SHAKESPEARE'S PORTRAITS

BY

WILLIAM PAGE

To Professor Owen

&c &c &c

With the profound Regards

of

Henry Stevens

4 Trafalgar Square

April 10. 1877

CAST FROM THE FACE OF SHAKESPEARE

AFTER DEATH (1616.)

In the private possession of Prof Owen.

Registered *London Stereoscopic Co.y*

A STUDY OF

SHAKESPEARE'S PORTRAITS,

BY WILLIAM PAGE, ARTIST,
Ex-President of the Academy of Design, New York.

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EXPLANATORY

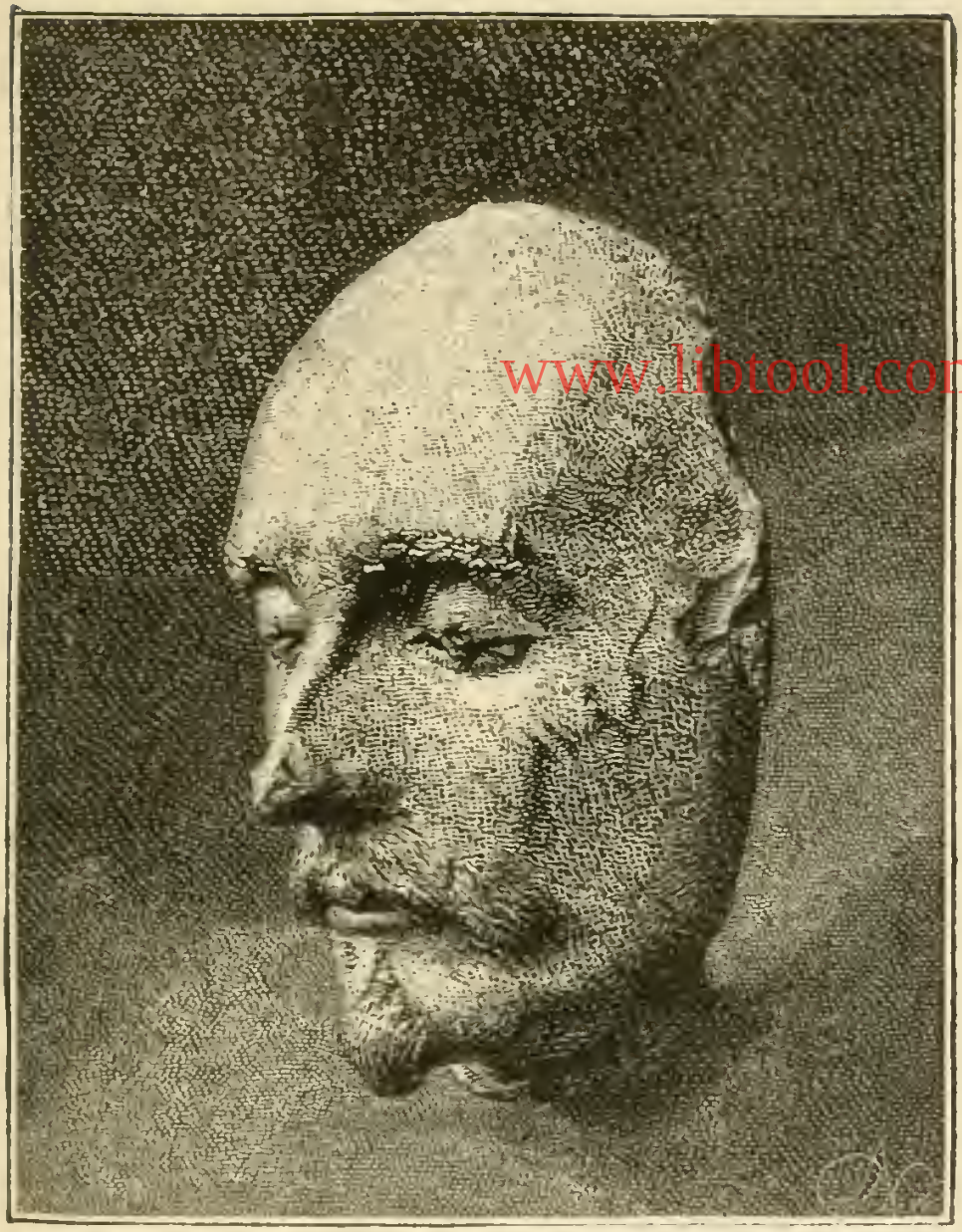
To the Indifferent Reader.

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS A REPRINT of an article in *Scribner's Magazine* for May, 1876, by Mr. WILLIAM PAGE, Artist, of New York, to illustrate his life-size bust, in bronze, of

SHAKESPEARE,

which, after several years study, he has accomplished, as a model for his portrait of the great Poet. The Portrait is now on the easel, and the Bust has been sent to London for inspection.

In this paper the Artist sets forth his authorities and his credentials, and respectfully invites the Public to examine the Bust and to favour him with their honest criticism.



1. THE DEATH-MASK; FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY WILLIAM PAGE.

2. THE DEATH-MASK ; FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY WILLIAM PAGE.

SHAKESPEARE'S PORTRAITS.

If to do were as easy as to know what 'twere good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.

THE ART OF ART IS TO BRING CONviction. The art of words is not my art; if it were, all I would say is, if you look long enough at the portrait I have made, you will see that this is Shakespeare, because it is from the German Death-Mask, which perfectly reconciles all the existing records of his face. If you ask how I know this,

and how and why I sought to bring the mask to life, and made the portrait thus and so, I shall make the story longer, and enter into colloquial disquisitions on the basis of your why and wherefore.

I would rather paint a portrait than write one; though I am quite willing to tell, rather than write, anything that may be of use or interest in the matter. The casting this essay in an art mould must be left for another.

Eight years ago I received a commission for two pictures—"The Head of Christ" and "Shakespeare"—*because I believed in them.* For Shakespeare I felt not allowed to take an ideal type, because there are undoubted and generally received authorities for his likeness, and, in the public mind, a fixed impression in regard to his looks which must not be shocked, even in the matter of collar and baldness. Yet, as portraits in the best sense, these authorities are vague, and afford little help in settling securely the individual characteristics that

should constitute and fill up his face so that the likeness should seem adequate to his works. We must stand by these old authorities; though a portrait, to my mind, signifies the *man* translated into that which the scope of the imitative arts allow—in my case, painting or sculpture.

Literally, it has come to be applied to him, "In the beginning was the Word;" we read his written words and call it "Shakespeare." If we have a painted or sculptured image of him, it must again be man, in his own image, and the proof of its genuine likeness lies in its power of compelling us to call this, too, Shakespeare.

I could not, in Anno Domini 1868 or 1875, have satisfied myself in a portrait of Shakespeare from the generally received records, and should have given it up, but that, at the moment the inadequacy of the existing records was appreciated, I fell in with two photographs from the German Mask, reputed to have been taken from his face just after death. Then I

gathered from various friends, to whom here I record a few thanks, other views, till the impression became fixed that I must model in the round this mask, so as to be able to determine with deliberation if it has any claim to authenticity by being in accord with the received undoubted records; for the fact of its being a lovely and adequate dead face does not make it Shakespeare, unless it is Shakespeare. I finally had thirteen different photographic views of the mask. After modelling from these twice a face of life-size (my first efforts in clay being lost by accident), I resolved to model it of colossal size in plaster, which I did, repairing as well as I could the breaks. During this time, the whole history of its tally with existing records unravelled itself to satisfy me that it is Shakespeare.

