made so much progress as to gain admission to the Academy, and by the utmost diligence and native talent gained the great prize for sculpture in 1760, at the age of nineteen.

Pigale, one of the celebrated sculptors of

France, gave him many encouraging words, and would fain have directed his genius in his own path, but Houdon struck out a new one for himself. He executed a statue of Voltaire, which, while it preserved the likeness of the original, was wholly free from the faults of Pigale.

By this statue, also one of Diana, and other works, he became a member of the French Institute, and of the Legion of Honor. He passed ten years in Rome, and left there his beautiful statue of St. Bruno. On his return he executed busts of D'Alembert, Marshal Ney, Napoleon, the Empress Josephine, and numerous others. His statue of Cicero is placed in the hall of the former conservative senate; the orator is denouncing the traitor Catiline to the assembly, and much effect is produced by the representation. His greatest work is one that we shrink from; it is the human frame, represented without the skin, and showing with exactness the muscles. This is highly valued as an anatomical study.

Solicited by Franklin and Jefferson, he came to this country to execute the statue of Washington for the State of Virginia. It is evident that this distinguished artist was willing to sacrifice something of the classic and beautiful to truth and reality. He has handed

down to posterity the soldier of his country in his military dress, and *one* such statue is invaluable, and is not by any means less prized for being succeeded by the more classic ones of Greenough and Chantrey. It is pleasant to recollect that the "Father of his Country" has already been many times sculptured.

We must not omit our tribute to Marie of Orleans, a daughter of Louis Philippe, late king of France.

She was born at Palermo in 1813, and was married in 1837 to Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg. Her health was impaired, and she went to Pisa in the hope of recovering, but died there in 1839. Her statue of the Maid of Orleans is of the size of life, and is placed at Versailles; it is full of animation and spirit. But her last work, an angel in white marble, seems to be the result of inspiration. It is in the Chapel of Sablonville, on the sarcophagus of her brother. It may be deeply lamented that the princess Marie did not live to give additional proofs of the capability of her sex for works of sculpture. That women can model with taste and elegance can hardly be doubted. We were much gratified by seeing a font in the Church St. Germain de l'Auxerrois in Paris, by Madame Lamartine, the wife of the poet and historian; the font is

surrounded by marble angels, who rest on its margin. It is a beautiful record of her taste, ingenuity, and blessed benevolence.

The sudden death of James Pradier on the 4th of June, 1852, excited much emotion. He was a distinguished sculptor, and had executed numerous works. At the Tuileries are his Phidias, and his Prometheus; at the Bourse, his Industry; at Versailles is his group of the Three Graces. Queen Victoria has his Pandora; Geneva possesses his statue of Rousseau. These are a few of his works, which are too numerous to be all mentioned.

He was born at Geneva, in May, 1792, but was taken to France when very young; subsequently he was placed in the studio of the sculptor Lemot. In 1812 he received a gold medal of merit, and, on the representation of M. Lemot, a pecuniary grant; in the following year he obtained the first prize of the Academy for his bas-relief of Philoctetes in the Isle of Lemnos.

He passed five years at Rome, and executed several works, which adorn various museums. When he returned to Paris, in 1822, he found his fame had preceded him; he had been named a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and had received orders for important works. The government purchased for the Luxem-

bourg two of his celebrated statues, a Venus and a Psyche. In 1827, he was appointed to an important post in the Academy of Fine Arts.

His works adorn many museums and churches in Paris. St. Sulpice and St. Roche both contain pieces from his hand. Many of these are of a high order, and all do honor to his genius and industry. It is said, that, without copying the antique, he based upon its severity of style the feeling and sentiment of modern times. His conceptions were not according to English taste, and therefore are seldom engraved by that nation.

He was invited on the 4th of June to pass a day with a friend at Bougiral. For this excursion he took the railway, and, from preference, walked some distance, from the station to the house. After receiving the welcome of his friends, he expressed his inclination for a stroll in the neighborhood. He walked out, was seized with apoplexy, and died on the same night. It is said that he expired, like Raphael, surrounded by students and princely admirers.

A black veil was flung over his splendid statue of "Sappho," in the Paris exhibition, where also stands his last work, a bust of *himself.*

The London Art Union of 1849 makes honorable mention of the performances of Monsieur Antoine Etex, which he was exhibiting in Old Bond Street.

This distinguished artist has executed a larger proportion of public works and monuments in France, than any other of the living sculptors of that country. Among them are the immense groups in rilievo which decorate the triumphal Arc de l'Etoile in Paris; the great monument of Vauban in the Hotel of the Invalids; the colossal statue of Charlemagne, in the Chamber of Peers; the statue of St. Louis, at the Barrière du Trone; the statue of Rossini, in the saloon of the Grand Opera; and many other works of high importance. One of his most attractive performances is a group, Hero and Leander; also a Roman girl, Nizzia, executed in what is called agate marble, Cristollano. These works demand a rigid appreciation of the true in art to develop their ideal and artistic qualities.

It is an important fact with all sculpture, that its excellence depends upon the strictest anatomical accuracy. It is hardly possible that a figure can strike the eye agreeably which is not based on this science. Monsieur Etex is most happy in giving to his figures so much nature and simplicity that they seem

like life, and we do not think of anatomy in looking at them, any more than when we contemplate the movements of a graceful young girl; but an artist looks beyond the airy drapery, and sees laborious study, upon which excellence in sculpture can alone be based.

M. Clesinger of Besançon has taken a high place in modern French sculpture, and won for himself, during the last five years, a European name. He married the daughter of Madame Dudevant, universally known as an author, by the name of George Sand.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### ENGLISH SCULPTURE.

Although antique sculptures have been discovered in England, in the bed of the Thames, it is not supposed that they were the work of British artists, but that they had been brought by opulent Romans from their own country. The statue of Harpocrates in silver, deposited in the British Museum, was discovered in the bed of the river in 1825. It is so delicately wrought, that it is supposed to have been worn as an ornament. It was appended to a golden chain, and some imagine it might have been regarded as an amulet. Later, bronzes have been found; in 1837, a Mercury and a Priest of Cybele. How they came there is a conjecture for the antiquarian; but Roman remains and fragments are by no means rare in England.

In the eleventh century the Crusades commenced. Indeed, as early as the close of the tenth, men began to conjecture that the thou-

sand years mentioned in the Revelation were accomplished. A Council having been assembled, it proclaimed that Christ was soon to make his appearance in Palestine, to judge the world. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm which prevailed to recover the Holy Land from the Mohammedans. Men of the highest rank and those of the lowest origin seemed to unite in one common cause, and assumed the sign of the cross on the right shoulder as a badge. Some fanatics went so far as to have it burnt into their flesh. Fathers transmitted the badge of the cross to their sons, and mothers mourned that they too might not bear arms in the glorious cause. These Crusades, as they were called, expanded the minds of the crusaders, by the beautiful works of art they beheld in foreign countries, and particularly at Constantinople. The origin of the Knights-Templars dates from this period, and in the Temple Church at London are nine effigies known as Templars.

The oldest statue of any king of England is in the Worcester Cathedral; it represents King John, who died in 1216.

The earliest specimen of magnificent sculpture is seen at Wells Cathedral, erected in 1242. It is supposed to have been brought from the East. Flaxman speaks of it thus:—

"It is ill drawn and deficient in principles, and much of the sculpture is rude and severe; yet, considering the circumstances under which it was produced, — that there were neither prints nor printed books to assist the artist, that there were no anatomists, and that the small knowledge of geometry and mechanics was confined exclusively to two or three learned monks, — it possesses a beautiful simplicity, an irresistible sentiment, and sometimes a grace excelling many of the more modern productions."

Sculpture prospered under the reign of Henry the Third, and a great part of Westminster Abbey was rebuilt at that time.

The sepulchral monuments of this period, and down to the time of the Tudors, are costly and splendid. The magnificent monument of Henry the Seventh and his queen is attributed to Torrigiano, the fierce and savage-tempered rival of Michel Angelo, noticed in the previous pages.

Henry the Eighth was a lover of the fine arts, and encouraged sculpture, architecture, and painting. He was a patron of Holbein, so much celebrated, and formed a gallery of paintings; though his heart does not seem to have been softened by works of taste.

His son, the gentle and refined Edward,

would probably have been the patron and promoter of every thing noble and excellent, but he died in the fair promise of youth. His father, in the excess of fanatic zeal, ordered that all images which had been worshipped should not only be removed from the churches, but defaced. This was in 1538, and while Edward was almost in infancy a law was enacted that they should be destroyed on pain of imprisonment.

Early in Elizabeth's reign, in 1558, it was commanded that all shrines, pictures, and monuments of superstition should be annihilated, and the interior of the churches should all be whitened, probably plastered. Neither the grandeur of Michel Angelo's works in the Sistine Chapel, nor the spiritual beauty of Raphael's angels and Madonnas, would have saved them from desecration. Flaxman exclaims: "Had the Popes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries been actuated by the same iconoclastic fury, where would have been the Apollo, the Venus de Medicis, and the Laocoon?"

From this period to the reign of Charles the First, sculpture and the fine arts in England declined. Charles had a taste for literature, and had cultivated his mind by foreign travel. He enriched his kingdom, from the

time of his accession to the throne. In the eleventh year of his reign, he established an Academy of Arts. This step gave dignity to the artist's profession, particularly to that of sculpture, which had previously been placed on the same platform with mechanics. He not only encouraged native artists, but attracted them from abroad.

Evesham and Nicholas Stone were the first remarkable sculptors of this country. The latter executed the statue of Francis Hollis, son of the Earl of Clare, which is still distinguished at Westminster Abbey.

Herbert le Sœur, a pupil of John of Bologna, was a foreigner, who arrived in England in 1630. He executed the equestrian statue in bronze of Charles the First, at Charing Cross. During the civil war, it was seized and condemned by Parliament; but the intelligent brazier to whom it was sold as old metal concealed it under ground till the restoration of Charles the Second, when it was erected in its present position, in the year 1679, on a pedestal executed by Grinling Gibbons.

The days of the Commonwealth had been unfavorable to these secular refinements. Under the rule of Oliver Cromwell, the Puritans thought it a duty to destroy what they con-

sidered the idle amusements of the ungodly. It is due to the Lord Protector, however, to say, that he was more enlightened than his followers, and labored to preserve many artistic treasures.

Gabriel Cibber is usually claimed by the English as belonging to them, for he early came to England, but he was a native of Holstein in Germany.

Charles the First, ever alive to superiority of genius, discovered at once his powers, and gave him the offer of going to Italy at the royal expense, to pursue his studies in Rome. Cibber gladly embraced the offer, and returned again to England, after having derived the highest benefit from his sojourn abroad. That Charles sent him to Italy has been disputed, and some assign this act of beneficence to the king of Denmark.

He was early employed by Nicholas Stone, and obtained the confidence of his master. His taste was allegorical. He was fond of carving gods and goddesses, wood-nymphs and sea-nymphs, as may be seen in the beautiful domains of Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, which he was employed to ornament. Who that has visited Chatsworth will not believe that a poet or a sculptor might have been inspired by the magnifi-

cent grounds! Cibber had been studying Grecian art, and here he found a suitable place to pursue his classic tastes.

He stood on the brow of a hill, and contemplated the river on one side and the towering oaks on the other, while behind arose immense rocks, mingling their wild grandeur with objects of milder beauty. There, too, were spread the green meadows and flowery fields, sprinkled with flocks of deer, as we behold them now.

Cibber felt all the enchantment of the spot, and, authorized by the Devonshire family, at once put into exercise the exuberance of his taste. Temples and caves, waterfalls and fountains, were scattered in profusion, while shepherds and shepherdesses, with Arcadian nymphs, reclined on the green herbage. It must not be supposed that all this was executed in snowy marble; he used a much softer material, — what is called freestone, which is rapidly chiselled, and yet affords the fullest effect. But it wants the durability of marble. A few remains of the abundant works of Cibber are pointed out to the inquiring; probably, however, a more refined or correct taste has displaced some of the ancient statues, and time, with indiscriminating hand, has done the rest.

Two superb vases were ordered for Hampton Court. One was executed by Valadier, a French artist, and the other by Cibber. Both are admired, and to this day it is difficult to decide which bears the superiority.

There is no doubt but Cibber contributed to spread a love of art through the land. The freestone which he used enabled him to work cheap, and represented the noble conceptions of Grecian sculpture in a manner that satisfied those who had never seen the originals.

Cibber had been early widowed, and married afterward a wealthy lady of ancient family. From this union sprung one son, Colley Cibber, author of several celebrated comedies. "The Careless Husband" was one of them, and had a prodigious run. These, as well as most of the comedies of that period, prove the coarseness and immorality of the age, and are now generally consigned to oblivion, not being redeemed even by their wit.

The most distinguished works of the sculptor Cibber are the two statues of Madness and Melancholy. They have upon the beholder something of the effect of Michel Angelo's Moses; and some have considered him as an imitator of that great master. But the style is quite different, and we humbly con-

ceive that the point of likeness is rather in the awe which they inspire than any similarity whatever of design or execution. They stood at the entrance of Moorfields, in the open air, for many years; they are now at the new Bedlam, and restored from the injury of a hundred years by the younger Bacon.

Cibber died about 1700, and is spoken of as wealthy and benevolent. Walpole says he was buried in the Danish Church, in London, with his second wife, for whom a monument had been erected in 1696.

About 1665 there was every day exhibited on Ludgate Hill, in what was called Belle Savage Court, a vase of superbly carved flowers. It stood before an ordinary low house, on a slightly raised pedestal. Either owing to that circumstance, or to the exquisite carving, the leaves and flowers quivered and shook with every jar or motion of the passing carriages. Many stopped to admire the workmanship, and many more to admire the object, without any thought of the artist. One morning a gentleman was seen to stand before it, apparently absorbed in contemplation. "I must know," thought he, "the author of this most perfect work."

He immediately made inquiry; a well-looking, diffident young man appeared, and claimed

the credit of its execution, announcing himself as Grinling Gibbons.

The gentleman in return communicated his own name, John Evelyn. He was the munificent and accomplished patron of the arts in England. From this time Evelyn never forgot the sculptor.

Gibbons removed from Belle Savage Court to Deptford, where he shared a house with a musician. Here Evelyn again sought him out, thus relating the circumstance himself:—

"In 1671, January 18, I first acquainted his Majesty [King Charles the Second] with the history of that incomparable young man, Gibbons, whom I lately met with in an obscure place, by mere accident, as I was walking near a poor, solitary thatched house, in a field in our parish, Deptford, near Says Court. I found him carving from the large cartoon of Tintoret, a copy of which I had myself brought from Venice, where the original painting remains. I asked if I might enter; he opened the door civilly to me, and I saw him about such a work, as for curiosity of handling, drawing, and studious exactness, I had never before seen in all my travels. I asked him why he worked in such an obscure and lonesome place? He told me it was that he might apply himself to his profession without inter-

ruption; and he wondered how I had found him out. I asked him if he was unwilling to be made known to some great man, for I believed it might turn to his profit. He answered that he was yet but a beginner, but would not be sorry to sell that piece. On demanding his price, he said an hundred pounds.

"In good earnest, the very frame was worth the money, there being nothing in nature so tender and delicate as the flowers and festoons about it, and yet the work was very strong. In the piece were more than a hundred figures of men, &c. I found he was likewise musical; and very sober, civil, and discreet in his discourse."

We cannot divine a stronger evidence in favor of Gibbons, than Evelyn's testimony;—a man of acknowledged taste and information, one who had all the advantages of travel and cultivated society.

He could not rest till he had mentioned the artist to King Charles, who received his enthusiastic account very graciously. Evelyn directed the work to be brought to the palace. It does not appear that the king at that time interested himself much in Gibbons or his work; he, however, ordered it into the queen's apartment. She was sitting in council with a

French milliner, who condemned the work without ceremony.

Evelyn rendered our sculptor a more important service by introducing him to Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect to whom the rebuilding of St. Paul's Church had been intrusted. He formed splendid designs for this building, and went to France in 1665 to study architectural improvements. There he was introduced to Bernini. Immediately on his return, the great fire in London took place, in 1666, and destroyed the edifice he was to have restored. It was now necessary to rebuild it; and this work was likewise committed to him. He was knighted in 1675. In 1676, we believe, he laid the first stone of St. Paul's Cathedral.

This magnificent structure occupied thirty-five years of his life, from 1676 to 1710. Sir Christopher is said to have received only two hundred pounds a year for his superintendence of this great work.

An amusing anecdote is recorded of the architect. He was small in stature, and when Charles the Second came to see a hunting-room that Sir Christopher had been building for him, the monarch complained that it was too low.

Sir Christopher walked about the room

with rather an important air, and said, "An' it please your Majesty, I think it is high enough."

The king, with his accustomed humor, squatted down to the artist's height, and, creeping about in this whimsical posture, said, "Ah yes! Sir Christopher, I think it is high enough."

The fullest praise is accorded to the moral character of the architect. He was amiable, temperate, and religious. While St. Paul's Church was in progress, he affixed a notice in several parts of the building, stating that, if any workmen were heard swearing or using bad language, they would be dismissed.

Such a man could fully estimate the execution and good qualities of Gibbons, and he employed him in embellishing the Chapel at Windsor.

Gibbons's best productions, however, in the common estimation, are at Chatsworth. The work which to this day attracts most wonder is a net of gauze, hung up in the great hall.

Gibbons never forgot the patronage of Evelyn, and was always eager to prove his gratitude. He carved a bust of him in wood, which is not now extant. In his progress to fame and fortune, he always attributed his success to Evelyn.

In time he took his station among the wealthy and distinguished, no longer hiding himself in a cottage at Deptford.

In 1714 he was appointed master-carver in wood to George the First; indeed, it is something to record, that he held the office of master-carver in wood to Charles the Second, James the Second, William the Third, and occupied that office under George the First until his own death, which took place at his house in Bow Street, Covent Garden, on the 3d of August, 1721.

There are a few anecdotes of him, which seem to betray some personal vanity. There are one or two portraits of him, in which the finical dress of the times is a little exaggerated, — the wig with flowing locks, the cambric ruffles and glittering rings. His portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and another by Smith, are fine, and have furnished copies for engravers.

In the old Harvard Hall at Cambridge, Massachusetts, there were carvings in wood said to be by Grinling Gibbons. The hall has since been modernized, and the carvings are not there. It is to be hoped they are preserved somewhere; marble mantel-pieces would but poorly supply the place of ancient carving of fruits, flowers, and foliage.

## CHAPTER XIX.

LOUIS FRANCIS ROUBILLIAC.—MICHAEL RYSBRACH. — PETER SCHEEMAKERS. — JOSEPH WILTON. — THOMAS BANKS.

Louis Francis Roubilliac, though he was born at Lyons, in 1695, and studied sculpture under Balthasar of Dresden, is usually considered a British artist, because he came early to England, and was first introduced to notice by Sir Edward Walpole. His acquaintance with that nobleman arose from the accidental circumstance of his having found Sir Edward's pocketbook, containing bank-notes and valuable papers. The restoration of the pocketbook, though not evidence of any high degree of integrity, the Earl rewarded by recommending him as a sculptor. It is said that he sent him annually a fat buck in commemoration of the circumstance, as Roubilliac refused all pecuniary recompense.

The artist was full of poetic feeling, and had all the liveliness and activity of his nation. One of his most celebrated statues was of Han-

del. It excited much emotion; no one looked at it with indifference; it was Handel inspired, and is an exaggerated representation of inspiration, for he contrived to throw it into his very dress. Nollekens, whose opinion is often quoted on British sculpture, pronounced it worth one thousand pounds. This statue was first placed in Vauxhall Gardens, but was afterwards removed. It is a singular fact, that the statue of Handel was one of his first performances, and a monument for the same person, in Westminster Abbey, one of his last.

His monument of Mrs. Nightingale, in Westminster Abbey, has many beauties, though the figure of Death brandishing a dart, which he aims at the lady, and which her husband is endeavoring to avert, is one wholly repugnant to good taste. When will the time come when Death shall cease to be represented by skeletons, and the fatal dart, or seizure of the bony hand? Would it not be wiser and the effect more moral, if there must be an allegory, to represent this perpetual visitor, with whom every human being must once become intimate, under an agreeable form? Why not, as some poet describes death, like a benignant angel opening the gates of heaven to the weary pilgrim?

The heathen imagination was indeed natu-

rally filled with such images. Death was the keen mower, the fierce humbler, the grim king. His symbols were bones and ashes, and the ghastly grin of the fleshless skull. But to the Christian imagination he is one of the messengers of a benignant God; death is a putting off of robes; it is the striking of a tent; it is the raising of the spirit on wings; it is the passage of the soul to greener shores; it is the entrance into sacred courts. So should the genius appear in marble as a kind directing and sustaining angel, according to the fancy of the sculptor; a powerful form, if he will, but benignant.

The fashion and taste for allegory seem to be passing away. The personification of virtues, however, will always boast a high ancestry as long as Westminster Abbey remains filled with her sepulchral monuments. And we of the New World cannot easily give up the goddess of Victory crowning our military heroes; or Fame, with puffed-out cheeks, proclaiming their exploits; but these figures are mostly confined to gala banners and tavern signs.

Roubilliac was often seized with some sudden idea, perhaps at the dinner-table; then every thing was forgotten, he dropped his knife and fork, and fell back in his chair in a sort of ecstasy.

He took Nature for a model wherever he found her; any form or feature which struck his fancy he immediately marked as a study, and was so eccentric and so impulsive as often to forget relative circumstances and situations. He was known to exclaim, when in company with a lady who had a beautiful ear, "Ah, madam! I must have your ear"; and a ludicrous circumstance is told of his seizing an antiquated prim maiden by the wrist, and exclaiming, "Madam, your hand must be mine! I must have it!"

Amusing anecdotes are related of his eccentricity. He one night offered a bed to a friend, conducted him to his chamber, wished him good night, and was about retiring. His guest as he approached the bed shrieked with terror: "Roubilliac! come back! What is the meaning of this?" There lay a corpse.

"Oh!" exclaimed Roubilliac, "it is my poor negro house-maid, Mary. She died yesterday, and I forgot they had laid her out here."

He is one of the few sculptors, and it is fortunate there are but few, who have had no desire to visit Rome. He found, however, it would greatly add to his celebrity to be able to say he had been at Rome, and at the age of fifty he made the journey. When crossing the Alps, he met Reynolds returning from

Italy, full of enthusiasm. Roubilliac listened very calmly, went to Rome, passed three months in Italy, a few days of the time in Rome, and came back as indifferent as he went. Bernini, with whom he became acquainted in France, was his idol, and in some degree his model.

Roubilliac never grew rich. He worked for a low price, and yet preserved a most careful finish; he wrought marble till it looked like flesh and raiment.

He was born about 1695, died in 1762, and was buried in St. Martin's churchyard. Hogarth and Reynolds were among those who paid respect to his funeral obsequies, and followed the artist to his grave.

Chesterfield said of his own times: "Roubilliac was the only statuary of his day; all other artists were stone-cutters."

Michael Rysbrach was born in 1693, and died in 1770. Though the fashions of sculpture were at that time coarse and ungraceful, he made new developments of the art, and became deservedly eminent. In 1735 he finished a colossal statue of King George the Second. He erected several monuments in Westminster Abbey, and executed a number of busts.

Peter Scheemakers proved a successful

rival to Rysbrach. This artist executed the monument of Shakespeare, in Westminster Abbey. He was patronized by the nobility.

Many names may be mentioned of British sculptors, but as they can be found in lexicons and catalogues, we shall omit them from these sketches. A book to which we have more than once referred, "Sculpture and Plastic Art," gives all necessary information on the subject.

Joseph Wilton was born in London, on the 16th of July, 1722. He was placed with Laurent Delvaux, at Neville in Brabant, as a plasterer.

When twenty-two years old he went to Paris, studied in the Academy, and gained the silver medal. He soon formed the desire of distinguishing himself in marble, went to Rome, and was patronized by the Roman Academy; he there obtained what is called the Jubilee Gold Medal, given by Pope Benedict the Fourteenth.

