A Memorial to

"THE WORK SHALL PRAISE THE MASTER"

JOEL T. HART

THE KENTUCKY SCULPTOR

FROM

THE WOMEN OF THE BLUE GRASS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

ISSA DESHA BRECKINRIDGE

AND

MARY DESHA

1884

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H. Clay

"THE WORK SHALL PRAISE THE MASTER"

A MEMORIAL TO JOEL T. HART

THE KENTUCKY SCULPTOR

FROM

THE WOMEN OF THE BLUE GRASS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

ISSA DESHA BRECKINRIDGE

AND

MARY DESHA

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PRESS OF ROBERT CLARKE & CO
1884

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MEMOIR OF JOEL T. HART.

BY

EDWARD J. M'DERMOTT.

Kentucky is, in many respects, a noteworthy State, having a striking individuality that attracts attention and gives promise of a remarkable future. Her soldiers, orators, and fair women, her rich minerals, fast horses, and dangerous, but exhilarating, whiskies, have long been well known and highly praised; but Kentuckians can not boast much of their achievements in the fine arts. The number, skill, and influence of artists here are gradually increasing, and a few painters like Brenner, Botto, and Boyd, have lately done some very valuable work with their brushes, but, if we except Jouett, whose portraits are very fine, Joel T. Hart is the only Kentucky artist that can truly be called great. He has had no superior in America, and is well entitled to rank among the few eminent sculptors of modern times. His life was beautiful in its simplicity and virtue, heart and mind being devoted entirely to his high calling. His only aim was to do something great, and to leave an honorable name. The marble was his chief and best medium for the expression of his strong feelings and his exalted ideas. Through his living works he hoped to speak to the men and women of future times, and he lived to see assured the fruition of that bright dream and trusted mainstay of his long life.

Mr. Hart was born in Clark county in 1810, and died in Florence, Italy, in 1877. His remains are now in Florence, but they will soon be removed to Kentucky, the legislature having appropriated twelve hundred dollars for that pur-

pose, on the motion of the Hon. Thomas G. Stewart. The sculptor's parents were poor, plain, respectable persons, that bequeathed him no petty fortune or silly family pride, but good principles, a vigorous mind, and a true heart. Men of his stamp do not usually inherit a great name; they make one. Prosperity and social rank help only a mediocre person; genius needs no such stilts. Mr. Hart went to school only three months, but, by persistent effort, educated himself, and toward the end of his life was able to write some creditable poetry. In order to fit himself for his art-work, he studied anatomy, with success, in Transylvania University, in Lexington. He was always frugal, temperate, laborious, genial, and devoted to his friends. Of little children he was very fond, often kissing them on the street, even when they were unknown to him. Everything beautiful or innocent touched his heart. His figure was a little above the medium size; his features indicated a strong will and a sunny disposition, but he was not handsome. A full beard covered his face. Though he was often very poor, having barely the necessaries of life, he never complained or sought help. As long as he had any money he worked on his ideal pieces. When his little store was exhausted he made a few busts for his patrons, and on the profits lived while he turned again with new zest to the darling creatures of his imagination. In early youth he worked as a stone-mason, and at twenty began to carve letters on tomb-stones and to make models in a marble yard. In the course of the next sixteen years he made a large number of good busts of such men as Andrew Jackson, Cassius M. Clay, and John J. Crittenden. In 1849 he went to Florence, Italy, to put into marble his model of Clay's statue that he made for the "Ladies' Clay Association," of Richmond, Virginia. On this model and statue he worked, with intermissions, for thirteen years. In the beautiful grounds surrounding Richmond's capitol this marble likeness of the orator stood for years, but, having been slightly damaged from constant exposure to the changes in the atmosphere and to the mischievousness of

boys, it has been placed in a niche in the rotunda of the capitol, and looks down upon the senators and representatives of Virginia as they pass to and from the post of honor and duty, reminding them constantly, I hope, that a public man should always so live and act that he might, with truth and propriety, have inscribed upon his tomb words like those that adorn the sarcophagus of the Sage of Ashland: "I can, with unshaken confidence, appeal to the Divine Arbiter for the truth of the declaration that I have been influenced by no impure purpose, no personal motive—have sought no personal aggrandizement, but that, in all my public acts, I have had a sole and single eye and a warm, devoted heart, directed and dedicated to what, in my best judgment, I believe to be the true interests of my country."

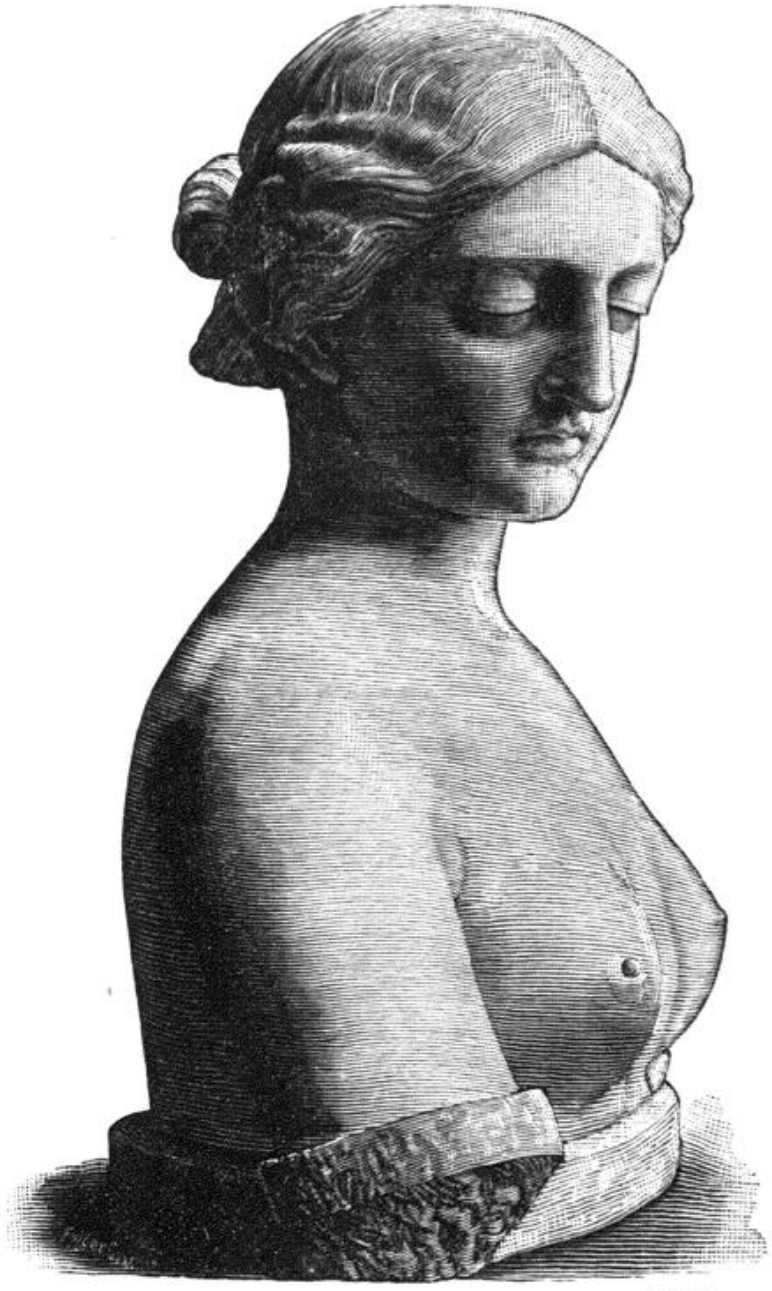
In 1867 Mr. Hart completed the statue of Clay now in the Court House of Louisville. I do not believe that this work, all things considered, has ever been surpassed. Certain it is that no existing antique statues of Demosthenes, Cæsar, or Augustus give us conceptions of them so true and vivid as the conception we get of Clay from this statue. In this piece of marble we see not only an exact likeness of the form and features of the man, but the faithful presentment of the dignified, lofty, powerful orator, and the intellectual, strong-willed statesman. Grace, majestic force, and an exalted mind are at once apparent in the lineaments of the face and in the pose of the figure. He stands like a firmly-fixed rock. He looks like a great orator, speaking weighty, stirring words, on a grand occasion, to a vast audience. Mr. Hart was excelled by none in appreciation of Henry Clay. The sculptor had, for years, watched and studied the form, the conduct, and the achievements of the statesman. They lived side by side; their aims were high and glorious; their ideas ran in the same lofty channels; the one genius recognized and clung to the other. Now they are indissolubly linked together for all time, aiding each other in the race for immortality. Future ages will remember the sculptor through the orator, and the orator through the sculptor.