The August of 1874 arrived. I had done all I could to my colossal mask from photographs, having completed also the restorations. I made three casts from it, in one of which I

indicated all the breaks, as in the German Mask at present. One of the restored casts I sent to Philadelphia for safe keeping during my contemplated absence, for I had determined to go abroad to see the original. Reports in regard to it from different individuals who had seen it were conflicting. I could get no measures from other hands which I knew how to use with precision. I wished also to know more of the surface and texture of the skin, and the more delicate markings of the face as taken from nature and indicating temperament; and feeling that further effort would lack weight without personal observation of the original, I set out to see the mask itself.

But before I give an account of this visit, it will be well to go over the way I became convinced that the mask tallies with everything we know, or have any means of knowing, in regard to the face of Shakespeare. It was not a problem for a moment's solution, nor was it a matter in which mere opinion or feeling could

have any weight. To be, or not to be Shakespeare, must now be a matter of pure science to my own mind.

I do not believe I could become so enamoured of the mere beauty of the face as wildly to impose it on the majesty of Shakespeare as a true presentment, without being rationally led by its reconciling power among the elements of likeness I find conflicting and harmonizing in the Stratford bust, the Droeshout print, and the Chandos portrait.

These last three, you observe, I select from all the old portraits as the only ones whose internal evidences bring conviction to my own mind of their being originally and unmistakably from the same model. There is a picture in this country of which I have a photograph. The original I have not seen; but the photograph has some points of great interest. If the possessors are willing to submit it to my tests, I should be very happy if I could confirm a favourable impression in regard to it. I reject

several portraits which others cling to with affection.

If the literary Shakespearians are learning to see that the new Stratford portrait is evidently after the bust, they may, by-and-by, see that it is much more palpably after Sir Joshua Reynolds's time. If it goes back of that, it might as well go back of Pharaoh to Nimrod or Adam, or some more remote prehistoric period.

The Droeshout print is the portrait of Shakespeare in the first folio edition of his works, 1623. Martin Droeshout, sculpsit, London.

The Chandos portrait is an oil-painting, nearly a wreck, and now in the National Portrait Gallery, South Kensington, London.

The Stratford bust is on the monument to Shakespeare, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Stratford-on-Avon.

The German Death-Mask is in the possession of Dr. Becker, of Hesse-Darmstadt. These and many other facts I note for intelligent, though un-Shakespearian, readers. A worthy

ambassador of ours at the Court of St. James's once said, in the shadow of the Nineveh bulls, to their discoverer: "Mr. Layard, these are very interesting; has anything been written about them?" A great deal about Shakespeare is Nineveh to many people, who still have rights we are bound to respect; and I think it well to be considerate in this respect, as I have not yet met one who seemed to know *all* about Shakespeare.

Let us consider these three pretty generally accepted portraits of Shakespeare, and observe their likenesses to each other, and then afterwards observe the greater likeness of each of these to the German Mask, and see if you also will not come to the conclusion that the Death-Mask is the true model, cast from his own face after death, and the true original from which the bust at Stratford was made, and from the identical face from which the Droeshout in early life, and the Chandos in mature age, were drawn. And, furthermore, that these three

portraits have certain coincidences of forms and planes with the German Mask, and also identities, characteristics, and individualities which nature never allows in different individuals.

In my new portraits I have striven to reproduce, in the most conscientious manner, whatever I find in the mask. They are in no sense ideal, except in putting to my own use the face as I find it in death. In the bust I have opened the eyes, and brushed up the ends of the moustache away from the mouth, after the fashion of the period.

The muscular action and actual measures of the mask are modified only so far as the changed conditions of life and erect posture require; and this, of course, very slightly, and only in the fleshy parts of the cheeks. In joining the face to the background of the cranium I have not been guided by the Stratford bust, except, perhaps, in the height of the top of the head, as all the cerebellum of the Stratford

bust lacks harmony with the measures of its own face. This lack was not perhaps felt or noticed at the time of its being placed on the monument; and neither the friends of Shakespeare, nor the age even, were likely to be very critical on that matter. The sight of the back of the head and the profile are both sacrificed to the depth of the niche, whose height is such as to make it difficult for the spectator to judge whether the shortness of the nose is due to foreshortening or an actual loss of length.

The natural history of the mask has already been given in Professor Hart's article in "Scribner's Magazine" of July, 1874. I do not lay much stress on what is termed *pedigree* of either the German Mask or the three previously quoted, and more or less acknowledged, portraits. I know there is very respectable opposition to the pedigree of the Chandos portrait. But since my convictions of its genuineness are independent of its pedigree, I rank it with the

Droeshout and the Stratford bust. Pedigree is a powerful friend behind the throne; it has kept the Droeshout, the Chandos, and the bust in the Pantheon, and the lack of it has kept the mask or "true presentment" out. What should a man give in exchange for his soul, unless pedigree, if it is proved to be worth more than the thing itself?

The cast of the Stratford bust which I have used in my own studio is unique, and certainly the best one I have ever seen, having been taken, as I am told by the owner himself, at the moment when Malone's white paint was removed, when the original was already smooth with solvents, and before the last colouring; since when, I believe, it has not been cast.

When I speak of the Droeshout print, I mean an earlier, and, so far as I know, an unique impression from the same plate as the print known in the first folio of 1623, which earlier and much more characteristic impression is in the possession of J. O. Halliwell (Phillipps),

Esq., of London, to whom I owe more thanks than I can express for a photograph of it, through the kindness of J. Parker Norris, Esq., of Philadelphia.

To Dr. Ernst Becker, of Hesse-Darmstadt, I am profoundly indebted for his very great kindness and courtesy in affording me access to his library, and liberty and opportunity to examine it for six consecutive days in the September of 1874, when I profited by his permission to make many measures and several impressions from parts of the mask, and also obtained four new photographs of it to add to my previous collection of thirteen different views of the face. This time I chose a natural and revealing light, conducive to the interests of the face, so that the camera should receive the impression at a proper angle. Hitherto many of the photographs had been made with the object either in a reclining posture or too high up for the lens, and some are cut off by drapery. I treated the mask just as

I should have done the head of Shakespeare himself, and I wished to obtain the most truthful likeness of him.

I shall give, later, a fuller account of the mask. In this visit my former impressions were all strengthened in beholding its grandeur of expression. I had no false theories to unlearn, or, rather, no new theories to learn. Facts were sufficient. No surprises threw my admiration off the track. I had been very ill before leaving home, and for a month in England ; and, on the last step of declining life, I could easily fancy my pilgrimage was fated to fail, and that an attempt to identify his real face was part of the curse he left on him who should dig the dust or move the bones where they were already hallowed. But before the mask itself I was healed, as I felt virtue come out of it, and life begin anew in joy and thankfulness that I had reached the promised land. Now I was in the presence of the Grand Khan himself. I

could have shaken hands with Columbus in or out of chains. I had found the golden fruit of the Hesperides, the sweetness of far Cathay. The madness of Kepler over the areas and five regular solids was in the simple nature of the situation; and I was as blithe as though I had met Shakespeare just the other side of the ivory gate, and he had recited to me for the first time:

"And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes.
With everything that pretty bin."

And then somewhere in the dream I saw him asleep.

There was no mistake or misunderstanding about it. It was much clearer to my own mind than anything but conviction can make it to yours. Death has left the simple truth on his face. No trick or falsity of art has profaned it.

The Grand Can of my future endeavour was

now reverently saluted, and promised that, immediately on my return home, I should complete my colossal mask, and then at once utilize my measures, casts, and impressions, and all the material I had gained by this visit, to make a full portrait bust of the head, which should try to tell all that truth which the Stratford bust has left untold.