He seems to have been exempted from the usual lot of artists, a want of means to procure information. His father was a man of fortune sufficient to enable his son to travel for instruction.

Of his residence in Rome but little information is given, except that he executed many

copies from fine originals. That they were well done is proved by their ready sale. After his return, the Duke of Richmond contracted a strong partiality for him, and formed a gallery of sculpture in Spring Gardens, by the advice and under the direction of the artist. Wilton was afterwards appointed state coach-carver to the king. He made the coronation coach for George the Third.

At this period architecture claimed a superior place to sculpture, perhaps upon the same principle that Brunelleschi gave it the preference, as being a more useful art than sculpture. There can, however, be no standard more erroneous than mere utility, which would elevate hewers of wood and drawers of water above the noblest artists of taste and imagination. Wilton was independent enough in his circumstances to claim for sculpture its true position, and to spurn the idea of being paid by the week, and working under an architect. It is in this point of view that he has been styled the restorer of freedom to British sculpture.

He erected the monument of General Wolfe in Westminster Abbey. The death of the hero of Quebec is so familiar in American history that we naturally stop to contemplate the monument. The Heights of Abraham,

with the march of the British troops in their ascent, were much celebrated, but the representation of this daring and perilous exploit in bas-relief is by Capizzoldi.

Every traveller who visits Quebec is to this day directed to the spot where Wolfe fell, and where "Britannia mourned her favorite son." More interesting recollections now belong to us as independent Americans. For there fell Montgomery and other heroes of our Revolution.

In the year 1806, the nephew of General Montgomery visited Canada, for the purpose of obtaining leave to remove the remains of his uncle to the United States, where the widow, a sister of Chancellor Livingston, resided, on the North River. His embassy was at that time unsuccessful, but leave has since been granted, and General Montgomery is buried under the soil for which he fought and died.

The monument of Admiral Homes, and that of the Earl and Countess of Menteith, in Westminster Abbey, are the works of Wilton. He also modelled busts of Bacon, Cromwell, Newton, Swift, Wolfe, Chatham, and Chesterfield, — all names familiar to us, and which seem to be our inheritance.

Wilton had arrived at the degree of fame

he coveted, which, if not of the first order, was respectable. He was wealthy, and fond of parade; lived in a large and elegantly furnished house, and entertained distinguished guests. His dinners were resorted to by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Charlemont, and men of that description. But probably one of the great attractions of his house to the young was his beautiful daughter. She was sought and won by Sir Robert Chambers; her portrait was painted by Reynolds, and her grace and accomplishments were extolled by Johnson.

Thomas Banks ranks high among sculptors. It is not surprising that many who have eventually become sculptors first studied under architects. His early labors were with William Kent, noted as an architect, painter, and the inventor of landscape-gardening.

Kent was born of humble parents, in the year 1684. He was first put apprentice to a coach-painter, but, becoming disgusted with his situation, he absconded from his master, and, leaving Yorkshire, came to London. He found some encouragement as a painter, and several gentlemen were so much struck by his performances, that they raised a contribution and sent him to Rome in the year 1710. In this city he studied under Chevalier Luti, and gained the second prize of the

second class of the Academy. He was patronized there by his own countrymen, who purchased his works, and after remaining seven years, he returned to England, under the particular patronage of Lord Burlington.

He soon, however, proved that he had mistaken his vocation. As a painter he could not arrive at eminence, but the instructions he had incidentally received in architecture now bore fruit in great perfection. He began with decorating houses, displaying great skill in furnishing the interior. Walpole says he was consulted for picture-frames, looking-glasses, tables, chairs, for plate, for cradles for the nobility, and also for a pleasure barge. At length two distinguished ladies applied to him to draw patterns for their dresses, which were to astonish every one, on a birthday gala, by their elegance and originality. That he succeeded in the latter attempt is yet recorded. One celebrated duchess appeared in a petticoat decorated with the columns of the five orders of architecture. Another was intended to represent a bronze statue, in copper-colored satin, loaded with gold antiques.

Kent's chief skill was shown in designs for landscape-gardening. The following testimony of Walpole is striking: —

"He leaped the fence and saw that all nature was a garden. He felt the delicious contrast of hill and valley changing imperceptibly into each other, tasted the beauty of the gentle swell or concave scoop, and remarked how loose groves crowned an easy eminence with happy ornament, and, while they called in the distant view between their graceful stems, removed and extended the perspective by delusive comparison. The great principles on which he wrought were perspective, and light and shade. Groups of trees broke too uniform or too extensive a lawn; evergreens and woods were opposed to the glare of the champaign; and where the view was less fortunate, or so much exposed as to be beheld at once, he blotted out some parts by thick shades, to divide it into variety, or make the richest scene more enchanting by reserving it to a further advance of the spectator's step. Thus selecting favorite objects, and veiling deformity by screens of plantations, sometimes allowing the rudest waste to add its foil to the richest theatre, he realized the compositions of the great masters in painting."

Though he is not ranked as a sculptor, he is spoken of as a carver in wood and stone, and is not improperly introduced, as the early

instructor of Banks in architecture, who was highly poetic and imaginative in his tastes, and soon worshipped beauty in its Grecian forms.

It was not till the Royal Academy was opened that Banks became known. His models at once attracted the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds. But he had then arrived at mature age, and was married to a lady of distinguished family, and some fortune. This was well for the artist, as his works produced more fame than money; they were, however, so highly esteemed, that the Academy voted him worthy of being sent to Rome to perfect his skill in sculpture.

This seems to have interrupted the quiet life he was leading. He had passed the age of thirty, and had settled down into tranquil enjoyment on his moderate means. He lived in a small house on Oxford Road, and enjoyed much domestic happiness. He could not resist the offer made by the Academy, and received the instructions of Sir Joshua Reynolds to study all that was great and noble in Rome. By the rules of the Academy he was allowed a salary of fifty pounds per annum for three years. With this stipend and his own resources, he arrived with his young wife at the Eternal City.

He found Rome overflowing with English

artists, among them Townley, who made a collection of antiquities which is of much importance to the arts. Also Gavin Hamilton, the distinguished Scotch painter and seeker of curiosities, who opened caves at Velletri, Ostia, and Tivoli, among the ruins of Adrian's villa, and made such valuable collections for the Museo Clementino as to render it next to the Belvidere. He was a liberal and enlightened man, and had befriended the eminent artists of his own country, such as Reynolds, Wilson, West, and Fuseli. He now extended a helping hand to Banks. It does not appear that Banks met with much pecuniary encouragement in Rome, though he remained there seven years. He then returned to England, but deeming his talents not appreciated, he accepted a proposal to visit Russia, whither he was invited by some men of rank. Catharine was then at the height of her power. Banks was dazzled by the prospect of imperial patronage, and leaving his wife and daughter, he embarked for Petersburg. Catharine received him most graciously, bought his beautiful work of Psyche with the Butterfly, and had an elegant temple built in her garden, where it was placed.

The climate proved ungenial to the health of the artist. He had revelled in the poetic fic-

tions of sunshine, verdure, and flowers; every thing was dismal around him in that frigid region. What a contrast to his Italian life, to his studies of Grecian statues, his inspirations from Homer, and his worship of Phidias! In the mean time his devoted wife and daughter, unconscious of his situation, prepared to join him. They knew Catharine had assigned him a laborious, but profitable work, which was to be followed by others, and though they felt little enthusiasm in the project of residing in Russia, they did not hesitate to follow his fortunes. He had at first written encouragingly, but they had latterly gathered from his letters how little pleasure he found in a licentious and corrupt court, and in the gaudy and ostentatious display of wealth which glittered around him. They were just on the eve of embarking, when the artist suddenly appeared before them. The delight of the meeting may easily be imagined.

Soon after his return he modelled the most celebrated of his statues, called the Mourning Achilles. It met with unqualified admiration, and was pronounced unique for classical and noble expression. It was to be exhibited in Somerset House, and he had moulded it in plaster of Paris. Banks accompanied the carriage which conveyed it, his heart elated

with hope, for he was justly proud of it. At a turn of the road, a heavy dray-cart with unruly horses rushed against the carriage and overturned it. When the case arrived at the exhibition-room and was opened, the statue was found in fragments. The sequel of this story is worth relating. He had been a year completing it, and looked forward to its exhibition as the establishment of his fame; in one moment, the vision was destroyed. He returned home and met his wife and daughter with the same tranquil, affectionate manner to which they were accustomed, and said nothing of the disaster which had befallen him. By assiduous care and skill, aided by his brother, whom he had instructed in sculpture, the scattered pieces were carefully collected, and the statue finally restored.

It is to be regretted that it was not executed in marble, as was once projected; but the gentleman who ordered it afterwards saw his "Thetis dipping the Infant Achilles," and proposed that that group should be substituted, and the head of his wife put on the shoulders of Thetis, and his infant daughter's on the figure of Achilles.

The work was executed, and was one of great beauty, notwithstanding the change; it was placed over a magnificent vase in the gen-

tleman's conservatory. He then proposed for an accompaniment the Mourning Achilles, with his own head; but his face being too much in the John Bull style for a mourner, his fancy in this particular was not gratified.

The Achilles still remains in plaster, and was given by Mrs. Banks, after her husband's death, to the British Institution.

Many works of Banks are enumerated, but none seem to have appealed so strongly to the feelings as his monument to the only daughter of Sir Brooke Boothby, which is in Ashbourne Church, Derbyshire. A little girl is lying on a marble slab, "her cheek, expressive of suffering mildness, reclines on a pillow, and her little, fevered hands rest on each other near her head; the delicate, naked feet are carelessly folded over each other, and the whole appearance is as if she had just turned, in the tossings of her illness, to seek a cooler or an easier place of rest."

This work was placed in Somerset House, and has drawn many tears from mothers who have consigned their darlings to the earth. Though it is not thought the best work of the artist, it has excited more praise and more emotion than any other. Beautiful Grecian subjects we may admire with enthusiasm, and even allegory may be so managed

as to interest us deeply; but nature — nature touches the heart. Scenes we have witnessed, or know may be experienced, speak a language that is native to every one.

The records of his devoted daughter rank with this sculptured monument, and make melancholy music upon the strings of the heart. The monument of Westcott was his last work. It was finished in 1805, and he died the same year, at the age of seventy, and was buried in Paddington churchyard.

In Westminster Abbey a tablet is erected, with this inscription: —

"In memory of Thomas Banks, Esq., R. A., Sculptor, whose superior abilities in the profession added a lustre to the arts of his country, and whose character as a man reflected honor on human nature."

## CHAPTER XX.

### JOSEPH NOLLEKENS.—JOHN BACON.

The wonderful powers of imitation, and of adapting every variety of expression to his own use, which Garrick, the celebrated actor, possessed, are well known. Many anecdotes are related of the harmless and amusing impositions he practised, — by a slight alteration in his costume appearing like different individuals, so as completely to deceive the bystanders.

It was undoubtedly some peculiarity in the countenance and manner of Joseph Nollekens that induced Garrick to mark him in his early youth.

Nollekens had received no advantages of education; he was ignorant of the most necessary rudiments, spelling and grammar; but he early displayed a decided taste for sculpture, and attended the drawing-school of Shipley, in the Strand, where the Society of Arts held their first meeting. His first practical instruc-

tions were from Scheemakers, of whom a slight sketch has been given.

The earliest traits of his character discover an excellent foundation to build upon. He was modest, obliging, and free from all pride. Added to these most excellent traits, he was distinguished for his scrupulous honesty.

He was an early riser, and by this habit gained three or four hours in the morning which are often wasted in indolence. His own good sense led him to appreciate this habit fully, without the aid of theories of early rising, although founded on the best principles of health and moral success.

He was soon distinguished at the Academy of Arts, and obtained a premium of fifteen guineas for a group of figures in clay. This was in the year 1759. In 1760 they presented him with thirty guineas for a bas-relief, and during the same year with ten guineas more for a dancing Faun. He was then in his twenty-third year.

Probably Garrick had marked him earlier in life, before his countenance had assumed much character of intellect. We all know how every feature brightens under cultivation. The eye and mouth particularly denote the progress of mind, and it has often been disputed which of these two features is most expressive of intellect.

We cannot say in what respect Nollekens's countenance improved; but the improvement must have been great, as it had wholly lost the vacuity of expression which Garrick, to the infinite delight of the public, is said to have adopted in the part of Abel Drugger. This was one of his most successful comic exhibitions, — too successful, it was said, for his own gratification. He was at that time much in love with a young lady, who returned his prepossession very graciously, and one day informed him that she had the greatest desire to witness his performance of Abel Drugger, which she had heard so much applauded. Garrick was highly excited by the idea, and perhaps — for is it not consistent with poor human nature? — that evening so *overacted* his part of clownish stupidity, that his fair friend conceived a decided disgust to her lover, and refused his attentions.

Nollekens excited envy in his competitors by the success which had secured him prizes, and as he had not personal dignity, he was often the object of insulting witticisms. Finally he determined to quit England and endeavor to improve himself abroad. He first proceeded to Paris, and thence to Rome. When he arrived at the great city, he had but twenty guineas in the world. This sum, he was

aware, would soon be exhausted, and he set about carving, in stone, a bas-relief, which he sent to England, and for which he received ten guineas. This was followed by a statue of Timoclea before Alexander, in marble, for which the Society of Arts voted him fifty guineas.

He now began to make friends among the artists at Rome, and was one day at the Vatican, when Garrick entered. The great actor could not but recognize him. "Ah," said he, "you are the little fellow to whom we gave the prizes in the Society of Arts?" "Yes, sir," said the sculptor modestly; — he had lost the stupid stare of Abel Drugger. Garrick shook him cordially by the hand, and invited him to breakfast.

When the repast was over, Garrick informed him that he wished to sit for his bust. When the model was finished, he gave him twelve guineas. "It was all in gold," said Joseph, in his old age, "and I never forgot the glitter of those guineas."

It was the first bust he ever modelled. Sterne was induced, by the success of this bust, to sit to him. The head was in terra-cotta, and remarkably good.

He now applied himself to restoring antique fragments, some of which he purchased on his

own account, and dexterously supplied the parts which were deficient. A fine head of Minerva had long been slighted by purchasers, for the want of a trunk. Nollekens bought it for fifty guineas, and added to it a trunk of proper proportions. It soon stood in *antique* beauty, and was sold for the sum of one thousand guineas.

The poor sculptor was thus getting into better circumstances. He executed a Venus chiding Cupid, in marble, which brought him a liberal recompense. He found patronage from many of his countrymen; but he never forgot that Garrick was his first employer. To him he owed his great success in busts, and in those consisted his superior excellence.

Nollekens seems to have been a wise man in conduct, — the best part of wisdom. His experience of want and privation was not lost upon him. He was obliged early to be saving, to live; afterwards to practise economy, to be independent; and when he actually grew rich enough to have dispensed with some of the details of expense, the habit was so thoroughly formed that it was difficult to relinquish it. This acquired him the character of being avaricious; yet, no doubt, with the habit of living frugally he had formed a taste for it.

We often hear the charge of avarice, in our

money-making country, made against men of affluence. It were well to reflect with how much care and toil this affluence has been won, — often by the same abstinence from luxuries that these severe commentators are obliged to practise. Wealth seldom comes from a long line of ancestors with us, as it does in the older countries; it is generally the accumulation of gradual gains. The man among us who liberally dispenses his wealth is noble in grain, for he gives to others the strength and sinews of his early life. That there are such men in our country may truly be a source of thankfulness to Him who causes these fountains of beneficence to spring up in the human heart.

Nollekens did, indeed, by his own confession, descend to smuggling, having filled his hollow casts with silks and ruffles on his return from the Continent. In this act, we believe, he has had, not only imitators, but followers; even the fair sex, and the wealthy among them, if we may credit the stories related by the female attendants of the foreign custom-houses, having been sometimes compelled, to their infinite chagrin, to display the contraband contents of padding and petticoats, reducing themselves, by the seizure of laces, silks, &c., to moderate-sized women.

After a residence of ten years in Rome, Nollekens returned to England, and had the honor of modelling the bust of the king. Many anecdotes are related of his familiar bearing towards his Majesty, who took no offence, comprehending the character of the artist. He also modelled the bust of Johnson, — whose manners were probably as exceptionable as those of Nollekens.

Hitherto the artist seems to have travelled on in single blessedness; but while he was working on Johnson's bust, Miss Mary Welch, the daughter of a magistrate, came to judge of the resemblance, being a friend and favorite of the distinguished writer.

Nollekens believed himself desperately in love, and the lady smiled upon his attentions. He fully imagined that he had proved the victorious rival of Johnson, when she accepted him. It was no great victory, however, as the sage was well stricken in years, and it was quite natural that she should prefer the successful artist.

The contrast of their figures is described by Cunningham. "The lady was straight and tall, with long, light-colored hair, which fell in ringlets to her middle. He was short and ill-shaped, with an aquiline nose and bandy legs; she was proud, and what her husband called

'scorny.' On the day of her marriage she was attired in brocaded silk, with a stomacher set in diamonds, an elegant point-lace apron, her hair raised high upon a cushion, silken shoes with spangles and narrow heels three inches high, with a bouquet of rose-buds in her bosom; her marriage wardrobe cost two hundred pounds (about one thousand dollars). Joseph wore a suit of purple, silk stockings in blue and white stripes, his hair dressed in curls high in front, and the identical lace ruffles which he had smuggled from Rome."

The marriage proved on the whole an amicable one; there was a similarity in their views important to the harmony of their lives. They both condemned all unnecessary expense. If she was not more habitually frugal than Nollekens, she does not seem to have had any impulses of generosity, of which some are recorded of her husband.

The character of the artist stands forth in all its peculiarities. Ordinary in his appearance, unpolished in his conversation and manners, he seems, nevertheless, to have been invited to the tables of the aristocratic. The love of busts was generally diffused; Nollekens also excelled in individual portraits, and many a great man was willing to be exhibited under the different phases of private life, to

give him the better opportunity of obtaining a good likeness. He made the busts of Fox and Pitt; but neither of them is considered among his successful efforts. Those more remarkable are of the Prince of Wales, Dr. Burney, the Marquis of Stafford, and the Duke of Bedford.

In his seventy-third year the artist continued to model with all the success of early life. His wife, though younger, began to fail, and was obliged to modify her rigid system of economy; but the fortune of the frugal pair was daily accumulating, and long after he relinquished modelling groups, his sitters for busts were numerous. Mrs. Nollekens died in 1817, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. Nollekens lived to be eighty-six, and died in 1823.

John Bacon was born in 1740, and, after escaping one or two dangerous accidents in his boyhood, lived to be an eminent sculptor. In points of individual character he seems to have been the reverse of Nollekens. His manners were refined, and he generally pleased all who associated with him. He was never incensed at any criticisms on his works, but listened to them with earnest simplicity.

Bacon was twenty-eight years old when the

Royal Academy was instituted. He had previously received premiums from the Society of Arts, for models in clay. His early years were spent in a pottery. He now entered the Royal Academy as a student. Cunningham says, "he here first saw an artist of name and fame exhibit the whole art and mystery of conferring on a rude lump of clay the image he had conceived in his mind." We may easily imagine what a development this must have been to him.

He received from Reynolds the gold medal for sculpture, though Banks and Nollekens were his competitors. The subject was Æneas bearing Anchises from the siege of Troy. His statue of Mars and Venus, in clay, he presented to the Society of Arts.

After the death of the Earl of Chatham, designs from sculptors were requested for a monument to his memory. The king was much pleased with that of Bacon, and it was adopted. As every one who visits Westminster Abbey may see it, it is useless to attempt a description.

He was a man of much serious feeling, and enjoyed great happiness from his domestic union. But in 1783 he had the misfortune to lose his wife. About one year after her death he married again, and gave to his five helpless children a second mother.

Bacon ranks high as an artist, and as a good man and Christian his character has been unquestioned. Some, who little understood his religion, accused him of fanaticism, others of hypocrisy. He was a disciple of Whitefield, and zealously strove to make men virtuous and good.

He died suddenly, on the evening of Sunday, August 4th, 1799, at the age of fifty-eight, and was buried in Whitefield's Chapel, Tottenham Court Road. At his own desire, a plain tablet was placed over his grave, with this inscription, which he wrote for the purpose before his death: —

"What I was as an artist seemed to me of some importance while I lived; but what I really was as a believer in Christ Jesus is the only thing of importance to me now."

He distributed his wealth, sixty thousand pounds, equally among his children.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### ANNE SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Anne Seymour Conway stands alone in the annals of female sculpture. Excepting the unfortunate Properzia de' Rossi, already mentioned, we have made no record of any one but the regretted daughter of Louis Philippe, whose early death frustrated the efforts of a genius which bade fair to compete with the graceful forms of Canova or Flaxman.

Miss Conway moved in the highest walks of English society. Beautiful and affluent, she had only to be seen to be admired; and after having tasted the enjoyment which springs from fashionable life, after being celebrated in the ball-room and forming a theme for the gay worshippers of fashion, she suddenly disappeared from these haunts, and was seldom seen in public circles.

It could not long be concealed from the world of courtiers, that the beautiful Miss Conway, the only child of Field-Marshal

Henry Seymour Conway, the niece of the Marquis of Hertford, the near relation of John, Duke of Argyle, &c., &c., was working like any day-laborer in clay, marble, and bronze; that her beautiful, glossy hair was often covered with white dust, or what was nearly as shocking, a mob-cap; that her white and delicate fingers were defiled with coarse, damp clay, and that she often wielded the hammer and chisel.

Had Anne been born in a station of life that rendered the cultivation of her taste for sculpture necessary as a means of subsistence, she probably might have pursued it unmolested; as it was, the very eccentricity of her taste gathered around her enough to spread her fame, either by praise or censure. She first applied to Cherrachi for lessons, but soon forsook him for the more finished instructions of Bacon.

It must not be supposed that this young lady's taste was a mechanical one. She had early cultivated a knowledge of literature; had become intimately acquainted with Grecian history and arts, with the classic writers of England, France, and Italy. She had long gazed with enthusiasm on the few beautiful pieces of ancient sculpture which she had beheld, and felt within her that inspira-

tion which is almost always the prophecy of success.

The sarcasms of Hume on the incapacity of the fair sex for works of art are said to have greatly animated her efforts. It is often asserted, that no woman has ever been known that could write an epic poem. That none has ever done it, seems to be a fair presumption against the female sex. But when we enter the civil, political, and military walks of life, still stronger presumptions arise that their department must be separate. In works of art and taste, however, there seems no reason why they may not excel. If they have not strength of arm to carve from the block, like Canova, they may supply beautiful models, and superintend even the transforming of them into marble, and polishing them into higher finish. In our New World we trust that such instances may arise. We have not the palsying conventionality to shake off, that must originally have fettered the high-born daughter of the Field-Marshal. Still, however, she rose above all the restraints of timidity and fashion, and devoted her whole time and thoughts to sculpture.

She was born in 1748, and married in 1767 to the Hon. John Damer. This alliance proved an unfortunate one. It is difficult to

say how much it was one of election, in a country where circumstances and rank are thought so important, and the gentleman in question was the eldest son of Lord Milton, nephew to the Earl of Dorchester, and the expectant heir of thirty thousand a year. Anne Conway became the Hon. Mrs. Damer; but with this alliance seems for a time to have ended her labors in sculpture. He proved extravagant and wasteful, and dissipated his princely fortune in a few years; furnishing for Miss Burney, in her celebrated and still unrivalled novel of Cecilia, a character in real life, — Harrington, the guardian of her heroine. He terminated his life with a pistol, in Covent Garden, in 1776, leaving no children, and no property except a most costly wardrobe, which was sold at auction for fifteen thousand pounds, and which probably had cost more than double the sum.

Released from her miserable bondage, Mrs. Damer quitted England, and travelled through France, Italy, and Spain. She could not visit these countries without making great acquisitions in knowledge, and on her return she resumed her favorite employment of sculpture. She excelled in carving the graceful figures of dogs, for which Horace Walpole gives her unbounded applause. She seems to have

won favor from this fastidious gentleman and amusing gossip, which few ladies ever did; but as she was his cousin, and her fame reflected honor on his family, the mystery is not so great. At his death he gave her substantial evidence of his regard, by bequeathing to her his unique place called Strawberry Hill.

