

listens intently to the low murmur which sometimes breathes, like a fairy harp, within a certain class of sea shells. His head is turned a little aside, displaying the symmetry of his neck and throat, and his countenance, in which intense curiosity and surprise are admirably blended, is singularly life-like. The fine features of the boy,—the unstudied grace of attitude, the rounded limbs, the expression of activity and freedom in every muscle, is no less remarkable than the ideal loveliness which gives such inexpressible charms to the "Greek Slave."

From the "Fisher Boy" we turn to the bust of General Jackson, and though this is also regarded as an admirable piece of sculpture, and is, without doubt, an excellent likeness, the *subject* is less attractive, and as we had no particular reverence for "Old Hickory," and discovered nothing interesting in a very un-ideal looking elderly gentleman,—except as a work of art,—we turned with pleasure to the magnificent bust of "Proserpine," which stood on a pedestal opposite, as if in coquettish contrast to the stern old veteran.

This truly exquisite bust, is the perfection of female beauty; of that outward beauty, we mean, which appeals to the senses; and never, it seems to us, was it more delicately imagined,—never was the airy grace of youth, its warmth and freshness more beautifully symbolized. The lovely contour of the head and neck,—the features so delicately chiselled, and moulded with such perfect grace,—the air, at once voluptuous and pure, delicate and free, belong to that enchanting land of poesy, where the goddess, whose ideal is thus embodied, was enthroned in the beautiful mythology of her worshippers.

The "Proserpine" may be regarded as a type of refined physical beauty, as the "Greek Slave" is, of the intellectual and spiritual. Both have received, and will always claim the highest admiration, and all who have opportunity to view them, must enjoy a most elevated and refined pleasure.

It does great credit to the taste of our citizens, that this beautiful work of art has attracted so many visitors, and excited such unqualified admiration. We trust that the more frequent and rapid communication now opened with other cities, will bring more frequently to our somewhat isolated city, similar works of genius, which may be regarded, not only as gratifying to a refined taste, but as a high intellectual treat. It is somewhat singular that the United States, which, as a nation, it must be admitted, is not remarkable for identity, has yet produced so many artists of distinguished talent Benjamin West, at the head of painters, has

been followed by innumerable others, whose names rank high in that department of art. And among sculptors, there are Powers, and Greenough, and a long list beside, who in the studios of Italy are following out their divine art, with the ardor of that immortal genius, which first shaped the marble into a breathing form, and has left its monuments for the admiration of all time.

The history of sculpture is exceedingly interesting, and carries us back to the very earliest period of the human race. It advanced gradually with the development of the human mind, and in the palmy days of Greece and Rome, we find it in the highest state of perfection. It remains for the present age of intellectual progress to improve upon the ancient models, by combining with their physical grace, which, perhaps, cannot be surpassed, the high spiritual expression that is demanded by the more refined and Christian standard of modern times.

A heathen sculptor would indeed mould the finest physical proportions with the most perfect charm of outward grace; but he could never have imparted to deity or mortal, the elevated expression of faith and resignation, which give such touching and inexpressible loveliness to the Christian "Slave" of Powers.

Mr. Powers had completed a fine statue of Mr. Calhoun, for his native State, just before the death of that distinguished statesman. We believe he is now engaged in executing one of Washington, which we doubt not will do honor to his own genius, and be worthy of the "Father of his Country." Mr. Powers has been singularly unfortunate in the transportation of his statuary. The splendid statue of "Eve" was wrecked some time since in the passage from Italy to New York, but fortunately recovered, uninjured. It is said that another production of his chisel has lately shared a similar fate, but we trust it may be as successfully rescued.

We would return many thanks to those of our friends who have favored us with valuable contributions, and assure them that their articles are at all times gratefully received. There are some names which were formerly on the list of contributors to the Garland, which we would gladly find replaced. Good, original articles are always desirable.

A few contributions sent in, are unavoidably deferred till another month; others we have felt obliged to reject, as duty requires us to select with care and discrimination. If desired, the authors may find them at the office of the Garland.