

MISS HARRIET HOSMER'S STATUE OF ZENOBIA.

It is no new thing to say, but it is true, that art has a noble field in America, and the studios clustered in our cities, and scattered through our country, send forth works which testify to the talent and devotion our artists bring to its culture. The power to appreciate and enjoy these works, fed by the works themselves, is also rapidly growing, and compared with the knowledge and taste of twenty years ago, the progress is wonderful. We feel a glow of pleasure as we see among our artists, and our people, the proofs of ripening power, which may place us high among the nations in this respect, if we will only seek, in the true spirit of earnest loyalty, to purify and enrich our national genius; not striving only for originality, but by single-minded study, endeavoring to fit ourselves for expressing what is in us, and to ennoble, by every elevating influence, whatever gifts of imagination we possess.

The mingling among us of many races, and the effect of our many climates, give us as a people great flexibility and versatility; our powers of observation are quick, and our freedom from traditions in art, may help us to gain regions of fancy and imagination, new, at least, if not higher than those before explored. Thus far we have all, perhaps, shared too much in a thirst for novelty, which tends to prevent patient study, and leads to the production of immature works. There is a disadvantage for us in the lack of those opportunities to train the eye and thought, which should enable us to recognize at once the genuinely noble in art, and to accept from it the teaching which it offers. The growing interest expressed for the few real treasures of elder art that come among us is therefore a good omen, and it shows a craving which will insist on satisfaction sooner or later.

Modern works also help us to rise from level to level in this training of the artistic faculty; and when an American sends from his studio something which wakes a fine sympathy within us, it is pleasant to feel our patriotism, our growing love of art, and all our better instincts springing forward, as it were, to clasp and hold it. Often too, we receive tokens of the glowing life which our wondering children foster in the lands where they have exiled themselves for the sake of art; and while that which they send us feeds and expands a part of our natures, kept dwarfed in comparison with the rapidity of our growth in other directions, the warm and appreciating reception which we give their works, cheers and supports them in their further labors, as nothing but a voice from home could do.

Miss Hosmer has sent such a token now, and her Zenobia speaks to us in tones of wonderful power and depth, telling of a mental and moral development, of a genius and a grasp of vital energy, a delicacy and intensity of the faculty of expression which are sure to find a genial recognition. The subject is a noble one for sculpture, especially so for a woman to handle, as suited to express the more intense and finely strung temperament of the feminine nature, and worthy to be the exponent of a woman's thoughtful life.

Zenobia was a beautiful and accomplished woman, esteemed in her own time both lovely and heroic, and descended, through a royal Arabian family, from one line of the kings of Egypt. She had a manly understanding, and was learned for her time, familiar with several languages, and a student of Homer and Plato. Having been the wife and counsellor of a military hero, she ruled with a steady hand for five years after his death (A. D. 267 to 272) not only the wide lands which he had acquired by conquest, but other countries, including Egypt, which she conquered for herself. She once drove a Roman army from her territory, but when the Emperor Aurelian himself headed a mighty expedition against her, she was finally overpowered. The Emperor said in a letter, "The Roman people speak with contempt of the war I am waging against a woman. They are ignorant both of the character and the power of Zenobia." In the year 274 Aurelian held his triumphal procession in Rome, and in the midst of it, Zenobia, bound with fetters of gold, preceded on foot the splendid chariot in which she had once hoped to enter the Eternal City.

In dealing with this subject Miss Hosmer has united womanly dignity and delicacy, with the best qualities of the firm masculine hand. A captive Queen compelled to grace the triumph of her conqueror, forced to deck herself in her royal robes, and to move at another's will, a Queen who has proved her right to her throne by grand statesmanlike qualities, both moral and intellectual;—this is the group of ideas which Miss Hosmer wished to call up in our minds.

Has she not done it? Motion, but reluctant motion, is expressed in the graceful limbs; a grand dignity in the attitude of the broad, powerful shoulders, and the firm column of the throat; lofty resignation in the bent head; while pride and sorrow struggle in the knotted brow, the swollen, level eyelids, and contracted nostrils, and scornfully curled lip.