Cunningham, in his entertaining life of Mrs. Damer, accounts for the favor of Walpole in two ways. He says she modelled and carved two kittens, in marble, for his cabinet of curiosities; but probably she achieved the conquest of his heart by becoming a sturdy Whig. Gentlemen have no objection to ladies being politicians if they embrace the right side, to wit, that to which they themselves belong, and Mrs. Damer conscientiously adopted the opinions of the Whig party. At that time Great Britain was waging war with her American Colonies; she took the part of the rebellious subjects, warmly espoused our cause, and firmly and bravely advanced her opinions.

Her heroism on board an English ship when attacked by a French man-of-war is related, and Horace Walpole says, "It is not surprising, for she was always the intrepid daughter of a hero." She had been celebrated as a beauty and a belle, but these titles

were below her ambition. She aspired to the distinction of a sculptor, and in a degree attained it. Darwin says: —

> "Long with soft touch shall Damer's chisel charm;
> With grace delight us, and with beauty warm."

At one period of her life she engaged deeply in politics. She was a warm friend of Fox, and with two other distinguished ladies, Mrs. Crewe and the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, interested herself greatly for his election. Parties have no deference for rank or station. These ladies drew upon themselves the most insulting insinuations, and even caricatures, from the opposite party. Probably they felt rewarded for these indignities by carrying the election.

Mrs. Damer appears to have had that versatility of talent which often attends genius. In private theatricals, which were a favorite amusement with her, she performed with great applause; and she would very probably have been eminent in other departments, if she had not reserved her strength for her favorite art.

The human head was a chosen subject, — sometimes ideal busts, and sometimes actual portraits of persons. She presented a bust of herself to the Florence Gallery. She also executed in terra-cotta a bust of Queen Caro-

line, a head of Isis in marble, and the bust of Sir Joseph Banks in bronze.

Mrs. Damer also carved two colossal heads representing Thames and Isis; they were placed on the keystones of the bridge at Henley.

Cunningham says, "Fox was her hero in the House of Commons, Napoleon her hero on land, and Nelson on the sea." She was personally acquainted with all of them. Nelson and Fox sat for their busts; Napoleon presented her with a magnificent snuff-box, containing his portrait set in diamonds, which is now in the British Museum.

She outlived most of her contemporaries, but had collected about her, at her beautiful residence, many distinguished women. There were to be seen Mrs. Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Baillie, whom many of us beside Sir Walter Scott remember as the "beloved Joanna." The commanding dignity of the great queen of tragedy could hardly have been more attractive than the gentleness, good sense, and benevolence of Mrs. Baillie. Rogers, the poet, was often one of the coterie, but, we believe, not more interesting in his youthful days than he is now, when he is reaping the harvest of his exalted worth.

She had a passionate admiration of her

father's character, and seems to have loved all heroes for his sake. The incidents of her life are romantic. During an early visit to France, she became acquainted with the Viscountess Beauharnais; they formed one of those friendships which often appear to be terminated by long separation, but many years afterward she received a splendid piece of porcelain from Josephine, as the wife of Bonaparte, and an invitation to visit her former friend at Paris.

The character of this female artist has been thus summed up: "Her vanity led her into the labyrinth of art; pride forbade her to retreat." We do not exactly subscribe to this statement. Many of her works may be seen in England; but she has not received high commendation from fellow-sculptors.

Her health continued good to the spring of 1828, when she began to decline, and died on the 28th of May, in the eightieth year of her age. It is to be regretted that she left orders for all her papers to be burned.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### FLAXMAN.

Of this artist little can be said which has not been often related. He was a refined and studious child, and early attracted the attention of all who visited his father's shop in the Strand. Though delicate, even weakly, in his appearance, he was wholly free from irritability or complaining, but preserved a serene and cheerful temper.

It could not but be interesting to see the little fellow seated behind the counter, with his book, paper, and pencils before him, reading, and drawing in black chalk, talking of poets, and making sketches of heroes.

His feebleness in childhood made it necessary for him to have the help of crutches, but at the age of ten he gained strength, and was able thenceforth to dispense with them. He became by and by a lively and active boy. His fancy was much exercised by stories of chivalrous romance, and he dreamed of dis-

Sir

Some time ago you wished to employ a person in your ~~in your~~ Shew-room whose education was above the generality of Clerks in your service — I know a Gentleman who would like such a situation & possesses ~~talents~~ which I think you might turn to considerable account, he is an admirable Greek & Latin Scholar well versed in Philosophy. History. & Poetry is a Great Mathematician & something of a Chymist; of his Integrity you may receive the most undoubted assurances. & his humility is such as usually accompanies uncommon ~~talents~~; his terms will be very reasonable & if you can find employment for him you will do a benevolent act to

To a family in narrow circumstances

I have the honor to be

Sir

your much obliged servant

J. Fillerman

The Gentleman writes a fine hand & understands & is diligent in the execution of all accompting house business

tressed damsels, and knightly encounters, until he began to imagine the world was full of them. But the absence of all outward stimulus to such fancies left his mind at rest for a season, and in latter years his art offered subjects on which to employ his ardent sensibilities. One of his most natural and characteristic employments while a child was to take impressions from all the classical seals he could find, and also to make models from plaster of Paris, clay, and wax.

His mother died while he was yet a boy. As he grew older, he was noticed by Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Chapone, and Mrs. Barbauld, literary ladies of the olden time.

In his fifteenth year Flaxman became a student of the Royal Academy. He was diminutive in size, but had an intelligent, pleasant exterior. His grave and thoughtful countenance gave promise of future excellence. He painted a few pictures in oil, but sculpture was his prevailing employment. He early won the silver medal, and determined to contend for the gold one, for which Engelhardt was also a candidate. Flaxman did not fear him, but was humbled by the result, for Reynolds gave it to Engelhardt. Perhaps it was a serviceable lesson of humility to Flaxman, as he afterwards studied

more laboriously than ever. It was generally supposed, however, that Sir Joshua did injustice to the young artist.

Flaxman was obliged to labor for his bread, and he made models for the Wedgwoods, for their beautiful manufacture of porcelain. The remuneration for this kind of work sufficed to maintain him, because he was frugal, and abstemious in his habits. From the consequences of early indisposition, he had slight defects in his appearance, of which he was conscious, though they hardly amounted to any thing like deformity; probably, however, they operated on his sensitive mind, making him shun promiscuous circles.

He seemed early set apart for high and noble conceptions, one of the chosen among the beloved. There are a few who may still remember him in his native land, — his small stature, his slender form, his dark hair parted on the forehead, his white collar turned over the cape of his vest, his thoughtful air, and hesitating walk; for thus he is described by contemporaries. It is said, however, that when he entered into conversation, he became decided in his manner, his eyes were large and animated, his forehead high and noble, and his smile sweet and intelligent. He was kind and gentle to all around him, but par-

ticularly to his dependents. He became acquainted with their wants, and aided them as he best could. Liberal and generous in his nature, he excited the warmest friendship among his inferiors. It was not uncommon for them to say, he was the best master God ever made. His kindness to students was unbounded; he was never too busy to withhold his services for the promotion or employment of any one who needed or deserved them.

Sir Thomas Lawrence gave the following testimony to his memory, in an address to the students on his death: —

"You remember the feebleness of his frame, and its evident, though gradual decay; yet it was but lately you saw him with you, sedulous and active as the youngest member, directing your studies with the affection of a parent, addressing you with the courtesy of an equal, and conferring the benefits of his knowledge and his genius, as though he himself were receiving an obligation."

His friend and biographer, Allan Cunningham, from whom we have often quoted in our sketches of English sculpture, has given an interesting and beautiful account of his works, as well as of his life, to which nothing remains to be added; but the following anecdote ought not to be omitted in this slight

sketch. In 1782, Flaxman married a lady whom he had long loved, Ann Denman. She was every way suited to him, and an enthusiastic admirer of his genius. It is beautiful to contemplate this union; it was one of the "few happy matches" which good Dr. Watts commemorates. Soon after his marriage he met Sir Joshua Reynolds. "So, Flaxman," said he, "I am told you are married, and ruined for an artist."

Flaxman went home, sat down beside his gentle and loving wife, took her hand, and said with a smile, "I am ruined for an artist!"

"John," said she, "how has this happened?"

"It took place in the church," said he; "one Ann Denman did it; I met Sir Joshua Reynolds, and he said marriage had ruined me for an artist."

The happy pair did not subscribe to the assertion of the "wealthy old bachelor," and experience did not prove it true. In the company of her whom he loved, he found strength and aid. A short time after, they went together to Italy. When he announced his intention to her, he said, "Ann, I will go to Rome and prove to Sir Joshua that wedlock is for a man's good."

Full well he found it so. It was there he

made his splendid designs, and studied ancient sculpture; became acquainted with the remains of art, and worshipped the genius of Phidias. His sketches from Homer, Dante, and Virgil were everywhere sought. After he had been in Rome seven years, he was solicited by the Royal Academy to return to England.

In the forty-fifth year of his age he was made a member of this august body. He was now distinguished among all classes. His works were spread abroad; India, Italy, Scotland, Ireland, and the West Indies possessed groups from his hand.

Bishop Heber mentions a statue of the Rajah, in the distant kingdom of Tanjore, by Flaxman. He delivered a course of lectures on sculpture, as Professor, to the Royal Academy. They may be read with profit by any one; but it must be confessed that they are not calculated to animate the student. They are sensible, classical, and abound in just observations; if they are "musical," as has been said of them by his admirers, it is what in sculpture has been called *frozen music.* They are consistent with the calm, unimpassioned character of the artist in daily life.

His last years were clouded by the loss of

his wife. She had been his companion for thirty-eight years. She was all he could desire, and he often said, "Mrs. Flaxman is my dictionary." They were doomed to part, like all who are closely allied in this world; death usually strikes singly. "A lethargy came over his spirit."

He was now surrounded by applause, wealth flowing in upon him, and his studio filled with orders. He was in his sixty-sixth year, but he stood alone. He said his better part was gone, yet he toiled on for six years longer, a solitary man with many friends. He prized, as well he might, such companions as Hayley, Banks, and Romney. Thomas Hope, and Samuel Rogers, the man of successive generations, whose name is dear to every land, were among his friends. Samuel Rogers still lives, a precious link between former and present times, whom the many breasts to whom he is dear would fain make immortal, and who is indeed so, not merely by the fame of his charming poetry, but by the affection which he has inspired.

Cunningham says: "If the offspring of Flaxman's pen was cold and sober, the progeny of his pencil and chisel were of the highest rank. . . . . To name all his sketches would occupy many pages, and to describe

them, at the rate of five lines to each, would be to compose a volume."

It is difficult to quit the records of a life like Flaxman's; we would fain linger over it, and catch something of his inspiration; but we must be contented if our hearts are warmed by the contemplation of his virtues and our minds elevated by the purity and beauty of his life. He has shed the light of his imagination on every subject, — poetry, religion, and domestic life. In contemplating the whole of his character, we almost forget his individual works as an artist, and think of him only as a being fresh from the hands of the Creator.

We have alluded to Flaxman's employment with the Wedgwoods. We are happy to mention this distinguished name in connection with the sculptor. Josiah Wedgwood was born in Staffordshire, in 1730. His father died, and he worked with his eldest brother in the pottery, in an inferior employment. His education was limited, and at an early age he was seized with the small-pox, which left him lame.

Subsequently he set up a manufactory by himself, and fabricated a white stone-ware, which he continually improved, and produced at length the cream-colored china, by which

he gained great celebrity. He presented some articles to Queen Charlotte, who ordered a complete service for the table. He continued making improvements and discoveries, and at length produced six different kinds of pottery and stone-ware, to the astonishment of every one.

Wedgwood was now generally known; he opened a warehouse in the metropolis, and became acquainted with many scientific people. Mr. Bentley managed the business in London; through this gentleman he found much aid, and was introduced to literary and scientific patrons of art, who obtained for him the loan of pieces of antique sculpture, vases, cameos, intaglios, medallions, and seals, which he could imitate.

As a proof of his success, and the eminence to which he had risen in his manufacture, he determined to purchase the famous Barberini Vase, thinking that, however large the sum demanded, it would be profitable as a model. The Duchess of Portland likewise resolved to have it, and, finding Wedgwood was bidding against her, offered to purchase and lend it to him, if he would withdraw all opposition. The Duchess became its possessor, at the price of eighteen hundred guineas. Wedgwood made fifty copies, and sold them at fifty guineas each.

Wedgwood became acquainted with Flaxman through his drawings, and immediately perceived his uncommon talents. He applied to him at once, offering him a remuneration highly desirable for the young artist, who modelled a beautiful set of chessmen, which Wedgwood executed in pottery.

It is worth remarking, that this enlightened man made no surprising or rapid discoveries. Industry, perseverance, and investigation were the great causes of his success. To this may be added the judicious selection of a more intelligent and higher class for his workmen than are usually employed; these were secured by liberal remuneration.

He succeeded in giving to hard pottery the vivid colors and brilliant surface of the finest porcelain. His first step was to render the material strong, and capable of bearing heat and cold, with a plain cane-colored surface; his second, to introduce an ornamental border of different colors. After he had successfully elaborated his improvements, his ware became celebrated in all quarters of the world. A foreigner thus speaks of it: —

"It is of excellent workmanship; its solidity, the advantage it possesses of sustaining the action of fire, its fine glaze, impenetrable to acids, the beauty and convenience of its

forms, and the cheapness of its price, have given it a circulation so universal, that in travelling from Paris to Petersburg, from Amsterdam to the farthest part of Sweden, and from Dunkirk to the extremity of the South of France, one is served at every inn with English ware. Spain, Portugal, and Italy are supplied with it, and vessels are loaded with it to the East Indies, the West Indies, and the continent of America."

Wedgwood's more beautiful inventions are his various terra-cotta wares, his jasper, onyx, and basalt productions, which are classed as stone wares; these he caused to be so exquisitely embellished, and moulded into forms so perfectly classical, that they are yet as much prized as when first invented, and cannot be purchased under three times the original price.

He recovered the art of painting on porcelain without the glazed appearance; this had been lost from the time of Pliny, and was called Etruscan.

There is a curious catalogue of Wedgwood's antique ornaments published in Maryat's History of Pottery, from which this account of Wedgwood is chiefly taken.

His bas-reliefs and cameo-medallions were finely done; they were at one time highly

fashionable as ornaments for dress, buckles, and clasps. Probably many ladies in our own country still retain specimens of these cameos. The author has several buttons, which belonged to a set made for Nelson's court dress.

The white cameos were on a blue ground, and set round with brilliant cut steel. The steel has now turned to bronze in its color. There is a gentleman in this city* who has the court buckles of the great admiral, corresponding with the buttons.

After Franklin returned to this country, he received from Wedgwood a present of cameos. He, with his usual promptness, returned an acknowledgment. The following is a copy of the original letter: —

"Philadelphia, May 15th, 1787.

"SIR: —

"I received the letter you did me the honor of writing to me, the 20th of February past, with your valuable present of cameos, which I am distributing among my friends; in whose countenances I have seen such marks of being affected by contemplating the figure of the suppliant (which is admirably executed), that I am persuaded it may have an effect equal

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* Mr. I. P. Davis.

to that of the best written pamphlet, in procuring favor to these oppressed people.

"Please to accept my hearty thanks, and believe me to be, with great esteem, sir, your most obedient servant,

"B. FRANKLIN.

"JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, ESQ., *London.*"

Wedgwood was a fellow both of the Royal Society and of the Society of Antiquaries, as well as a contributor of several papers in the Philosophical Transactions.

In private and domestic life he was most exemplary. His successful career had enabled him to amass an independent fortune, which he liberally dispensed to those who were in want, encouraging and assisting the deserving.

In proof of the benevolent disposition of both parties, it is my good fortune to be able to insert an autograph letter of Flaxman's, which a valued friend has put into my hand.

Every career, however prosperous, however honored, can have but one termination, — *death!* In the midst of successful experiments, of noble manufactories and residences for his workmen, inhabiting a large and convenient mansion which he had erected for himself, Wedgwood was called hence. He

died on the 3d of January, 1795, at his own "Etruria," in his sixty-fifth year.

From this slight sketch of Wedgwood, and his progress in pottery, it will easily be understood with how much ardor Flaxman entered into his employment, and assisted his designs. At the same time, he embraced all as a means of support. Probably nothing short of sculpture could have been more congenial to his taste. To this day the designs ascertained as those of Flaxman add much value to the ware. Wedgwood derived the benefit he so richly deserved from his free and liberal patronage of talent and genius; his works were celebrated, and his society courted. He erected a village near Newcastle-under-Lyne, which he named Etruria, and which became an object of attraction to all parts of Europe. Even royalty desired the luxuries of the manufacture. Flaxman, late in life, when he had obtained all the honors and distinctions of fame, loved to allude to his humble labors in the pottery.

But we hasten to the closing scene. A short time before the death of Flaxman, a visitor called and presented him a book from an Italian artist, which was dedicated to his *memory*, on the supposition of his death. Flaxman was amused by the circumstance.

A day or two after, he took cold, and though he had friends at dinner, and was cheerful, it was obvious that he was seriously indisposed. An inflammation of the lungs came on, and on the 7th of December, 1826, at the age of seventy-two, he breathed his last.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

CHANTREY. — WESTMACOTT. — DEARE. — ROSSI. — GIBSON.

Sir Francis Chantrey was a native of Norton, a small village in Derbyshire, where he was born on the 7th of April, 1782.

He was at first engaged in agriculture, but at the same time developed a taste for art, by modelling in clay. In his seventeenth year he left home for a place with a solicitor at Sheffield, but was immediately attracted by figures that he saw, and determined to become a sculptor. He was apprenticed to a carver by the name of Ramsay, and soon gave evidence of superior talents. His nights were partly spent in his labors. In his twentieth year, 1802, he came to London. Here he passed through a dangerous illness, which interrupted his plan of travelling. His bust of Horne Tooke first attracted attention ; also a colossal head of Satan, at about the same time. Chantrey was elected a member of the Royal Academy in 1818, and for his presenta-

tion specimen gave a bust of Benjamin West. Among his works were the busts of Wordsworth, Scott, and Rennies. We cannot forget a statue of Washington, in our State House, at Boston; nor a bronze statue of Pitt, which he executed for the city of London.

There is a remarkable simplicity and grace in his performances, and he ranks among the first of British sculptors. He is pronounced a native artist, true to his own country, and true to Nature as he saw her.

He designed a statue of Nelson one hundred and thirty feet high, to have been placed on a pedestal made from the bows of vessels taken in battle, and erected at Yarmouth, on a pier projecting far into the sea. It was to be illuminated at night. This design was never executed.

Nollekens, with whom we have some acquaintance, was his warm friend. One of his touching works was the "Sleeping Children," which are thought the most perfect representations of nature in the whole range of sculpture. Wrapt in each other's arms, and both in the soft embrace of sleep, they are images of angelic loveliness, and give the same idea of purity and innocence as the snowdrops which one of them holds in her hand. Nature is always true to herself;

crowds gathered around these sleeping innocents, while more elaborate works of distinguished artists were scarcely noticed. His statue of Lady Louisa Russell, standing on tiptoe, and pressing a dove to her bosom, is unique for its arch and lovely expression. We often see this represented in engravings and casts.

Chantrey, though given almost exclusively to the English nation, seems to belong in part to us Americans. We are more familiar with his name than with that of any other British sculptor, and we have only to ascend the lofty steps of the State House to behold the work of his hands brought home to us in the representation of the Father of our Country. The name of Chantrey is music. His funeral dirge of 1841 is yet sounding in our ears.

Richard Westmacott is ranked high among British sculptors. He early formed a friendship with Canova, in Rome. He was born in 1775. In 1795 he encountered a severe peril in a tour through Italy; he was attacked by banditti near where stands the reputed tomb of Nero, on the Flaminian Way. He defended himself with much bravery, and, though sadly wounded, escaped with his life.

After his return to England, he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, in 1805. When we observe how earnestly this distinction was sought, it cannot but prove the importance and efficacy of a sovereign institution for the arts. Probably a well-founded national school, on the best principles, might have great effect in its encouragement among us.

The statue of Addison, by Westmacott, is in the poet's corner at Westminster Abbey. His works which have attracted most attention at the exhibition are the statues of a Hindoo girl, and one of a peasant girl. For his Cupid and Psyche, the Duke of Bedford gave a thousand guineas.

The name of JOHN DEARE is not, we think, familiar, yet he is said to have displayed extraordinary talents at the age of ten years in carving, and cut from a piece of wood, with a common penknife, a model of a full-grown skeleton, perfect in its anatomy. We mention this as a proof that neither materials nor implements are lacking for carving.

His first serious occupation was working on chimney-pieces, and tastefully ornamenting them. In 1780, at the age of sixteen, he won the gold medal at the Royal Academy. Canova was a great admirer of Deare, who was an enthusiast in the art of sculpture.

It is said his life was early brought to a close by an act of imprudence; he slept on a block of marble to ascertain its capacity for the extension of the limbs. He awoke completely chilled, and was seized with a fever, which ended his life in 1798. He was born in 1760.

John Charles Felix Rossi was born in Italy in 1765, but was early placed with an Italian sculptor in London. He obtained admission to the Royal Academy as a student; in the year 1781 he won the silver medal, and in 1784 the gold one. This entitled him to three years' maintenance at Rome. He passed the time in assiduous study, and rapidly improved. On his return he found constant employment.

He was much celebrated for various productions; — among them a Mercury executed at Rome, now in the possession of an English nobleman; Eve reclining; a group from Thomson's Seasons; Celadon and Amelia; and also a statue of Thomson, the poet. He executed many national monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral; and was finally appointed Sculptor to his Majesty, William the Fourth, which was probably an empty honor, as he was said to derive his chief subsistence from a pension, granted him by the Royal Academy. He was more successful in single fig-

ures than in groups, though some of both exhibit taste and vigor. He is often referred to in the annals of British sculpture. His death took place about 1839.

The studio of JOHN GIBSON has long been the resort of every traveller who visits Rome. He was born at Conway, in the year 1791. His parents seem to have cherished his early love of drawing, and when he exhibited a row of geese drawn on a slate his mother praised and caressed him, saying, "Now you must draw me a horse." There are few that have attained any eminence in life who have not acknowledged with gratitude the influence of a judicious mother. The instinctive zeal of maternal affection often arouses the dormant faculties; in the present case possibly it decided the taste of the boy, and to the wise and tender interest of a woman we owe the future successful artist.

His parents removed to Liverpool, with the intention of emigrating to our own country. Probably most different would have been his destiny here, yet we cannot doubt that he would have distinguished himself in our New World. This, however, was not to be his fate. His parents remained in Liverpool, and he was bound apprentice to a cabinet-maker.

When he was sixteen, he visited the marble

works of Messrs. Francis. The sight of the sepulchral monuments and ornamental chimney-pieces awoke a new desire in his soul. Messrs. Francis generously purchased the remainder of his time from the cabinet-maker, for seventy pounds, and placed him in their marble works. His new employers soon found that they had made an advantageous bargain, and he fully redeemed the sum paid for his apprenticeship.

A higher destiny now opened before him. Mr. Roscoe, whose name is almost as familiar in our country as in his own, saw the great genius of the young artist. He invited him to his own mansion, and introduced him to his accomplished female friends. For some time he worked in Liverpool. Mr. Roscoe instructed him in the methods pursued by the great masters in sculpture, at the same time cautioning him against any servile imitation of Michel Angelo, or any other artist, and advising him to take for his guide Greek art.

At length, through the influence of Mr. Roscoe and Mrs. Lawrence (a lady abundant in her wealth, and munificent in its application), the young artist had a liberal sum subscribed for him, and letters of introduction furnished to gentlemen in London.

Rome was the goal of his ambition. He was introduced in London to Lord Brougham, who gave him a letter to Canova, in addition to the one with which Mr. Roscoe had already supplied him. Mr. Watson Taylor, a patron of the arts, gave him a commission for busts of himself and family, which in his situation was an important aid.