It is not without a solemn and somewhat oppressive sense of responsibility that I offer you now the result of my last endeavour. It is well that you ask, Has one the right to challenge the common-sense and sensibility of the Shakespeare-knowing world by offering a new portrait of him at this late day? His dramas and his sonnets and three undoubted portraits we had; yet we agree there was no likeness or true presentment that satisfied our desire to see his face. In this affair it is only by dint of reason, experience, and legitimate artistic force, and by the Aristotelian "nullius in verba," and by the experiment by nature as divine art, that

one may hope to fight his way into the obdurate citadel of common-sense, where we may all feast and banquet on the fact that we have Shakespeare with us, the master of those that know, seated with his philosophic family. Then I ask for myself only:

"Be patient till the last. * * * Country-men and lovers, hear me for my cause: * * * and awake your senses, that you may the better judge."

In our very sincere effort to understand just how Shakespeare did not look, let us renew our observations of each of the previously existing portraits; and, first of the Stratford bust, though it was in point of time the last executed. The most inexpert observer may see, by placing a cast of it beside a fine antique or an excellent modern portrait, what I mean when I say that it shows very crude and unskilled modelling. This does not mean it may not have many individual characteristics. Artists and others have always known

that the eyes were impossible, the nose worked off too short, or the end of it never reached, as the spot where it should join the upper lip is still marked in the bust; and had the nose started out at right angles to the lip at that place, instead of slanting up to its present point, truth and beauty each would have been subserved. Though carelessly, falsely, and hence wickedly misinterpreted in many ways, still there are fixed facts in this bust which make it valuable in some points of likeness. Yet when a portrait falsely represents a man's eyes and nose grossly maimed, and his cheeks hanging with formless redundancy, it is difficult for the unskilled imagination to see clearly just how the man did look. So I suppose the Stratford bust has come to be adopted by the reverent imagination as shrined saints or the Book of Common Prayer, with the heart left out, as a hieroglyphic, or certain sign, standing for his looks, rather than as an actual portrait of his face

Together with its misleading fixtures, there exist characteristics, happy results of the calipers, which, like figures and the young Father of our Country, "cannot tell a lie." Among these let us notice the one-sidedness of the face, which any eyes may learn to observe and a blind man to feel. Gerard Johnson's compass took in this fact. The left side is flattened away from the mouth back toward the middle of the cheek. This was probably a true characteristic of his model. Then the lower part of his cheek is fattened out and made very full under the jaw. This characteristic is probably exaggerated if it existed at all, the sculptor supposing that the flesh of the cheeks in the reclining posture fell back, and should be replaced in this manner, since he represented his subject upright. On the right side of the mouth there is a contrasting fulness of the cheek, and then a falling away diagonally to the jaw, from which, around to the throat, you find the line less curved than on

the other side. The individual character of this one-sidedness, which exists in some way in every face, was doubtless founded on a mask from nature, and is exactly graded, recorded, and interpreted in the German Mask. The Greeks valued these natural inequalities. The Venus of Milo's face is one-sided, and the Theseus's eyebrows unlike.

I should have stated before that when I speak of right and left side I mean Shakespeare's, and not the observer's.

In the Stratford bust the lower lip is peculiar, the right side being sensibly fuller and hanging down lower than the left side. It is crudely rendered, yet a fact safely lodged there which can never be ousted. There is also an indentation at the left corner of the mouth, more accentuated than on the other side, which is dragged down rather vertically toward the chin.

The sculptor certainly had some guide for these varieties of undulations. The luckiest

guess does not hit in a portrait. These personal peculiarities exist in the mask, where they are seen not to have been exaggerated by death. The unlikeness in the arches of the eyebrows, the great and unusual distance between the places where the hairs of the brow may be supposed to commence, the vertical dint in the middle of the forehead between the eyebrows—all these accents may be found if looked for in the bust. Yet the unprofessional eye wanders unconsciously over them, as children in science over glacial markings. Every one of them is naturally expressed in the mask.

If I am accused of too microscopic regard of this face, I must reply, Nature is not less in leasts. And the portrait-painter knows that many littles make a mickle. And even up towards the highest art nature submits to rule and compass. Geometry is a never-failing guide and friend, which Phidias and Titian never forsook as long as it was able to lead

them. Leonardo's excellent colour and chiaroscuro are somewhat fettered by his immense scientific knowledge, and, beside Titian's, suggest to a sensitive eye the gradations of stairs rather than the infinite and immeasurable more and less of the light from a lens, with the pulsating undulations which nature shows, and which come and go—a mere suspect of which must be set down in imitative art, and not a permanent fixture. Titian's geometry is as faithful and true as Leonardo's, but less obtrusive, and more honest and well to be trusted in the dark. The art of hiding art here culminates, or, as I should say, the art of hiding science. But if in a portrait or other work of art geometry and all science are confounded, and art itself, which we will now call imitation of nature, shows feeble vitality, the result is pitiful indeed. I would always urge the observance of the eleventh commandment, even in art, to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness; so, if the artist fail in all his

higher aim, he may finally turn to the friendly homes of geometry, and at last be received into its houses. Between science and art there is the relation of cook and roaster. The trade of the first can be learned; that of the other must also be born into.

There are many homely facts in the Stratford bust, and homely truth is a much more respectable lodging than elegant falsehood. Nature has left some impress on its face. Not even the greatest of sculptors could desire to supply fictions where nature had been so lavish of facts. And the poorest sculptor would cling to his model and his points, and with the clutch of his calipers hold on to the truth with all his might, wherever he could catch a salient point, and show his weakness when he lets go his points and fails to interpret or harmonize his intermediates, or in those parts of his undulating surface where his compass cannot be his sole guide; for we may say art begins where geometry ends.

July 6th, 1894.

We are to remember that the monument to Shakespeare was erected by his own family within six or seven years after his death; that the family in its pecuniary aspect was represented by himself, and after his death by his heirs and executors, Mrs. Hall and her husband, the Doctor. The bills for the bust and monument were sent to them, so that Shakespeare's own money paid for Shakespeare's own monument. The man who wrote the four lines which have thus far secured for his bones that rest which his epitaph demands, omitted nothing likely to carry the whole plan into effect.

The authorship of the epitaph cannot be doubted, unless another man in England had the wit and wisdom to divine the loyal heart's core of its people, and touch it in the single appeal "for Jesus' sake." Nothing else has kept him out of Westminster. The style of the command and curse are Shakespearian, and triumphant as any art of forethought in his

plays. The manner in which the Stratford bust is made up, evidently from a death-mask, has been remarked, not only by Chantrey and John Bell, but by others also of good authority; and the writer, long before he had heard these opinions of others, asserted like convictions in consequence of the want of harmony or congruity between the bony structure of the frontal head and posterior, and the other parts, such as the eyes and cheeks and nose, which the ignorance of the sculptor interfered with. The nose is not impossibly short in itself, but impossibly short in a face with such surroundings. It is not Nature's fashion. Socrates' face has its own harmonies.

The raising up of the lobes of the nostrils, which some have thought an effect of death, I think is a make-shift after the nose was found short. The upper lip is just right by front measure, from the parting of the lips to the point where the nose joins the upper lip, but its too great length exists in the distance from

the parting of the lips to the bottom of the lobes of the nostrils, where the nasal topography has been changed by the upheaval of art.

The bones of the facial part of the bust alone bear some congruity to Nature. The back part has no family likeness to her or to Shakespeare himself.

The family also, in desiring to carry out their idea of "true presentment," ordered that colouring which should stand for Shakespeare's hair, eyes, complexion, and dress. The painter's art was quite on a level with the sculptor's. The literary critic might remark upon the lettering on the monument, but we must remember the state of the arts at that time in a country town of England. Shakespeare had galloped off with dramatic art, and left nothing behind.