Mr. Hart's other important works are a fine copy of the "Venus de Medici;" a bust called "Il Penseroso," representing a handsome woman with downcast eyes; "The Morning-glory," a beautiful little child holding a morning-glory in one hand, and her scant flower-filled gown in the other; an exquisite, hand resting on an outstretched glove; a colossal bronze statue of Clay, made for New Orleans; and "Woman Triumphant," a group that I shall describe at length. All of these are great, and will ever be highly esteemed, but his fame must chiefly rest on "Woman Triumphant." Of this he felt assured, and, with pleasure and confidence, he staked all his meed of praise on that great work, making it the chief effort of his genius, the bright dream and solace of his laborious life. It may be fairly called a poem in marble.

Just ten years ago, while in that beautiful city on the Arno, sweet Florence, I made a visit to his studio. Though a young student and a stranger, I was welcome, simply because I was from Kentucky. To his native State and its people his heart was always devoted. For all Kentuckians he had a lavish fund of kindness and affection. It is fit, therefore, that they should love and honor him.

On that beautiful May morning in 1874 he was working cheerfully and zealously in his plain, unadorned studio. Its bare floor, scant furniture, and confused array of models showed how little the artist cared for comfort or ostentation. In fact, the place was not inviting to visitors until they learned to know the genius that presided there—until they felt the influence of the great intellect and the cheerful heart that turned this somber shop into a sanctuary. On a bench in this room stood several models of statues of Henry Clay, one of those models being the original of that fine, living, speaking statue that has stood in the Court House at Louisville since 1867.

On the walls, in the corners, and on the floor were a great many plaster casts of hands, arms, feet, and legs. The artist wore a smoking-cap and a big apron. In his hand he held an instrument very like a putty-knife. In



IL PENSEROSO.

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the middle of the floor, on a revolving pedestal, stood two figures in clay, one Venus and the other Cupid. The patient, thoughtful artist was continually scanning and remodeling these figures.

This was his great life effort—the dream and hope of his manhood. He was striving to reach perfection in this work, that it might be an enduring monument of his fame. The Venus, a beautiful woman, held in her hand an arrow, the last that came from Cupid's bow. All the rest of his quiver lay broken at her feet. This last one she had taken, and now held it above him, far beyond his grasp. On tiptoe, pleadingly, he stretched forth his hand for his weapon, hoping for one more chance to reach her heart, which was impregnable to force, but might be gained by entreaty.

These figures were in soft clay, and the sculptor was continually adding a little bit here, and shaving away the least bit there, with the utmost care and nicety, meanwhile revolving the pedestal about from side to side, and viewing his beloved creatures from every possible point of view. In a few weeks, or in a few months at the most, he hoped to have his model complete and ready to be copied in marble; but, in fact, many months passed before he felt sure that his task was done. Then the figures of perishable clay were turned into statues of imperishable marble. To see the enthusiasm of this old, gray-haired man as he gazed lovingly on his artistic creation—the fit embodiment of a fine conception—was a rare pleasure, making one realize how great is art, how ennobling its influence, and how faithful its real devotees.

"I have been working on this model for twelve years," said he. "The idea has been in my mind even longer than that. One leg of this woman has cost me more trouble, thought, and labor than the whole of Henry Clay's statue. I have worked and toiled to make my model perfect in design and execution—to make these figures anatomically and artistically perfect. I have had more than one hundred and fifty originals to study from."

"What is the main idea you wish to convey?" I asked.

"This Venus," said he, "is intended to represent the highest type of womanhood; to represent a woman not only faultless and beautiful in form, but full of mind, of refined intellect, of pure but strong emotions. The Venus de Medici is a voluptuous, sensuous woman—the embodiment of physical beauty that is not illumined and elevated by intelligence. My Venus has been assailed by Cupid, this bright fellow on tip-toe. He has shot all his arrows at her without effect. All but one lie broken at her feet; that last one she holds aloft above him. On tip-toe he vainly tries to reach it, and is begging for its return. Force has thus far failed, and he must plead for his last dart, now his only means of reaching her heart. Woman must be wooed, not conquered. That is the moral of it."

This being the sculptor's explanation of his conception and its representation, I could never understand why the work has sometimes been called the "Triumph of Chastity." Such a name is unsatisfactory, for many reasons.

"I see you have a good many plaster casts of limbs here, Mr. Hart," said I, pointing to those hanging on the walls and lying about the floor of the studio.

"Yes, I am making them all the time. It is very hard to find good models among women, for their forms are usually ruined by the vicious customs of pinching and squeezing, and tightly binding what nature intended to be free. I knew one lady here who would have made a good model had she not injured her figure by kneeling too much at prayers. The peasants, whose figures have never been injured by any artificial restraints, are our best models."

"But don't you have trouble in getting these models?" I asked.

"No, not much; some ladies, with the consent and in the presence of their parents, will, for the sake of art and to gratify their vanity, allow us to make plaster casts of them."

"What is this strange apparatus like a mask, with all these big blunt needles pointing inward?"

"That is an instrument I invented to measure faces for busts. By it I can get the exact outline of the head, and reproduce the features of the face exactly, and in one-third of the time used by a sculptor that has no such measure; but I can not patent and sell my invention here, for the Italians are opposed to labor-saving machines that tend to throw any workmen out of employment for even the shortest time."

Thus the great sculptor chatted and worked in his cheerful vein. He told me that he was once offered $20,000 for "Woman Triumphant;" but he was not then ready to let the work pass from him, feeling that it was not so nearly perfect as he could make it. When urged one day to make an end of his effort, he replied: "The Almighty does not see fit to make a perfect woman in less than eighteen years, and can I hope to make a perfect model in less?" This sculptor was working for fame and posterity: what cared he for money?

By many competent critics this group has been esteemed the greatest piece of sculpture wrought in marble since Michael Angelo chiseled his immortal Moses. The art correspondent of the *London Athenaeum* once said that it was the finest work in existence. Joel T. Hart was undoubtedly a great sculptor. His genius has not only embodied in imperishable marble, for future generations, the likenesses of our greatest statesmen and soldiers; it has not only raised him from the calling of a common stonecutter to the lofty station of a great and justly famous sculptor, but it has also exalted his State, has raised her in the esteem of the world, and has set before her children a splendid example of perseverance, virtue, and self-help.

Who can estimate what we owe such a man? Who can say what value should be set upon his fruitful life? Our admiration and gratitude are due less to our rich men than to the patient, modest, toiling workers like Hart, who improve our minds and reform our hearts. Wealth is useful in many ways to persons and to governments, but great wealth is not the greatest good.

What became of the riches of Rome and the Italian republics? What have the Romans and the Greeks left us but their literature and their sculpture? The great granaries, the splendid roads and aqueducts, the Parthenon and the Coliseum, the victorious armies and navies—where are they? In the dust. But Homer and Virgil, the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de Milo still live. They were filled with the divine afflatus, and, breathing the breath of an immortal life, shall speak to all civilized nations for all time.

Riches and the luxuries and comforts of life are well enough in their way, but a refined taste, a cultivated intellect, and a noble heart are infinitely more precious to the individual and to the State. The man whose sole aim is money-making is necessarily a bad citizen and a bad member of society. He is not capable of patriotism, love, friendship, or any other exalted feeling. But the man that can content himself, like Hart, with a frugal, simple life, in order that he may devote himself to culture, art, and fame, is a citizen worth honoring. His work betters and pleases mankind. A selfish man is necessarily a mean man, whose labors we can easily spare. The physical pains and the mental anxieties of life make it hard enough at the best; but half, if not all, of its sweetest solace and greatest joys are lost if its pathway is not strewn with the flowers of fancy—if the books, and paintings, and statues are not there to gladden the wearied mind and heart of the oft-despairing wayfarer.

As Plato said, in his plea for an Ideal Republic: "Let our artists rather be those who are gifted to discern the true nature of beauty and grace. Then will our youth dwell in a land of health, amid fair sights and sounds; and beauty, the effluence of fair works, will visit the eye and ear like a healthful breeze from a purer region, and insensibly draw the soul, even in childhood, into harmony with the beauty of reason."

The career of Joel T. Hart is full of useful lessons, teaching our young men that art is noble and fame is sweet; that

self-denial and self-help may raise a person of talents from the humblest to the highest station; that honors may be won and distinction attained outside the crowded, stifling road of money-getters or the dangerous arena where political gladiators often raise themselves, by questionable means, to a bad eminence.

Mr. Hart's copy of the Venus de Medici, the Morning-glory, and his own bust by Saul, his pupil, are in the art-room of the Louisville Polytechnic Library. The beautiful hand, already mentioned, belongs to Mr. Hart's life-long friend, Mr. John S. Wilson, of Pee-Wee Valley, Kentucky. Il Penseroso and Woman Triumphant, will hereafter adorn the public art-room which is soon to be opened in Lexington.