He made acquaintance with Flaxman and Chantrey. The former encouraged his purpose of going to Rome; the latter considered that the time would be lost, and advised him to stay in London.

Gibson persevered in his intention, and arrived in Rome the same year. Canova received him with kindness, and offered him money in a way that could not hurt his feelings. This Gibson gratefully declined; he had enough, he said, to maintain him, with the strict economy he meant to practise, for two years. "Well," replied Canova, "it shall be as you please."

He did not lose sight of him, but befriended him in various ways. He placed Gibson in his studio, and gave him the privilege of attending the night Academy, where the students were the most select in Rome, and enabled to model from life. Canova attended himself, as director, twice a week.

On leaving Canova's studio, he took apartments in the Via della Fontanella. His biographer, in the Art Journal, whence this brief account is abstracted, says that here he found him at work, in the year 1821, on his beautiful group of "Psyche borne by the Zephyrs." In the same studio he was found twenty-six years afterwards, modelling the exquisite bas-relief of the "Hours leading forth the Horses of the Sun." There was something inexpressibly touching, and elevating also, in this sense of progress without change; all appeared the same in that modest, quiet, little room; but around it extended lofty and simple *ateliers*, crowded with models of works already executed or in progress, and with workmen, assistants, students, and visitors. The sculptor himself, perhaps a little sobered by years, but unspoiled by commendation and prosperity, — gratified with his success, and still aspiring, — with no alloy of mean aims or personal vanity mingling with the intense appreciation of fame, — appeared and was the same benign, simple-hearted enthusiast in his art, as when he stood before Roscoe an unknown youth, —

"And felt that he was greater than he knew."

After the death of his "noble master," as

he styled Canova, Gibson placed himself with Thorwaldsen.

Both of these great sculptors are now no more, but Gibson yet remains. In 1846 a party of Americans visited the studio of the distinguished artist, being introduced by our favorite countryman, Mr. Crawford. The impression is still vivid, as described above, — "the lofty and simple *ateliers* crowded with models of works already executed or in progress, and with workmen, students, and visitors."

Gibson's portrait statue of the Queen of England has given universal satisfaction, although he ventured on an innovation in modern usage, restoring an ancient habit of the Greek sculptors. He ventured to give a slight tinge of pale rose and azure to the edge of the drapery, and a tint of gold color to the wreath and the bracelet. However opposed to what may be considered the classic rules of the art, it is said to have been successful, and to give a degree of elegance to the work, which is placed in Buckingham Palace. A beautiful engraving of this statue is given in the Art Journal of May, 1849.

We are unwilling to close this article without quoting Bulwer's tribute to Gibson, in his dedication of "Zanoni": —

"You have lived and you have labored as if you had no rivals but in the dead, no purchasers save in judges of what is best. In the divine priesthood of the Beautiful you have sought only to increase her worshippers, and enrich her temples."

Although England may well be proud to claim the nativity of Mr. Gibson, yet his long residence in Italy, and his beautiful works accomplished there, make his studio one of the first sought in Rome.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

SCOTCH ARTISTS.—ROBERT FORREST.—JAMES THOM.—JOHN GREENSHIELDS.

In a wood on the banks of the Clyde, among the romantic glens of Scotland, in the year 1790, Robert Forrest was discovered, by a sportsman who had lost his way. The artist was deeply engaged in making small imitations of different animals, such as the hare, the fox, and even human figures. Struck with astonishment, the gentleman, who was a Gordon, immediately purchased a figure of Bacchus, and recommended him to other customers.

He soon became known in Lanarkshire, the place contiguous to his residence, and received a commission for a full-sized figure of a Highland chief, which he executed in a perfectly satisfactory manner.

He left his hermitage in the woods, and removed to a quarry, a few miles below Lanark, where he fixed his studio.

Here he executed figures of Old Norval,

Sir John Falstaff, and Rob Roy; also the statue of Sir William Wallace, seven feet in height. When it was completed the inhabitants of Lanark and many strangers collected to see it raised upon its eminence. It was a happy day for the sculptor. He, as well as his statue, was carried in triumph through the streets, preceded by music and banners, his name resounding from the "banks and braes" of old Scotia.

In 1823 he made Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny, from Burns's inimitable ballad.

In the midst of his rustic employments, he was engaged to work out a design by Chantrey, — a colossal figure of Viscount Melville, to be placed at the top of the Monument in St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh. He also made a colossal statue of John Knox, for the Merchants' Park, in Glasgow.

In the mean time his studio was filled with visitors. All were eager to see his rustic works, and such was the curiosity, that finally the stage-coach between Lanark and Glasgow was advertised to "stop at Forrest's studio" for a short time, to give the passengers opportunity to see his Tam o' Shanter, and other productions.

A pleasant tribute of respect is universally

paid to him by those who know him. He is said to be as humble and unpretending in his deportment, as when he worked merely as a country mason, and, while enwreathing his native country with fame, seems scarcely aware that every chaplet he weaves for her rests at last on his own brow.

James Thom was self-taught, and eminently original. He was born of respectable parents, in Ayrshire, about the year 1800. He was placed apprentice, at his own request, with a mason at Kilmarnock, and took so little interest in the business, that his master considered him a dull apprentice. At the expiration of his indentures, he removed to Glasgow.

In 1827 he began to be known as a sculptor. He first executed a bust of Burns. He knew so little of drawing, that his biographer says he was obliged to take a sketch of the original portrait on transparent paper, yet in five days he nearly completed the bust; it was extremely well done, and the effect was surprising. He now attempted a full-length figure; first, however, taking a stone from the door-way of Crosby Church, where he was at work, and trying his hand at the head of Tam o' Shanter; he was so engrossed in this experiment, as to be wholly unmindful of a

violent shower of rain which fell while he was at work.

He was greatly encouraged by the success of this attempt, and commenced upon a full-length figure of Douglas Graham, a renowned Carrick farmer, who, residing at Shanter forty years before, furnished Burns with the representation of his hero.

Thom selected from various individuals what he wanted for the different parts, though he was principally indebted for them to a cobbler, who favored him with two sittings, but then positively refused to sit again, and obliged the artist to trust to his memory. Wholly uninstructed in the science of drawing, he uses his chisel at once, and in opposition to all the habits of a sculptor. Nature seems to have endowed him with a tact, which sets at defiance regular rules. This can only be owing to a strict perception of truth. While he is enabled to give full force to every striking peculiarity, there is no exaggeration or caricature. The figure of Old Mortality is admirable, and needs no language but what the chisel affords to tell the story. It is said Wilkie made almost a fac-simile of the same, years before, but burned it in his portfolio.

Mr. Thom's figures of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny have been everywhere exhib-

ited. His studio is the resort of intelligent strangers who visit Ayr, and he is universally prized for his talents and moral qualities.

There are many who perhaps will recollect the following account of an artist, in the Life of Walter Scott; those who do not will be obliged to us for recalling to their memory the benevolent and genial sympathies of one to whom the world owes so much happiness.

Sir James Stuart, of Allen Bank, was a gentleman whose masterly pencil had often been employed on subjects from the poetry and novels of Sir Walter, and whose conversation on art, being devoid of professional pedantries and jealousies, was always particularly delightful to him. One snowy morning they met, in company with J. G. Lockhart, in the library at Abbotsford, and read part of Anne of Geierstein. Among other topics of conversation, Sir James had much to say on the merits and prospects of a remarkable man who had recently occupied general attention in the North, — John Greenshields, a stonemason, who at the age of twenty-eight began to attempt the art of sculpture, and, after a few years of solitary devotion to this pursuit, had produced a statue of the Duke of York, then exhibiting.

Greenshields was the son of a small farmer, and had given evidence of the purity and modesty of his character. He had the good fortune to interest the Earl of Elgin, who consulted Sir Walter in a long and interesting letter, and requested him, when he visited Clydesdale, to see the young man, and ascertain his private views and feelings, and then communicate his own opinion as to the course which might most advantageously be pursued for the encouragement and development of his abilities.

Sir Walter did not delay this work of kindness. He went in the middle of January to Milton Lockhart; there saw the sculptor in the paternal cottage, and was delighted with some of the works he had on hand, particularly a statue of George the Fourth; they then walked for several hours by the river-side, and among the woods. His conversation was easy and manly, and many a sagacious remark lost nothing to the poet's ear by being delivered in an accent as broad and unsophisticated as Tom Purdie's. John had a keen sense of humor, and his enjoyment of Sir Walter's lectures on planting, and jokes on every thing, was rich. He had exactly that way of drawing his lips into a grim, involuntary whistle, when a sly thing

occurred, which the author of Rob Roy assigns to Andrew Fairservice. When he had quitted him, Scott remarked, "There is much about that man which reminds me of Burns."

On reaching Edinburgh, Sir Walter wrote to the Earl of Elgin, highly extolling the young sculptor's performances; at the same time observing, that his own acquaintance with art was so small, that he almost hesitated in giving an opinion. He then goes on to say: "I may speak with more confidence of the artist. Mr. Greenshields seems to me to be one of those remarkable men who must be distinguished in one way or other. He showed, during my conversation with him, sound sense on all subjects, and considerable information on such as occupied his mind."

He then goes on with remarks highly favorable to the character and disposition of the artist, and adds: "His mind appears to be too much bent upon fame to have room for love of money, and his passion for the arts seems unfeignedly sincere. . . . . Like all heaven-born geniuses, he is ignorant of the rules which have been adopted by artists before him, and has never seen the *chefs-d'œuvre* of classical time. Such men, having done so much without education, are sometimes apt to despise it, or to feel so

much mortification at seeing how far short their efforts fall of excellence, that they resign their art in despair. I do think and hope, however, that the sanguine and the modest are so well mixed in this man's temper, that he will study the best models with the hope of improvement, and will be bold, as Spenser says, without being too bold."

After giving the most judicious advice as to the course he ought to pursue, he adds: "The task which Mr. Greenshields is full of at present seems to be chosen on a false principle, chiefly adopted from a want of acquaintance with the genuine and proper objects of art. The public of Edinburgh have been deservedly amused and delighted with two figures in the character of Tam o' Shanter and his drunken companion, Souter Johnny. The figures were much and justly applauded, and the exhibition, being of a kind adapted to every taste, is daily filled. I rather think it is the success of this piece, by a man much in his own circumstances, which has inclined Mr. Greenshields to propose cutting a group of grotesque figures from the *Beggar's Cantata* of the same poet. Now, in the first place, I suspect six figures will form too many for a sculptor to group to advantage. But besides, I deprecate the attempt at such a subject. I do not

consider caricature as a proper style for sculpture at all. We have Pan and his Satyrs in ancient sculpture, but the place of these characters in the classic mythology gives them a certain degree of dignity. . . . . I think, therefore, since Mr. Greenshields has a higher call to the more elevated and nobler department of this art, he should not be desirous of procuring immediate attention by attempting a less legitimate object. I have only to add, that I am willing to contribute my mite to put Mr. Greenshields in the way of the best instruction, which seems to be the wisest thing which can be done for him."

Mr. Lockhart says: "The artist saw Sir Walter again in Clydesdale in 1831, and profited so well by his opportunities, as to produce a statue in a sitting posture, which, all the circumstances considered, must be allowed to be a very wonderful performance. He subsequently executed various other works, each surpassing the promise of the last; but I fear his enthusiastic zeal had led him to unwise exertions. His health gave way, and he died in April, 1835, at the early age of forty, in the humble cottage where he was born. Celebrity had in no degree changed his manners or his virtues. The most flattering compliment he ever received was a message

from Sir Francis Chantrey, inviting him to come to London, and offering to take him into his own house, and give him all the benefits of his advice, instruction, and example. This kindness filled his eyes with tears; the hand of fate was already upon him."

In contemplating the early close of life so often attached to genius, we might almost adopt the idea, that it contains the seeds of premature decay; but, as in the present instance, it seems more natural to suppose that it is urged on by uncontrolled impulse to excessive exertion. The flushed cheek and sparkling eye are premonitory symptoms, yet it is not rare to see them in the young artist wholly disregarded.

## CHAPTER XXV.

AMERICAN SCULPTURE IN ITS EARLIEST STAGE. — MRS. WRIGHT.— DIXEY.— CERACCHI.—FRAZEE.— AUGUR.

The term Art is so often used, that it is natural to tax our minds for some precise definition of its meaning. A German Professor, Thiersch, calls all representation of the Beautiful, Art. This does not seem to be a satisfactory explanation, as there is no unvaried standard of beauty. To us, Art appears to be a combination of the high and noble faculties of the soul directed to some peculiar end; this end may be music, painting, or sculpture, but it must be sought with earnest and pure principle; the moment any base alloy mingles with the pursuit of Art, such as vanity, selfishness, or cupidity, like some choice flowers, its petals close, and it no longer yields its fragrance.

Rather than identifying it with Beauty, we should consider it as causing those sensations which the Beautiful (corresponding to our highest nature) produces. It is the province

of Art to embellish life, to give grace and elegance to simple forms, to operate upon the mind as a powerful charm, and to diffuse brightness and harmony over every object. To make it still more important, the aid of two coadjutors, Truth and Nature, is necessary. Without these, Art has neither form nor substance; it may be made up of triangles or circles, it may constantly exhibit the so at much celebrated waving line of beauty, yet it neither charms nor attracts us, and ceases to have any identity. But put Art in its true position, and it becomes a lofty and high-minded reality, which adorns life, and diffuses activity throughout its various departments.

In this point of view it becomes of primary importance to extend its influence through our New World, and to make it a matter of education. We have much to contend with. Those who see our backwoodsmen would be tempted to smile at the idea of associating with them the terms Art and Beauty, yet our sculptors are essentially of the people; they are not bred in the drawing-room, and moulded to conventional forms; their art steals upon them imperceptibly, and in many instances their own astonishment at unlooked for success has at least equalled that of the spectators. These first developments seem to us

like the birth of art in individual minds. It cannot be doubted that the cultivation of this principle will be all-important to our country, as it relates to our manufactures and inventions; it has been so in the history of other countries, — of France, of Germany, and of England.

The superiority of Wedgwood, and the eminence he attained, were owing to his assiduous cultivation of art; it was this which taught him to appreciate Flaxman, when he was hardly known as an artist. It is this that will soften the asperities of our forest life, and at some future day will cause the wilderness to blossom. It is certain that, with very few exceptions, our artists have not sprung up in our cities; they have generally first developed their powers in obscurity, and struggled with various obstacles. We know of instances where original talent, scarcely inferior in the art of designing to Flaxman, has been condemned to the treadmill of manufactories and steamboats by the representations, not to say commands, of prudent friends, who think it more judicious to explore the mines of California, than our Vermont quarries of marble.

It would be foreign to my purpose to enter into any disquisition upon American antiquities. Though most highly interesting, and

belonging to the history of our country, they are a study by themselves. The rude carvings of the natives are the natural operation of human ingenuity, and correspond to the relics which are to this day frequently dug from the earth, — coarse utensils of pottery, knives and tomahawks, arrow-points, lance-heads, ornaments made of bones, heavy lockets of stone, evidently suspended from the neck, and forming the regalia of some Indian queen. These tell their own simple tale, and, though objects of curiosity, have ceased to be subjects of speculation.

The mounds in North America have long been a source of interest and investigation, and along the Ohio small tablets have been discovered bearing numerical figures; yet there seems to be no evidence of the existence of a regular alphabet.

Rocks, upon which have been traced with some sharp instrument figures of men and animals, have been found in various parts of the United States, and described by different writers. On the Guyandotte River in Virginia these figures are remarkable enough to receive the name of the sculptured rocks. The figures of men and of eagles are traced, even a hunting scene delineated. In Dighton, Massachusetts, at Portsmouth in Rhode Isl-

and, and in Venango County, Pennsylvania, this species of sculpture, if it deserve the name, has been found.

It is to Central America, however, that we must turn for antique specimens of art. Although the investigations and discoveries were imperfect, yet enough was known to induce the Geographical Society of Paris to offer the prize of a gold medal, in 1825, to any competitor who should give the most satisfactory and interesting description of American ruins and antiquities, previous to the 1st of January, 1836.

The French nation have stood first in disinterested and enlightened research, and it would be difficult to estimate the amount of information which has been derived from their liberal inquiries. The national character is one of impulse and enthusiasm; would that more of these traits were apparent in the Anglo-Saxon, and that the immense accumulation of wealth in England were more equally and widely diffused. M. Correy, a physician and a Frenchman, and M. Waldec, a pupil of the celebrated painter, David, repaired to Central America, fully imbued with the love of adventure. They probably accomplished as much as could be done in the time prescribed, but not sufficient to obtain

the prize of the gold medal. Yet an impulse was given to other minds, and even to other nations.

In 1839, Mr. Stephens, one of our own countrymen, and Mr. Catherwood, who, we believe, was an Englishman, both men highly endowed with the necessary enterprise and perseverance, repaired to Central America to explore the ruins of a by-gone people. The results of their researches are now in every one's hands, and are full of the deepest interest.

We may imagine their gratification in the discovery of the ruins near Palenque, situated upon the confines of Guatimala and Yucatan, not far from the boundary line between Mexico and Central America.

In the small state of Chiapas they beheld most wonderful monuments of antiquity. These consisted of a large edifice called the Palace, and a number of smaller buildings. The palace, two hundred and twenty-eight feet front and one hundred and eighty feet deep, is placed upon an artificial elevation forty feet high. It was built of stone, and had evidently been covered with stucco. The height of this edifice is described as not more than twenty-five feet, with a broad projecting cornice of stone. Lofty trees are yet entwined in the

interstices of the building, and have thrown down many parts of the walls.

But it is useless to attempt to describe the interesting discoveries made by these gentlemen; we can only recommend their works, particularly to the young, as books that will afford them much satisfaction.

For the first specimens of national sculpture, we must look to our Capitol at Washington. In the rotunda of the building, there are four bas-reliefs in marble, over each of the four entrance doors. The group over the western entrance was executed by Capellano, an Italian artist, who studied under Canova. It tells the story of Pocahontas, which is beautifully appropriate. Smith, the captive, in his military dress, is reclining on his elbow, with his body extended on the ground; Powhatan, the Indian chief, stands behind. But we quit the description of the sculpture for one of the actual scene. "Then was seen Pocahontas, in the bloom and grace of Indian beauty, rushing to the spot. She knelt beside the captive, and laid her own head upon his, to save him from death."

The panel over the eastern door commemorates the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, executed by another pupil of Canova.

Over the third door is chiselled the Treaty of Penn with the Indians; this is by Grevelot, a French artist. Over the fourth, is sculptured the conflict between Boone and the Indians, which took place in 1773.

From Dunlap's "Arts of Design," the following account is taken of Mrs. Patience Wright.

She was born in the year 1725, of Quaker parents, at Bordentown, New Jersey. Her family name was Lovell. Before the year 1772, she had made herself known in various cities by her likenesses in wax. When she became a widow, with three children, she determined to cross the Atlantic, and visit the mother country. Stimulated by her desire of information, and that natural genius which seems to have been her birthright, for she could have had no models in her infancy, she was soon enabled to acquire the notice of some distinguished people. Like Mrs. Damer, the English sculptor, she seems to have been something of a politician, and when the war took place, entered warmly into the wrongs of her country, and corresponded with Franklin, when he resided at Passy, near Paris. Dunlap says, "There is ample testimony in the English periodicals of the time, that her work was considered extraordinary."

A higher testimony is given her, in the acquaintance and notice of Lord Chatham, whose likeness, a full-length figure, she took; it stood in Westminster Abbey, inclosed in a glass case.

Her talent seems to have been confined to modelling in wax; we hear of no attempts at marble. She might have proved a rival to the celebrated Madame Toussaud in similar circumstances. Few have visited London without passing a few hours at this lady's exhibition of wax figures, where she has contrived to centre innumerable objects of curiosity. Bonaparte's carriage, in which he made his Waterloo campaign, with all its household conveniences, is not the least attractive.

Mrs. Wright was eccentric, and we must conclude rather unpolished, as she is mentioned as "scolding George the Third for the American war." She was intimate with Mr. West and his family, and the beautiful form and face of her youngest daughter is frequently found in his historical compositions.

Her eldest daughter married an American by the name of Platt, and in 1787 modelled in wax, in New York. Her son became a portrait-painter, in England, and was placed by his mother under the protection of Franklin, in Paris. In the autumn of 1782, he departed

from Nantz by sea, and was driven on the coast of Spain, where he was shipwrecked. He afterwards reached Boston, at the end of a ten weeks' voyage, destitute of money. He brought a letter from Dr. Franklin to Washington, and in 1783 he painted portraits of both General and Mrs. Washington. The following anecdote concerning the Father of our country is worth recording.

Congress, when sitting at Princeton, employed Mr. Wright to take a mould in plaster of Washington's features, to be sent to a European sculptor, as a model for a bust. The great man submitted to the irksome business of having his face covered with wet plaster. When the mould was dry, the artist took it off, but in his trepidation let it fall, and it was dashed to pieces.

A circumstance has been related of Washington, which probably originated from this authentic record, by Dunlap; — that he had a mould of plaster put over his face, but Mrs. Washington coming unexpectedly into the room, he could not refrain from a hearty laugh, which cracked the mould, and he refused to submit to a second operation. In Dunlap's entertaining work is a characteristic letter of Mrs. Wright to Jefferson, then in Paris, in which she says, "I most sincerely wish, not

only to make the likeness of Washington, but of those five gentlemen who assisted at signing the treaty of peace which put an end to the bloody war. . . . . To shame the English king, I would go to any trouble and expense to add my mite to the stock of honor due to Adams, Jefferson, and others, to send to America [she was then in London]; and I will, if it is thought proper, pay my expenses of travelling to Paris, come myself and model the likeness of Mr. Jefferson, and see the picture which is said to be so like him."

Mrs. Wright died in 1785. Though she hardly deserves to be ranked among sculptors, yet she seems to have claimed some distinction in the plastic art at least, from the great men whose likenesses she modelled. Female talent in the art of modelling seems to be so rare, that the name of Mrs. Wright is entitled to a place in our pages.*

John Dixey is mentioned as one of the ear-

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* The Greek girl Lala may be mentioned, of whom Pliny gives an account, as contemporary with Cleopatra, thirty-three years before Christ, and who was particularly celebrated for her busts in ivory. The Romans caused a statue to be erected to her honor.

Mademoiselle Collat, a French lady, ought also to be mentioned as a female artist. Residing in Russia, she became enamored of Peter the Great, and was said to have executed the finest bust of him extant.

liest sculptors in America. He was born in Dublin, and a student of the Royal Academy. He was on the list of students to be sent to Italy to finish their education, but other prospects opening, he came to America in 1789. He was elected Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in 1801, and was at that time a resident in Philadelphia, though he afterwards lived at New York. He had an ardent love of sculpture, executed a number of works, and labored to promote the neglected art. But all he did was at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice. Besides other works in marble and stone, he made the heads of the Cherubs, in marble, on the Hamilton monument, and the figures of Justice on the City Hall at New York, and on the State House at Albany. His talents and acquirements were directed to graceful and ornamental embellishments; he intermingled flowers and the heads of animals with artistic skill. He died in 1820.

We place the distinguished sculptor, Joseph Ceracchi, among American artists, for the works he has done here, and for the strong attachment he professed to our country.

He was born at Rome in 1740, and employed by the Pope, with Canova, in sculpture for the Pantheon. Sismondi, in his travels,

mentions Canova and Ceracchi as joint artists.

He went to England in 1772, and was well received by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the President of the Royal Academy, whose bust he made. He has before been mentioned as the instructor of the Hon. Mrs. Damer in sculpture. He executed a full-length figure of his fair pupil as the Muse of Sculpture, which seems to have fully satisfied her fastidious friend, Horace Walpole.

Gifted as Ceracchi really was, he met with little encouragement in England, and went over to Paris, where he became enamored of Liberty. He was intimate with David, the French painter, and probably much stimulated by his extravagant views of revolutionary independence.

At that time the Rights of Man were in every mouth, and Ceracchi, in his zeal, crossed the Atlantic, to find in America the realization of his dreams.