In summing up the Stratford bust, we find after the collar no neck, fatness in the cheeks, falsity in the eyes, accident in the nose, calipers on the bones near the surface, and

Echo answers, What? for all the back of the head?

The German Mask reconciles, interprets, and supplies all requirements for the face, and offers no counter testimony, so far as I know.

The Stratford bust, unsatisfactory as it is, has been the polar point in the matter of Shakespeare's portraits. We can never steer out of sight of it without offending the common-sense of mankind. And yet in the simple fact that the Stratford bust is likely to have been made some time after Shakespeare's death, and not recollecting that it was made from a death-mask, some minds feel weakness in its authenticity, and hence more stable equilibrium in the facts of the Droeshout print. The original picture from which this print is made, I think, must have been drawn or painted from the living man. And there is for the print in the first folio of 1623 of Shakespeare's works Ben Jonson's word that, "It was for

gentle Shakespeare cut." Yet unprofessional eyes, if called upon to specify the likeness between the Droeshout print and the Stratford bust, would find it difficult to do. No candid believer in both can claim that the likeness between them is striking. And if pressed to substantiate it by detailed internal evidence, he may, if inexpert, be staggered and silenced and left to wonder, if he never asked himself the question before, whether they really are from the same face, and hence like each other. Each is undisputed authority; each, according to the best evidence in the world, an intended portrait of Shakespeare; and what manner of man he really was becomes more and more a puzzle to this inquiring mind.

The portrait-painter sees that the long face, the long nose of the Droeshout, the size of the back of the head suggested are in contrast to the bust. The eyes also should correct our ideas of these features in the bust. Then the Droeshout is twenty-five years younger than

the bust, which was made after his death at fifty-two years of age. The lines and forms, and planes of youth, are in the Droeshout. But the nose is set on the cheeks at precisely the same angle as in the bust. The eyebrows are far apart, the right eyebrows slightly more raised, and at the same peculiar angle with the curve from the nose, as in the bust. The thick under lip is marked; the relative force of the undulations, and the different markings at the corners of the mouth have been noted. All these markings the portrait-painter knows go to make up the likeness; and the more of them he can express the more the portrait will be felt to be characteristic, if, at the same time, the great outlines are generally preserved. The temples are very peculiar in the Droeshout. The dome of the head is overdone, though not in mere height, and out of drawing, but the artist was looking at the dome of the same head as that which the bust-maker had in view. When the Droeshout is turned upside

down the oval character of the face is seen to be clearly maintained, notwithstanding the faults in the management of the too balloon-shaped forehead. In the Stratford bust the full-face view shows so much bulging in the lower part of the cheeks that the oval is almost turned the other way, and the forehead seems the smaller point of the egg-shaped face. But go around to the right side, so as to see the outline of the head without that bulging of the left cheek, and even leaving out the pointed beard, and the chin assumes the small part of the oval, and our impression of the head is again corrected. The forehead is the greater dome. Then, in letting the eye run across the planes of the forehead, from temple to temple, the expert finds the lights catch and the shadows fall in like planes to those of the Stratford bust. So, even if he had not Ben Jonson's word for it, the professional portrait-painter would not find it very difficult to admit that the Droeshout is from the same young

man at twenty-five or thirty that the Stratford bust is at the age of fifty-two.

This Droeshout portrait might have been associated with the earlier plays, where the publishers saw the young and promising face of their own theatre-going days. John Hemminge and Henrie Condell had punctuated their advertisement, "To the Great Variety of Readers," with "Buy it first—that doth best commend a Booke—Judge your sixe-pen-'orth — —But whatever you do Buy—Censure will not drive a trade," &c., &c. Here again is "Simple Truth—miscalled simplicity."

The world, strictly speaking, cannot be said to move. The engraving was likely to serve admirably their appeal to "Buy the Booke." It stood for Shakespeare to them, as they had seen him on the boards, and was likely to appeal to the hearts and purses of other men now growing old, who had also seen and heard this same young Shakespeare in his first plays

at the Globe; and, as he tells us in his sonnets, the player was not then one to be so solemnly revered as is his own memory now, but to be loved, as Heminge and Condell knew, for the "pen'orth" of mirth and jollity he gave. The Droeshout view, when rendered from the mask, is brimming with the shy, sweet humour of his age—eyes and lips dropping sweetness, and "brows that all endearments haunt"—a face when verily rendered in painting, in the actual conditions of age and form to charm men and women. I do not think it the most happily chosen view of the face in an artistic sense; yet, with the charms of youth, and archness, and sweetness, and its own power, it takes perhaps greater hold on the imagination than any other of the three likenesses. The actors, and friends, and companions, and Ben Jonson, may have known equally well the then more mature, and still fine and more picturesque Chandos; but perhaps it was not then engraved, or rather, most of all, the charm of

youth was not with it, and the sweet reminiscences of the dear old times when they were all young together. So, of course, the Droeshout was the portrait chosen to preface this first collected edition of his plays. And though we may be critical enough to say it never could have been a very exact likeness, still it was accepted by friends, publishers, and purchasers, after his death, as it had been by companions, the artist, and Shakespeare himself during his life. No Shakespeare lover can turn from it with indifference, and an experienced artist, who has spent more than fifty years in studying the human face, finds many similitudes to it in the solid forms of the Stratford bust.

As though Cuvier modelled a fossil, Agassiz, with an aquarium full of the live ones, lights on a drawing in his Pliny. "Just alike in characteristics," exclaims Agassiz; "but the pity is, Cuvier and Pliny were not better artists, so that more lightly tripping scientists might see at a glance the likeness."

The Droeshout print and the Stratford bust exist to-day, not from their superior artistic vitality, but from their undoubted authenticity. Such art would have sunken long ago into the "dreamless ooze of oblivion" but for the label, "Shakespeare," while the mask, by the inherent right of might alone, survives, the fittest revelation of his features.

I must record in this connection how the Halliwell Droeshout differs from the usually known print in the first folio of 1623. I cannot do better than refer to Mr. Halliwell's views, as expressed in his "Catalogue of a Small Portion of the Engravings and Drawings Illustrative of the Life of Shakespeare, Preserved in the Collection Formed by J. O. Halliwell (Phillipps), Esq., F.R.S., etc. Printed for Private Reference." My attention was called to this unique Droeshout by an extract from this "Catalogue" in an article on the portraits of Shakespeare by J. Parker Norris, Esq., of Philadelphia, who also finally pro-

cured me a full-sized photograph of the same from Mr. Halliwell.

I have carefully compared the photographs of this Halliwell Droeshout with the two prints from the same plate in the Astor Library, the darker one from the collection of the Duke of Buckingham. Mr. Halliwell's is evidently an earlier impression from the same plate before it was retouched and used for the other known impressions in the first folio of 1623. The differences which Mr. Halliwell points out are very obvious. In the impressions from the retouched plate in the Astor Library, the lights and darks are generally emphasized at the expense of characterization. Whoever retouched the plate, in his mistaken efforts to improve the general effect, lost markings, modellings, accents all over the face. Yet this darker impression in the Astor Library must have been an uncommonly good one after the retouchings mentioned. But character is lost in the left temple, lost utterly in the differences in the eyebrows, so

evident in the Halliwell Droeshout, and identified in the Stratford bust and the Death-mask. In the retouched plate the eyebrows are evened over and brought to the prim precision which the later workman aimed at. Quite a thorough-going line is carried over both eyebrows, which, in the earlier impression, was much more delicate and individual. The new workman had a praiseworthy intention also in adding the shadow upon the collar, which did not exist at all in the earlier state of the plate. That it was the same plate may be known from the accidents in it, repeated in all the impressions by a little black spot under the nose and at the corner of the mouth. I say *accidents*, because there is no evidence of lines being laid by the graving tool to represent such markings in the original from which the portrait was taken. They are caused by bad places in the metal of the plate. The peculiar marking or corrugation on the left eyebrow, as indication of a certain peculiar marking between the nose and

the hairs of the brow of the actual person, is all lost in the retouched plate. This personal characteristic I was already prepared to claim before I saw it defined in Mr. Halliwell's Droeshout. Having found it in the mask, and hinted in the Stratford bust, I had modelled it in my colossal restored mask, and painted it in various pictures from it. When I come to specify in detail the characteristics of the German Death-mask, it will be more evident how much I felt the value of this new link of evidence of the likeness of the three generally received portraits to the mask.