It is fit that Woman Triumphant should become an heir-loom of Lexington: for there Hart dreamed his dream and loved his Beauty, and there his work should stand. Though an ardent lover of woman—though she was his highest ideal in life, and the chief object of his dreams and reveries—he never married. Poets, painters, and sculptors usually idealize and glorify her; but, while she likes this tribute and admires persons that thus exalt her, yet, in matrimony, she rather prefers a man with less genius and more style. Chaucer long ago said:

> "A man must needës love, maugre his head,
> He can not flee it, though he should be dead."

Mr. Hart did not think this true of woman. To use his own words, "Woman must be wooed, not conquered." If we went down deep into his heart, probably we should find that he also thought her sometimes impregnable to wooing, and sometimes able to snap easily the strongest bands of Cupid.

While he was in Lexington, he loved a most beautiful girl, Miss Mary Smithers. They were for a time engaged; but his poverty forbidding an immediate marriage, he had to leave her when he went to Italy to complete his studies and to finish his statue of Clay for Richmond, Virginia.

While he was at work in Italy, she married a student of medicine in Lexington, and, after his death, and about eight years ago, she married an old lover, a rival of Hart's in Lexington in the olden time, and now a prosperous physician in Alabama. She still lives to tell, with pride, the story of her courtship with the great sculptor. He has, it is said, made his Beauty the likeness of this long-loved and greatly admired sweetheart. In the days and nights of his toil and dreaming, she was to his mind's eye ever present in all her loveliness. He has idealized her, and made her the embodiment of his loftiest conception. If he could not marry her, he could love her; if he could not have her in the flesh, he could have her in the pure, unchanging marble, and he could make the world admire her as he had admired her in all the freshness and vigor of his youth. Schiller has well described love's magic power:

Selig durch die Liebe
Götter—durch die Liebe,
Menschen Göttern gleich!
Liebe macht den Himmel
Himmlischer—die Erde
Zu dem Himmelreich.

Mr. Hart wrote several poems to this lady, greatly praising her charms, and assuring her of his lasting love. In one of them, styled "To Mary on Parting," he says:

"I'll think of thee though mountains rise,
And oceans wild between us roll;
I'll steal thine image from the skies,
And stamp it on my soul."

Even when he was forty-nine years old, he still clung fondly to her memory. In June, 1859, in Florence, he wrote a poem on the back of her picture, calling her the "sweetest rose in early spring's sweet day," and lamenting that he had lost her, and that the spring-time of life had passed away. No cold, unsentimental man could ever be a great artist. Poetic fire and strong emotions thrill the frames and quicken the minds of men like Burns and

Keats and Hart, inspiring divine thoughts and suggesting the sweetest words that lips ever utter.

The ladies of the Blue Grass Region, who have, by a splendid effort, raised the money to buy Woman Triumphant deserve the highest praise. As Hart honored them, so have they honored him. By their energy and toil they have helped to fill up the full measure of his fame, and have heightened the luster of their State.

The sculptors of a country greatly help to glorify and preserve the memory of its great men. The range of sculpture is much more limited than that of painting, but the works of the chisel last for ages, while the glorious things accomplished by the brush of a Titians, a Rubens, or a Turner, soon fade and in a few centuries perish utterly. Though the antique frescoes of Rome and Pompeii, discovered after centuries of oblivion, bear testimony to the skill of the painters of the early days of the Empire, still we must rely upon the sculptors of Greece and Italy for faithful likenesses of Socrates and Alexander, Cicero and Cæsar, and many other important historical personages.

Even the Last Supper of Da Vinci and the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo are fading away from the walls made holy by their glorious beauty and divine mission; but the god-like Moses and "la Pietà," the Mourning Mary with her dead son in her lap, are still as perfect as when they felt the last touch of the chisel, and, in all probability, will be preserved for many thousand years. Joel T. Hart's works also may be immortal, and, in future ages, may be the only testimonials that Kentucky can offer to show her early culture and the fine make of her first citizens.

Edward J. McDermott

A SKETCH

OF

THE HART MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

BY ISSA DESHA BRECKINRIDGE.

Through a series of curious circumstances it entered the heart of a Kentucky woman, unused to efforts of a public kind, to attempt to raise the fund necessary to place a memorial to JOEL T. HART, in the city of Lexington, and with a fervor born of earnest faith she undertook what to many seemed a hopeless task. Believing as she did that there are no accidents in this bright world of ours, and that He who feeds the raven and clothes the lily guides and directs the humblest of His creatures in the smallest affairs of life, she had reason for the faith within her heart.

Finding that Messrs. Tiffany & Co., of New York City, owned the life work of this great sculptor—"Woman Triumphant"—and this being considered the most fitting memorial that could be placed to him, they were applied to with a view of knowing for what price it could be obtained, and generously responded as follows:

TIFFANY & Co.,
Union Square.

In answer to Mrs. B.'s note of the 1st inst., we beg to say, as we have before stated, that we have made but one serious attempt to sell the statue, as we think it sufficiently attractive in our establishment to hold it for its merit; but the object named now seems so very appropriate that we would gladly assist in the enterprise, and to that end will name—for *this purpose alone*—a price of $5,000. In event of non-purchase, however, these figures will not be recognized as a precedent, as they are much less than what the statue was held at by Mr. Hart—and it certainly ought to be worth more now—hence, our offer is, to a certain extent, to be treated confidentially.

Very respectfully,

5th April, 1884. TIFFANY & Co.

Gray.

Upon a call to fifty ladies to meet at the library on the afternoon of April 9th, thirty responded; thirty women, earnest and true, who felt that in honoring genius they honor their Creator, who implanted in our hearts the love of the beautiful in art as well as in nature, for they count this to be grandly true:

"That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view."

Ignorant of parliamentary rules, and knowing almost nothing of organization, they declared themselves "*The Hart Memorial Association*," and each woman became a solicitor, intent on raising the largest amount possible. To most of them "begging" was novel and unpleasant, but feeling that the cause was worth the effort, their zeal increased with each contribution.

A warm interest was expressed, as well as much adverse criticism. To the generous aid of the *Press* they were indebted for substantial help.

After a month's work, two thousand dollars had been conditionally promised. Weekly meetings were held, and many joined and aided in the work, and the Association soon numbered several hundred; for every one who gave a kindly word was welcomed to the number already enrolled, and much help was given by women who never appeared, but quietly and silently aided from without.

Believing that the object was not only meritorious, but one in which the public ought to be interested, the Association determined to appeal for aid to the State of Kentucky, the county of Fayette, and the city of Lexington. Under the leadership of JUDGE JAMES H. MULLIGAN, the eloquent representative from the city of Lexington, a bill was passed by the House of Representatives, donating the sum of five hundred dollars, which bill, in spite of the exertions of HON. R. A. SPURR, Senator from Fayette county, was rejected by the Senate.

The appeal to the Council of the city of Lexington was

made in behalf of the Association by Col. Frank Waters, and assurances were given by the Council that if necessary the city would subscribe to the fund.

The speeches of the Hon. James H. Mulligan and Col. Frank Waters are preserved by their publication in this memorial.

On the 20th day of May, the *Court of Claims* of Fayette county being in session, the ladies made a personal appeal to them for aid. Being gallantly aided by Capt. Steve Sharpe and Col. John R. Allen, they had reason to hope their appeal would not be in vain. 'Squire James Jewell, made a motion to donate one thousand dollars to the Hart Memorial Association, and being seconded by 'Squire Wm. Jones, the vote was taken, the result being victory to the Association by a majority of one. The delight felt was too great for silence, and a burst of applause went round, but being quickly brought to order by the gavel of the Judge, the vote being announced, the ladies withdrew.

Those who voted for the appropriation were Justices Ferguson, Alford, Jones, Crenshaw, Muir, Saffrons, Royalty, and Jewell, 'Squire Wasson being absent. To these eight good friends the women of the Hart Memorial Association will ever feel sincere gratitude, for the aid given by them just at that time made success a certainty, they, like many others, realizing that "nothing succeeds like success," and that the donations amounted to much more than $1,000, for all who had promised conditionally paid their subscriptions promptly, and many who had not given gave willingly.