He conceived the plan of erecting a splendid monument, dedicated to Liberty, in the United States, and when he arrived in Philadelphia, prepared the model of a work that was to be one hundred feet in height, and made of statuary marble. It was to cost thirty thousand dollars.

Our Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia, did not feel authorized to spend the money of their constituents on this plan; but they promoted his introduction to distinguished individuals, and he executed the bust of Washington, which is now at the Boston Athenæum.

The plan of the monument intended to be erected by Ceracchi in America is fully given in Dunlap's life of the artist. It would have been an immense work, and is full of allegory, a style which we hope is passing away.

General Washington recommended to Ceracchi to try to obtain means of accomplishing his plan by private subscription, and placed his own name first on the list. The sculptor foresaw that this would be a tedious method, and does not appear to have attempted it, but contented himself with sculpturing many fine busts. The one of Hamilton is greatly admired. Also those of Jefferson, George Clinton, and Benson; one in terra-cotta of Paul Jones, and another of John Jay.

Not by any means satisfied with our calm reception of the Goddess of Liberty, he determined to return to Paris, where she was worshipped in full fervor. There he became a citizen of the French Republic.

The exciting scenes which were constantly

occurring operated on a mind but poorly balanced. He conceived a violent hatred toward Bonaparte, whom he viewed as the restorer of despotism, and the antagonist of the liberty he worshipped. In this state of feeling he was easily induced to conspire against the life of the First Consul.

It is difficult to gather a satisfactory account of the plots or actors that appeared in the French drama at this time. There is no doubt that the unfortunate and half-frantic sculptor was engaged in a conspiracy against the life of Bonaparte. Ceracchi, in buying a poniard, said, "I should like a knife better: the blade is solid, and does not fail the hand."

It is asserted that Ceracchi was convicted, and sentenced to the guillotine, with George and others; but as he was permitted to be heard, he gave such undoubted evidence of his frantic insanity in the cause of political liberty, that the sentence of death was commuted for perpetual imprisonment. We learn no more of this unfortunate being, the victim of his own ungovernable imagination. Many of his works are in our country, and we can hardly look upon them without feeling the deepest commiseration for the poor artist, who seems to be claimed by no country.

While the busts of JOHN FRAZEE adorn our

Athenæum, we are gratified to trace the progress of his genius from youth. He was born in 1790, in the upper village of Rahway, New Jersey. His early history is one of trial and hardship, being placed with a brutal farmer for two years. At length he made his escape, and returned to the home of his widowed mother, and to his grandparents, who gladly received him.

It is painful to follow him through his early struggles, which may be done in the memoir of Dunlap. It was not till he had carved a tablet of stone, which was to immortalize his master by being placed on a bridge he was building, that Frazee felt his own power. The tablet bore simply this inscription: "Built by William Lawrence, A. D. 1808." It is said that his first attempt at portrait-carving was a copy of the bust of Franklin. But we would rather see his model of "one of his children eating a pie."

A bust of his mother, modelled by himself, is said to be very touching. But every one may inspect specimens of his art, in various parts of the United States. At the Athenæum may now be seen, executed by him, a marble bust of the late Judge Prescott; a most striking one of the Hon. John Lowell; a bust of Chief Justice Marshall, and one of

the Hon. Thomas H. Perkins. We doubt not there are many more of his busts of our distinguished citizens, in other places.

When we look upon the figure of Sappho, and the interesting group of Jephthah and his Daughter, we can scarcely believe, as Dunlap tells us, that the creator of these designs, H. Augur, attended in a grocery shop, and made shoes, in his early life. Yet, as we proceed in the biography, which, though short, has the graphic power of the narrator, our surprise diminishes, and we perceive the mind and character through pecuniary embarrassments and liabilities, — we see the man devoting himself to any honest employment that may relieve him from the burden of debt, and finally, by the most humble means, accomplishing his purpose, and stepping forth disenthralled from a weight that often crushes a less brave and persevering character. We fully sympathize in what must have been to him uncongenial labor, in making machines for worsted lace and epaulets, and gilding old looking-glass and picture frames.

But the nature of these employments was immaterial to him, for his mind was occupied with only one idea, — relief from the burden of debt. He has accomplished it, and now he stands forth a man, and proves his title by

carving one of the most glorious specimens of his fellow-men. He chiselled a Washington!

Previously he had borrowed a head of Apollo, and purchased a block of marble. It grew into a likeness, and when the bust was exhibited, "he was hailed as an artist, a sculptor, a self-taught genius."

He now carved the group of Jephthah and his Daughter. It was exhibited in New York and Boston.

But our sympathy with the artist has led us to forget preliminaries, which every one wishes to know. He was born at New Haven in 1791, and still resides there. At first he began with chiselling, as it has been asserted some of the Greeks did; but he now models as other sculptors do, or ought to do. We hear he has orders for busts and monuments; but the time has not yet arrived in our New World when artists are to grow rich by their profession.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### HORATIO GREENOUGH.

Mr. Greenough is so well known as an artist and a gentleman, that were it not essential to our plan to include a sketch of him and his works, we might esteem it sufficient to refer to a letter of his brother, Henry Greenough, published in Dunlap's "Arts of Design." As the book, however, may not be at hand, we shall take the liberty to make extracts.

Horatio Greenough "was born in Green Street, Boston, 1805. He was early distinguished for his proficiency in the classics, and for his excellent memory; having once obtained a prize, for having committed to memory in a given time more lines of English poetry than any of his competitors, by over a thousand."

His brother writes: "I have often heard him attribute his first wish to attempt some thing like sculpture, to having constantly be-

fore his eyes a marble statue of Phocion, a copy from the antique, which my father caused to be placed, with its pedestal, as an ornament to a mound in the garden. His first efforts were made in chalk, on account of its whiteness and softness. He soon tried alabaster, or rather rock plaster of Paris (unburnt), with equal success; and within a few weeks of his first attempt, he had been so assiduous as to transform his chamber to a regular museum, where rows of miniature busts, carved from engravings, were ranged on pine shelves. I recollect, in particular, a little chalk statue of William Penn, which he copied from an engraving in the 'Portfolio' of the bronze statue in Philadelphia.

"A gentleman who saw him copying in chalk the bust of John Adams, by Binon, was so pleased with his success, that he carried him to the Athenæum, and introduced him to Mr. Shaw, who was, I believe, the founder of the institution, and at that time the sole director. My brother was then about twelve years old, and of course was much edified by Mr. Shaw's conversation, who assured him, as he held the chalk in his hand, that there was the germ of a great and noble art. While he showed him the casts there, he told him that, whenever he wished to copy any thing, he

should always find a bit of carpet to cut his chalk upon, and gave him a *carte-blanche* to the Fine Arts room, with its valuable engravings."

At this time my own recollections may be added. I was intimately acquainted with Mr. Shaw, and one day received a morning call from him, accompanied by an interesting, fine-looking boy. Mr. Shaw handed me a miniature work, carved in chalk, which he told me was the execution of the youth with him. I hardly know which interested me most at the time, — the generous and noble enthusiasm of Mr. Shaw for merit and genius, or the prepossessing appearance and talent of the young artist.

"His progress," adds his brother, "was so rapid, that his father no longer opposed his devoting most of his time to these pursuits; insisting only on his graduating at Harvard University, Cambridge, on the ground that, if he continued in his determination, a college education would only the better fit him for an artist's life. He accordingly entered college, at the age of sixteen, in 1821.

"He obtained leave from the government of the College to quit before the usual time, and embarked for Rome. His diploma was afterwards forwarded to him."

Having letters to Thorwaldsen, he often visited his studio. At that time the great master appears to have been too deeply absorbed in his admiration of Phidias, to give much aid in the mechanical process of the art. The young American, however, became an object of interest to many, and he executed several busts of the size of life, when his studies were interrupted, at the termination of the first year, by what is called the *malaria*, and sickness obliged him to return to his native land.

The voyage home restored him to health. He passed a year in America, modelling busts of some of our distinguished men, — of Washington and John Quincy Adams, and also of Chief Justice Marshal. He made arrangements for returning to Italy, to execute in marble the several models for which he had commissions, and left America in March, 1827.

From Gibraltar and Marseilles he proceeded to Carrara, where he finished two busts. He then removed to Florence, which he fixed upon as his head-quarters. During the first year he became the pupil of Bartolini.

His first works are nearly all in America. The Chanting Cherubs, and the Medora, are now owned by individuals here. He spent a winter in Paris, and modelled busts of Lafayette and of Fenimore Cooper.

Thus far, we have drawn our information from the letter of his brother, Mr. Henry Greenough, the whole of which may be read in Dunlap's biography of the sculptor, in his "Arts of Design."

Mr. Greenough, in a letter to Mr. Dunlap, dated in 1833, writes thus modestly of himself: —

"I thank you for the opinion you express of what little I have done in the art of sculpture; I have not yet had time to do much. I fear that the circumstances under which I began my career will prevent my ever realizing my idea of what sculpture should be. Still the effort may be useful to future artists, and yield some works of a special and relative value. I cannot pretend to occupy any space in a work consecrated to American art. Sculpture, when I left home, was practised nowhere, to my knowledge, in the United States. I learned the first rudiments of modelling from a Frenchman, named Binon, who resided long in Boston. My friends opposed my studying the art; but gently, reasonably, and kindly. It would require more time than you would find it profitable to spend, to listen to the thousand accidents that shaped my inclination to the study of this art. I might, perhaps, interest you more by mentioning the

many instances in which I have been comforted, assisted, advised, induced, in short, to persevere in it, by acquaintances and friends. I could tell you of the most generous efforts to assist me, on the part of men who scarcely knew me, — of the most flattering and encouraging notice by elegant and accomplished women; but I might hurt or offend those who have so kindly helped me, and (what I almost shrink from for myself) I fear there would be a fearful disproportion between the seed and the fruit."

We, who now behold the artist standing on his high eminence, distinguished by the choice of his countrymen to execute a statue to commemorate the form and deeds of Washington, and, like the Jupiter of Phidias, to be placed in the Capitol, — we who behold him surrounded by friends, and enshrined in the bosom of domestic and holy affections, — we may well congratulate him on being almost the first, if not the very first, to open a glorious path to his countrymen.

His Chanting Cherubs was the first group from the chisel of an American artist. It is a proud distinction for Mr. Greenough, that he is the precursor of American sculpture, and that his life will always be intimately connected with the progress of the arts in his own country.

Henry T. Tuckerman, in his Italian Sketch-Book, so full of Italy and its scenery, refers with a true and faithful heart to his own countryman, Greenough. He thus describes his interview with him: —

"With rapid steps, the morning after my arrival in Florence, I threaded the narrow thoroughfare, passed the gigantic cathedral, nor turned aside until, from the top of a long and quiet street, I discerned the archway which led to the domicile of my countryman. Associations arose within me, such as the time-hallowed and novel objects had failed to inspire. There was something intensely interesting in the idea of visiting the isolated sanctum of a votary of sculpture, to one who was fresh from the stirring atmosphere of his native metropolis. Traversing the court and stairway, I could but scan the huge fragments of marble that lined them, ere, entering a side door, I found myself in presence of the artist. He was seated beside a platform, contemplating an unfinished model, which bore the impress of recent moulding. In an adjoining room was the group of the Guardian Angel and Child, the countenances already radiant with distinctive and touching loveliness, and the limbs exhibiting their perfect contour, although the more graceful

and more delicate lines were as yet undeveloped. . . . . .

"When Greenough arrived in Genoa, he was yet in his minority. He entered a church. A statue more perfect than he had ever beheld met his eye; with wonder he saw hundreds pass it by without bestowing even a glance. He gazed in admiration on the work of art, and marked the careless crowd, till a new and painful train of thought was suggested. 'What!' he soliloquized, 'are the multitude so accustomed to beautiful statues, that even this fails to excite their passing notice? How presumptuous, then, in me, to hope to accomplish aught worthy of the art!'

"He was deeply moved as the distance between him and the goal he had fondly hoped to reach widened to his view; and concealing himself among the rubbish of a palace-yard, the young and ardent exile sought relief in tears."

One more sentence I must extract from this classical book: —

"On one of the most delicious evenings of my sojourn, I accompanied Greenough to the studio where he proposed to erect his statue of Washington. It was a pretty edifice, which had formerly been used as a chapel, and, from its commodious size and retired situation,

seemed admirably adapted to his purpose. The softened effulgence of an Italian twilight glimmered through the high windows, and the quiet of the house was invaded only by distant rural sounds, and the rustling of the foliage in the new-born breeze. There was that in the scene and its suggestions, which gratified my imagination. I thought of the long and soothing days of approaching summer, which my companion would devote, in this solitary and beautiful retreat, to his noble enterprise. I silently rejoiced that the blessed ministry of nature would be around him, to solace, cheer, and inspire, when his energies were bending to their glorious task; that, when weariness fell upon his spirit, he could step at once into the glorious air, and look up to the deep green cypresses of Fiesole, or bare his brow to the mountain breeze, and find refreshment; that, when doubt and perplexity baffled his zeal, he might turn his gaze toward the palace roofs and church domes of Florence, and recall the trophies of art wrought out by travail, misgivings, and care, that are garnered beneath them; that, when his hope of success should grow faint, he might suspend the chisel's movement, raise his eyes to the western horizon, and remember the land for which he toiled."

One of our Boston gentlemen, Mr. Amos Lawrence, in Tremont Street, whose house is the abode of hospitality, and whose hand and heart are open to his fellow-beings, has some of the first works of Greenough, carved in wood,. over the doors of his spacious apartments. There are three little heads, which give evidence of the future fame of the sculptor of the Chanting Cherubs. We presume many other of his youthful achievements might be traced out, as pledges of his present celebrity.

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The above sketch was written in the month of August, 1852, at Nahant. We earnestly hoped to be able to add some further accounts of a later period, and for this purpose applied, by a friend, to the artist, who had been some time in America, with his family. He was then much engaged, but promised to comply with the request when more at leisure. In December we heard of his illness, and on the 21st of that month the news arrived of his death. The sensation this intelligence excited was great. He had been loved and respected for his amiable qualities, and his talents had inspired the highest degree of admiration. He died in the prime of manhood,

and but a short time before seemed full of vigor and the promise of long life. His noble statue of Washington still stands, a record of his power, and of his classical and anatomical skill.

There are few men called hence so early as Mr. Greenough, who do not leave favorite objects unaccomplished. His last great work, executed at Florence, under a contract from the government, during Mr. Van Buren's administration, has not yet reached this country. It is said, however, by Americans who have seen it, to be a work of exquisite taste in the conception, and of the highest beauty in the execution. It is a group, destined to embellish the pediment of the eastern portico of the Capitol, at Washington. It was completed a long time since, and Mr. Greenough was notified that a vessel belonging to the United States squadron, on its return home, was to be sent to Leghorn, to take it on board. The sculptor ordered it to be packed, and sent to Leghorn for shipment, where it was delivered a year ago, and he came himself to this country to superintend the placing of it at the Capitol. His disappointment must have been great, when he arrived, to find that nothing had been accomplished, and that the statuary still remained at Leghorn.

After long delay, a vessel was sent for the purpose of transporting it to this country; but, from some difficulty in getting the package down the hatches, it was left behind. We may fully sympathize in this second disappointment of the artist. He had accomplished the work under the excitement of ardent hopes and expectations; he had not adapted it to the cost of labor or skill, but given his high impulsive genius to the execution, and during this long delay it remained, and still remains, we believe, in a common storehouse, subject to the casualties which often occur.

Even those who are merely engaged in the every-day plans and projects of life know their own depressing vexations at what they consider unnecessary delay; how much more must this feeling have operated with Mr. Greenough, when added to the inconvenience, and also pecuniary loss, of being detained from his home, and from the pursuit of his avocations at Florence?

The regrets which necessarily arise from the review of the past, we know, are unavailing for the immediate object of them. He rests from his labors, and neither disappointment, anxiety, nor hope delayed follow him. We trust the beautiful creations of his genius

here, — his Chanting Cherubs, his Angel Abdiel, — are but the types of the uncreated glory around him. To us remains the memory of his delightful conversations, — his fine and noble qualities from his youth upward, when he was only a *Boston boy*, yet endowed with all the talents and aspirations of exalted genius. Something else, too, we humbly think, may be suggested from his disappointment in the accomplishment of his labor. We cannot but suppose that his last year of anxiety might have had an injurious effect upon his health. Let us beware how we trifle with the immortal mind, "a harp of ten thousand strings." *

Greenough had the happy art of making *friends* of all his associates. Washington Allston's warm friendship, and fervent admiration of his genius, are fully expressed in

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* Another instance of mortality occurs during these brief notices. The early friend of the distinguished sculptor, Mr. Amos Lawrence, previously mentioned, was summoned hence on the morning of the 1st of January, 1853. We are involuntarily led to include, in the same memorial, the sculptor and the philanthropist, the one so soon followed by the other.

To Mr. Lawrence the lines of the poet might be truly applied : —

> "His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
> That made him ; it was blessedness and love."

lines that he wrote on seeing Greenough's Angel and Child; we extract some of the most striking. Both poet and artist are no more.

## LINES

### ON GREENOUGH'S GROUP OF THE ANGEL AND CHILD.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

"I stood alone; nor word nor other sound
Broke the mute solitude that closed me round;
As when the air doth take her midnight sleep,
Leaving the wintry stars her watch to keep,
So slept she now at noon. But not alone
My spirit then; a light within me shone
That was not mine; and feelings undefined
And thoughts flowed in upon me not my own.
'T was that deep mystery, for aye unknown,
The living presence of another's mind.

"Another mind was there, — the gift of few, —
That by its own strong will can all that 's *true*
In its own nature unto others give,
And mingling life with life seem there to live.
I felt it now in mine; and oh! how fair!
How beautiful! the thoughts that met me there,
Visions of Love, and Purity, and Truth!
Though form distinct had each, they seemed as 't were
Embodied all of one celestial air
To beam for ever in coequal youth."

We omit the next stanza, though every one will feel deep interest in reading the whole; but it is those lines relating to the artist which now touch us most.

"The angel form the gifted artist saw
That held me in his spell. 'T was his to draw
The veil of sense, and see the immortal race,
The forms spiritual, that know not place; —
He saw it in the quarry, deep in earth,
And stay'd it by his will, and gave it birth
E'en to the world of sense; bidding its cell,
The cold, hard marble, thus in plastic girth
The shape ethereal fix, and body forth
A being of the skies, with man to dwell."

From a volume of poetry by Henry T. Tuckerman, the following lines on Washington's statue are here inserted: —

"O, it was well in marble firm and white
To carve our hero's form,
Whose angel guidance was our strength in fight,
Our star amid the storm!
Whose matchless truth has made his name divine,
And human freedom sure;
His country great, his tomb earth's dearest shrine
While man and time endure!
And it is well to place his image there,
Upon the soil he blest;
Let meaner spirits, who its councils share,
Revere that silent guest!
Let us go up with high and sacred love
To look on his pure brow,
And as, with solemn grace, he points above,
Renew the patriot's vow."

It is now well known that Horatio Greenough furnished the design for the Bunker Hill Monument; though at that time only an undergraduate of Harvard College. It was

forwarded to the Board of Directors with an essay, and finally adopted.

Among Greenough's works, interesting to individuals, may be included a marble bas-relief executed for Miss Sarah Gibbs, of Newport, R. I. Few ladies in our country are so situated, as to accomplish plans of taste and benevolence; among the happy few is this lady. She has erected on her own premises a small Gothic church, embowered in trees, and in this is placed the monumental design to the memory of George and Mary Gibbs.

No one can enter these walls, consecrated by filial piety, and not feel that they are breathing a pure and holy atmosphere. Greenough spent much time on the work in Florence. It was one which deeply interested his sensibility, and when he returned to this country, one of his first excursions was to this tranquil spot.

Allston's great picture of Jeremiah, thought by many to be the most finished of his productions, was painted for Miss Gibbs, and is now in her possession.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### HIRAM POWERS. — BALL HUGHES.

The following is copied from an article that was written, and published in the National Gazette, before Hiram Powers became generally known: —

"One of the most deserving artists of our country is Mr. Powers, who is now engaged at the city of Washington in making busts in plaster of Paris. He was a native of New England, and taken to Cincinnati while yet an uneducated boy, and thrown at an early age entirely upon the resources of his own industry and ingenuity. Unlike many of the sons of genius, he has always been temperate, patient, and assiduous, and must long since have risen to fame, if not to opulence, had it not been for a modesty which has induced him to avoid rather than to court public observation. While a boy, he displayed a mechanical genius of the most remarkable character. With a common knife, or a file, he

would shape a piece of wood or metal into any form that pleased his fancy, and imitate the finished fabrications of experienced workmen. Without any previous instruction, he assisted in constructing an organ; and he invented a lathe for turning metals, of superior construction. Brass, iron, and stone were equally manageable in his hands. He repaired clocks, made automatons for museums, and set them in motion.

"He is most popularly known in Cincinnati, by the construction of an exhibition called 'The Lower Regions,' a hideous scene representing hell, filled with terrific figures, moved by machinery, and acting the supposed agonies of the damned. M. Chevalier, an accomplished Frenchman who travelled through our country, estimated it highly as a work of art, and has published some notices of it."

We recollect seeing this exhibition at Cincinnati many years ago, and can only say that it brought Dante's descriptions of the Inferno to our mind very forcibly. That the representation was much more classical in poetry than in mechanics will not be doubted, yet there seems to be kindred genius in the idea, and yet another master mind has conceived and executed on canvas the same

representation; — we hardly need mention the Sistine Chapel in Rome, and the great Michel Angelo.

To return to the article quoted: —

"Mr. Powers has lately devoted himself to the making of busts. The person whose likeness is to be modelled sits before him, and the artist, taking a lump of clay, and governed only by his unerring eye, shapes the material into an exact copy of the living head. The only objection made to Powers is, that his heads are fac-similes of the originals, whereas it is contended that he should mould them into a Grecian or a Roman cast of countenance. Powers copies the model before him. Not only the exact features, but every wrinkle, every trace that thought has impressed in the countenanee, is faithfully transferred, with transcendent skill.

"M. Hervieu, a French artist of some celebrity, who visited this country a few years since, speaks of Powers in the following manner: 'I have never met with a young man more deserving of patronage than this artist, who possesses all the qualities that merit it, — genius, industry, and perseverance. I will venture to say, that a few years of close study, in Italy, would place him near the great masters we now admire, and that he

would one day become the boast and glory of his country.'"

A later article in the Boston Transcript thus speaks of him:—

"Mr. Powers is now on his way to Italy, where he has gone on invitation of Greenough, under whose encouragement he will soon acquire the fame his genius is destined to achieve. He will commence his labors in Greenough's studio, and have all the advantage of that great artist's knowledge and experience."

Mr. Powers has now accomplished his ardent wish, and has been for years a student and sculptor in Rome and Florence. How far the prediction of the French artist has been fulfilled, his country will fully acknowledge. His name is not confined to his native land. His Greek Slave has made it familiar in England. This statue was first exhibited at the room of Messrs. Graves, in Pall Mall, in the summer of 1845. The following mention is made of it in the London Art Journal:—

"There is much in this work to remind the learned in sculpture of the best productions of the antique; in the simple severity of its outline, and in the intellectual expression which dwells on that sorrowful face, it bears a close affinity to the Greek school. Appeal-

ing to the sympathies and sensibilities of our nature, rather than to those feelings which call forth words of delight, we are yet won to admiration by its touching beauty and its unexaggerated ideality. The sculptor has aimed high in his purpose of uniting modesty with scorn, and shame with rebuke, but he has undoubtedly carried out his intent boldly and successfully."

The face is most happily expressive of all we could imagine at such a degrading and cruel exhibition. We think the admiration this statue has won is a peculiar proof of its excellence, from the comparison it must at once suggest with the Venus de' Medici, — that "statue which enchants the world." The resemblance of the attitude is striking. The face is all his own, and bears no resemblance to that of the Cytherean goddess.

