

and meditation it will not compare with the beautiful statue of Sir Isaac Newton by Roubilliac in the ante-chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge; and that it lacks the feeling of the monumental works of Rysbrack preserved in many of our English Churches; yet, with all its deficiencies as a work of art, my imagination supplies them—the contour of the mask is good—I am satisfied—it gives me pleasure to gaze on it—No aberration of my mind, or astigmatism of my vision will liken the mask to the vacuous-full-moon face of Costard, the clown, or to the quixotic countenance of Don Adriana de Armado!¹³

If I rightly remember, it is Hazlitt who says:—“An overstrained enthusiasm is more pardonable with respect to Shakespeare than the want of it; for our admiration cannot surpass his genius.” The majority of the admirers of the Poet who have seen and studied the Stratford Bust will, without any overstrained imagination, rather agree with the opinion of Mr. Phillipps than that of Dr. Ingleby. Mr. Britton the architect and archæologist says:—“The Bust appeals to our eyes and our understandings with all the force of truth. We view it as a family record; as a memorial raised by the affection and esteem of his relatives to keep alive the contemporary admiration, and to excite the glow of enthusiasm in posterity. This invaluable effigy is attested by tradition, consecrated by time, and preserved in the inviolability of its own simplicity and sacred station.” Chantry the eminent sculptor had the greatest faith in its truthfulness. Mr. Northcote,