The meaning of the Halliwell Droeshout is more evident, and the original lines laid with more truth to nature in the original intention. I have submitted my photograph of it to experts in engraving and corrected my impressions, when necessary, in regard to what was intentional by the artist and rendered by the graving tool, and what was accidental to the plate or to the impression from it.

I was also prepared for another marking I found definitely laid down, I think, by an intentional laying of the lines; which opinion the distinguished engravers Mr. Linton and Mr. John Cheney have confirmed, as well as, later, Mr. Marshall.

This marking is in the form of little spots one over the other, and a third one, dimmer, at the right, just over the right eyebrow. Call them by whatever name, the *spots* are here, just where they should be, if the spot in the mask were a personal marking capable of being rendered in plaster and represented in painting or engraving. In examining the two impressions from the retouched plate, as in the Astor Library, I find it is difficult to identify the spots, as the recut lines of the forehead have been carried, if my eyes do not deceive me, right through them, as though they were blemishes in the plate. Yet, a little irregularity of the lines shows they were there, and would not change their place.

I shall further treat of *spots* when I describe the Chandos of the Arundel Society photographs, and the mask at Darmstadt, where I ultimately found, to my entire satisfaction, that previous lucky guessing had happily hit the mark; or, rather, that the exact interpretation of my thirteen first photographs needed no correction from the original mask in this respect.

The Stratford bust has a flattened plane over the right eyebrow, where (on oath, I dare not say I have anything more than suspicion) Gerard Johnson concluded to fill up and smooth over the slight indentation in his Death-mask, which he considered a defect—or did all the paints and solvents used on the bust fill up any little indentation designed to follow or copy from his mask? There is a plane for it in my polished cast—cast, as I have told you, at the moment Malone's paint was removed (and nobody knows how many more coats by John Hall in 1748, and the other Halls of 1623). I

scarcely dare put it in black and white, as a thing to swear to by the uplifted hand, or on the Holy Book ; yet, there is something raised like a mole here in my cast from the Stratford bust, but nothing, I assure you, like a whale, or weasel even, which the *scar* grew to be last summer. What is what, I leave you to settle.

All these minutiæ may seem of no account to many readers ; but, in the words of the half-cracked Kepler, as the more level heads reckoned him, "These things will serve the rustics as hooks to hang the heavens by," when we come to apply to them the Copernican theory, that the mask is really the central sun of this portrait system, and that the Droeshout print, the Chandos portrait, and the Stratford bust are its revolving satellites.

Of course, the "Ink Horn" Shakespearians, who own Shakespeare by right of possession, as the Church did the Universe and its Maker in the time of Galileo, cannot be expected to

yield at once their Geocentric theory for the Stratford or the Droeshout.

The Halliwell Droeshout, besides entirely confirming my theory of the mask in respect to the corrugated left eyebrow, the scar or spot over the right eyebrow, the peculiar temples, the lower lip, and the setting on of the nose, gives me the means of knowing just exactly how much of characterization, which is the very essence of portraiture, is lost in the commonly known Droeshout. Again, I feel bound to express my renewed obligation to those fair women, the Fates (who at the final judgment leave all that is good for us), who sat to Phidias for the Parthenon and the British Museum; and thanks, renewed, to Friends, Fates, Phidias, Phillipps, and philanthropic England for sending me the physical confirmation of the authenticity of the physiognomy in the Death-mask.

Let us look next to the Chandos portrait, painted probably twelve or fourteen years after

the Droeshout. Whatever shortcomings the picture contains, I think it was painted by a man of the craft, and one who had committed like artistic sins so many times as to fix a habit or *manner* of not doing it. It was painted by some John Taylor (I think it is agreed), who, perhaps, was a brother or relative of Joseph Taylor, the actor and companion of Shakespeare. On account of the same initial to his name, the actor had for a time the additional credit of being the author of the portrait. Sir William Davenant putting in some claim to the picture, it was willed to him by the possessor, J. Taylor, and since has kept in the straight and narrow path of pedigree. It has seemed to me that Sir William Davenant's knowledge of the origin of the picture, and its authenticity as an intended likeness of his godfather, might be put at least upon a par with anything Ben Jonson says for the Droeshout, though the opinion of neither need be considered of much value in regard to the artistic merits of the works. Here,

I repeat, we are indebted to the Arundel Society's photographs for all we can know of any of its claims to any characteristic likeness to nature or to Shakespeare. In the National Portrait Gallery it is almost a complete negation, its cleanings and mendings leaving the expert scarcely a foothold in his search for the original picture.

A Nation's Portrait Gallery, like its Tree of Life, should be guarded from unskilful gardeners, and a literal flaming sword should pierce the conscience of those who permit to be effaced the record of the world's real men. Portraiture is the cable that holds the argosies of all the arts fast to the land of fact. Look into the eyes of Shakespeare in his portraits; look into his heart in the sonnets; feel the rhythm of his head; see his thought and life in his plays—and the pious imagination feels little lack of his real presence. Art has preserved all we do know of Shakespeare except the sparse little facts from history of his father's

trade, his own birth and baptism, and editing before majority three little variorum Shakespeares—he and she, single and double, preamble of the inexhaustible variety of his future life. The sonnets, the plays, and poems, and his face record all the rest, which it took God and himself fifty-two years to accomplish; neither of whom was ever idle, neither of whom could do it without the other; in whom, together, we see best the perfection of Master, and the faithfulness of the response, "Here am I." Art, as well as artist, is greatest in its dutifulness to the Master of Art.

The best bee builds her cell by the rule of her instinctive law, and it is more perfect than we busybodies could devise.

The wreck of the Chandos and a slip in its pedigree have raised opposition to its authenticity. Sir William Davenant was twelve or fourteen years of age at the death of his illustrious godfather, and, in all probability, associated largely with persons able to judge cor-

rectly of when, where, and by whom it was painted; and, therefore, setting a value on it out of proportion to its artistic merits, even if the fact of its production about the time of his own birth may not have had a magnifying influence on it to his mind.

The same haunting *spot* over the right eyebrow, which I have treated of in the Halliwell Droeshout and the Death-mask, I find present in the Arundel Society's photograph from the Chandos. Also a correction the artist made in drawing the eye and piecing on to the forehead (and consequent changing his spot), which aggravates, if not causes the lower part of the face to look the more retiring. All these *pentimenti* come up in the cleaning.

In comparing these three old portraits of Shakespeare, we see that the comparatively retiring character of the forehead and top of the head in the Chandos and the Stratford bust corrects our impression from the Droeshout, of the bulging, overhanging upper part of the forehead;

but they all agree in the extraordinary distance between the eyebrows; and the Chandos and the Droeshout agree in the size, form, and placing of the great orbs of the eyes. The nose joins the face at the same angle in each. The general planes agree in a large sense.

If you fix your eye on a point exactly over the centre of the nose, between the eyebrows of either of these portraits, then move it carefully in a horizontal line along the left eyebrow, continuing it in the same plane over the left temple until you reach the hair bordering it, you will see that your eye makes the same or like angles in each.

