

## A HOME IN THE HEART.

Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,  
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls,  
Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold,  
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.  
But seek for a bosom all honest and true,  
Where love once awakened will never depart;  
Turn, turn to that breast like the dove to its nest,  
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,  
That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care;  
Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,  
And be sure that the world holds no treasure so rare.  
Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot,  
The cheek-searing tear-drops of sorrow may start,  
But a star never dim sheds a halo for him,  
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

ELIZA COOK.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

## SCULPTURE IN ENGLAND.\*

With all these advantages, what is the state of sculpture now, and where are we to look for the result of so much and such excellent instruction? Our squares and public places are not without their monuments of kings, and warriors, and statesmen. But do the modern instances excel the old? Mr. Wyatt's literal George III., on his ideal horse, in Cockspur Street, and the plaster figure of George IV., over the station-house, at King's Cross, are the last metropolitan erections in honour of royalty. The Dukes of Kent and York are remembered as generals; and the latter is, by way of triumph, perched in bronze at the top of a tall, severe, and naked column of granite, as if to suffer punishment rather than receive honour. The portrait-statue of Pitt and Canning, in Hanover Square and Palace Yard, on their pyramidal pedestals, are harsh, heavy, and terminal; and to Nelson and Wellington no monument is yet erected, except the Achilles in the park which includes the latter among the brave men to whom their country-women dedicate that unmeaning and inappropriate colossus. These certainly are no proofs of the advance of art. Our monumental sculptures are better, and our busts are best. But this is not the legitimate effect of the Elgin Marbles. The imaginative and the ideal are wanting, and no one devotes himself to art in the abstract. The Duke of Northumberland, Earl Gray, and other noblemen and gentlemen, have lately ordered works of a higher class; but the instances are few where sculpture is loved for its own sake. Private patronage is chiefly turned to busts and monuments, and the country does nothing. Even Mr. Barry's design for the new houses of parliament is denuded of its enrichments and all its intended sculptures. But there are means to reconcile vanity and art, and to confer a favour at once on history and sculpture in that design. Let the tracery of the interior of both houses spring from heads in relief, and let these heads be portraits of the members of each house at the time of erection. Some 800 recollections of our day would thus be handed down to posterity. Busts of the distinguished men who already belong to history might be thus given at the expense of the country; and every peer or M. P., who wished to be immortalised without establishing a claim on the country, might add his own mite, with his own bust, to the adornment of the chambers of legislation, and to the illustration of his period. If neither our squares, nor churches, nor palaces, nor mansions, show the progress of sculpture, shall we find it in the exhibition of the Royal Academy? There are 113 subjects, which, if any man were asked to accept as a whole, he would probably refuse to find room for. Sir Francis Chantrey is an academician and trustee, yet he sends nothing from his overloaded studio to support the exhibition, and show to stranger visitors that in the mechanical part of his art the country possesses one unrivalled sculptor. Sir R. Westmacott, an academician, an auditor, and professor, can afford nothing to the exhibition but the pedestal to his statue of Lord William Bentinck, on which is represented, in basso-relievo, an interrupted sattee, and the recumbent statue of a sleeping child in marble—the Lady Susan Murray—a little thing in all respects. Do these men love the art they live by? or, now that it has raised them to fortune, do they scorn to do any thing towards the instruction and encouragement of those who have yet to run their course,—any thing for the enlightenment of the public mind, and the training of the public eye, and the improvement of the public taste, to the ultimate advancement of the art itself? How different was the conduct of Canova! Honoured with a title, and endowed with little more than a competence, he devoted all his superfluity of means, and all his treasured skill, in his last days, to the noblest purposes. He dedicated a church to God, in gratitude for those talents which had been given him and determined to adorn it with all the powers for the possession of which he felt grateful. Such a work would have been in every sense his monument;—a homage to religion, an ornament

to his country, and an ever-living testimony of his own genius, while it preserved to posterity his purity and humility, and held out a lamp to the path of the student. Every body knows that it was grief at the failure of his project, vexation at the delay of the work, and trouble at the discovery that his means would not reach the end proposed, that brought to a rapid close the life of the warm-hearted old Marquis of Ischia. Courteous and courageous, pious and patriotic, Canova, it is but just that thy genius and talent should embalm for all futurity thy unright walk and warmth of heart.