On May 29th was held at Woodland Park (generously donated by S. P. Gross) "The Carnival of Nations." This being suggested and directed by Mrs. Rosa Vertner Jeffrey, the gifted and beautiful Vice-President from the city, was the most brilliant and successful affair ever held in Central Kentucky. As aids to her were a group of women "chaste as the icicle that's curded by the frost from purest snow," presenting an array of loveliness, intellect, beauty, energy, enterprise, and good sense that any queen might

envy. These were Miss Desha, Mrs. Sam. Clay, Mrs. Mary Justice, Mrs. T. B. Ballard, Mrs. Ed. Delong, Mrs. Avery Winston, Miss Didlake, Mrs. Loevenhart, Mrs. R. A. Spurr, the Vice-President, from the county, Mrs. Woolridge, Mrs. Henton, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Tom. Allen, Miss Totten, Mrs. J. T. Shelby, Mrs. Charlton Morgan, Mrs. Bewlay, Mrs. Saffrons, Mrs. Hodges, Mrs. Mat. Walton, Mrs. Bright, Mrs. Will Milward, and a bevy of young girls, "immortal Hebes, fresh with bloom divine."

The reward of their labors was $1,000, and had the space been sufficient double that amount would have been realized.

This brilliant and successful affair expressed in many ways the interest felt in the Hart Memorial Association by the citizens of town and county. Contributions were given without stint, and aid from the contractors and builders, F. Bush & Son, H. C. Calvert, William Farley, Williamson & Bro., and their obliging employees, was both substantial and generous.

All now seemed fair and hopeful, and on the 9th of June, just two months to a day from the organization, the faithful and competent Chairman of the Executive Committee, MRS. W. O. SWEENEY, sent to Tiffany & Co. a check for $4,500.

The generosity and kindly encouragement given the Association by this firm will ever be remembered. To the women of the Blue Grass the name Tiffany & Co., of Union Square, is surety of courtesy and liberality.

By earnest effort and kindly interest the few dollars that remained to be raised were soon contributed, and now, having the sum necessary to pay for the statue, the women of the *Hart Memorial Association* will form themselves into a permanent and incorporated *Art and Library Association*, and in honor of Joel T. Hart will call it the "*Hart Memorial Art and Library Association*," and they will endeavor to place the statue that "enchants the world," WOMAN TRIUMPHANT, in a room with such surroundings as will be worthy of so rare a gem.

It was not until the statue was being packed for ship-

ment that photographs of it were received, and on the base were found the words, "WOMAN TRIUMPHANT"—precious words, almost prophetic to hopeful hearts, who, having already triumphed over much, are determined to persevere to greater things, knowing that while men are brave, generous, and knightly, as they are and have ever been in our dear old State, true womanhood will have their generous aid.

It is the hope of the women who are making this effort that the art room and library shall, in time, contain lives, portraits, or busts of those whom all delight to honor: Our immortal Clay, the elder John Breckinridge, Barry, Hanson, Hunt, the Kinkeads, the loved John B. Huston, Richard A. Buckner, James O. Harrison, M. C. Johnson, and that bright array of others, like unto these, of whom Kentucky may well be proud—men of pure lives, mighty intellect, lofty patriotism, unquestioned courage, matchless eloquence, and knightly tenderness! Who can tell what inspiration these memorials may be to the sons and daughters of Kentucky to "*do* noble things, not dream them all day long," for

"Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Watching an hour when at God's command
Our life dream passes before us.

If we carve it then on a shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision,
That angel dream shall be our own,
Our own that angel vision."

So, in after years, when the dust of Joel T. Hart has mingled with that of his own native State, and the hearts that have so earnestly toiled together to honor genius are asleep under the waving Blue Grass, WOMAN TRIUMPHANT will stand not only a memorial to Kentucky's gifted son, but to her daughters A SELF-CONSTRUCTED MONUMENT, in its pure perfection typifying their own chaste souls and lasting gratitude!

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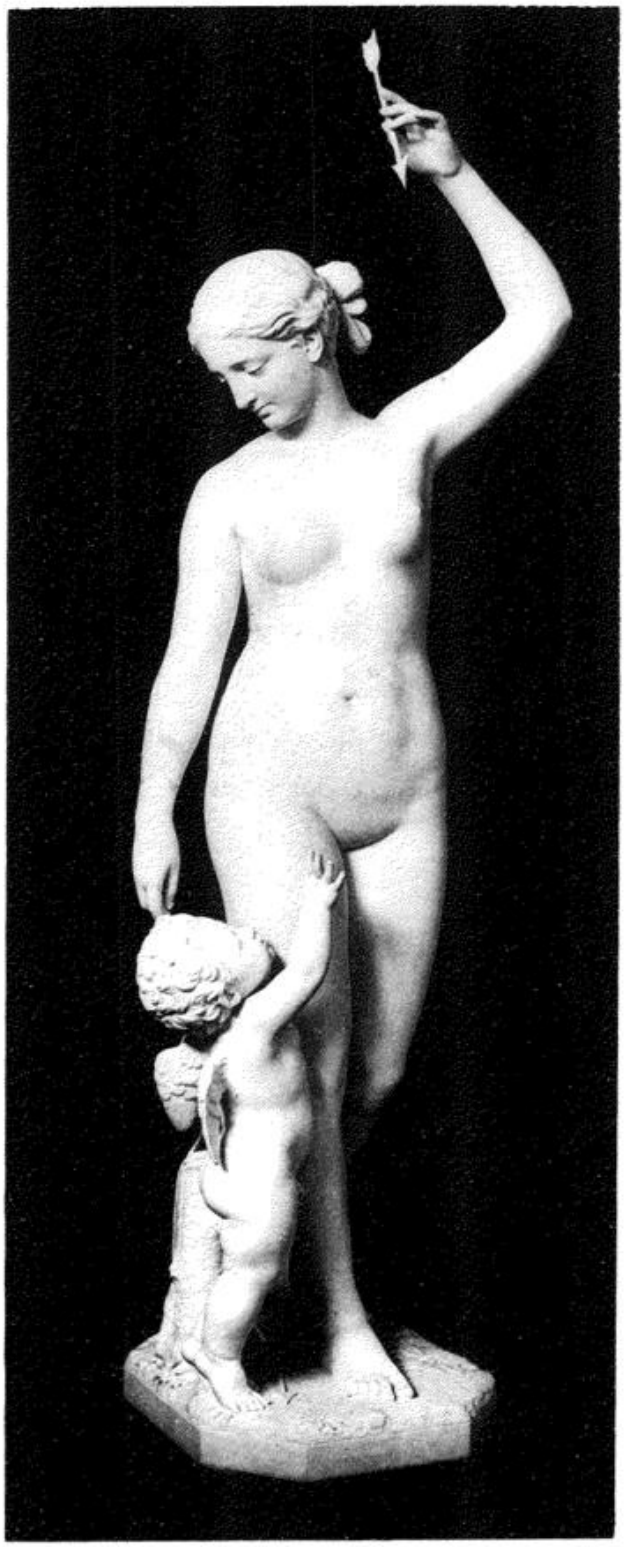

WOMAN TRIUMPHANT.

ARTOTYPE, E. BIERSTADT, N. Y.

THE PLACE IN ART OF "WOMAN TRIUMPHANT."

BY ETHELBERT DUDLEY WARFIELD.

Every work of art is to be judged by a double standard. The one is its own intrinsic beauty; its own value referred to the simplest standard of aesthetics, the taste of the individual. To many this is the only consideration of any weight. Indeed, it is one of the great safe-guards to true art that personal likes and dislikes rule; that here, as in all else, the dictum of the people is all powerful; there is, and can be, no truer criterion of worth. That narrow circle that hails itself, "the fit audience, though few," the initiate, and by many other self-consoling terms, is too often caught by tricks and mannerisms, forgets the great dominant principles in labored interpretations, loses the complete and perfect form in a detail of the drapery.

The judgment of every such coterie is proclaimed with a brazen blare only to be recalled and condemned by an equally infallible successor. But there is a dominant note ruling and governing in the mass of those whose hearts are really attuned to the beautiful in nature, and a noble work never fails to strike that responsive chord. It was this that gave the impulse which lead Joel T. Hart to give his life to the plastic art; it is through its governance that his masterpiece is brought to adorn his native land; this it is which secures to every work well done its due reward; this, the dominant's persistence.

But consciously or unconsciously, he wrought for that other end, it may be a higher, because more enduring. That end, a step in the progress of art. Herein lies the other side of every work. It must play its part and leave

its record in the history of art. As the artist's life is dual —the one part his private simple life of living, loving, known only to those about him; the other, that different outer life lived in the eyes of the world, or, even more, in their ears, a passionless point in the world's progress—so are these two sides of living, striving, and of simple record of fruition, mirrored in his work. And there are wide ranges here as in all else. Some are vessels unto honor, too many unto dishonor. It is largely this side of Hart's work that is peculiarly attractive—the part it plays in the history of art, a part both worthy and instructive.

