

## OUR TABLE.

### THE GREEK SLAVE.

We do forget thy beauty—all the grace  
Of thy most perfect shape arrests us not,  
To enhance most melancholy thought—  
How saddest relig of thy god-like race,  
Thy emblem of thy country—gyves in place  
Of garlands, a mournful tenderness is wrought  
Through thy frame, that whatsoever thy lot,  
Shall keep thy spirit holy as thy face.  
Had not looked upon thee had a line  
Defined of the myrtle goddess of thy clime;  
Such a sinless, meek rebuke is thine,  
That thy mute purity abashes crime.  
How art become a soul, sweet marble life,  
A pleader for the good, not knowing evil strife."

"the best works of the antique are certainly very inferior to the SLAVE. Nature is reproduced in her most ideal beauties, in the proportions of the person, the outline of those limbs, the delicate convolutions of the muscles, the absolute truth of every detail. Not one part of the infinitely complex human organism but is here displayed. In every part the statue may challenge comparison with the most famous works that have preceded it. We speak of the Venus de Medici only from casts and copies, and the information of others, but we do not hesitate to say what better critics have said before us, that the GREEK SLAVE excels it as much in the wonderful faithfulness with which the least details are wrought out, as in the elevation and dignity of the sentiment which it expresses." We cannot do more than add our own humble, though cordial assent to this forcible comment.

Mr. Powers is an American,—a native of Woodstock in Vermont. Our neighbors have good reason to glory in his success, for in the very highest department of art, their countryman has confessedly surpassed all other masters, whether of ancient or of modern times.

The "Greek Slave" is not a solitary production of the artist's genius. His "Eve" is spoken of as a most beautiful conception, and the completion of that alone would have ranked Mr. Powers as a first rate artist. Several other pieces have been exhibited in the principal cities of the United States, and in each one of them was discerned a master hand, freely embodying the ideal beauty which his mind had preconceived.

Along with the "Greek Slave," from which one turns reluctantly after gazing on it for hours,—has been shown the "Fisher Boy;" a work of an entirely different character, but not less perfect in its kind, and equally faithful as an expression of the artist's ideal. This beautiful piece of sculpture is worthy a place beside the "Slave." It is a life-size, and represents a robust and handsome boy, perhaps some ten years old, with the free and active limbs, and frank, generous countenance suited to his age and condition. He stands on the sea-shore, for his naked feet seem to press the smooth sands, and around them are lying various marine shells, and so perfect do they seem that one almost stoops to pick them up.

The fishing net and tackle, chiselled with the most minute delicacy, are thrown carelessly across a block, against which he leans with childish grace. He holds a spiral shell to one ear, and

the past month, the citizens of Montreal, had a rare opportunity of gratifying their love of the beautiful, by gazing on that most exquisite production of genius—the GREEK SLAVE. It is impossible to convey in words any adequate idea of the impression which this statue makes on those who behold it. We had read repeatedly the glowing descriptions of its symmetry, and the most enthusiastic encomiums upon the artist's work; but never till we saw the work for ourselves, were we at all able to comprehend the extraordinary effect which it produces. No one, while looking upon that sweet, sad face, and that delicately rounded figure, would dream of criticism. Criticism is absurd. Those who visit the exhibition have been truthfully compared to devotees at a religious ceremony, as they sit in "reverential admiration," rapt and speechless. "Every line and lineament conveys ideas of loveliness and beauty which impress themselves upon the soul forever. Here art has indeed magnified its office. The secrecy of genius has expelled far hence every vulgar emotion. Even the dullest spirit owns the presence of his untainted atmosphere, when for a moment the imagination and the heart cease to be, "of this earth, earthy." The admiration everywhere excited by this matchless work of art, is singular—unconquerable—undefinable. No one, however cold and unfeeling he may be, can come unmoved within the magic circle which its purity has circumscribed. It is difficult to speak of its spiritual effect, it is especially so to speak of its faultless mechanical execution. "In this respect," says Mr. Greely,