Then, again, fixing your eye at a point in the centre of the forehead, a little less than two inches above the eyebrow, pass it along slowly in a parallel to and above the first line, and you will see that its undulations agree in all these portraits. Take, then, another horizontal look half an inch below the left eye, starting along over the cheek-bone, and again

end where you have reached the hair ; this line you will find alike in all three. Carefully follow another line from the middle of the nose parallel to the others, until it runs off to the lower point of the opening of the ear, and another line followed across from the bottom of the nose will reveal to you a mechanical estimate of the undulatory theory of the surface of the face, and the similarities in all three as represented in the Droeshout, the Chandos, and the Stratford.

The Death-mask is a model which interprets the successes and failures in each of these portraits, and shows in a manner that to experts in portraiture amounts to demonstration, that here alone is the true nature from which all came.

Neither figures, diagrams, analysis, areas, solids, calculus, lines of force, vibrations, spectra, perturbations, probabilities, dips, declinations, ebb, flow, and dew-point, nor the outer pair "quite contrarie, I read," of the Geor-

gium Sidus and his farthest neighbour, nor all the Babel tongues of science brought to one accord in a new Principia, can more compel the scientific mind, than does the joint claim of the three old portraits to a common origin in the mask or its original convince the artistic sense.

The order of nature is fixed in portraits as in planets; while the Friar friends of science worked the rack, the planets moved on, neither abashed by old doubters or new observers. Truth is light as day; it is we who are blind, whom patient Mother Nature waits for to come to maturity, to see us enjoy the pleasure of seeing what the Creator made to please Himself.

During my examination of the mask, I made twenty-six measurements, which I set down exactly on a sheet of Bristol board, by marking opposite the points of the calipers. I have not yet translated them into any system of numerical measure. They stand simply the exact *so much* of the calipers.

These measures were not made for the purpose of comparison with the Stratford bust; such comparison was afterward thought of and made.

Of these twenty-six measures, at least ten or twelve fit exactly corresponding points in the Stratford bust, which any one may verify, if he will take the trouble to interpret the diagram here annexed, and reduce all the measurements to solid geometry. Few persons need be told that this planet never did, at any one moment, contain two adult heads, whose faces agreed in any dozen like measures, and the law of probabilities makes it remote when such an epoch will arrive. To a working artist's mind, the agreement of these measures is either a miracle, or demonstration that they are from the same face.

And, still further, the failure or misfit of the other more than dozen measures is confined to those parts of the face where there is acknowledged error on the part of the sculptor

of the Stratford bust. In the language of science, "measures are the inflexible judges placed above all opinions supported only by imperfect observations."

It is, indeed, singular that such an agreement in measure with the Stratford bust should not have been noted or published by the distinguished scholars and scientists in whose care the mask was during its sojourn in England; but, so far as I know, it has not hitherto been done.

There was no inquest of experts, and hence no verdict, except in the matter of the pedigree, which all grant is defective.

If the great problems of the sixteenth century had been left to Raphael, Titian, and Tasso, instead of to the practical keels of Columbus and Cortez, I think we should all still concur *in statu quo*.

The mask, as we see it now, seems to have been washed all over, either with oil or brown shellac varnish, and this before the

right side of the end of the nose was broken off so badly, as the broken place seems to have been coloured to match the rest by the use of a water colour instead.

I had been told that the mask was not much impaired by the injuries it had received; but when I counted over those injuries, both of accident and ignorant design, I could not but feel thankful for the very much that had been left us.

How should we have known positively that the first plaster mask was cast in a waste mould, over a wax face, but from the fact that while the face existed in this substance a pressure of sufficient weight had been made on the bridge of the nose to flatten a portion of it, and push a little to one side a small wave of wax, leaving the impression of the hard plane on the wax nose to be cast by the next plaster mould, and transmitted to us in this plaster cast which we have to-day? And when, with his plaster cast in my hand, I

pointed out this fact to Dr. Becker, he at once said, "Of course;" for in the real face the bone of the nose would have prevented the depth of this impress, and it could only have been done in a yielding substance like wax, and not possibly in plaster. This wax face was surely the first casting made in the mould after that left the face of the dead man, carrying away from that first mould human hairs enough to transmit by the next casting in plaster the twenty odd still sticking on Dr. Becker's mask.

DIMENSIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S MASK.

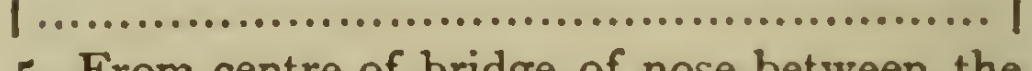
Horizontal Measures.

1. Distance between hairs of eyebrows.

2. Between inner corners of eyes.

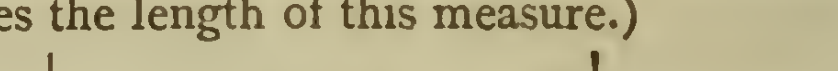
3. Between outer corners of eyes.—(Twice the length of this measure.)

4. Across cheek-bones through centre of eyes.—(Three times the length of this measure.)



5. From centre of bridge of nose between the eyes, right side, to cheek-bone.—(Twice the length of this measure.)

6. From centre of bridge of nose, between the eyes, left side, to cheek-bone.—(Three times the length of this measure.)



7. Outer corner of right eye to centre of bridge of nose.—(Twice the length of this measure.)

8. Outer corner of left eye to centre of bridge of nose.—(Twice the length of this measure.)

9. Inner corner of both eyes to centre of bridge of nose.

| ..... |

10. Across the fulness, above the temples.—(Three times the length of this measure.)

| ..... |

11. Across the nostrils.

| ..... |

12. Breadth from point to point of moustache.—(Twice the length of this measure.)

| ..... |

13. Tuft on chin so wide at broadest.

| ..... |

14. Greatest width across lower jaws opposite the mouth.—(Three times the length of this measure.)

| ..... |

15. Length of lower lip.

| ..... |

16. Opening of mouth, between moustaches.

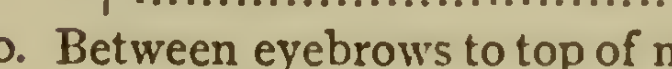
| ..... |

17. Whole distance from beard on chin in front to back of cast below.—(Twice the length of this measure.)

18. From throat to under part of beard.

Perpendicular Measures.

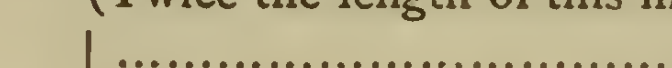
19. Extreme length from peak of beard to top of head.—(Five times the length of this measure.)



20. Between eyebrows to top of mask.—(Three times the length of this measure.)

21. Between eyebrows to point of nose.—(Twice the length of this measure.)

22. From point of nose to end of beard.—(Twice the length of this measure.)



23. From inner corner of right eye to top of head.—(Three times the length of this measure.)

| ..... |

24. Inner corner of right eye to bottom lobe of nostril.

| ..... |

25. Inner corner of right eye to mouth.—(Twice the length of this measure.)

| ..... |

26. Opening of the mouth to the turn of chin.

Gerard Johnson, for whose use the first mould was taken, certainly did not need a wax face, on account of its too easy indentation by the points of the calipers, but filled the flying mould as soon as he received it from the friends of the deceased, with plaster, to make a face to work from, and then chipped off his mould, if of plaster, as I now think it was, or removed it whole, if of wax.