All art in its highest manifestations has been the outcome of great national impulses. Recall the great struggles of which the art activity of Greece was the reflex, and that strange direct movement which we call the Renaissance, and it is at once patent. In the process of development, however, sculpture so outran the kindred arts that it attained its highest development before the decline of Greek art. Phidias perfected that type of severe but noble beauty which raises the art to its highest level. The later school of Athens, under Scopas and Praxiteles, if it departed from the stern grandeur of the early time, was no less perfect in portraying the most beautiful ideal of human grace and beauty, and gave the models of idealism to all time. So portraiture reached its consummation in the athletes of the Argive school of Polycletus and Lysippus. These schools were combined and blended, but never excelled, in the later Greek schools, especially the Rhodian, and in the Roman revival. The Renaissance, with all its wealth of genius, was powerfully affected by these influences. Many of the most celebrated works of that period were wholly inspired by classic models, and indeed, rarely, save when the sphere was purely architectonic, did originality appear. Elsewhere, innumerable tricks of treatment and vicious mannerisms prevailed. Artists sacrificed the perfect flesh-like treatment of the Greeks to a display of anatomical knowl-

edge, a display that could not but be fatal to smoothness and symmetry.

Correct taste brought a return to the classical models, but the vigor of mind, the stimulus of the age of revival was gone. A hollow period of imitation could alone succeed. More than one man of genius appeared. Men like Canova seemed for a moment to rekindle the flame of pure art, only to die away like "fire from off a brand the wind blows over." The most hopeful indications, the most promising originality, languished and declined for lack of outer stimulus. The end was but a thorough revival of pure taste; the elevation of a correct school of criticism —able to see, unable to reproduce; and a faint and feeble classicism—the form without the substance.

It was under just such circumstances that Hart was called to work; it was no more to be expected of him than of his compeers that he would produce a work of transcendent genius. The impulse, the power that produces such consummate works, was lacking. No artist has ever so succeeded who was not one of the more aspiring spirits of a great uplifting. Such peaks tower not above the plain. They rise as crowning summits of a mighty range. We do him but justice to say it was not, could not have been, so. Around him his fellow-workers wrought well, but under the prevailing blight of imitation, Powers produced his exquisite "Greek Slave," which, with all its charm, is but a reminiscence of a by-gone glory. Hart was pervaded with a different spirit. His ancestors had been pioneers, pushing civilization into the wilderness. He, too, had caught the spirit of advance. Moreover, he had not been reared in the pent air of the schools; he had not caught their affectation, not even their conservatism, scarcely their reverence for the antique. His was an education from within. Nature had done her own work; he had caught his ideas from her. It was this that gave him the power, single-handed, to strike out a new line for himself. The departure from the prevailing type which he made was bold. When we compare the proportions of the principal figure in this

group with those of the Venus of the Capitol or the Venus de Medici, how great is the variance!

No doubt it is to be conceded that in every sphere of art there has ever been a tendency to solve self-set problems. Scarcely an artist but has wrought at them. They have been the means of revealing the manner and methods of many a master, and as such held peculiarly precious. But they have ever been within, not without, the peculiar sphere of the artist's art. Exemplars of his means. Types of his art. Not departures from it. This work strikes a higher note. It was not a simple problem in the existing scope of his art. It was a conscious effort to go back to first principles, to set forth a new ideal, to body forth a strange form. This, too, in so rule-bound an art as sculpture. This, in the face of the reverence due that scale of proportions wrought out with such infinite pains by a people most skilled in handicraft, most subtle in appreciation of the beautiful, with minds and hearts that gave back note for note to any touch of symmetry.

Was it not a bold thing for him, who had been born in a new land over seas, for him, but an humble stone-mason, thus to brave a great art's most fixed principles? And yet was it not a right thing, a true thing? Surely it was! In that man, with all his limitations, there was an inborn appreciation of art. He knew well that *servility* could have no place therein. He did not fret within the bonds that were irksome to him, but burst their trammels, faced boldly the end, and to-day it is for men to judge how well or how ill he wrought. Do not mistake him. He recognized full well that art can not but be ideal. If true, it must be not only instinct with life, but must transcend nature, combining all her moods, creating one; it can never be merely mimetic. But he had in his heart another type of human perfection than the time-hallowed one. It was not necessary to think it higher, to hold it worthy to be glorified. This much we know, it is our type of feminine beauty, and he was of us; he was for us; he knew nothing better than his native land.

And this departure from the prescribed type was not wholly unprecedented. For instance, the "Dying Gladiator" exhibits another type than the lithe and sinewy Greek. The larger-bodied mold of the Gaul is easily recognized, as it is in many of the works after the inroad of the Gauls. Should not then he who had learned to love the form that had been held up before him as beautiful in life, lovingly embody it in marble, as well as he who in the hour of triumph wrought the form he had feared so bitterly, and triumphed over with such a burst of joy?

These are the factors which go to determine the place to be assigned this work in the history of art, and it will be higher than its simple intrinsic beauty would command. In a word, it is the embodiment of the ideal of one of undoubted talent. That ideal a radical departure from the canons of antiquity, based not on mere personal idiosyncrasy, but on an earnest striving to show that there was something out of and beyond the beaten paths, the well-worn ruts, that was worthy to be embodied in the highest art. If originality be worth aught, if devotion to a cause be noble, this was indeed a good work. It was at least an assertion of the free spirit of our land, and as such claims our tribute. It remains, too, telling the story of past endeavor, beckoning others to follow the same path. It may not be vain to hope that some successor will take up the work where Hart laid it down, making this but the *first* link in a long chain, not the last. Then, indeed, would its place be a high one. But it is not necessary to speculate on the future. It is only for us to recognize that, such as it is, it is a worthy monument of a worthy man.

Ethelbert Dudley Warfield

KENTUCKY'S FIRST GREAT ARTIST.

The ladies of Lexington and of Fayette county have laid under obligation every friend of true art throughout the State by their praiseworthy effort to bring to Kentucky the last work and masterpiece of her one great artist, Joel T. Hart. Nor is the work unworthy their generous enthusiasm, unless the judgment of the best critics greatly misleads us. Its subject, "Womanhood Triumphant," is one that appeals directly to the noblest characteristics of human nature. Like all true artists, Mr. Hart wrought from an exalted ideal. To represent the beautiful is the end of all art. By means of marble, color, sound, language, the artist strives to embody in sensible forms his conception of the infinitely beautiful. And these forms, finite, imperfect, are imperishable only when he has breathed into them the spirit of truth, beauty, and virtue. While, for the purpose of philosophical precision, our ideas of the true, the beautiful, the good, are capable of distinct classification, yet, in reality, in a work of art, they are inseparable. They must appear conjointly in any representation of the ideal. Every work of the imagination which would bear upon it the stamp of immortality must pass this crucial test; it must be beautiful, and, in order to this, it must be good, it must be true, and good and true for all times and for all peoples. The man of genius calls nothing into being; he gives but more beautiful forms, more enduring shapes to what is already in the minds of other men. The great man is he who mirrors forth what is passing in the mind of his country, his age, or his race. It is through him, like Bacon in science, like Burke in political philosophy, like Milton and Shakespeare in poetry, that the race, once for all, proclaims some

great truth, or utters, in forms that shall never die, its hopes and fears, its aspirations and its despairs. May we not hope that what has been done for woman by the painter, the poet, has been done for her once more by Hart in his chosen field, sculpture? The task set himself by our artist is to give expression to humanity's ideal of perfect womanhood—perfect in beauty, in grace, and in purity. The story so often told in the glowing language of verse and in the still more sensuous language of color is again repeated for our instruction and delight in the cold chastity of marble. "Womanhood Triumphant" is not the woman of Kentucky only, not the woman of the Nineteenth Century only; but, in her highest estate, the woman of all countries and of all centuries.

The self-denying labors of these ladies appeal to our pride of State as well. Nature has been bountiful of her gifts to Kentucky, and these gifts, by industrial enterprise, have been turned to good account in many ways. Eloquence, statesmanship, the law, have all been illustrated by men eminent for learning and genius. Kentucky has been justly famed for her leaders of men. Eloquence—that eloquence which moves the heart and subdues the will—has found few brighter examplers than have been furnished by her Menifees, her Marshalls, and her Breckinridges. Her Clays and her Crittendens completely vindicate her claim to humane and comprehensive statesmanship. The intellectual and moral qualities of the great judge—patience, coolness, moderation; the assured learning; the reason whetted to its keenest edge; the penetrating discernment of truth amid a mass of conflicting testimony; the subtle balancing of opposing judgments, and the judicious application of the law to the case in hand—these qualities are to be found in their supreme excellence in many that have adorned the judicial ermine of the State. And wherever the common law bears sway, the learned maxims of her Robertsons and her Boyles are quoted with approbation and make part of the treasure of an enlightened and discriminating justice. But what

Kentucky has done to exemplify great talents at the bar, on the bench, and in the senate, is out of all proportion to what she has done in literature and art. Joel T. Hart stands alone. He is Kentucky's one great artist. Kentucky has not been niggard in her generous recognition of her great lawyers, and statesmen, and soldiers; nor should she now be slow to acknowledge her gratitude to one of her sons who has made her justly renowned in one of the higher walks of art. Old, poor, in declining health, without home—a voluntary exile in his devotion to art—Joel T. Hart, through years of deprivation and toil, must have been often cheered by the comforting reflection that he was engaged upon a work that Kentucky would not willingly let die, and that, by his genius, he was adding something to the sum of her already great and splendid fame.