The other academicians who are sculptors, Bailey and Gibson, have sent, the former two and the latter three works to this year's exhibition. Bailey's statue of Thomas Telford, the engineer, is a noble work. The figure massive and composed, the head finely moulded, the features like, and with the happiest expression; the drapery easy, and procured without effort from the loose coat; the form well understood and distinctly expressed, and then slightly but naturally draped in the ordinary costume. His second work is a group (between the statue and the bust in size) of the son and daughter of Sir F. Shuckburgh, which is well imagined and executed with neatness. This has the "prettiness" of manner which is too characteristic of the artist, while his Telford is broad and forcible, and exhibits a power of which his previous works convey a faint idea. In the flutter of his ornament, in the statue of Earl Grey, &c., he had nearly frittered away his reputation. In the present instance, he is still but the portrait sculptor. The bust and the monument are but the objects of a low ambition; but it is otherwise with Gibson, whose first production is Love cherishing the Soul while preparing to torment it,—perfectly classic and imaginative. The Psyche is a butterfly, the Love a boy, not Cupido but Amor, or both combined in Eros,—personified youth, and freshness, and love. The figure is, on the antique model, perfect and with a grace and truth in all the forms which promise well for modern sculpture. His Venus and Cupid, a basso-relievo, in marble, is fine but less ideal—a mere mother and son of any period, with well expressed forms and faces. The Venus Verticordia is a clever study of the antique, and serves with the others to show that Gibson is certainly in the right path. He has feeling, taste, and skill; his wants are power and originality. He will follow with success, but is not able to lead. He does honour to the existing school, but will never found a new one. Grace and classic feeling are hardly less conspicuous in Wolff's Girl with a Goat and Tambourine: the unformed limbs of youth are, however, too truly given; the ideal of a habit of exercise would have allowed even to the girlish form a better model. There is something so sweet, however, in this group, and so chaste and classic in the conception, that slight faults cannot betray us into censure. We must not omit to notice the boldly relieved head in Carew's Good Samaritan, a bas-relief of great spirit. After these we might mention several admirable busts, and although not in an exalted walk of art, yet as clever specimens in their style, the Dorothea of J. Bell, a very pleasing cast; the Statue of Henry VII., in Caen Stone, by C. Smith, one of a series for Mamhead Park—a design honourable to the patron as to the artist; and several instances of more than moderate ability and some promise: but originality and genius are absolutely wanting in the exhibition. Where is Lough? The sculptor of Milton's Satan has more in him of the spirit of Flaxman than any one of his contemporaries, but he has no subject in this exhibition. Why? Is it that the academy are careless of those who do not court them, or is the sculptor more concerned for himself than his art, and resents, with an ignoble anger, the misplacing of his last year's group? In petty differences, concerning matters of no moment, how much of the soul and spirit is wasted that should, by individual energy and the cordial co-operation of all, be powerfully applied to the advance of the art itself! Public indifference, and the false taste of the modern Mæcenas, are less dangerous to art than the captious jealousy and excessive self-esteem of the artists themselves. Lough's Captive, modelled at Rome, is a figure of matronly beauty, simple without severity, full without voluptuousness, delicate without feebleness, graceful without affectation. The attitude is one of deep and absorbing grief, not excited by personal suffering, but the anguish of mind for the misery of others occasioned by that suffering. The face is eloquent with this expression: the well understood form of the figure, the flowing outline, and the feeling, the flesh-like living feeling, of all the parts, are proofs of freedom and power in execution which, added to the genius of the conception, place Lough almost alone among the original and poetical of our sculptors; yet, except by his immediate patrons, and the few who will take the trouble to look for unobtrusive merit, Lough is not duly appreciated. It appears, then, that, setting aside busts, and portraits, and mere statuary, the real works in this exhibition worthy of the name of sculpture are few indeed, and the hands so employed still fewer. But does the exhibition of the Royal Academy afford a fair test of the state of sculpture? The architect, the professor, the editor of Vitruvius, the erudite and classic Wilkie, when his National Gallery was completed, is said to have exclaimed, "Bless me! I forgot sculpture," and immediately to have stuck behind the building that concealed little after-thought, the semicircular saloon. Forgot sculpture! Had the professor forgotten architecture, too, the public would have gained the loss of that piece of