The following lines on the Greek Slave are copied from the late volume by H. T. Tuckerman, before quoted: —

"Some pent glow, methinks, diffuses o'er those limbs a grace of soul,
Warm with Nature, and yet chastened by a holy self-control;
Teaching how the loyal spirit ne'er can feel an outward chain,
While its truth remains unconquered, and the will asserts her reign."

His Eve, which we saw in his studio, is a most lovely original, and looks

"Like Nature in the world's first spring."

She is holding the apple, and her face expresses thought and curiosity, mixed with a presentiment of future ill. Ah, poor Eve! we will not condemn thee! Who of her fair daughters could have resisted the rosy-cheeked apple, looking so harmless? Let them at least draw a lesson from the beautiful statue, and neither be tempted by, nor tempt, the Adams of the race.

The Neapolitan Fisher-Boy seems to us a perfect work of art. This is a small figure, and represents one of those happy children of glorious Naples, who bask in the sunshine, and live in the open air; he is listening to a shell which he holds to his left ear, while in his right hand he carries a net.

Powers was eminently successful in modelling, before he went to Italy, the bust of our great statesman, John Quincy Adams. When Mr. Adams first looked upon it, he was struck with the ravages time had made on his countenance, and with his usual poetical readiness wrote the following lines: —

"TO HIRAM POWERS.

"Sculptor! thy hand hath moulded into form
The haggard features of a time-worn face;

And whosoever views thy work shall trace
An age of sorrow, and a life of storm!
And canst thou mould the heart? for that is warm,
Glowing with tenderness for all its race;
Instinct with all the sympathies that grace
Those pure and artless bosoms where they swarm!
Artist! may Fortune smile upon thy hand!
Go forth, and rival Greece's art sublime;
Return, and bid the statesmen of thy land
Live in thy marble through all after-time!
O, snatch from heaven the fire Prometheus stole,
And give the sculptured block a living soul!"

The first statue in bronze ever cast in our country was by Ball Hughes, designed for the Cemetery at Mount Auburn. We refer to the monument of Dr. Bowditch. The illustrious astronomer is seated; an Egyptian pedestal forms the base of the seat. He holds in his hand his celebrated book, the "Mécanique Céleste"; the globe and quadrant are introduced, illustrative of the talents of the mathematician. There is nothing allegorical in this design; it is simple, like the object it portrays, but dignified and commanding.

Mr. Hughes is also said to have executed the first marble statue in our country, and for one of our first men, Alexander Hamilton. The citizens of New York had erected this statue in the centre of the Rotunda of the Exchange. It was a source of pride and pleasure

to the inhabitants for eight months only, when it was destroyed by fire, in December, 1835.

Our Athenæum contains a treasure, in Mr. Hughes's group of "Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman." No one can look at it without comprehending the whole story, and admiring the humor with which the artist has illustrated it, the coquettish widow and the innocent Uncle Toby. What a treat for the witty author would have been this group!

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### HENRY DEXTER.

The difficulty may easily be appreciated of writing sketches of living artists, and we gladly use any information that has the sanction of public prints; but where we derive that information immediately from the artist himself, the task becomes easy and pleasant. Such is now our office. Mr. Dexter, with generous confidence, has supplied a short autobiography of his early life, in a letter, which we gladly insert.

He was born on the 11th of October, 1806, in the town of Nelson, Madison County, N. Y. His parents had previously resided in Cumberland, R. I. They went to their new home, in the wilderness, in 1809.

"My earliest recollections," he writes, "are associated with an immense forest, through which I used to accompany my mother to our nearest neighbor. After a while a village grew up, and a merchant from Utica, with his

family, took up his residence among the new settlers. I can never forget them, for it was in seeing portraits of the family, and looking at the pictures in their great family Bible, that I first began to think I too might be a painter! Accompanied by my eldest sister to the fields, I at once commenced the occupation of an artist. From pigeon-berries I expressed the juice for coloring, and as paper was beyond my means, and quite out of the question, I used pieces of cloth to paint upon. These were the days of childhood; I was then eleven years old, and dearly does my memory love to dwell on that period.

"At this time, in consequence of losing my father, and of his leaving an unsuccessful business, I, in one year more, at the age of twelve, removed with my mother and sisters to the State of Connecticut. From this time I was separated from them, never living at home. It was my earnest desire to be able to help my mother, in case her own energy should fail.

"This period of my life is the most unpleasant to narrate; and though there were bright spots, it would be sad to me to live those years over again. It was necessary that a place of employment should be procured, to enable me to earn a living by my labor.

"Application was made to a family who wanted a boy. They told me *their Frank* could teach me to take likenesses. Most earnestly I desired to go to this place for that purpose, but it was not for me, and I went to live with a farmer in a neighboring town, an old bachelor, whose aged step-mother kept his house. The old lady was a pious, good woman, and initiated me in Scripture quotations, excellent maxims, and stories of the Revolution. It was a fortunate place for me. I worked on the farm in summer with Uncle Stephen (as he was called), and in the winter was sent to school. This life, continuing for three years, brought me to an age to learn a trade.

"Many reflections rise to my mind, and I feel almost tempted to philosophize upon the future destiny which awaited me, so little foreseen at that time, — but I let it pass. It was decided by my mother's advisers, that I should be bound to a blacksmith, to learn his trade, or art, as it was called in the indentures.

"This did not exactly meet my mother's views; she had a secret wish to make a minister of me, and probably thought that my school-learning, and the religious instruction I had received at Uncle Stephen's, fully qualified me for this vocation.

"Her friends, however, assured her that a good trade would be better for the boy than his learning, and so I went to the house of my new master. When I entered, what should I see hanging against the wall, without a frame, but the portrait of my master! I learned that it was painted by the young man, Frank, by whom I had a hope, three years before, of being taught to paint.

"All my inclination for the art revived, and I felt the utmost reluctance to bind myself to the blacksmith's trade. As I was to serve a probation of three weeks, I hoped my master might think I had not sufficient mechanical ingenuity for the business; but at the end of the three weeks my surprise was great, when he told me he was satisfied, and would not have any delay about the indentures being signed by the parties.

"Thus was my freedom over, and five years were passed amid the sinewy labors of the forge, when Francis Alexander, the same young painter who had been the dream of my boyhood, made his appearance at the village. I was permitted to make his acquaintance. It was the most exciting day of my life. I now saw the man who could make me a painter!

"I had no courage, however, to mention to

him what I had so much at heart, and he did not suspect it. He was willing to take portraits while he remained on a visit to his sister and his nieces, while the heat of the summer lasted. He had six sitters, and I was one of the number. I was to see how the thing was accomplished, and I felt that now I could learn to be a painter. I well recollect the enthusiasm of that moment; it seemed to me all the kingdoms of the earth were insignificant compared with the possession of this one art.

"The time arrived for my first sitting; with a sort of exultation, I laid my hammer upon the anvil, and went to my chamber, and dressed in my best. My cravat, my vest, my coat, were all important, for they were to go down with my lineaments to future generations.

"A few moments more, and I was in the presence of the painter. The room was quite dark. I was requested to take a chair opposite to him, near the window. Operations began. The hour seemed but a minute; but my disappointment was extreme, for I was so placed that I could not see him paint. Thus ended my first visit to the studio of an artist. The remaining sittings soon followed, with the like result, and thus was accomplished the

first portrait of myself, and the last, that ever was taken.

"The forge resumed its blast, the anvil rang again to the reluctant blows of the hammer; yet still I felt that I was born to be an artist; I was a pupil of art, without a teacher.

"I could labor at the forge no longer. I determined to open a path for myself. I knew Alexander would discourage me, — I knew my mother and sisters would discountenance my attempt; but I still felt that I must go on, — it was my destiny.

"I married a niece of Mr. Alexander, and made my first essay, in oil, the summer after I was married. I went to Hartford on purpose to procure my paints, returned, and took a portrait of my mother. This was my first attempt. My next was my sister's.

"The painter heard what I was employed about, and came to see me. I shall never forget the interview. He praised and blamed, but, as I expected, wholly discouraged the undertaking. He asked me what was to become of my family, and refused to give me any instruction unless I relinquished my design. At length he worked on my feelings to such a degree, that I promised to resume my former occupation. He then very kindly criticized my works, told me wherein I had failed, and

how I might improve; in short, informed me of all the mechanical part of the business. But I had given my promise not to paint, and I laid by my palette and materials, and continued my labors at the anvil, for *seven* years. It is a Bible period of time, and I thought I had fulfilled my promise. — And here ends the second period of my life.

"The first day of May, 1835, after having disposed of all my interest in my business, I alighted from the stage at the Tremont House, Boston. My first object was to find my friend Alexander. I soon entered the portals of the old Columbian Hall, and had an interview with him. I did not now consult him on my purpose; I had decided, and was resolved to sink or swim.

"Alexander was kind to me, did not now discourage me, assisted me in procuring my colors and pencils, procured me works of art to copy, and allowed me to see him paint. One gentleman, Robert G. Shaw, Esq., was sitting for his portrait. He little imagined then, that I should ever make a marble bust of him.

"After procuring the information and things necessary for an artist, I returned home to study and practise my new profession, and in a short time I took a number of portraits, and acquired some reputation.

"The next spring I went to Providence, — painted General Carpenter and his family, among others. I owe a debt of gratitude to this gentleman for his kindness. But now the trials of an artist began to be apparent to me. I had been sanguine in my eager pursuits, and buoyed up by my enthusiasm; but from having made Nature a study, and seen the works of experienced artists, — from having obtained at least a glimpse of the glorious old painters, — I began painfully to feel how much was to be accomplished; that the art could not be trifled with, and that Nature cherishes her votaries only as they are faithful to her laws.

"After some changes, in the autumn of 1836 I came to Boston, took the Bromfield Hall, and made an earnest effort to establish myself as a portrait-painter.

"I was a stranger here, Mr. Alexander being the only person I knew, but made my beginning of acquaintance through him. Colonel Samuel Swett's house was the first private residence I ever entered in Boston. With many minor things of importance to me, this gentleman lent me his influence, and held me up with his money. Ah! this is the glowing atmosphere that warmed the life of the artist! There were many artists in Boston, and I had but little employment. I grew restless and

uneasy. My habits of life were those of industry and application; I could not be idle without suffering, and my health began to fail.

"But I come to a new era in my life. I was passing up Chestnut Street with Alexander; suddenly he exclaimed, 'There goes Greenough, the sculptor!' He then added, that he was to return to Italy in a few days, and would leave a quantity of clay that he had no further use for, and I had better get it, — modelling would assist me to acquire a knowledge of forms. He spoke to Mr. Greenough, who informed me the clay was at my service. I sent a cart, and had it brought to my room, and deposited in a corner of the great hall. There it remained for some two months. One day I took up some of it to examine, having no more knowledge how to use it than the man in the moon. I mixed it with water, and prepared a mass of it in the way I supposed it was to be used.

"My hands were in the clay when Mr. White, the painter, came in. I requested him to let me make his face in the mud. He readily assented. In about half an hour, with only my fingers for instruments, I astonished my sitter, and almost frightened myself. This was my first attempt at modelling.

"Mr. Alexander happened, in one of his calls,

to see this model. He was in raptures at what I had done; said I must have a sitter for another trial. He introduced a student from Cambridge, J. F. W. Lane (now M. D.). I tried this time to make a bust. Alexander saw it, and pronounced it excellent! and again introduced a sitter, Colonel Samuel Swett. This time I made an effort to do my best. They pronounced it good, all round. People would have it I had done something wonderful; but I never felt that satisfaction I did in painting my first portrait.

"Rev. Hubbard Winslow was my next sitter. My first order was for a bust of Rev. Dr. Anderson. A few friends raised fifty dollars for it. This was getting up in the world! I also modelled a bust of Peter Harvey, Esq., for which I received the like sum.

"I recollect about this time Rev. Mr. Winslow calling at my room in a great hurry, and saying he was coming in with the Mayor, Mr. Eliot. Sure enough, back he came with Mr. Eliot. I felt complimented, — I felt honored! And I was honored with an appointment for Mr. Eliot to sit for his own bust. In due time the model in plaster was completed. Mr. Eliot was pleased with it, and said to me, 'Mr. Dexter, you may put my bust in marble!' I could not believe what I heard, — but it was

so. I shall never forget this encouragement of Mr. Eliot. In my diary of that time is this memorandum: 'I have this day completed a marble bust of Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, June 9, 1838, — it being the first bust I ever made, — the first time I ever struck marble with mallet and chisel.'

"I would here mention, that I have been my own teacher in sculpture, never having to this day seen any other sculptor model, or cut his marble. I invented my own painting apparatus, and have never used any other.

"I also received an order from the Hon. T. H. Perkins, for a marble bust of Ellen Tree; also from the same patron of art, an order for a *Hand* in marble, which I had made for a study. I shall ever feel grateful for this encouragement.

"My next marble bust to order was Judge Jackson, and my next work in marble to order was the Binney child, at Mount Auburn.

"About this time I concluded to change my room to one in Tremont Row. I felt regret at leaving the old hall, where I had both pleasant and painful associations. I wrote my farewell to the 'Old Hall,' on the casing of the window, in a few lines.

"I took possession of my new room, and about this time made the bust of Charles

Dickens, who was then on a visit here. It was successful, and brought me many orders. Almost all my works were now ordered in marble.

"I often think what an array of marble busts I might make at the present time. They number over one hundred, besides seven life-size statues, all made in the marble with my own hands; two statues at Mount Auburn; a statue of one of the daughters of the late William P. Winchester; two statues of children of J. P. Cushing, Esq.; the Backwoodsman (colossal) at the Athenæum; figure and mural monument for Hon. William Heywood, South Carolina; and a statue of Devotion, not yet executed, in marble."

I have found myself unable to cut short this interesting letter from Mr. Dexter, but give nearly the whole of it, in his own phraseology. He confines himself at present much to his studio, in Cambridge, where he now resides. He has there several designs in clay, representing incidents of American character and history, which he hopes to execute when he shall have leisure.

So many of his works are now before the public, that it is needless to speak of them. We think his Backwoodsman a fine exhibition of strength and power. His busts are excel-

lent likenesses; his *marble children* are full of life and nature. For this department of the exercise of sculpture he seems to us peculiarly qualified, by the native simplicity and truth of his character.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THOBAL VAIL CLEVENGER.—HENRY CRAWFORD.

We well remember the enthusiasm felt and expressed towards Clevenger, when his works were first known in Boston. His history of course came with him, for we are an inquiring people. A pleasant article from the Southern Literary Messenger soon enlightened us fully on the subject, and to this article we are indebted for our information.

He was born in Middletown, a small village in the interior of Ohio. His parents did not remain there, but removed to Indian Creek. At the age of fifteen, Thobal, their third child of a family of ten, left them, and went to his brother, at Centreville, to learn under his direction the art of stonecutting, in which employment he was engaged on the canal. This situation proved unhealthy to the future artist. He was soon reduced by fever and ague, and compelled to return home.

Not in any degree discouraged, he no sooner

shook off the wasting fever, and still more distressing chills, than he repaired to Louisville. After remaining there a short time, he came to Cincinnati, and stipulated to remain with Mr. Guion, a stonecutter, for the purpose of learning the trade. A tomb was ordered, which was to have a seraph's head chiselled upon it. Mr. Guion undertook the task himself, and formed the figure, which his young apprentice criticized.

We are reminded of the contest between Brunelleschi and Donatello, previously related, in Italian annals. "Do better yourself," said the master, satirically. Clevenger took the only time he could call his own, which was Sunday, and at length produced a seraph's head. When exhibited, it excited much applause, and Mr. Guion from this time gave all the ornamental work to the young aspirant.

At the expiration of the period for which he had engaged, he adventurously married Miss Elizabeth Wright, of Cincinnati. We say adventurously, for he was then struggling for employment and a living; and Sir Joshua Reynolds might with much more justice have predicted his ruin, than he did on the same occasion that of Flaxman. It is but truth to say that our American women often prove helpmates under these exigencies. The young

couple repaired to Xenia, an inland town of Ohio, but soon returned again to Cincinnati, and he worked with his former master. His situation was improved by entering into partnership with Mr. Basset, and taking a small shop, where he worked.

It was in this shop that he became known to Mr. E. S. Thomas, the editor of the Evening Post, who happened to enter as he was at work on the head of a cherub. This gentleman had been abroad, and seen the best statuary of Europe. He warmly encouraged him, and the next day announced the works of the new artist in his paper, in a manner that excited much general interest, expressing his conviction that his genius was of the first order.

How inspiring are these halos of light which surround the toilsome, and often desponding labors of genius!

Powers, the sculptor, was then at Washington, and distinguishing himself by modelling the busts of some of our leading statesmen. Clevenger heard he was about to return to Cincinnati, with his model of the head of Chief Justice Marshall, from which he was to make a marble bust. Fired with ambition, Clevenger determined to cut the first portrait from stone ever executed in Cincinnati.

He requested his friend, Mr. Thomas, to sit

to him. He consented. The young artist procured the block, and, forming no model of clay, went fearlessly to work, and "without having seen any thing of sculpture but the memorials of the dead in a Western graveyard, and aided by casts which he had taken by moonlight, he struck out a likeness which wants but the Promethean heat to make it in all respects the counterpart of the veteran editor."

This bust excited the warmest enthusiasm; many of the wealthy citizens had their busts taken, and his shop, "now dignified by the name of studio," was crowded with visitors.

When he arrived at Boston, he was received with the warmest welcome. He moulded a bust of Mr. Webster, which we think gives the intense thought of the great statesman's mind, mingling with a spirit that occasionally soars upwards, and escapes from the wearisome bondage of laboring, heart and soul, for his native land. Some have thought it too much like his every-day life, and wanting ideality. This is its great excellence. What ask we more than the countenance on which intellect has set its seal, and giving us the every-day life which is spent for his country?*

* This sentence was written on the 19th of October, 1852.

Other fine busts have been executed by Clevenger, — those of Biddle, Clay, and Van Buren. The head of Allston is perfectly true to life.

We had here laid down the pen, for melancholy thoughts crowded upon us, but we resume it to close this notice of the young Western sculptor. He left America for Italy full of hope, his mind filled with images of Grecian art, which he was now to behold in all its glory. Those casts on which he had gazed with enthusiasm were to become pale shadows of the reality. He was now to witness the contrast of a life on the Ohio with the olden classic associations of Rome and Florence. Tuckerman says: "We may not easily find in the records of adventure a change of life more truly poetic, than that which transforms the humble stonecutter of Cincinnati to the accomplished sculptor of Florence."

However frail is human calculation, we can scarcely refrain from basing our hopes on ap-

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The great statesman was then at his seat at Marshfield, and though a little indisposed, no alarm was felt. On the 21st, intelligence was received of his illness. Bulletins were hourly despatched, and were more and more discouraging. On the morning of the 24th, "all that was mortal of Daniel Webster was no more."

parent health and vigor, — on the compact and manly frame. Few bade fairer for a long career than Clevenger, and at first our anticipations seemed about to be accomplished. His early habits promised a vigorous manhood; he carried with him the beings in whom his fondest affections were centred, and when weary with toil, there was one to whom he could repair for rest and tranquillity.

He selected Florence for his place of residence, because it was less expensive than Rome, and because he found there many of his friends and countrymen. It is consoling to reflect, that in that beautiful region, where Nature seems to have lavished all her treasures of climate, fruits, and flowers, — where the eye may rest on the transcendent glories everywhere clustering, — he experienced the first attacks of fatal disease. How much must the mildness of the climate have mitigated his suffering! The heart grows sick when we think of consumption wearing out its last breath in our northern region, amid frost and snow. But Clevenger sighed for his home, for the land of his birth; he felt that he should be better in America, that he should breathe more freely. He embarked. Alas! we can only refer to the writer we have already quoted. "Let us draw a veil over that dreary

night at sea, — the moaning of the billows, the patient sufferer, whose head was yet pillowed on the bosom of affection."* Our sad task is ended.

Of a living artist, one whom we have often met in the drawing-room and social circle, little, with propriety, can be said; yet the impression is vivid on my mind, of first seeing HENRY CRAWFORD and his accomplished wife together; a bright halo of future fame and happiness seemed to be encircling them, and we believe every heart present felt deep sympathy in their prospects. Years afterwards we saw them at their home in the Eternal City, with new ties multiplying around them. Once, we believe, they have returned to their native land, and passed a summer at the residence of Dr. Howe, situated on the shore of Boston Bay. In this spot, chosen for its vicinity to the establishment for the blind, it has been the voluntary office of Dr. Howe to supply by intellectual light the external darkness in which these unfortunates are veiled. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford again returned to Italy. We quote the following article, published in the Evening Transcript in the month of July, 1852: —

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* H. T. Tuckerman.

"Among the studios of Rome there are none more thronged by artists and amateurs, than those of our own sculptor, Crawford. He occupies two large studios, one in the Piazza Barberini, the other in the Piazza de Termini, near the Diocletian Baths. The latter is entirely devoted to the great work for the State of Virginia, which is to be placed near the Capitol, in Richmond. He has just completed the models of the statues of Patrick Henry and Jefferson. They are fourteen feet in height, and are in the costume of the age. Apart from the likenesses, which are said, by those who are familiar with other representations of the same objects, to be very correct, they challenge the admiration of all who have seen, as statues of the orator and the statesman. The former stands in an oratorical, but not theatrical attitude, with outstretched arms, and the face is 'as a book, where men may read strange matters.' I half expected to hear from the the lips of Henry the burning words that nerved the heroes of the Revolution. The latter stands as if meditating some deep diplomatic scheme.*

" Mr. Crawford's Hebe and Ganymede, a beautiful work executed for Mr. C. C. Perkins

* The plaster models of these statues have been sent to Munich, to be cast in bronze.

of Boston, is now finished; and a flying figure of Ceres, with a bounteously filled lap, will soon be ready to receive the final touches of the master hand. It is sufficient to say, that in conception and execution they are worthy of the genius which produced the Orpheus."

Of this figure, which is placed in our Athenæum, it is unnecessary to speak; it has been admired with all the partiality that American enthusiasm feels for its own. Much as we respect this generous trait in our countrymen, we think it sometimes overdone, and comparisons with the ancient Greek sculpture, even if just, had better be avoided.

The Orpheus needs no comparison to enhance its beauty; the natural and earnest manner in which he shades his eyes with his hand, as he looks down into the abyss, is inexpressibly imposing; the spectator feels an impulse to look down with him. We are tempted to add the lines by Miss Fuller, afterwards Countess d' Ossoli, written upon seeing the Orpheus. The fate of this unfortunate lady is too recent not to give an interest to them, although they may be a little mystical.

### CRAWFORD'S ORPHEUS.

"Each Orpheus must to the abyss descend,
For only thus the poet can be wise;

Must make the sad Persephone his friend,
And buried love to second life arise;
Again his love must lose, through too much love,
Must lose his life, by living life too true;
For what he sought below has passed above;
Already done, is all that he would do;
Must tune all being with his single lyre;
Must melt all rocks free from their primal pain;
Must search all nature with his one soul's fire;
Must bind anew all forms in heavenly chain:
If he already sees what he must do,
Well may he shade his eyes from the far-shining view."

Crawford's works, in many instances, discover a beautiful and accurate love of children's nature. We would fain see a piece he has just finished, a boy playing at marbles; also one he is executing for Mr. James Lennox of New York, — the Children in the Wood. There is genius in selecting a subject so familiar, and which has taught almost every child emotions of indignation for the cruel uncle, and of pity for the helpless orphans. The period he has chosen is when they have just expired; they are clasped in each other's arms, and the robin-redbreasts are beginning to cover them with leaves. This is the poetry of nature, and speaks as eloquently to the old as to the young.

Of Mr. Crawford's monumental works, there is one that every body who visits the cemetery of Mount Auburn will immediately

single out. It is in memory of Dr. Amos Binney, distinguished for his scientific acquirements and liberal patronage of the arts. He left his native city of Boston in search of health, and repaired to a land congenial to his tastes. But neither the climate of Italy, nor the faces of cherished friends, nor the grateful welcome of artists whose works adorned his mansion at home, could stay the wasting disease. His decline was rapid, and at length only *one* remained of the two who had traversed the broad ocean. Crawford beautifully tells the mournful story. On one side is the ascending spirit, rising from the tomb, and bursting the cerements of the grave; on the opposite side is a female figure, completely shrouded, bearing an urn containing the sacred ashes. This is not merely an allegory: faithful to her trust, she returned with the precious remains, and they are deposited under the monument sculptured by Crawford.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### JOHN C. KING.