HART'S MOTHER.

"In all the notices of Mr. Hart that have appeared, the fact is mentioned that his education began rather late in life, and was due entirely to his own energies. In some measure this is true, but it should not be inferred from this fact that he sprang from illiterate stock. His grandmother, "Lady Tanner," as she used to be called throughout the surrounding country, possessed great ability as well as some wealth. His mother, Elizabeth Tanner, was a woman of great force and sweetness of character.

"Her scruples against slavery were such that when her share of her mother's estate came to her she freed all the slaves, thereby reducing herself to comparative poverty."

Tender hearted, big brained, patient under suffering, and sunny tempered through poverty and privation, she was just the type of woman to inspire a manly boy with faith and admiration. From the time little Joel could stand alone on his chubby, bare feet, she was his comrade and confidante.

It was at her knee that he learned his lessons, and whispered into her sympathetic ear, after a day's wandering, his boyish hopes and adventures, or, as the purple twilight shadows fell softly on the surrounding hills of Clark, he heard from those dear mother lips stories of the world's heroes; of brave knights, who rode forth to fight for truth and purity; who, inspired by the remembrance of some fair flower-like face, rescued distressed damsels, conquered mighty dragons, and waged war on all evil things. Here he heard, for the first time, of men who, starting from lowly places in life, had, through their lofty devotion to duty, struggled with and overcome scorn, poverty, and indifference, and left behind them the priceless heritage of a noble name.

That much that was beautiful in Hart's own life was due to these twilight talks we can not doubt. There never lived a man of nobler aspirations or purer life. He would have made a worthy knight of Arthur's round table. Most certainly he followed the great king's advice:

> "To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
> And worship her by years of noble deeds."

If it had not been for that love which forbade his ever forgetting the beautiful sweetheart of his boyish days, he possibly would never have given to the world his "Woman Triumphant." But while we owe much to her beauty and his constancy, we owe still more to the teachings and example of that mother who so lived that from her boy's earliest youth he recognized and reverenced purity, strength, sweetness, and true womanhood!

A KING, YET UNCROWNED.

THE DEAD SCULPTOR OF KENTUCKY, JOEL T. HART—A POOR KENTUCKY BOY, WHOSE GENIUS RAISED HIM FROM A FENCE BUILDER TO A CREATOR OF IDEALS.

Special Correspondence of The News Journal.

LEXINGTON, KY., *May* 7, 1884.

Amid the noise and turmoil of life occasionally there comes to one the vision of a "white ideal" which is unlike any thing he knows in his daily hurly-burly, and only fitted for his contemplation when a reposing mind and an unruffled soul join, and the inner vision does not have to look through the dust of labor or the smoke of battle. As I sit to-night, more than half weary of all existence, and look beyond my window at the pale moonlight—with a slight shiver in it, quivering on the new-born foliage of the trees, the fresh leaves of which, damp with dew, are stirring in the night wind—a breath of the ideal comes; and though it is not free from sadness, yet it rests me.

The warm dreams that spring brings when the rosebuds open and the lilacs nod, and all the air is scented with the locust bloom, would cast a shadow on the chastened beauty of this night. The tender languors that are so sweet when the eyelids droop and the cheeks flush, and the heart beats quick and fast, but falteringly, would wither in the cold chill beams that fall upon the world from out a sky whereon the splendor of Diana has made eclipse of all the stars. The leaves, the rank grass, the very atmosphere itself, newly washed by weeping showers, are as pure as the light of heaven that falls upon them.

In the sky no cloud, no star; upon the earth no speck, no blemish. It is such a night as could alone be caught into a metaphor in marble; pulseless and white and calm.

And there is a type of womanhood of which this night is but a symbol. Perhaps I should say not a type of womanhood, but a phase of woman. This is but one of all the changeful aspects of the year, and each has its beauty, and to each the heart responds. But woman, in her manysidedness, is like a universe of years, wherein every day is unlike every other day, and the same day falls on no two planets with like luster. Venus, Juno, Astarte, Proserpine, Diana, all are but one Isis whose gleaming veil no man's hand has ever altogether lifted. There is in all womanhood the instinct of sweet chastity—she stands beautiful, but severe, with maiden body, with virgin soul, fair and tender, though sacred, barred against all passers by, shrined above profanation; but waiting, waiting until the man come at whose most gentle touch the seals melt off the fountains of her heart like wax.

This idea can hardly be put upon the canvas; this phase of womanhood, fleeting as it is, must be caught in imperishable marble—marble that can not grow warm with color, nor throb with even a simulated life. Nor in poetry can the well modulated verse express it, for the poet's heart grows too full at contemplation of the loveliness himself has created.

And, thinking on these things, my mind recalls the rude stone-mason, Joel T. Hart, who from rugged strength went on up through wisdom to the highest beauty. He alone seems to have caught the inspiration of some such night as this even in the warm, heavy balm of Italian breezes. Perhaps it was only the softened recollection of some night which had stilled the hot blood in his young heart long ago as he looked upon the May moon, shedding its flood of silver upon the half melted rime that glittered on the blue grass. In those days he built stone fences in Clark county, but a few miles from here. When he died across the sea he had completed a poem in marble

and called it the "Triumph of Chastity." They show yet with pride in his old home a stone chimney which he built, and which still stands there, under the open sky, true and firm on its rugged foundations, as honest, as immovable as his own rugged nature. But his last work is in the showroom of Tiffany & Co., in New York, alone in its serene simplicity, with a background of crimson curtains and the chamber darkened, that its white loveliness may show fairer by the contrast.

This poor Kentucky boy by innate manhood made a name abroad and died famous, but also died beloved. I have heard this group was intended for an idealization of the woman whom he had known here in his days of toil and struggle—perhaps of some one woman who wore her angelhood so visible to his eye that the poor faint tongue did not dare to tell her how he loved her. Ah, poor tongue! it were better to speak and die rather than suffer on and live had you but known it. If that is true and if she still lives, I wonder whether she finds more pride in thus being immortalized or more sorrow in the thought that she might have been folded in the strong arms and shrined in the great tender heart of him who carved the marble into beauty. If she is proud, it is with pride, I'll warrant, not unmixed with sadness. At any rate, the man put his dreams in marble, and this was one of them; and the practicalities of life will perish and reperish as they grow again before this dream shall be forgotten—the chimney will fall, the fragile piece of statuary will remain.

So it is that dreams make those who dream them famous. The legislature has made a move to bring his body from the foreign soil which holds it, and place it among the distinguished dead at Frankfort. It should be done. The ladies too remember him who so beautifully remembered them, and have set themselves to work to bring his greatest triumph home to his native State. They feel that no more lasting monument to him could be suggested than to place near his long home, here in the State which grew proud of him, the work upon which his hands,

as they came nearer to their final folding on his breast, lingered most lovingly.

The ladies here have organized a Hart Memorial Association, and hope to bring the statue here and place it in the new court-house, where he would love to see it were he living. They say it is an apotheosis of Kentucky womanhood, and every Kentucky woman should give and do her part toward securing it, so "that the humblest woman, who, from her daily toil and self-denial, gives her mite, shall, when this group is unveiled, have the same part and parcel in the offering as she who gives the most." They wish their sons, when they go in and out, to have before their eyes not merely the stern image of justice, but an unfading reminder that there are higher and more lovely virtues, and if their fathers were brave and wise and just, their mothers also were chaste as they were beautiful.

My good wishes go with these women in their work. It is too seldom in our daily life a sweet thought or a gentle fancy comes to make us glad. The night shakes tender dreams, like the dew of Hermon, from her soft wings, but in the garish day it is only the gleam of a woman's eye or the beam of a woman's smile in passing that can make life glorious for the moment. The unblossomed mystery of maidenhood and the full bloom fragance of accepted love form the crown of flowers that man spends his life in seeking, and every-where woman is an urn filled with the wine of joy. In her warm life supreme, even in the cold marble she can shed blessings on us and teach lessons of higher, purer, better things than our poor, pettifogging ways would lead us to.

So I gaze into the moonlight, and muse upon the mystery of woman.

FALCON.

JUDGE MULLIGAN'S SPEECH

UPON

THE APPROPRIATION FOR JOEL T. HART'S GREAT WORK.