The *wax face*, cast in the flying mould perhaps before it left Stratford, received the aforesaid pressure on the nose, which is repeated in Dr. Becker's plaster cast, and repeated in the photo-

graphs which are taken in a proper view. In some views, the wave of wax pushed aside by pressure, and copied in the plaster, increases the aquiline character of the nose, which to some minds has been a hindrance to belief in its likeness to the Stratford bust. Other views of the mask and the true theory of this accidental pressure correct entirely the possible false impression in regard to the aquiline nose. The Chandos, the Droeshout, and the Stratford bust, except as to length, represent tolerably the true form of this feature as it appears in the restored mask. Besides the conspicuous break on the right side end of the nose, there is sign of wilful picking on the other side. There are also unmistakable signs of the same ignorant meddlesomeness with the penknife in the beard and moustache, as if marking stringy threads were increasing the resemblance to hair. It has even gone so far at the end of the left moustache as to cut into the quick of the cheek more than enough to take the skin off. Be-

sides these there is an accidental chipping and scooping out of the plaster an inch in length and one-third in breadth, which carries away a part of the left upper lip quite from the front part of the left nostril, extending backward along the lip to beyond that lobe of the nostril. It is owing to this break that a certain peculiar expression is imparted to the profile views of this side of the mask, which restoring greatly improves.

I shall refer to only one more accidental break, and that of slight importance, except in its misconstruction; it is where a part of the massing of the eyelashes in the left eye has been broken off. It has been cited and repeated, that here, as in the same eye in the mask of Cromwell, decay had set in, and something ran out. This is less ingenious than the theory of another commentator, who also found a place, or allowed his misquoted authority to find a place, for an actual loss of brain, where he mistook entirely the particular brain in ques-

tion. The error in regard to the eye has arisen probably from forgetting or not knowing that it is usual to mass the hairs of the eyelashes, brows, and beard with soap or paste, or some such preparation, to prevent the substance of the mould from pulling out or sticking to these hairs. I have never seen a more healthy cast from a dead face; and if Shakespeare was buried at Stratford, in April, two days after his death, there certainly was no time for decay in his eyes; and the rest of his face shows the most natural and perfect condition, as though he might have fallen asleep in perfect health. If this mask is from Shakespeare, his illness must have been short, producing the least possible apparent change of his countenance; and the most fortunate moment afterwards was chosen for casting the face.

In the place over the right eyebrow, where I had expected to find a real but slight indentation, as I had interpreted it from photographs, I did not find what Professor Hart had written

me from Vienna in July, 1873, soon after his departure from Hesse-Darmstadt, viz., "merely a flake of the plaster fallen or rubbed off."

The *peculiar discoloration* which Mr. E. W. Perry, at that time Secretary of the National Academy of Design, had the same summer written to me about, did not allow me at first to perceive even "a flake of the plaster fallen or rubbed off." Yet, from the photographs, I knew there must be some indentation and a loss of the texture of the skin in this discoloured place, which, for some reason, had received the coloured wash thus unequally.

My first attempt to take an impression of this spot, together with a part of the forehead, failed, having tried it in soft modelling wax, which adhered somewhat, and was distorted and lost in removing; but the *depression* in the spot was well shown in the *relief* of the wax at that point. My next attempt was in white, harder wax, with gauze intervening. This mould, though less delicate in parts, was

very successful, and gave me a good cast in plaster; where the *indentation* is plainly visible, it may, perhaps, have been looked on as a defect, and has certainly been partially filled up. In the plain white of plaster the depression is still to be seen, though in the discoloured spot over the brow I could not at first detect it.

This little marking is of no more importance in the general expression of the face than various little moles upon it. As experts in this kind of autopsy, we are guided by the texture of the surface in deciding between these markings upon the actual subject and accidents and chippings after the cast is made.

Still this mark stamped upon his brow was sufficient to be noted in the Droeshout and the Chandos, and, I think, intentionally omitted in the Stratford bust.

Another scar can also be traced on the other side of the forehead, but it was of such a nature as not to be apparent at the distance for which a portrait would be made.

Massacchio's mouth, Cicero's wart, Cromwell's and Shakespeare's moles, have their claims as individuality, and the artist has no more right to exaggerate or deny them in a portrait than he has to curtail or remove other features, treating them, of course, with that artistic touch which avoids discord. The mask also interprets perfectly the eyebrows, the under lip, thicker on the right side than on the left, as in the Stratford bust. The nose is so fortunately broken as to allow of exact restoration. There is no breath of distortion after death, nor any sign of nostrils drawn up, or anything of that kind; and though the breaks, and many scratches I have not mentioned, mar an ordinary appreciation of it, they do not destroy the grand, serene, lovely expression of the whole face. It is a perpetual sleep, in which a whole life is stereotyped.

I shall here misplace in importance another very interesting marking on the forehead, which is *par excellence* Shakespeare's mark. It is

aimed at in the Stratford bust, but only by hieroglyphic. I refer to the V-shaped marking in the forehead, which the Stratford bust accents only in the point of the V over the nose. This V is the entering wedge of Shakespeare's head. It is as though just about so much had been well driven into him from above, just the surplus of all other men. Cromwell's head, which is just as wide between the outer corners of the eyes, and quite as wide in the temples and upper jaws, needs just this wedge in the upper loft to expand it to the ideality of Shakespeare's head.

"Cromwell, our chief of men," could afford to play second here.

> "Yet much remains
> To conquer still; peace hath her victories
> No less renown'd than war."

Such a peace may the new-found mask conquer. I must also refer to a miniature picture about three inches long and less in width, dated

1637, and which tradition calls the Death-bed of Shakespeare, also in the possession of Dr. Becker. Providence gave it sufficient importance to set the brother of the present Dr. Becker upon the track of the lost mask, which had been known previously to exist in some private collection. To this intuition of the genius of the artist and naturalist, Mr. Ludwig Becker, we owe the bringing again to light the Death-mask. Peace to his soul, which slipped anchor in a foreign land. Our gratitude is his monument.

It is the first step that costs. If St. Denis carried his head under his arm for one step, it is easy to accept the rest of the miracle. The Cathedral grown from his shrine is a fixed fact, the Pantheon and Westminster of France, the florescence of a single brain, grown to sheltering aisles, that shade the dust of empire, the luck of immortality.

How the mask got to Germany I have no fact or theory to offer. Whether picked up at

Land's End, or fished up in the English Channel or the German Ocean, were all one, if it is really the centre of the Shakespeare portrait system, and ours now by "iteration sweet," as his lineal heirs and assignees, by an item not interlined in the will, like his second best bed, but administered by the quorum of Atropos and Clotho.

It is the unmatched greatness of Shakespeare that makes his real presence a myth. His personality done away with, Bacon, already burdened with philosophy, science, ethics, and jurisprudence, shoulders his art as mere athletic sport; as though Leonardo the painter were the cap and bells of Da Vinci, the reviver of science; as though Aristotle and Archimedes were more fortunate in a successor than Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian, in their illustrious predecessor.

Art is not the pastime of great men, whatever science may pick up that falls from their tables.

"To the great variety of readers" (see Her-

minge and Condell), the first thing to say is, in the beginning was *Shakespeare*, an actual man, the great poet and player in London, and at Stratford "lending money on mortgage, and leaning over his gate to chat and bandy quips with neighbours." This certain amount of avoirdupois it is a duty to consider, and leave the word-people to satisfy his credit in the matter of the plays, and sonnets, and poems; and, let us hope, that being quite busy with their accounts, they may keep the peace, and not too hastily suspect a neighbour artist of trespass in browsing in their fields. There is no malice aforethought in his familiar approach —nothing but a single eye to

> "A combination and a form, indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man."

This *assurance* is all the world asks for in portraits.

If England believed Shakespeare's face, cast from his just cooled and perfect features, lay in

the little nook of Hesse-Darmstadt, do you believe she would not pawn her islands rather than not possess it?