The fulness of the drapery, of which every fold seems to have a meaning, gives a peculiar pleasure to the eye. For years after Canova had opened a new era in his art, the prevalent idea seemed to be that sculpture and nudity were inseparably united; that the chief duty of a sculptor was to model the naked human form skillfully and gracefully. We are learning something better than this, but still an American going for the first time through the galleries of ancient art in Europe, is apt to be surprised at the number and beauty of the Greek and Roman draped statues. Miss Hosmer has evidently made drapery a subject of unusually careful study and the result is that Zenobia's robes and mantle seem almost faultless. The ornaments of the diadem and fibula, shoulder-brooches and sandals, are kept well subordinated to the whole effect; and though Aurelian's triumph must be heightened by the royal jewels, the majesty of the still unconquered queenly nature makes us forget them. The chain, which is an element in the tragic poetry of the subject, is also no more conspicuous than the accessories of the best ancient statues, the scroll of Demosthenes, Minerva's owl, or the thyrsus of Bacchus.

The heroic proportions of the figure, lend much nobility to the grandeur of the whole, and we feel that Miss Hosmer did well in choosing this height and breadth in which to develop her thought, while she has perfectly avoided the danger of making us conscious of unnatural size. And here we feel the effect of her great command of anatomy, the result of diligent labor. It bears fruit in the satisfaction we feel in the obvious fitness of every limb and muscle to do—if it were living—what it is represented as doing; and in the confidence—unobserved perhaps by ourselves—with which the eye passes from one line to another, sure of not being provoked to questionings whether this is in proportion, and that in its true place. Under all the drapery we feel that there is the well balanced form; while the perfect effect of rest in the midst of motion, and the irresistible sense of proportion could not come to us from anything less than the most faithful anatomical truthfulness.

The unblemished perfection of the large block of marble is extraordinary, for the statue is seven feet high; and the purity and softness of its color is a fortunate element in the beauty of the whole.

Such a work of art cannot but teach as well as delight us. It fills us with a sympathetic sense of strength and quietness; and, while the soft, sweeping lines and moulded loveliness of every part give pleasure to the eye, the grand endurance and determined fortitude—expressed as well in the open, and as it were, placid right hand, which hangs by her side, as in the clenched and strained left, which lifts the mantle and clutches the insulting chain—suggest only enabling and elevating thoughts.

In fact, one can hardly look long at this statue, (and one should look long, for there is too much enshrined in it to be taken in at a glance,) without feeling that it is surrounded by the pure, high atmosphere of real art, and that we know better, after seeing it, what the ideal of the sculptor is and ever should be.

Miss Hosmer has told us in print something of the "Process of Sculpture," and she tells us in the Statue something of the results of Sculpture, which should appeal through the eye to some of the best and loveliest qualities of the mind.

We give below a brief biographical sketch of Miss Hosmer, from the New American Cyclopaedia:—

"HOSMER, HARRIET, an American artist, born in Watertown, Mass., in 1831. Being of a naturally delicate constitution, she was encouraged by her father, a physician, to pursue a course of physical training, at variance with the usages of her sex, but which she adopted with enthusiasm. At a comparatively early age she was an adept in shooting, swimming, rowing, riding, skating, and other out-of-door sports, and began also to give much attention to modelling figures in clay. Having completed her school education, she studied anatomy for some months with her father, and in the autumn of 1850 repaired to the medical college of St. Louis, where she went through a regular course of anatomical instruction preparatory to attempting sculpture. In the summer of 1851 she returned home, and commenced her first original work, a bust of "Hesper," which upon its completion in marble in the succeeding year, attracted much attention in Boston, and encouraged her father to place her under a competent master in Rome. Upon arriving in that city late in 1852, she almost