"When Powers was in his infancy as a sculptor, Mr. King and himself were boon companions, at Cincinnati; and though neither of them was very wealthy, they nevertheless, being kindred spirits, passed many pleasant hours together; entertaining each other with their golden dreams and bright hopes of the future, but neither ever dreaming that one of them was so soon to stand among distinguished artists in the land of sculpture. Their leisure hours were usually spent, now in angling, now in hunting, and now revelling in the delights of the magnificent and lovely scenery that surrounds the proud young Queen of the West. Just before Mr. Powers left his native land for the classic shores of Italy, he presented to his friend King a collection of 'odds and ends,' among which was the first bust that he ever modelled. These 'odds and ends' Mr. King values more highly than he

would sparkling brilliants, or diamonds of the first water."

We have quoted this paragraph from one of the Gazettes of the day. Mr. King made a bust of Mr. Webster in 1850, which has given general satisfaction; it is well described as the personification of intellect, power, and self-possession, — of energy in repose; and over his features is thrown an air of thoughtful melancholy, — for on his countenance we have all felt, of late, that time, care, and incessant labor for his country have been chiselling deep lines.

But we are glad to substitute extracts from an autobiography of the artist in his own glowing language, and regret that we are obliged sometimes to condense the narrative.

"I was born on the 11th of October, 1806, in the town of Hilwinning, Ayrshire, Scotland; this is a very ancient abbey town, and has claims to the protection of the parent Lodge of Freemasons in Scotland. The abbey (now in ruins) was, in its palmy days, of very extensive structure, and Gothic in style. It was founded by Hugh de Marville, then High Constable of Scotland, in 1665, and despoiled at the Reformation, with the exception of one tower, the last of five, each of which was one hundred feet high; also a very

picturesque gable, covered with a rich drapery of ivy and wall-flowers, and inhabited by owls, starlings, and jackdaws.

"The Presbyterian church was built on the ruins of the abbey, and around it is the churchyard where my ancestors rest, from the time that the Huguenots were driven from France, and where I used to ramble when a schoolboy."

It was in this romantic spot that the infant years of the future artist were past, and we can hardly doubt that his mind must have been early impressed with the wild and magnificent scenery around him, and that his character was forming for the career of art he has since pursued.

"At the age of six," he continues, "I was sent to school; but I ought to mention, that at the age of five I had a great desire to be a painter, and begged to be put to a master. My petitions were disregarded, and I got a piece of chalk, and for weeks afterwards every article of furniture in the house exhibited specimens of my attempts at drawing, and I was only persuaded to relinquish my chalk studies by the promise of a box of water-colors.

"The day on which the promise was redeemed I never shall forget. It was a gloomy,

murky day, a thick Scotch mist wrapping every thing around, like a wet blanket. My father went to pay a visit to a neighboring town, where artists' materials were to be purchased. I well remember taking my station at the front window as he left the house, and there I stood, five mortal hours, waiting his return; and come he did, and so did my water-colors, pencils, and brushes. I was happier then, in the possession of those cherished articles, than a fortune could make me now.

"I borrowed and copied prints of Wellington and Napoleon, fox-hunts, horse-races, and battle-pieces; I took off several public characters, and my grandfather encouraged my attempts by writing my name under them, *Crookshanks*,* and sticking them up in every part of his house.

"I remained at school till I was fifteen, and made about the same progress in my studies as other boys of my own age. I had my peculiar aversions. I could not be persuaded to speak before the school committee, and I also had a great dislike to book-keeping and arithmetic. My slate was oftener found occupied by figures of men and animals, than

* This is the family name of his mother; he adopted the *C* to distinguish him from others of the same name.

by those which appertain to accounts. Indeed, I continued to be the amateur artist till I arrived at the age of manhood.

"At length, my father's affairs not being very prosperous, he, in conjunction with my mother, persuaded me to learn his business, which was that of making all the heavier kinds of machinery. I did this as a matter of duty, but with great reluctance, and continued working with him as a machinist till I grew up. In the mean time, I spent a great part of my leisure hours in reading natural history, ornithology being my favorite branch of that interesting study. Permit me to tell you a story of a bird in this connection. A mulatto boy, who was sent from St. Kitts to be educated, and lived near us, brought a little sparrow, and placed it on a bench near me. I observed he treated it roughly, and said he was tired of it. I rescued it from his cruelty, took it home, and gave it into the care of my good mother, who named it Philip. This was in early spring. For two weeks I fed the little fledgling; it was then able to provide for itself. Every fly or spider which escaped the searching besom fell a victim to her (she was a hen-sparrow); and we never caged her,—she roamed at liberty. When my mother wished her company, she would go to the door and whistle, or call

Philip, and the little creature would perhaps issue from a hedge of hawthorns near, and perch upon her head or shoulder. When winter came, she would sit on the window-sash, and listen to the howling winds, turning her head one side and the other, with that knowing air peculiar to some birds; then she would fly to my mother, and nestle down at the back of her neck, in the white cambric neck-handkerchief she always wore, and remain there for hours. Philip was our guest at table, hopping from one to the other, securing some crumbs, and grateful for any contribution. If my father drove her off, she would fly on his bald head, and peck at the few scanty hairs. When winter fairly set in, she took a fancy to a pitcher in my bed-room, which stood on the shelf of a piece of furniture, something like a lady's modern *étagère*, which my mother had ornamented with old china and antiquated goblets. In this pitcher the little lady built her nest, collecting straws, feathers, and threads for the purpose, and here she retired every night. (I have the pitcher still in my possession.) She not only claimed the pitcher for her own, but the shelf on which it stood; and as her fame spread, for paragraphs appeared in our Gazette noticing the remarkable bird, strangers for miles round would come

to see her; if they put their fingers on the shelf or pitcher, she would peck at them with the fierceness of a Scotch terrier. In one of her rambles she found a mate; he every evening escorted her home, and left his fair lady at my bedroom window, which I left open for her entrance. Every morning he came to the window and called her, she always answered while flying from her pitcher to the window, and if it happened not to be open, she would perch on my head, and pull my hair till I awoke, and let her out. We soon discovered the pair were building a nest abroad.

"After this we saw no more of Philip for three months, and we all feared she had fallen a victim to some gunner; but at the expiration of that time, to the joy and surprise of us all, but particularly of my mother, she flew into the house, hopped on the tea-table, and seemed perfectly at home. She then examined her nest in the pitcher, which appeared to want some repairs, as she busied herself about it, and then took possession of it for the winter, living in the family as before. The next spring she left us, and returned as winter approached; this she continued doing for five years. Finally she did not return, and we could only conjecture that she died the death of a sparrow."

Mr. King makes some apology for inserting in his autobiography this history of a house-sparrow, but we presume our readers will require none.

"In 1827 I became tired of living at home, and determined to make a voyage to Mexico. In the mean time a cousin of mine, who lived in the State of Mississippi, came to Scotland, and gave such glowing accounts of the New World, that I resolved to repair to it. Accordingly, on the 1st of November, 1829, accompanied by my brother William, I took leave of home and country.

"I arrived at New Orleans during a tremendous thunder-storm, which was the most grand and sublime scene I had ever witnessed. We were shortly invited to spend some time at the cotton plantation of a friend in Mississippi, and stayed there five months. Having little else to do, I had a fine opportunity for indulging my passion for natural history. I now saw many birds, trees, plants, insects, and reptiles, of which I had read, with the deepest interest, when a boy. It was my constant habit and enjoyment to ramble about in the primeval forests, making collections of snakes, beetles, centipedes, and spiders of gigantic proportions. As the warmth of spring began to open the early buds, my

greatest delight was to sit, with a favorite book in my hand, among the flowers in the garden, and watch the fitful movements of those exquisite little creatures, the humming-birds, — to see them flitting about, and sparkling like jewels, changing their colors every time they moved.

"About the middle of May, my brother and I bade adieu to our kind friends, and to this place, which seemed like paradise, and embarked for Cincinnati. On our arrival we received an application to make patterns and drawings for a new factory, and for making steam-engines, sugar-mills, &c. Here we remained a year and a half, then returned to New Orleans; but it was too late in the season for any thing profitable, and we embarked for Louisville, where I was offered the superintendence of a factory. I remained there till 1836. The distressing state of commercial affairs at that time stopped business operations, and, among other things, completely stopped the wheels of the steam-engine factory.

"In 1832 I had the good fortune to become acquainted with Hiram Powers. Our acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, which has since continued uninterrupted.

"In 1834 a young friend of Mr. Powers

died of cholera. Powers was applied to, to model a bust of him from memory. I had an invitation to look at it when it was finished. This was the first model in clay I had ever seen, and it possessed great interest for me. After examining it carefully, and making remarks on the parts that pleased me most, Powers came directly in front of me, threw his hands behind his back, looked at me with his large, serious eyes, as if he saw through to the back of my head, and said, 'King, if you had as much practice as I have had, you could model as good a bust as I can.'

"I asked him why he said so. He replied, 'I know it from the remarks you have just made on that model. Get a piece of clay, and I will give you my modelling stand, and lend you my modelling tools, and if your modesty will not allow you to ask any gentleman to sit, make a bust of your wife; and if you should fail, don't be discouraged, as a female study, for a beginner, is rather a severe test.'"

We cannot forbear interrupting the graphic narrative of Mr. King, by inserting a reflection which constantly occurs to us in tracing the lives of our American sculptors, — the disinterested desire of promoting each other's interest, which they constantly demonstrate.

A letter written by Horatio Greenough has been generally published, commending in the highest terms Brackett's group of the Shipwrecked Mother and Child, and expressing his desire that it might be transferred to the Boston Athenæum. It proves the same noble feeling which actuated Powers in calling forth the talents of his friend. Much as we admire the genius which chisels the rough marble into beautiful and glorious forms, it is in reality inferior to that noble exercise of the mind which awakens the slumbering intellect, and kindles into life the latent talent of a human being. Those who faithfully labor for this end faintly shadow forth the all-creative Deity.

We return to the narrative.

"The clay was procured, and the block set up, into which I was to work my way, to come at the likeness. Most of the work had to be done at night, as early in the morning I had the duties connected with my business to attend to. About two weeks served to throw aside the clay in the front of the head, and somewhat to my astonishment, the likeness was apparent. I summoned courage to ask Powers to look at it. I confess that I was quite nervous about the time the model was uncovered. He looked at it, and said, 'Did I not tell you that you could model? And if cir-

cumstances should occur that make it expedient to you to resort to sculpture as a means of supporting your family, you need no teacher: you have that within you that will guide you better than any master.'

"I finished the bust, and from 1836 to 1837 I modelled several busts and medallions. I then went to New Orleans, and there remained the greater part of the time till 1840, during which period I modelled a number of busts, amongst them some public men, — Rev. Theodore Clapp, James H. Caldwell, and Pierre Soulé, now Senator for Louisiana. I also cut a number of likenesses in cameo.

"In 1840 I came to Boston, where I have continued modelling busts, and cut a large number of cameos. The most distinguished of my sitters, and whose busts I have produced in marble, were Daniel Webster, John Quincy Adams, and Dr. Samuel Woodward. I have executed two marble busts of Mr. Webster, and have orders for two more.

"It is to be expected that we who are *pioneering* sculpture in this new country should experience some of the ups and downs of life. The most distressing calamities that have befallen me were the death of my oldest son, on his way to China, and the destruction of my studio, by fire, with all its contents, in

March last, 1852. The gatherings of fifteen years were swept away in an hour, and but for the kindness of friends, I should not have been in a position to proceed with the orders I have on hand."

This autobiography is dated January 22d, 1853.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### PETER STEPHENSON. — EDWARD AUGUSTUS BRACKETT.

The following communication from Peter Stephenson was written at particular request: —

"I was born in a village of Yorkshire, England, A. D. 1823, August 19th. In 1827 my father brought me to America, and we settled in Wayne County, N. Y. Here I first discovered my love for the arts. When I was about five years old, we happened to have a well surrounded with large flat stones, which answered well for slates, and here I used to spend the long summer days in drawing whatever pleased my fancy; sometimes pictures of my own invention, and at others resemblances of what I saw. As I grew older, I learned the use of the magic jack-knife. I commenced modelling little ships, and soon acquired a great reputation among the boys of the village for ship-building, and received constant orders for miniature ships.

"In 1834 my father removed to Michigan. At that time we saw few people besides Indians; in my constant intercourse with them, I had the best opportunity for studying their characters, countenances, and peculiarities. My father died the year after we arrived, in 1835, and in 1836 I went to Buffalo, to live with my brother, and be a watchmaker, in his store. In 1839 I began cutting cameos, and found they met with a ready sale. Soon after, I chiselled a bust from Vermont marble. It was the first bust I ever saw.

"In 1843 I relinquished watchmaking, and started for the 'Athens of America.' I knew but one person in the city, had but little money, and poor health. But I set to work with all my might, and by the 1st of March, 1845, I had earned money enough to take me to Rome, where I married.

"I immediately began drawing from nature and the antiques. I was at once overpowered with the conviction of how much I had to learn. I found I must begin at A, B, C in art. It was hard work, but I felt the importance of it, and that I could do nothing without it. I remained in Rome till my money was nearly gone, and then returned to Boston, after an absence of nineteen months.

"In 1849 I modelled my statue of the

Wounded Indian, and cut it in Vermont marble in 1850. It was the first statue ever cut in that marble. It was exhibited at the World's Fair in 1851. I have since then done some large monumental work, busts, &c.

"It is now about twelve years since I first considered myself an artist; and for the benefit of those who come after me, and think themselves much neglected because they do not receive orders for ideal works, I will state that I last week received the first order for an ideal work, and that, too, at a price that would discourage a stonecutter.

"I do not, however, complain; the way to make up for hard luck is to work the more industriously. I never have received a lesson from any one, nor a cent of money that the sweat of my brow did not earn.

"I have cut between six and seven hundred cameo likenesses, about two thousand fancy designs, and several busts and statues."

This was written in January, 1853.

Mr. Stephenson has opened a room in Amory Hall, where he exhibits statuary and bronze figures. He has a design of his own in plaster, which we hope may be ordered in marble, "Una and the Lion." The perfect security and repose of the sleeping girl, who

is leaning against her majestic guardian, is beautifully delineated.

"The Happy Mother," by Westmacott, is well known; it was exhibited in 1825, in contrast with "The Distressed Mother," previously executed, and displayed by the same artist, in the Royal Academy at London. Bailly's group of "Maternal Love" was exhibited in 1823, at the Royal Academy; we believe it has not yet been put in marble. These subjects are drawn from the most tender and vivid affections of the human heart, and will always awaken deep sympathy. Such is the group of Brackett's "Shipwrecked Mother and Child," purchased by the Boston Athenæum. Of this artist we are glad to obtain correct information.

Edward Augustus Brackett was born at Vassalborough, in the State of Maine. His ancestors were of Quaker origin; his father belonged to this denomination, and he himself was early trained to the same persuasion. He was placed at school, but represents himself as a dull scholar; his book was thrown aside for fishing and shooting. He probably found exercise in the open air more congenial to his taste than the restraint of a school-room.

His father wished him to acquire a good trade, and for this purpose placed him at six different trades; but perceiving at length that he made no progress in either, he gave up the point, and suffered him to consult his own inclination, which was to be an artist. In the spring of 1837, he, with his parents, removed to Cincinnati, and in the spring of 1839 he commenced his first attempts in art. He modelled three years, before he ever saw any one working. His first achievement was the medallion of Washington; that, and a bust of his sister, were so much admired, that he ventured to take a studio. He now produced, in plaster, a statue of Nydia, Bulwer's blind girl of Pompeii, of the size of life. It had admirers, but not purchasers, and he was very far from being satisfied with it himself.

Brackett found much sympathy and kindness in Cincinnati, but little pecuniary aid, and he determined to go to New York. He had contrived to lay up one hundred and fifty dollars. This he invested, by advice, in notes of the United States Bank, at a premium of one and a half per cent. He took passage on the canal for Cleveland, Ohio. On arriving there, he went to a hotel to dine; the boat was to leave at four in the afternoon for Buffalo. When he went to the office to pay for his din-

ner, and presented his United States money, they told him the Bank had failed. This was about ten days from the time he had invested in it his all. He could not believe the intelligence; he trusted it might be a false report, and went on board the boat for Buffalo at four o'clock, as he could do nothing but continue his route. When he went to settle for his passage, again he presented his United States money. He now received, not only confirmation of its worthlessness, but abuse for offering it, and for presuming to come on board without any other resource. Weary and heart-sick, he threw himself on the floor of the deck. It was night, and darkness gathering round him. One friend he found, and this was sleep; he lost the sense of his forlorn situation in quiet slumber. Late in the evening he was awakened by the pressure of a hand upon his forehead. He looked up; an old gentleman was bending over him. "Wake up, young man," said he; "you will get cold." The artist arose, and simply said, "I can do no better, — I have no other place to sleep. I have no money to purchase a cabin passage." "Here is a ticket," said he; "take it and find a berth below."

In the morning, the young man made his acknowledgments to the stranger, and very

naturally asked him why he had interested himself so much for him. He informed him that he was present when the boat agent rejected his money with abuse, and that he immediately took a ticket for him. He then added: "Give me twenty-five dollars of your bad money, and I will give you good for it. I can afford to lose it, and am in the habit of giving away a few hundreds a year, to worthy objects who need assistance." With a thankful heart the young sculptor accepted his kindness. He learned that the name of his friend was Wilson, and that he was a farmer in the northern part of the State of New York. Since that time they have exchanged letters, and we may easily imagine the pleasure the old gentleman must have experienced, in finding that his benevolence was Heaven-directed.

Brackett arrived at New York. Here he lived three years, gaining a scanty and precarious subsistence by modelling busts. During this time he received aid from Mrs. Dubois, a lady who is well known for her works of art in cameo-cutting, sculpture, &c. He also found friends in Mr. C. Stetson of the Astor House, Dr. Goldsmith, Major Noah, and others.

In the summer of 1841 he removed to Boston, taking with him letters of introduc-

tion from Bryant to several distinguished lovers of art in the city. He modelled busts of Dana, Longfellow, and Bryant. One of his greatest acquisitions was the friendship of Allston. We copy the closing paragraph of one of the painter's letters: "I have great pleasure in being able to say that I have a high opinion of Mr. Brackett's talents. His busts show, that in the rare power of expressing character and intellect he has few equals."

It was Mr. Brackett's melancholy office to take a cast from the distinguished painter's countenance after his death. From this he afterwards executed several busts in marble, one of which was purchased by the New York Art Union.

In 1842 he was married to Miss Amanda Folger.

There is but little to vary the life of an artist struggling for a living; praise and appreciation came much more plentifully than money. At one time he had recourse to drawing heads in crayon, and added something by this employment to his means of subsistence. At this time he produced a statue, in plaster, of Dickens's "Little Nell," which he still possesses.

In October, 1848, encouraged by the donation of a kind-hearted and benevolent lady,

who, though young, was blest with the disposition and means of doing good, he began to model his "Shipwrecked Mother and Child." In a small attic room in Tremont Row, he toiled unceasingly upon it. Dana, the poet, cheered him by his society, and raised a subscription for his support, a loan of one hundred and forty dollars. The young lady, too, already mentioned, occasionally looked in upon his arduous labor, nor left him without renewed pecuniary aid.

At length the group was modelled in clay. To preserve it in a proper state, it was necessary to keep it damp by sprinkling it with water every evening, and by covering it every night with India-rubber cloth.

A new source of anxiety now presented itself to the artist's mind. In order to cast the group in plaster, it was necessary to remove it to a room below. The difficulty of doing this, without injury to the work, was great. It was very heavy, the stairs difficult of descent, and the apprehensions of the poor sculptor, lest a misstep should ruin the work of years, amounted to nervous derangement. The task, however, was happily accomplished; it stood secure in its new saloon, and in a short time was exhibited in plaster. The Boston press was warm in its commendation; the profits of the

exhibition were small, but his reputation was greatly increased by it. He was summoned to Philadelphia, where he remained for seven months, and, among other works, executed a fine bust of Boker, the dramatist.

When he returned, encouraged by promises of assistance, he determined to accomplish the darling wish of his heart, by putting his group into marble. All the wealth he possessed was not sufficient to purchase a block of marble; yet, sanguine in the admiration his work received, and relying upon promised aid, he ordered a block of marble from the Vermont quarry, and erected a small building at Woburn for its reception. This exhausted his little capital. At this crisis, he was informed that misfortune must prevent the promised aid. His situation now seemed desperate. The marble was to be paid for on its arrival, and he was wholly destitute of means. With what distress must he have looked on his wife and two children, who were to be supported during the progress of the work! His brother, who had been his constant friend, and who is known as a painter, came forward to his relief. He undertook the task of obtaining assistance, and drew up a paper stating clearly and briefly the case, as it stood, and requesting a loan from the leading men of Boston. In one week

he had the pleasure of placing in his brother's hands a thousand dollars. We now quote from the "Home Journal": —

"The marble arrived, and the work was begun forthwith. The following was the daily routine. The artist began his work at half past seven in the morning, and worked steadily till three, when he dined, and afterwards enjoyed recreation till six; he was then joined by his brother, who used to paint all the morning in his studio at Boston, and return to Woburn after dinner. From six they both worked at the marble till late in the evening. Sometimes, wholly absorbed in their delightful occupation, they would continue at work far into the night, — sometimes almost till daylight appeared. On an average, there was sixteen hours' work done on the group every day, for twelve months. During that period the sculptor enjoyed but one period of recreation, when he spent a week with Mr. Dana, on a little excursion into the country."

In January, 1851, the "Shipwrecked Mother and Child" were transferred to marble.

The work is now purchased by the Boston Athenæum. It has received high approbation from the pen of Mr. Greenough, whose letter on the subject has been generally circulated, calling attention to the works of a brother art-

ist, with an authority not to be disregarded. It has the commendations of our first poets; and we trust the artist's ten years of study are to be remunerated by substantial benefits from a generous public. He is now finishing the bust of a lady residing at Cambridge, which he considers among the best he has ever executed.

The idea of the "Shipwrecked Mother" was first suggested by a circumstance related by a gentleman who was on board the President, when that vessel was lost.

Some time after Mr. Brackett had modelled his group, our papers recorded an instance of a heart-rending sight, which happened on Cohasset Beach, of a mother and child cast ashore by the waves, after a shipwreck. The description strikingly resembled the group of the artist.

The present residence of the sculptor is in Winchester, about seven miles and a half from Boston, and it is likely to be a permanent one. His cottage is built after his own original design. We earnestly hope he may have many years of tranquil enjoyment, and meet with the liberal patronage which his talents deserve.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### HENRY KIRKE BROWN. — THOMAS BALL. — CLARKE MILLS. — PALMER.

Henry Kirke Brown was born in the small and obscure township of Leyden, in the northern part of Franklin County, Massachusetts. His father was a respectable New England farmer, whose great object in the education of his son was to train him to good principles. To this were added a few winters of study at the district school, and two or three quarters of instruction at an academy.

His summers were devoted to the labors of the farm, which gave him useful and invigorating employment. We can hardly imagine a system of more happy influences, or better calculated to dispense healthy and salutary impulses, than these alternate occupations of study and exercise in the open air, where the powers of mind and body were happily developed. Of the home training much more might be said, for there a watchful and tender mother was ever at hand to counsel and direct, and

instil that delicacy and refinement which give grace and dignity to mature life.

In this short and rapid sketch of "Sculpture and Sculptors," how often have we found the influence of the mother alluded to, as forming to noble and generous impulses the youthful mind of her child.