Her Majesty, in her book, speaks of trying to think of England without Wellington. Would Her Majesty try it without Shakespeare? And for what would England bargain with oblivion for every true lineament of Wellington's face?

Some do believe the Death-mask is Shakespeare, and, like the blind man, say, Help my unbelief.

Those who would like to fix in their minds the doctrine of his real presence in either of the arts of portraiture, and make assurance doubly sure, must first dismiss the myth theory, and, in this other new and true way of his portraits, learn to know and love him as man, poet, lover, friend—patron of England's fame and ours. A thousand silhouettes of his face flit through his own written works, where we linger enamoured with his Narcissan image.

Where one art ends another begins.

From the limitless region of poetry, where all nature is held by fee simple of letters, art comes with relentless demands upon the sculptor's scope. Cold steel and marble are all her mercy offers, and, for limit of scope, she trades off tangibility by cubic measure. And then, as the last crucial test of her devotee, she mates him with the sole-eyed sister painting, sans sense of touch or ear to hear; he must sacrifice to her one sense of sight, and she will take no barter. The pound for pound is compounded with a few lines and colour, and chiaroscuro, and a scrap of canvas, where the painter is set to catch and corner coy nature, if he can. The strife is not unequal. In the imitative arts all have won. In music and epic poetry the same keynote has been struck, and in architecture the keystone fixed. Dante, Shakespeare, and Titian are at par with Phidias, the Parthenon, and the Greek poets.

A wise man works with his own tools.

All the poets cannot give your physical eye

one glimpse of a visible or tangible face. This the painter and sculptor must do, and by their inalienable right, whose satrapy not a single poet's dictum dare invade, unless that one, fealty. Nor may it be supposed that here is imagination tethered or rampant. The lion and lamb lie down together.

We can have here but few illustrations of our subject. In some later form I hope to show by photographs and drawings various views of the original Death-mask as now extant, and also views of the amended and restored mask, brought to life and welded to head and shoulders, as I conceived it might have been represented if done from the living model. Written language cannot focus completely the apprehension of this subject. But we must make it serve till photographs and pictures and solid forms shall be able to make experimental demonstration of written facts, and by it try to establish familiar relations with his person and his face.

In a general way, Aubrey says of Shakespeare, that he was a handsome, well-shaped man; and I think we see his head, as well as whole figure, offer the highest type of English manliness; whose beauty, in an artistic sense, is as great a gift to art as when, "Soule of the Age," he left his written image in his works. His head is not Greek any more than his plays, yet it is something England may as well be proud of as a part of the world's repertory of art. And if in some vista of futurity, one should find this Sphinx of England, it would be, as now, an epitome of her history, and, as Carlyle says, the best thing she has done yet.

Portraiture of its heroes is the natural instinct of national art, impressions of which remain fixed in proportion as the capacity and means of art are capable of receiving and developing them.

Who is next of kin to England? If she does not claim the mask, whose is it next by right of entail?

Shakespeare, "dear to both Englands," is ours. We are his colony, and he the unsevered link that binds us to the mother country. Who are underlings, that the mask remains unreputed? and, while royal sons and daughters are dowered, and jewels remain in the Tower, Shakespeare's face lies in a foreign land, unredeemed!

"Oh, the pity of it!"

There is no doubt that the maker of the bust had a death-mask, and used it to the best of his ability. Less than half a century later, the death-mask of Cromwell was made, and nearer our own time the mask of Napoleon, also the cast from the Prince Consort. It is the usual method for securing posthumous sculptured portraits. If this mask is from Shakespeare, his death must have succeeded a very short illness, as the forms show the least possible removal from actual vitality. It is likely that it was no new thing in England to make a cast

of the human features after decease. The then fashion for Italian literature would naturally revert to the cast of the face of the great poet Dante. And Shakespeare himself, who, in his dramas, had the habit of fixing every detail, contingency, and item of fact, using them as the daily pabulum of his brain, never meant to leave Dr. Hall to say, "The pity of it," when, in ordering the bust, he should recall that he had no authority to put into the hands of Gerard Johnson for the likeness. Though artists may claim to be a little lower than the angels, they like to have one foot at least resting on *terra firma*. With this well-assured touching spot they the more easily spread their wings to soar into the ideal.

In rendering this portrait in the solid forms of statuary, I have been guided by the universal laws of portraiture: 1st, Character; 2nd, Characteristics; 3rd, Characterization.

The more I studied and restored and modelled the mask, the more I saw the con-

curring testimony that this is Shakespeare, if the Droeshout print is Shakespeare.

If the Chandos portrait is Shakespeare, this is more so.

If the Stratford bust is Shakespeare, this is most Shakespeare.

I have found these previously acknowledged records correcting each other and confirming one general result.

In all that pertains to the mask and to the memory of Shakespeare, I have had but this sign manual:

"Your most obedient, humble servant,"

which I hope to transfer to Lethe if I have failed in making a true record of his face.

The firm belief, fact, fiction, or phantasm, that here is Shakespeare face to face, is a greater reward for my labours than the glory of having created so noble an ideal head could have been to my sunset days. If the present age, as well as the future, can learn from this

to believe in his true image, it will know, also, that real happiness comes from adhering to "simple truth, miscalled simplicity."

In rendering the mask I have aimed in no sense at technical or conventional skill, or dexterity, or trick in portraying its forms. I have adhered with self-negation to it, and in the restorations tried to maintain the simplest truthfulness. If it can be done better hereafter, so much the better. This much is done, and must be judged and appreciated from the work itself, and not from any words I can give.

A true likeness shows one inside out; the leopard does not change the spot of the heart. Its colour is set on the palette, and is the least refrangible one in our spectrum. The soul is photographed upon the face. If one has the gift to develop it by the processes of imitative art the world is so much the richer for the result. The great portraits of Raphael and Titian are soul talebearers, no less than the

"terza rima" of Dante or the "Sonnets" of Shakespeare.

A great philosopher has said: "If the animus be well connected with the organs of the senses, or, in other words, if a man be truly rational, he is perpetually aspiring after wisdom."

That there was this due connection between the senses and the soul, the rationality and wisdom of Shakespeare in his works assure us; and his face, together with his writings, gives us that complete revelation of finite selfhood which man is not often permitted to transmit to future time. The life and works of Dante tally with his face. In the face of Cromwell the great frontal base of his brain, as left in his mask, and the power of his lower jaw are the upper and nether millstones of his history. In modern portraits, Garrison's lamb-like face has abolition; Grant's the grip, fighting it out on this line if it takes all summer, and leaving not a crow's ration in the valley, letting us have peace in unconditional surrender.

A true portrait is that incorrigible page of history which neither justice nor mercy invalidates. It is the dead level of man 'mid fluctuating fashion and fickle opinion. Our national portraiture, though likely to be hung for a while in the Rogues' Gallery, is incorruptible history, every truly rendered face proclaiming, "Know all men by these presents," as unlying as light itself. A good likeness is a rogue's worst enemy. It will surely betray him, and anon retort on his *alter ego*, "I told you so." God made man in His own human image. So the soul creates its outer shell in likeness to itself. If the man is hid in his stature it is the duty of the artist to pick him out.

The Death-mask is not a fiction or work of art. Experts know it was cast from a dead face. It has 1616 marked on the back of it, with the mortuary cross, while the plaster was soft. Its agreement with the Stratford bust in measures, and likeness in so many charac-

teristics to each of the three well-known old portraits of Shakespeare, add more force in summing up than I can command in words, and leave nothing to add by way of apology for his own and our country's neglect of it hitherto, but the pathos of truth itself: "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." To those who *believe* is the promise of power.

END

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