

Concorde was held out to Barye. But finally it was resolved to have an eagle with seventy feet span of wings descending upon the Arc de Triomphe, clutching in its talons trophies symbolizing the cities and nations conquered by Napoleon. Alas for France that none of these were carried out, and that she gave not her geniuses work worthy of them. The jury of thirty-six proceeded to treat Barye as they had treated Millet, Rousseau and others. His bronzes were refused. He interpreted this as an order to submit to academic ideas or cease to compete, and did not again compete till 1850, when the old jury was swept away with the monarchy. In 1840 he completed the lion, which is walking about the base of the Bastille column. This was another milestone in the onward march of the great sculptor. The lion is pacing with slow measured steps about the base of the pillar, breathing low growls as he goes. Charles Blanc says of this lion, "It is the image of the people guarding their dead."

But Barye had begun answering the action of the Salon of 1837 by making himself a manufacturer, hiring skilled labor and selling his products. These consisted principally of small statues of animals and birds. But oh, the folly of it! The folly of France! There stood one who could have done for Paris what the masters of Greek art had done for Athens, and they let him waste his time in making Lilliputians for a living. He did not neglect grand art altogether, however. The "Theseus and Minotaur" belong to grand art, and in 1847 he finished the "Sitting Lion." This was his first public answer in monumental work to the closing of the Salon doors, and the answer was a complete one. Here all details are effaced. The lion, grand, calm, terrible in his conscious might, sits there on his throne looking towards the ends of the earth. The state purchased it and placed it near one of the entrances to the Louvre.

Eighteen hundred and forty-eight came, and with it the revolution; the Salon was no longer closed, and the artists of the new school got their chance. Barye was himself made one of the judges. He re-entered the Salon of 1850 with the "Centaur and Lafrith" and the "Jaguar and Hare." Both are now in the Louvre. The Centaur is grand, but the Jaguar—such strength, such savagery, such suppleness!—you can feel its muscles slip under its bronze skin. It is not an individual, but a type—this is genius, immortality. Barye had attained maturity in art. The Jaguar was purchased in 1852 by the Imperial House, and Barye was named professor of

drawing and zoology at the Museum of Natural History, a position he held until his death. At the World's Exposition of 1855 the international jury awarded him the grand medal of honor in the section of art bronzes, and he was named officer of the Legion of Honor. In 1868 he was elected to the Academy of Beaux Arts.

Sylvester, Barye's friend, describes him at the zenith of his power: "He is of supple figure and above middle height, his dress is modest and careful, his bearing and gestures are precise, tranquil, worthy. His eyes, vigilant, firm, look you always frankly, profoundly in the face. He listens to you with patience, and divines your thoughts. All his words hit the mark, but they seem to come with effort from his thin, strong lips, for with him silence is virtue. He follows the maxim, 'It is better to be than to appear.' He has never taken an ambitious step, never spoken a servile word, never cherished a jealous thought, being ever ready to give full credit to others. I do not know a contemporary more ready than he to hear what is true and exalt what is beautiful. A man convinced of his own worth, without vanity, solid in his affections, despising his enemies to the point of forgetting them, charitable toward others, severe toward himself." Corot and others, who knew him well, found him an interesting talker and critic, the mute reserved man becoming full of animation and sparkle. He was married twice. His first wife and their two daughters died, and he married again and had eight children. He seemed to have loved his home and family, but of his domestic life little is known. He painted as well as sculptured, and it was when painting backgrounds for his animals in the forest of Fontainebleau that he was most associated with his Barbizon fellow artists. He knew the wild animals of Fontainebleau well, and in the rocky gorges of the forest he imagined the Indian jungles and African wilds.

Heart disease kept him to his chair at last, and Corot's death was kept a secret from him. One day, toward his last, Madame Barye was dusting some bronzes, and remarked that when he felt better he ought to see that his signature on the bronzes be made plainer. He replied, "Give yourself no uneasiness, twenty years hence they will be searching for it with a magnifying glass."

The calm, determined, kindly man, one of the greatest geniuses of any land, ceased from his labors on June 25th, 1875. France mourned her gifted son, but she was not wise in time.