immediately gained admittance as a pupil to the studio of Gibson the sculptor, and passed her first winter in modelling from the antique. Her busts of "Daphne" and "Medusa" were the first fruits of her attempts at original design in Rome, and were followed by a statue of "Enone" for a gentleman in St. Louis. For the public library of the same city she also executed her best known work, the reclining figure of "Beatrice Cenci," which has won many encomiums from art critics in Europe and America. In the summer of 1855 she modeled a charming statue of "Puck," the popularity of which has procured her orders for several copies, one of which is for the Prince of Wales, and another for the Duke of Hamilton. Pecuniary reverses having overtaken her father, she determined to rely entirely upon her art for a support, and is now permanently established among the professional sculptors of Rome, where, with the exception of two visits to America in 1857 and 1864, she has continued to reside. Among her more recent works are a full-length, reclining figure of a young girl, for a funeral monument in the church of Sant' Andrea della Fratte in Rome, a fountain with figures, illustrating the myth of Hylas and the water nymphs, and a "Will o' the Wisp," designed as a pendant to "Puck." In the latter part of 1859 she finished a statue of "Zenobia in Chains," as she appeared in the triumphal procession of Aurelian, a work on which she had labored enthusiastically for nearly two years previous, and the execution of which\* in marble, so seriously impaired her health that her physicians sent her to Switzerland to save her life. It is of heroic size, has been pronounced by far the best of her works, and has been sold to a gentleman in New York."

\* Error; see "Atlantic Monthly" for December, 1864.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

The reception tendered Maj. Gen. Sherman at Bryan Hall yesterday, reminded us of those "Caesarean Triumphs," when the populace of Rome rushed to the capitol to welcome the returning hero.

General Sherman came in our midst with no arrogant or haughty mien, with no slaves or captives bound to his chariot wheels, but in the simple attitude of a soldier, who simply feels that at his hands, his country could ask no less than that he patriotically and freely gave. He came in our midst, with words of freedom on his lips, and with a name, whose prestige ranks him with the sublimest warriors the world has ever known. His appearance at the hall was the signal for the most enthusiastic burst of applause we ever heard. As he mounted the rostrum and stood near that catafalque which had held his martyred chief, recollections of that great good man, seemed to flash across his memory, proving that though the heats of the Carolinas have bronzed his face, they have left his heart unchanged to the griefs of a great people. This passed, shouts of "Sherman," "Old Tecumseh," "Bully Boy," rent the air, and the massive walls shook and quaked. The General was then introduced to the multitude by his honor, Judge Bradwell, and spoke in his terse and easy manner, convincing his hearers, that, like Caesar, he controls the affections, not simply of armed legions, but of peaceful citizens. From the bottom of our heart we take up the nation's song and echo to all the world, God bless the General.

LINCOLN TABLES.

The most marvellous articles of handiwork ever exhibited in this or any other country are those now on exhibition at the main hall, and popularly designated as the "Lincoln Tables," consisting in point of fact of but one table, and one dressing case—the former made of twenty thousand separate pieces of wood, the other of two thousand. One knows not which to admire most, the tables, or Mr. Peter Glass, who made them. How touching is that patriotism, which devoted long months to such an arduous task of patience and skill, that in the end, their fruit might be presented to the President of the United States. Thus it is that this loyal citizen toiled freely for his cherished President. And now that he is no more, still clings to the cherished hope of having them presented to Mrs. Lincoln. The tables will repay a careful examination, and in looking at them one can hardly realize that in their construction and finish, those essentials of art, paint and varnish, were dispensed with. The design of the center table is truly beautiful and betrays a rich and varied fancy. We sincerely hope that every person who can appreciate a patriotism so touching as that which these ornaments evince, will not fail to visit Mr. Glass.

RAFFLING.—No. 2 of those elegant Bohemian Toilet Sets, at the Rochester, N. Y., Perfumery Booth, was drawn last evening by Mrs. Kimbark, of the Horseshoe Booth—ticket No. 40. No. 3 was drawn this morning by Mr. O. G. Morris, of Michigan—ticket No. 4. Call soon, as they are fast going. C. C. W.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

INTERESTING PROCEEDINGS.

Yesterday, being the Fourth Anniversary of the formation of the Sanitary Commission, the event was duly remembered and celebrated here in connection with the Fair. In the centre of Union Hall a platform was erected for the occasion, and about three o'clock in the afternoon the ceremonies commenced, at which time there was a large concourse of people present.