honeycomb, the National Gallery. Indeed it is not surprising that the artist is undesirous of decorating this "hole in the wall" with his productions. The exhibition of the first and second years at the new Academy averaged 130 subjects, while the present year (the third) the number is 113, and the paucity of merit is more marked than that of number. The academy should have two large saloons of sculpture—one in which the antique casts, &c., should be seen to advantage, and the other for the exhibition of modern works. What is a statue without space and light? and who should know how much sculpture depends on both if the Royal Academicians do not?

To be continued.

For the Pearl.

## THE JEWISH NATION.

MR. EDITOR—

As the following extract appears to me to be both interesting and instructive, I solicit for its insertion in your useful paper.

Yours, &amp;c.

H.

The Jewish nation presents a most interesting subject for the meditation of a serious mind; a helpless race of men whom all nations have endeavoured to exterminate, subsisting during ages of unrelenting persecution: and though dispersed over the surface of the world, preserving every where their own customs and religious rites, connected with each other by the community of sentiments, of antipathies and pursuits, yet separated by a wonderful destiny from the general mass of mankind. It is well understood that we except from this general rule the Jews, whom we have described as having lost their separate nationality by the general progress of civilization: the number of such Jews is, however, very small, when compared to their total population scattered over all the world. Their preservation as a distinct people is indeed an event unparalleled in the annals of the world. What is become of those celebrated empires whose very name still excites our admiration by the idea of greatness attached to them, and whose power embraced the then known world? They are only remembered as monuments of the vanity of human greatness.

The Jews still preserve laws which were given them in the first days of the world, in the infancy of mankind. The history of this wonderful people connects the present time with the earliest ages of the world, and we have no reason to believe that it will end before the dissolution of our globe. The Jews are a living and continual miracle, and their exemption from the common fate of nations affords the strongest evidence to the truth of the sacred scriptures. They are, as it was foretold, dispersed over the habitable globe, being the depositories of those oracles, in which their own unbelief and consequent sufferings are clearly predicted. "Had the Jews," (says Pascal) "been all converted, we should have had none but suspected witnesses. Had they all been destroyed, we should have had no witnesses at all." The exact accomplishment of our Saviour's prediction respecting the destruction of their city and temple, and the calamities they have endured during their dispersion, have furnished every age with the strongest arguments for the truth of the Christian religion. One of the great designs of their being preserved and continued a distinct people appears to be, that their singular destiny might confirm the divine authority of the Gospel which they reject, and that they might strengthen the faith of others in those sacred truths to which they refused to yield their own assent.

## EMPLOYMENT.

The unhappy are indisposed to employment. All active occupations are wearisome and disgusting in prospect, at a time when every thing, life itself, is full of weariness and disgust. Yet the unhappy must be employed, or they will go mad. Comparatively blessed are they, if they are set in families, where claims and duties abound, and cannot be escaped. In the pressure of business there is present safety and ultimate relief. Harder is the lot of those who have few necessary occupations, enforced by other claims than their own harmlessness and profitableness. Reading often fails. Now and then it may beguile; but much oftener the attention is languid, the thoughts wander, and associations with the subject of grief are awakened. Women who find that reading will not do, will obtain no relief from sewing. Sewing is pleasant enough in moderation to those whose minds are at ease the-while: but it is an employment which is trying to the nerves when long continued, at the best; and nothing can be worse for the harassed, and for those who want to escape from themselves. Writing is bad. The pen hangs idly suspended over the paper, or the sad thoughts that are alive within, write themselves down. The safest and best of all occupations for such sufferers as are fit for it, is intercourse with young children.

Next to this comes honest, genuine acquaintanceship among the poor; not mere charity-visiting, grounded on soup tickets and blankets, but intercourse of mind, with real mutual interest between the parties. Gardening is excellent, because it unites bodily exertion with a sufficient engagement of the faculties, while sweet compassionate Nature is administering cure in every sprouting leaf and scented blossom, and beckoning sleep to draw nigh, and be ready to follow up her benignant work. Walking is good—

\*Continued from page 253.