MR. SPEAKER—I crave the attention of this House for the brief space of five minutes, that I may explain the object of the amendment offered by myself. Many years ago there came to the then village of Lexington a rude stone-mason, born and raised in the county of Clark. He had picked up the profession of a stone-mason, and earned the wages of a laborer in building stone fences and the ponderous stone chimneys that fittingly became the log houses erected in the remote parts of Clark, Montgomery, and Fayette counties. He came to the town with no higher purpose than to learn what appeared to him to be the art of dressing stone into smoother surface. No one less suspected the divine spark of genius that glowed in his soul than did he; nor was any more surprised than himself when the fires of genius burst forth in him in the fullness of time, and he began to carve designs and figures, which, though rude and uncouth, yet were beautiful in the exquisiteness of proportion. Encouraged by the development, he turned day into night, and, after the many hours of day labor, he toiled on at night in the studio of the artist. So, little by little, he grew in his chosen profession, devoting every cent of his scant earnings to improvement and study, until, to be brief, he became a great artist, yet living in poverty and in a garret, where he at once wrought out the beautiful works of his soul, and cooked and washed for himself. He it was in time who executed the statue of the great Harry of the West, his friend, which was purchased by the city of Louisville, and is now a striking monument in the court-house in that city. He also executed the figure of the same great man, an ornament to

the State House of Virginia, the mother of States. Virginia followed her son in his Kentucky home, and from a Kentuckian had his image made eternal in marble. So that central monument to the same statesman and patriot, around which the Crescent City has never tired of placing her most splendid architectural adornments, is the work of his hands. In marble he reproduced not only Clay, but Jackson, and many other great men who figured in that era of our history.

Such was the rise and triumph of Joel T. Hart, and in doing this he did more. He gave Kentucky a place in art. He was, and still is, the only sculptor that Kentucky has ever produced. He wrote his name high upon the very dome of the Temple of Art and civilization. Yet, withal, this man was not a mere artist absorbed in his art; he ever turned to and loved Kentucky, and his place as a patriot whose heart glowed with a love of his native State and her people is not less exalted than it is as an artist. With his scant savings he betook himself to Europe, that he might drink in the inspiration of her most glorious schools and models. His life there of twenty years was a life of study, toil, poverty, and privation. The few visitors from his native State found him subsisting upon coarse bread and cheese and the sour wine of the Italian laborer, while his habitation was scarce more than a hovel. For twenty years this man searched and measured to combine at least one figure that, perfect in form and grace, in poise and proportion, should typify not only the unmatched beauty of the women of his native Kentucky, but should exemplify that highest charm of all womanhood, which is the pride and glory of our pure and lovely women—their vestal purity. At last, the group completed in the clay, the artist became an old man, lay down and died, like Moses, in sight of the land of promise, destined never to see his life-work completed. An association of ladies, actuated by the most commendable motives, have determined that this graceful and inspiring monument to their sex and country which ever preaches a sermon of purity,

shall not pass into any private gallery of collections. It is now for sale by the great house of Tiffany & Co., of New York, who, with the most commendable liberality, have offered it at a much reduced price, that it may find its place where it properly belongs, in that Kentucky its author loved so well. These noble women appeal to you, to the State of Kentucky, to assist them to the extent of but $1,000. Can you refuse it? Would it not be a shame that this beautiful monument to the womanly beauty and virtue of your State should pass into hands outside of the State? Would it not put your pride and manhood to the blush? In the name of these gentle women; in the name of your State; in the name, and by the memory of the only artist of world-wide fame that ever sprang from our people; by the memory of his life of toil and his patriotism that never dimmed; by the melancholy pathos that surrounded his life and its close; in the name of the man who has caught and made eternal the inspiration of the purity and chastity of our dear wives and daughters; who has transfixed enduringly the sweet softness of an inspired dream, I ask you, men of Kentucky, to make this appropriation. [Applause.]

COL. FRANK WATERS BEFORE COUNCIL.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Council:

The ladies composing the Hart Memorial Association appear before you in your official capacity, asking of you co-operation and assistance in the noble work they have inaugurated. Years ago a poor artisan hewed out from our rough rocks a scant subsistence; under happier auspices, and in a sunnier clime, he wrought from the quarries of Italy works that to-day have given him a name and fame co-extensive with enlightened humanity, widespread as the love of art and beauty.

The crowning work of a long, laborious life; the greatest triumph of his genius, upon which he rested his hopes of fame, was commemorative of the virtue of his country's women. It is therefore peculiarly appropriate that *our* women should seek to perpetuate the memory of Joel T. Hart, and to procure an indestructible testimonial to their purity and virtue, illustrated by this, the greatest of his works.

This work, "The Triumph of Chastity," is now procurable by the Hart Memorial Association at a price far below its intrinsic value as a work of art. It is proposed by the Association to purchase this group of statuary and place it in the rotunda of the beautiful Temple of Justice being erected on our public square, there to be an ever-present testimonial to the purity of Kentucky's women and the genius of Kentucky's sons. It is for you, gentlemen, as representing the city, to aid in this noble work by an appropriation that will evidence your pride and appreciation of the purity of the one, the fame of the other.

It is useless, gentlemen, to detain you, urging upon you the fitness of such an appropriation. It is no donation of

public moneys for private uses that is asked. It is for public use, for the beautifying and adornment of our city, and is as much within the scope of your legitimate powers as any work of improvement you could undertake—as much so as the sums which our citizens are called upon to contribute to the handsome structure in which this statuary is to be placed, and of which it is to become a part.

Therefore, of you as representing our municipality, the ladies of the Hart Memorial Association ask such an appropriation toward the laudable end in view as will comport with the dignity, the liberality, and the reputation of the Athens of the West. And to this end I would suggest the reference of the subject to such a committee as your body may deem appropriate.

Under date of "Florence, Italy, April 16th, 1871," Mr. Hart writes—"Many wonder why I have not finished this work long ago, some no doubt from being ignorant of what constitutes a work of this kind—of the great difficulty of reaching perfections beyond the ordinary." Again under date of October 18th, 1876, he writes—"I have so economized that I have secured the finishing in marble of my life work. I have the best workmen I ever saw at it and rapidest. I pointed the whole torso to the knees of the woman, myself, when my pointer was at his meals, and on festas when he could not work. I now work on the finishing. All this I can hurry. I could not hurry the modeling. I have had more than one hundred and fifty originals to study from. This perseverance accounts for the milk in the cocoanut. Should I die in the mean time Mr. Geo. H. Saul, an English sculptor residing here, and my art executor, will be responsible and have this work paid for as it goes on, and sent to the United States to be disposed of to settle my affairs there."

[Written for the Lexington Observer.]

HART'S "TRIUMPH OF CHASTITY."

INSCRIBED TO MRS. WM. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

BY ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

An artist's hand hath carved a mystic story,
Whose inspiration through the marble shines;
Its dumb, cold whiteness is transfused with glory
Illuminating all the beauty lines.
A story! in the fair form of a woman—
Let woman's heart its subtle truth evolve;
This marble problem—yet with all so human,
By genius left, for purity to solve.

A rare creation! as to form and fashion,
A woman, by whose lofty pose is shown
The soul's high triumph over earthly passion,
A fable! marvelously cut in stone.
With life's warm flushes through its pallor breaking
To tint the cheek, and pulse the sculptured breast,
'Twould scarcely be more eloquent—thus waking—
Than in its perfect and eternal rest.

A thing of faultless beauty, through long ages
It must forever stand, forever shine,
Its meaning graved on Purity's white pages,
Worshiped forever in her cloistered shrine.
All honor to the genius thus achieving
Such glorious triumph, with a master's hand,
This chaste ideal of his soul receiving
Its impress from the women of his land.

He gave them homage without stint or measure;
Upon the altar of his native home—
Be it their mission to enshrine this treasure,
Fine as the sculptured gems of ancient Rome.
Within the milk-white quarries of Carrara,
No purer, fairer marble ever shone;
No purer women live, and none are fairer
Than those he has immortalized in stone.

LEXINGTON, KY, *April 15th*, 1884.

The cost of Hart's statue, and the efforts, great as they may be, made by the women of Fayette to accomplish their object, are as atoms to mountains, compared with the good results which will flow from the refining effect on the community of the recognition of the genius of this man, who lived among us poor and lowly, but who, by his own patient toil, made himself worthy of that place to which

All men lovingly raise him
Up from his life obscure,
Chronicle, praise him.

Ex. from *Stock Farm*, Lexington, Ky.

Amid the dust of city streets,
Where din of life the senses greets,
Two tiny rooms one sculptor held,
Whose work must rival those of eld,
For never subject more devout,
At Beauty's court stood waiting out.