Henry's first attempts at sketching were made at the age of twelve. He was in the habit of reading Swedenborg's writings to an aged neighbor, who was blind. While gazing upon the striking face of the old man, whose head was strewed with "the white hair of age," he took his pencil, and on a blank leaf of the book sketched the venerable head. He was not long in transferring it to cloth, supplied him by his kind mother; — canvas was beyond his reach. He made his own brushes, and a painter, who happened to be at work in the house, furnished him with the remaining necessary materials.

Aided only by these means, he produced what was considered a striking likeness. We doubt not but it was so, for who can suppose that the aged head, on which almost a hundred winters had shed their snows, could be mistaken for any other? At this time the boy had never seen a portrait!

His fondness for painting seems to have

been inherent, and probably his father thought it wise to yield to it; for on the appearance of a sign-painter at Leyden, he consented to his son's accompanying him to Albany. For some reason, the boy was sent on to a neighboring town to await the arrival of his master, who had possession of all the money for his expenses. He waited in vain. The sign-painter did not arrive. He was destitute of resources, yet his courage did not fail; he had cut profiles in paper with some success, and he had his scissors in his pocket. It does not seem to us a very extravagant idea, that these scissors were the type and shadowing forth of his future chisel.

After a weary day's journey, he applied at a decent looking house for a night's lodging, honestly avowing that he had no money to recompense them, but would cut their likenesses. Probably there were no fair-featured damsels in the family, who were ambitious of going down to posterity, for the offer was declined, and he proceeded to a second dwelling, and told his story.

The hospitable owner bade him "Stay, and welcome." The schoolmaster — probably a scholar from Harvard or Bowdoin College turning his winter vacation to profit by keeping a school — happened to be boarding in

the house, in his rotation among the different families of the district, according to the custom of the smaller towns in New England. After supper, led by his classic associations, he entered into a disquisition on the importance and beauty of the Fine Arts. What a fortunate incident for our young adventurer! The scissors were produced, and all were furnished with satisfactory profiles of themselves.

He thus continued his foot-journey, cutting his way, not, as military heroes have done, with the sword, but with his scissors, till he found himself beyond the Green Mountains, and in sight of Albany, at that time the object of his ambition.

It was now the middle of December; winter had set in with unusual severity. His path was often obstructed by deep snows; his dress was worn threadbare, and scarcely protected him from the intense cold; his shoes were nearly gone. It is true Albany was before him, but what was to support him there? He had earned just money enough to carry him home.

We may for a moment picture to ourselves the boy of fourteen travelling thus alone, in an inclement season, destitute of all resources but what his own ingenuity had provided for

himself, looking with longing and earnest eyes on the tall spires and stately houses of the city he had reached, determining, with the self-control of an honest and independent mind, after casting wishful glances and lingering looks, to wend his weary way back again, while he was yet sure of the means. Once more we behold the traveller at his paternal home, — once more, after his weary foot-travel in the depth of winter, in the bosom of his family, and joyfully welcomed by his fond mother.

It was not till he had attained the age of eighteen, that his father consented to his becoming an artist. Then it was necessary to procure funds for instruction. For this purpose, he labored three years as a house and carriage painter, and in the autumn of 1834 came to Boston, and applied to Mr. Chester Harding, who took him as a pupil. He continued painting with him, and took portraits in the neighboring towns. During this time he endeavored to train himself scientifically, and attended three courses of anatomical lectures, in different States.

His first attempt at modelling clay seems to have arisen from finding the material before him, which a friend had been using. He was successful enough to obtain much praise. Another and another attempt followed, and a

new path was struck out for him. He was most happy in his likenesses, and his busts became household favorites. In almost every instance, a love of painting in individuals seems to have preceded sculpture; but the latter generally proves a powerful rival to the former. For a time, Mr. Brown continued portrait-painting, and occasionally making busts and figures.

To obtain the means of visiting Italy became now his great object, and for this purpose he engaged himself as an engineer in the State of Illinois. The situation was unhealthy, and he contracted a lingering fever. After giving the necessary time to recruiting his health, he again returned to Boston, and found there his constant friend, Mr. Harding, who received him with his accustomed friendship, and introduced him to many of the inhabitants of Boston. While here, he moulded busts of Mr. William Appleton, Dr. Potter, and others. At the desire of Dr. Potter, he went to Schenectady, to mould a likeness of President Nott, and received orders for work in Troy and Albany. In the latter city he passed two busy years, welcomed and cherished by the inhabitants. What a striking contrast to the early period of his life, when he wistfully gazed upon the city, without daring to enter!

We need no further development of the character of the artist; we have seen from boyhood his perseverance, energy, and high resolve. The success which crowned his endeavors was but the natural consequence. He had obtained sufficient means to visit the land of art, the haven of his aspirations, and he now embarked for Europe, with the lady whom he had married two years before.

The happiness of this union is too well understood to need, or even permit, any comments. The fallacy of the remark of the wealthy and perhaps repentant old bachelor, Sir Joshua Reynolds, to Flaxman, upon his marrying, has been sufficiently demonstrated, —"You are ruined for an artist!" How many have been cheered, supported, animated, by their partners in life, and found in home the sweetest reward of toil!

Mr. Brown's first year abroad was spent at Florence. But even in the beautiful climate of Italy there is no security against sickness, for we find him in the summer of 1845 repairing to Naples for health. He there found it, and passed the remaining three years of his residence abroad at Rome.

Here, in the spring of 1846, we had the pleasure of visiting him at his studio, with

several of his friends, and were much gratified by his beautiful works.

In this limited sketch of the sculptor, we have scrupulously confined ourselves to a short memoir published in Sartain's Magazine, merely abbreviating it for our own use. By so doing, we trust we have avoided any encroachment upon the private feelings of the artist. From the same article we learn that Mr. Brown, regardless of the many inducements for remaining in Rome, "where a foreigner enjoys all the immunities, and scarcely feels one of the burdens, of society, and where the luxuries of life cost less than its necessaries elsewhere," determined to return to his native land, and become an *American sculptor*, — to give his time and his thoughts to national subjects. With the fullest perception of the perfection of Grecian sculpture, he sought in it the highest dignity and principles of art, and saw in it a power that might mould and form a national school in our New World. He has educated himself on the principles that inspired Michel Angelo; like him, he felt that the mere love of distinction was worthless; and, like the *great master*, devoted himself to the study of anatomy, to drawing, and sketching from life and antiquity.

There is something truly patriotic and noble

in Mr. Brown's consecration of his talents to his own country. We quote a passage from a letter, which will commend itself by its truth and beauty: —

"Mr. Brown has spent much of his life and means in making experiments in bronze castings, wishing to bring the art to perfection in this country. After meeting with many obstructions, and repeated failures, which would have discouraged a man of less energy or less patriotism than he possesses, he has succeeded, and his colossal statue of De Witt Clinton is cast in that material, including the base and two large pieces in basso-relievo: the one representing the construction of the canal, and the other the canal in operation, — eminently national subjects, in which the artist entertains a deep interest. He has always felt that art, to become of importance in this country, must treat of national subjects, or those in which the people have an interest and a sympathy. Although they may be ignorant of art in its abstract forms and principles, and of its blessings in some degree, they yet have a love and a desire for it, and should be gratified with the healthy fruits of our own soil, and learn to love and cherish the hardy and beautiful flowers of our own fields, which our artists too often crush beneath their feet."

We must give our testimony to the success of his busts. The Quoit-player is well known. His statues of Rebecca and Ruth are justly admired; indeed, his works are numerous, and need not be specified. We hear he is now commencing a large equestrian statue of Washington, for the city of New York, and has just finished a beautiful marble one of the Angel of the Resurrection, for a lady in Brooklyn, in which he has embodied much of his own elevated feeling.

Mr. Thomas Ball has been long known here as a painter, but his late work, the bust of Mr. Webster, has excited general interest. He was born in Charlestown, Mass., at the foot of Bunker Hill, in 1819. He is spoken of as a gentleman highly accomplished. A friend of his says: —

"Few amateurs among us possess the excellence in music to which he has attained, yet nature has so gifted him with voice, ear, and taste, that his acquirements in this art seem rather the result of intuition than of a long and patient course of study and practice. Those who know him best wonder he could have found time, amidst incessant professional avocations, to acquire so much skill in vocal and instrumental music; and those who have seen his admirable bust of

Webster marvel still more, how and when he mastered the rudiments of the art, so difficult of attainment, which has placed him at once in the inner temple of the 'art divine,' and in the first rank of American sculptors."

This noble head, in plaster, is now in the possession of many of our citizens. He is putting it in marble, and has been most happy in selecting so fine a subject for his first great effort in sculpture. Those who are best acquainted with him anticipate that his future career will be as brilliant as his first effort in marble is remarkable.

The now celebrated and "inaugurated" colossal equestrian statue of Jackson is the work of CLARKE MILLS, who conceived, modelled and executed it.

He is a native of Charleston, S. C., and had executed busts of Calhoun, and several other gentlemen. But he was little known out of his native State. Fostered, however, by the genial atmosphere of that delightful region, his powers rapidly expanded.

In the spring of 1848 he first became acquainted with an account of the formation of a society to procure the erection of a statue, in Washington, to the memory of Andrew Jackson. With the resolution and enterprise which true genius inspires, he executed and sent to the association a model, in bronze. Though

but a statuette, it was at once satisfactory, and put all other models out of the question. He was engaged immediately to undertake the work, which he has now completed. The sum raised by the association was twelve thousand dollars. This was barely sufficient to pay for the cost of the buildings, machinery, experiments, assisting laborers, &c., requisite as the work progressed. In the mean time all his efforts were engaged upon the arduous performance. We are told that at present his own labor remains uncompensated, except by the high fame he has won.

Immediately after having concluded his contract, Mr. Mills removed to Washington, where, notwithstanding many impediments, difficulties, and embarrassments, resulting from delays in obtaining suitable metal, from the scarcity of workmen in this country competent to assist in casting so large and delicate a work in bronze, and from his own entire want of previous experience in the metal, he achieved this wonderful work. He had never before executed any thing in bronze, but had confined himself entirely to marble busts.

This equestrian statue is said to produce the fullest effect; but what makes it most wonderful is, that the horse stands rearing on his hind legs, without the least apparent support. It is said that this is an art which has

never before been attained. In the celebrated equestrian statue of Peter the Great, at Petersburg, the horse is supported by a coiled serpent, rising. The horse in the group of Wellington rests on his own tail, which, critics say, draws the tail out to an unnatural length. In Mills's statue the horse rests naturally on his own feet and legs, being so nicely adjusted by mechanical science as to make it perfectly secure. There is a national piquancy given by the fact, that the whole is cast from brass cannons taken by General Jackson in warfare; they were given by Congress to the monument society, for this purpose. The group is cast in ten pieces, — the horse being in four, and the hero in six pieces, which are so riveted and rolled together as to present to the closest scrutiny the appearance of being cast entirely in mass. The weight of the work is nearly fifteen tons, and from the top of the pedestal to the highest point of the figure, the height is about fourteen feet, while the height of the pedestal above the ground is about sixteen feet.*

Mr. Palmer is an American sculptor, in Albany, N. Y., who, we are told, is working with great success, and has made some fine busts.

* This description is principally taken from the Illustrated News, of January 15th, 1853.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

AMERICAN FEMALE ARTISTS.— MRS. WILSON.— MRS. DUBOIS.— MISS HOSMER.— CONCLUSION.

It is pleasant to learn that a taste for execution in sculpture is developing itself among females. Mrs. Wilson, of Cincinnati, has been spoken of as displaying much original talent. From the letter of a friend of hers, the following is abstracted: —

"Mrs. Wilson is not a professional artist. She is the wife of a physician of Cincinnati, and was born, I believe, in or near Cooperstown, N. Y. Her first impressions of persons and things are expressed in her conversation; she is a perfect child of nature, impulsive, but wonderfully perceptive, and there is so much freshness, that all persons of mind are attracted to her. Her infancy and youth were very much shadowed by domestic sufferings, originating at first in the loss of a large property by her father, who, in consequence, removed to the West. He died when she was quite young. She married Dr. Wilson, a

most excellent person, of Quaker family. All circumstances were such, that an early revelation or development was not made of her artistic powers. In visiting a sculptor's studio the desire first awoke; an intelligent friend encouraged and sympathized with her, and Mrs. Wilson procured the means with a feeling so intense that it could not be repressed. Her husband was her first subject. She worked with so much energy that sometimes she would faint away, and on one of these occasions he said, 'If you are not more moderate, I will throw that thing out of the window.' But it was finished, proved a perfect likeness, and she chiselled it in stone. It is in her parlor, at Cincinnati, a most beautiful bust and an admirable likeness, and seems like a miracle, considering it was her first attempt.

"Another marvellous work is the figure of her son. He threw himself on the floor one morning, in an attitude at once striking and picturesque. To copy it required a perfectly correct eye, or a knowledge of anatomy; she courageously attempted it; the attitude was repeated, and her success was triumphant. It is only a cast, and the cast does not do justice to the finish of her work, but she has not been able to procure a block of marble for the copy.

The effect it produces is wonderful, for its spirit and the accuracy of its anatomy. She has commenced other subjects, but some of them are not finished, and to others accidents have happened.

"She has a family of children, and is a devoted mother. We think *stone* will have but little chance with these beings of flesh and blood, whose minds and hearts she is carefully *modelling*. Perhaps family cares may be the true secret why female sculptors are so rare; but we congratulate this lady, that she has the true perception of the beautiful, and feel quite sure that it will mitigate the suffering from delicate health, and scatter fragrant flowers and healing herbs in the sometimes rugged paths of duty."

In speaking of amateur artists among the women of our country, we cannot forget specimens we have seen, of taste and workmanship, by Mrs. Dubois, of New York, — children of her own, sculptured in marble, and some other specimens; also cameos very beautifully cut. But we regret to learn that the delicacy of her health has of late wholly interfered with these arduous though elegant employments.

We have been favored with the following authentic notice of this excellent and accomplished lady.

Mrs. Dubois, an American lady, of English descent on her mother's side, discovered accidentally, about the year 1842, a taste for modelling, in the following manner. Her father had his bust taken; before the casting, he asked his daughter her opinion of it, as a likeness. She pointed out some defects, which the artist corrected in her presence, upon which she exclaimed, "I could do that!" and requested the sculptor to give her some clay, from which she modelled, with but little labor, a bust of her husband, and was eminently successful in the likeness. She then decided to take lessons; but illness having interfered with her plans, she abandoned the intention, and worked on by herself, with merely the instruction from the sculptor, "to keep her clay moist until her work was completed."

When she recovered her health sufficiently, she continued to mould, and among other works produced the likenesses of two of her little children; the group of Cupid and Psyche, a copy; and a Novice, an original piece. She also carved a head of the Madonna, in marble, a laborious and exciting work, which injured her health to such a degree, that her physician interdicted her devotion to the arts.

She then went to Italy, where she desired

the first artist in cameos to give her lessons. When he saw some that she had cut, he told her that he could teach her nothing; she had only to study the antiques.

Her works in cameo are St. Agnes and her Lamb, Alcibiades, Guido's Angel, Raphael's Hope, and the Apollo. She has taken over thirty likenesses in cameo, requiring only an hour's sitting, after which she completes them.

Notwithstanding the care of a large family, the unremitted superintendence of the education of her daughters, and the sad drawback of ill health, her energy has never failed her. She has always extended a helping hand and a smile of encouragement to young artists, one of whom is now in Brown's studio; another is the sculptor of the "Shipwrecked Mother," who alludes to her kindness in his short autobiography. The first is still within the reach of her influence.

But whilst ascending the ladder to fame, her progress was arrested by ill health, and she now lives only to feel, as she says, how little she has done, compared to what she might do, could she devote herself to the art. Anxious to impart to others this great gift, and to stimulate her countrywomen to the development of any latent talent they may possess, she formed a class of young ladies, and most

disinterestedly devoted a certain portion of her time to their instruction, for several months.

Whilst all who know her admire the artist for her wonderful talents, her unceasing energy, and philanthropic exertions, they behold in her the perfect wife, mother, and friend, and the elegant and accomplished woman, presiding over the social circle. Her heart remains true to the gentlest influences of Nature, while her genius is ever responsive to immortal Art.

An article, headed "A New Star in the Arts," appeared a short time since in the New York Tribune, announcing the name of Miss Harriet Hosmer as "a young aspirant for fame." It was with pleasure we learnt that this young lady was in our own vicinity of Boston, and that the first production which makes her known to the world is Hesper, or the Evening Star, exhibited for a few weeks at one of our celebrated bookstores. We must quote occasionally from this interesting notice, as we can say nothing so satisfactory.

"She is the daughter of a skilful physician in Watertown, Mass. In her own circle she has long been spoken of as a girl of strong character, peculiar in her habits and pursuits,

holding in light esteem the elegant frivolities with which her sex generally employ their time, and uniformly refusing to pay society the perpetual tribute of small coin.

"Through all Nature the hand of Art was ever beckoning to her. She observed the forms, the proportions, the grouping, of all things. Her drawings and statuettes in plaster very early indicated a good deal of talent, and she was so earnest in these pursuits, that her father built a small studio in his garden, where she could devote the hours to her favorite occupation without danger of interruption. Two years ago she made a fine copy, for her father, in marble, of Napoleon, as he appeared at St. Helena."

We come now to her original production of Hesper.

"The poetic conception of the subject is the creation of her own mind, and the embodiment of it is all done by her own hands; even the hard, rough, mechanical portions of the work. She employed a man to chop off some large bits of marble; but as he was unaccustomed to assist sculptors, she did not venture to have him cut within several inches of the surface she intended to work."

Of course her task was a most laborious one, to bring the block into any form. For the first

fortnight that she began upon it, her whole nervous system was excited, and her nights wakeful and disturbed; at length calmer hours came, and she finally was able to work upon it without any extra excitement, and at last the beautiful bust stood forth, an emblem of the evening star.

We again quote from the Tribune: —

"This production of her hand and soul is called Hesper, the evening star. It has the face of a lovely maiden, gently falling asleep with the sound of distant music. Her hair is gracefully arranged, and intertwined with capsules of the poppy. A star shines on her forehead, and under her breast lies the crescent moon. The hush of evening breathes from the serene countenance and the heavily drooping eyelids. . . . . The mechanical execution of this bust seemed to me worthy of its lifelike expression. The swell of the cheeks and the breast is like pure, young, healthy flesh, and the muscles of the beautiful mouth are so delicately cut, it seems like a thing that breathes.

"One has no need to qualify praise, by saying this is an extraordinary production for a woman. It is certainly eminently feminine in its character; but the best artists of our country need not feel ashamed to have produced

such a work. If Miss Hosmer's future efforts are of progressive excellence from this starting-point, a world-wide celebrity awaits her.

"Though in the full flush of eager aspiration, Miss Hosmer places a just value upon scientific rules. Few artists among us have such an accurate knowledge of anatomy. Her father's profession was of service to her in this respect; but she was not satisfied until she had gone through a systematic course of anatomical instruction."

Such is the outline we have quoted from an article which has widely circulated.

Miss Hosmer is now at Rome, and has carried with her the hearty good wishes of all who know her. The eccentricities of childhood, or perhaps we might with more justice say of genius, arising from an impulsive, ardent, and energetic character, have settled down into the resolute, determined purpose of improvement. With all the means of self-indulgence and luxury which a fond father can afford her, she chooses a more rugged path, and determines to be an artist. At one period of her life, she thought of devoting herself to painting; and her uncommon talent for sketching fully authorized this idea. Of late, however, sculpture has been her high aim.

It may be, for such instances occur, that the sublime and noble specimens she will behold in the land of art may discourage her attempts, — for she has an acute perception of any defects in her own works, — but we think not; we think her lips have been touched with a living coal from the altar, and we are sanguine that she will go on from one degree of excellence to another, until she arrives at an eminence that will confer honor on her native land.

To those who have known her from youth, and to those who have more lately known her by election, the four years of study and absence which she contemplates are a painful privation; but they have only to imitate the heroic sacrifice of her father, and be silent. God speed the young aspirant, just opening upon life, and return her to us in the grace and dignity of womanhood, crowned with the sculptor's wreath, and mingling blossoms which will ripen for eternity!

Since Miss Hosmer's arrival at Rome, a letter has been received from her, from which we are permitted to quote the following paragraphs. It is dated December, 1853.

"The dearest wish of my heart is gratified in that I am acknowledged by Gibson as a pupil. He has been a resident in Rome thirty-

four years, and leads the van. I am greatly in luck. He has just finished the model of the statue of the Queen, and as his room is vacant, he permits me to use it, and I am now in his own studio. I have also a little room for work, which was formerly occupied by Canova, and perhaps inspiration may be drawn from the walls!

"Next Monday my campaign commences, under the most favorable circumstances. I meet with great kindness from the artists; they offer me books, plates, and models. Mr. Crawford is at work on his statue for the Washington Monument;—it will be grand indeed. Mrs. W. Story (the wife of the artist) is looking for a chambermaid to take care of my terrestrial concerns. They tell me I am the youngest student in sculpture at Rome."

This may well be, as she is only in her twenty-first year. We repeat, God speed her, and those of our American brethren, by birth or adoption, who have chosen this noble path!

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We have thus endeavored to give all the names of American artists we can collect, though doubtless many are omitted. Some

of them are rising to fame merely by the light of their own earnest endeavors, without opportunity to study the models of Grecian art; others are contending against evils which lock up the means of success. A ruthless fire, at least in one instance, has swept off the accumulated works of years, and stripped the artist of all. His own right hand, and his energy, however, yet remain.

We regret that we have not been able, in this short delineation, to sum up those American artists who are now in Italy, as well as those who are still in their native land.

Richard Greenough, the youngest brother of the lamented Horatio, has been residing in Rome, and treading in his steps. He has sent a bust of his sister, which he has chiselled, to this country. It is thought to be an excellent likeness, and of exquisite workmanship. Previously to his leaving America, he executed a fine bust of William H. Prescott, the historian, which has given general satisfaction.*

William Story is another of our young artists in Rome. He has made a marble bust of his father, which is placed in the Library of Harvard College, Cambridge. He is now

* Richard Greenough arrived a short time since in Boston.

engaged upon a full-length figure of Judge Story, which is to be placed in the chapel at Mount Auburn.

Among the American sculptors in Italy, the name of Wood must not be forgotten.

Hart is at Florence, and has just modelled a head, as a present to the ladies of Richmond, for whom he is now finishing a statue of Mr. Calhoun. He is also working on the statue of Mr. Clay, and has been engaged for some time in making an instrument of his own invention for executing it in marble.

We have now finished the task we prescribed ourselves. Imperfectly as this work is accomplished, we trust it will afford the same aid to others which it has to the author. We can compare the present sketch of American Sculpture and Sculptors only to a frail canoe launched on a river, which flows through a wide and fruitful country; but we trust it will be followed by noble steam-vessels, that will at length diffuse through our New World the treasures of science, and enable us to appreciate rightly the works of our own artists, and to reward them generously.

We entered on the subject with much diffidence, but we can only say it has proved to us a most pleasant occupation. The associations we have formed with sculptors have

been, without exception, agreeable. We have found a class of high-minded men, with a true veneration for the noble art to which they are devoting themselves. They are like the first Pilgrims who landed on our Plymouth Rock, and have had, like them, hardship and penury to encounter. In almost every instance they are self-educated, and have sprung from our farmers and tradesmen. They are the children of the people, and of the nation, and possess the best traits of American character; they are frank, honest, true, and independent, and I know of no exception in point of manners or morals. I feel indebted to many of them for the data they have given me with readiness and politeness, and, in some instances, for a slight autobiography.

The conception of art among American sculptors appears to me of a high order. They feel a responsibility, a sanctity attached to the profession, which they strive to preserve. They are not mere "hewers of stone"; their busts are instinct with life, and there are beautiful figures and groups awaiting to be transferred to marble. They are doomed to wait at present; yet no reproach rests on our cities, which are ever ready, by munificent subscriptions and donations, to aid the suffering, to enlighten the ignorant, and to diffuse the necessary me-

chanical arts of life. When we shall be rich enough to do all this, and spend hundreds of thousands on Sculpture and Sculptors, the Grecian age will revive, and we shall have another Phidias to crown the New World with glory.

THE END.