T. B. Bryan, the energetic president of the Fair, presided, and opened the proceedings with a few appropriate remarks in his usual happy style. He then introduced the Rev. Dr. Bellows of New York, the president of the Commission to the assemblage.

Dr. Bellows was received with loud applause. He delivered a most eloquent and appropriate address of over half an hour's length, giving a history of the formation, rise, and progress of the Commission, and of the great good it had done during the war, in relieving and aiding the sick and wounded. His remarks were listened to with great attention, and on resuming his seat he was loudly applauded.

Dr. Alfred L. Sewell, then took the stand for the purpose of awarding the prizes to the successful boys and girls in the Army of the American Eagle. These prizes were medals, gold silver and bronze, given to the children who sold the largest numbers of pictures of "Old Abe," the live war eagle for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair. These pictures have been sold in all parts of the Union by children, and nearly \$15,000 have been realized in this way. The prizes were awarded to the following children, some of whom were present to receive them. The old eagle himself was present all the time sitting on his perch and seemed to take great interest in the proceedings:

- 1st. Mary Belle Kier, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- 2d. Edward Ritchie Pope, New Bedford, Mass.
- 3d. Minnie Munroe, Toledo, Ohio.
- 4th. Lizzie Ayers, Indianapolis, Indiana.
- 5th. Josephine Gooden, St. Louis, Mo.
- 6th. Annie T. Ferguson, St. Joseph, Mo.
- 7th. Elizabeth A. Shepard, Central City, Colorado Territory.
- 8th. Wm. Clark, Van Wert, Ohio.
- 9th. Geo. W. Sheldon, Sherman, N. Y.
- 10th. Cora Swayger, Pekin, Ill.
- 11th. Alice Wilson, Lockport, Ill.
- 12th. Helen W. Tompkins, Racine, Wisconsin, (a deaf mute.)
- 13th. Mary A. Williams, Chicago.
- 14th. Carrie Reynolds, Evanston, Ill.
- 15th. Martha S. Davis, Portland, Mich.
- 16th. Roderick S. Owen, Black Hawk, Colorado Territory.
- 17th. Willie M. Thorp, New Bedford, Mass.
- 18th. Hattie E. Hammond, Jacksonville.
- 19th. Clara A. Stephens, Henry, Ill.
- 20th. Chas. H. Stone, Templeton, Mass.
- 21st. Eddie T. Roe, Bloomington, Ill.
- 22d. Mary Tought, Peree.
- 23d. Fannie Foster, Jacksonville, Ill.
- 24th. N. D. Carlisle Hodges, Salem, Mass.
- 25th. Bessie Huntington, Blue Island, Ill.
- 26th. Lida R. Meeker, Shullsing, Wis.
- 27th. Cornelia Merton, Chicago.
- 28th. Emma A. Rutledge, Lexington, Ill.
- 29th. Geo. A. Sophia, Denver City.
- 30th. Miss S. A. E. Walton, Bloomington Ill.
- 31st. Charles A. Wells, jr., Geneva.
- 32d. Louisa Meyer, Cincinnati.
- 33d. Lizzie D. Reon, Boston.
- 34th. Agnes B. Smith, Alton.
- 35th. Allie Finch, Niles Point, Michigan.
- 36th. O. M. Wheelock, Bloomington, Mich.
- 37th. Ellen A. Hunt, Galesburg, Ill.

Mr. Bryan then introduced the infant prodigy of whom we have already spoken, little Walter, to the assembly, and in that wonderfully correct and earnest manner which excites the astonishment of every one, he recited several pieces which were received with the most unbounded applause. He is truly a wonder.

Gen. Hooker being loudly called for, took the stand and after saying a few appropriate words, retired amidst much applause.

Major Hudson, one of the officers who assisted in the capture of Jeff. Davis, being called on gave the audience a short account of the capture, which occasioned much amusement.

The whole audience then sang "Rally Round the Flag," and "John Brown," after which three cheers were given for the old war eagle, and three for Dr. Bellows, when the assemblage dispersed.

—The receipts of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society last year were \$17,182 28; the expenditures \$12,375 13. It has invested in United States bonds \$4,808 15.