The hand is still, whose patient stroke
Such beauties into being woke,
But Virtue's triumph sounds the call,
Above the folded funeral pall:
Let those who love refining art
Extol the name of Joel Hart.

Eudora L. South.

Dr. Joseph R. Smith, the husband of MARY SMITHERS, the early and only love of Joel T. Hart, sent $50.00 to the H. M. A., to help purchase Woman Triumphant. It was to Mary Smithers he wrote:

"Thy picture, Mary, turns me, while I gaze,
To thee, and morn's first breathing bloom of May,
Thou sweetest rose in early Spring's sweet day.
And oh! how fair, but wherefore do I praise,
Since thou art gone, and Spring hath passed away?

[*Letter from* MR. HART *to* HON. C. M. CLAY.]

FLORENCE, ITALY, *Jan.* 22, 1865.

My Dear Clay:

I send you greetings with a bit of my patriotism which was published in some of the American newspapers, but not, I believe, in the Louisville *Journal*. . . . As

to myself, I have forgone every thing else to reach the first degree in my profession, and as you were my first patron and of all the most cordial to greet and favor my labors, however humble, I know you will be pleased to hear a word of what I am about. And first, within the last fifteen

months I have remodeled my statue of H. Clay for Louisville; made it original and far finer than either of my preceding ones. It is far advanced in an exquisite block of the finest marble.

For my portraits the Italians gave me the first place of

honor of any foreigner in their great National exhibition three years ago.

But it is to the ideal that I have mainly devoted myself for the fifteen past years, only allowing two or three busts to go out of my hands.

I studied anatomy for five or six years—*an hour a day*

at Lexington, during the winter; modeled busts of *Dudley, Cross*, etc.; have been five times to London (studied there fourteen months at one time); twice to Paris, grouping tableaux with the Pompein Damsels; five times to Rome, once to Naples—over thirty years keeping my

especial studies to myself—and have at last gratified my passion in modeling a life-size ideal virgin and child in a group (not the Christians' Virgin and Child, however).

The figures are nude—"*Beauty's Triumph.*" The being assailed by Cupid rests her left foot on his exhausted quiver

and holds his last arrow in triumph, for which he pleads, tiptoeing after it. It gives the most graceful and finest attitude, both to the woman and the boy. All who speak out say that the attitude is finer than either the Venus de Medici or the Venus of Milo at Paris. Rinehart, the Balti-

more sculptor, whom Powers says is the best sculptor America has yet produced (save our dear selves), tells it is the finest work in Florence. Such speeches are now every day being made. The idea is modern and my own. Though not near finished, it is a far finer work than I ever expected

to produce. I have casts of all the greatest antiques and modern of the Venus family and the like in my studio. The best connoisseurs say that none of them equal mine. But this is too much—at least for me to say, but it is to you I am writing. I wish to exhibit it in marble in the

United States. I could have it photographed and send you a copy, but it is best not to let the photographer now meddle with it. One or two sculptors have already plagiarized from it. I expect some day to engrave your

name upon it as my first patron, but will talk of this bye and bye. I wish you would make a visit to old Italy. Drop me a line.

In the hope that you and yours are well, ever truly,

JOEL T. HART.

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The death of Joel T. Hart is now known and deplored throughout the United States. He died March, 1877, after a lingering illness, and one whose various phases of improvement only raised the hopes of his friends to be destroyed by the subsequent relapse. He leaves a blank which

it will be impossible to fill, for though his works were not numerous, yet so great was the perfection he aimed at that he was univerally recognized as at the head of his art. At the same time his affectionate, generous disposition made him many friends, who will mourn his loss as a personal

sorrow. Happily his great work "Woman's Triumph," on which he has spent the last twenty years of his life, has this winter been put in marble. On this he made constant alterations, for he was unwilling to embody in a permanent form this work, to which he trusted his fame, so

long as his critical eye could detect the least chance of improvement. In his career, we have an eminent example of great genius combined with wearied study and perseverance, for long after, to the unskillful eye, this statue seemed perfect, its author made hundreds of changes on it.

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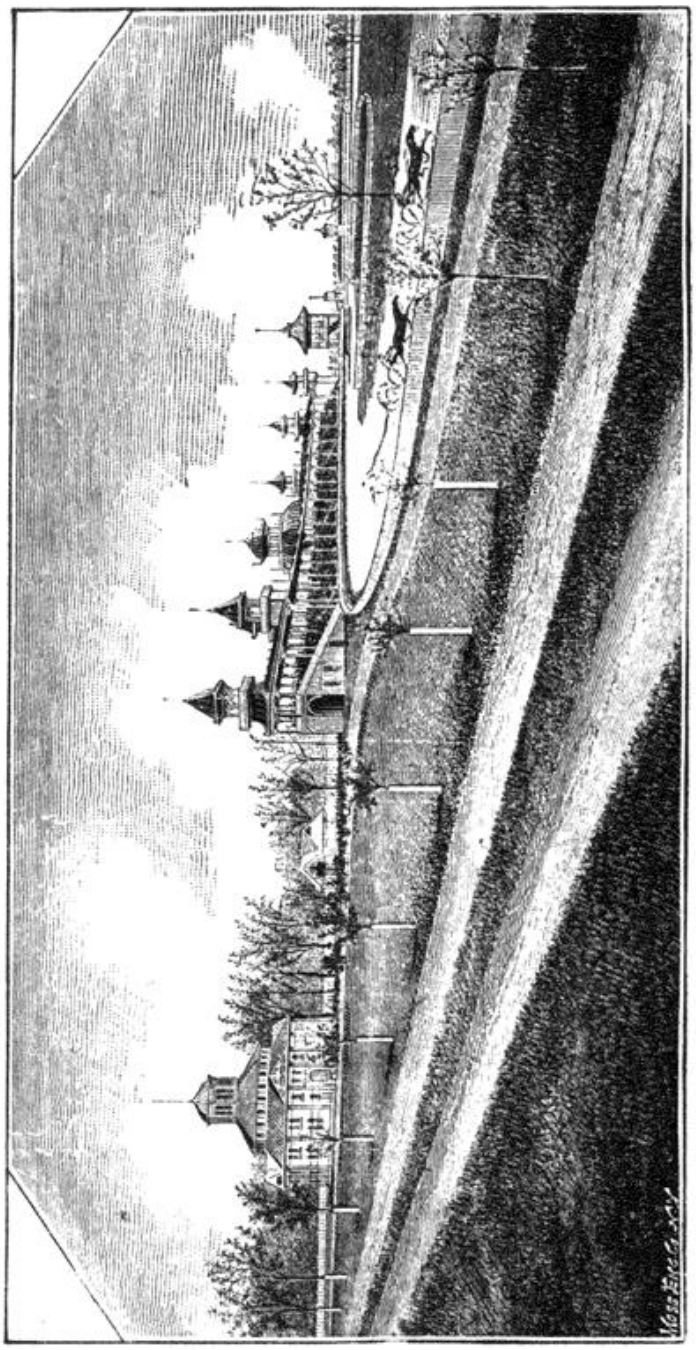

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THE SCULPTOR HART.

To the editor of the New York Tribune:

SIR—Joel Tanner Hart was a man who all his life long endured hardship, and, what is worse, misapprehension. But he worked steadily on, passionately, patiently; and it is perhaps only in years yet to come that the crown which

he fully earned will be placed on his brow. He has left behind him a statue of unequaled beauty. This statue, the epitome of his life, and the result of eighteen years of uninterrupted, ardent labor, was to have been brought to America this coming spring by Mr. Hart himself. His letters were full of hope is regard to the anticipated visit

to his native land. Thirteen years had elapsed since his last trip to America, and now he was to come and bring it—his life-work.

He called it sometimes the "Triumph of Purity," the thought embodied in it being that the truest womanhood is superior to the lower arts of love. She stands, a nude

female figure of exquisite proportions, firmly balanced upon one foot, and in the act of stepping forward. The whole form breathes of buoyant life and latent energy for action, but is at the same time full of repose. In her left hand, and high in front of her forehead, she holds the arrow of a little Cupid, who runs by her side, with both

his arms reached up and standing on his very toes in his earnest begging for his weapon. His quiver lies on the ground, the arrows fallen out, and his whole miserable little soul filled with the fact that he is vanquished by a woman who has no need of arts to conquer true love. It could not have a fitter name than "Woman"—taking the

word in its fullest, broadest, deepest sense. From whatever point of view this work is regarded, the loftiest demands of high art are met and satisfied. Turn it around and about, and from all sides the pure lines of grace and beauty are unbroken. They sweep in great, harmonious waves from the crown of her pure forehead to the tips of her lovely feet. Look at it in front, behind, from the side, and it fills the eye with harmonious completion. And, furthermore, the thought embodied is as full of lofty intelligence as the manner in which it is carried out.

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