

SCULPTURE.

THE art of sculpture originated at a very early age in the world's history; and, without venturing into the controversy as to whether or not it was first devoted to purposes of idolatrous worship, whether it was practised before the flood, and whether Abraham's father was a distinguished statuary, we may safely assert the Egyptians and Assyrians to have been distinguished for their progress in this art, and to the ancient Greeks as having brought it to perfection.

The great superiority of the Greeks in the art of sculpture may be ascribed to a variety of natural causes which tended to foster and improve their taste for the beautiful. No people entertained a higher appreciation of all that is elegant and graceful; they preferred natural beauty to acquired accomplishments; they decreed the first rewards to those who excelled in agility and strength of body; to have a handsome figure was the hopeful desire of every Grecian youth. This love of the beautiful was in every way favourable to art. Socrates is said to have declared the artists to be the only wise men. The artist who executed his work with ability and taste might reasonably hope to have his own statue placed beside those of Miltiades and Themistocles. Thus encouraged and rewarded, art attained perfection; under similarly favourable circumstances, it might do so again. It is not our intention to enter into an inquiry as to the respective merits of the modern schools. Our ambition may be excited, but our pride is humbled, when we look at the Laocoon, the Venus de Medicis, the Apollo Belvidere, &c. Yet the knowledge of infinite superiority attaching to these immortal works should not depress the efforts of our artists, but rather rouse them to renewed exertion. What man has done, man may do. Phidias and Praxiteles may be rivalled, though they can never be excelled.

The mechanical part of sculpture is exceedingly simple, and requires but few tools. The essential element of success is the genius of the sculptor. Roubiliac used to say, "The figure is in the substance of the marble; I only extricate it from the inclosure, or pick it out." But before the artist, with chisel and hammer, sets about the arduous labour of picking out the statue, he has something else to do; and those who imagine that his principal work consists in chipping with his tool at the block of marble, are woefully ignorant of the real facts of the case, most part of his labour being, in truth, confined to clay and plaster.

The sculptor begins his work precisely as does the painter, by a sketch. Frequently he makes this sketch on paper, but in all cases proceeds with it in clay or wax. In these materials he makes a perfect model of the subject which he intends to execute; thus determining the character, proportion, and effect of his composition. Professional artists almost always use clay, and many of these clay models are annually exhibited in the Royal Academy of Arts, London. The clay employed is of the quality, and prepared in the manner in which it is used by potters. It may be readily prepared by wetting it with water, and by working and beating it into a proper consistency. Very few tools are required, and these consist only of small pieces of wood, bone, or ivory, for cutting away the clay, pressing it into form, &c. Most sculptors rely more upon their bare fingers in modelling than upon any tool whatever. This was the practice amongst the ancients, who especially used their nails to render certain parts more delicate and lively.

Clay, when used for modelling, requires to be kept constantly in a proper state of moisture, especially if metal supports or braces are used in the erection of the model, as these, by their not yielding to the contraction and expansion which take place in the clay, if not kept at an equal degree

of dampness, cause the latter to crack and often fall to pieces. The requisite degree of moisture is preserved by occasionally throwing water over the model with a syringe—the rose-head of which is perforated with very fine holes—by sprinkling it with a large brush, or by hanging wet cloths over it during the intervals of labour.

In reference to these remarks, we may observe

first attempt, after which there will be no difficulty in conducting the process.

The finish of the model is often advantageously effected in the plaster. In large or complicated works, the plaster cast is often a very great convenience, as parts of the statue or group—such as heads, limbs, &c.—may be removed and wrought upon separately, under some circumstances, with greater facility than in the position which they occupy in the composition.

The plaster cast is never so beautiful as the clay model; and neither one nor the other equal the completed work—when "the marble, chiselled into life, grows warm." The clay model has been fancifully described as life—the plaster-cast as death—the marble statue as the resurrection.

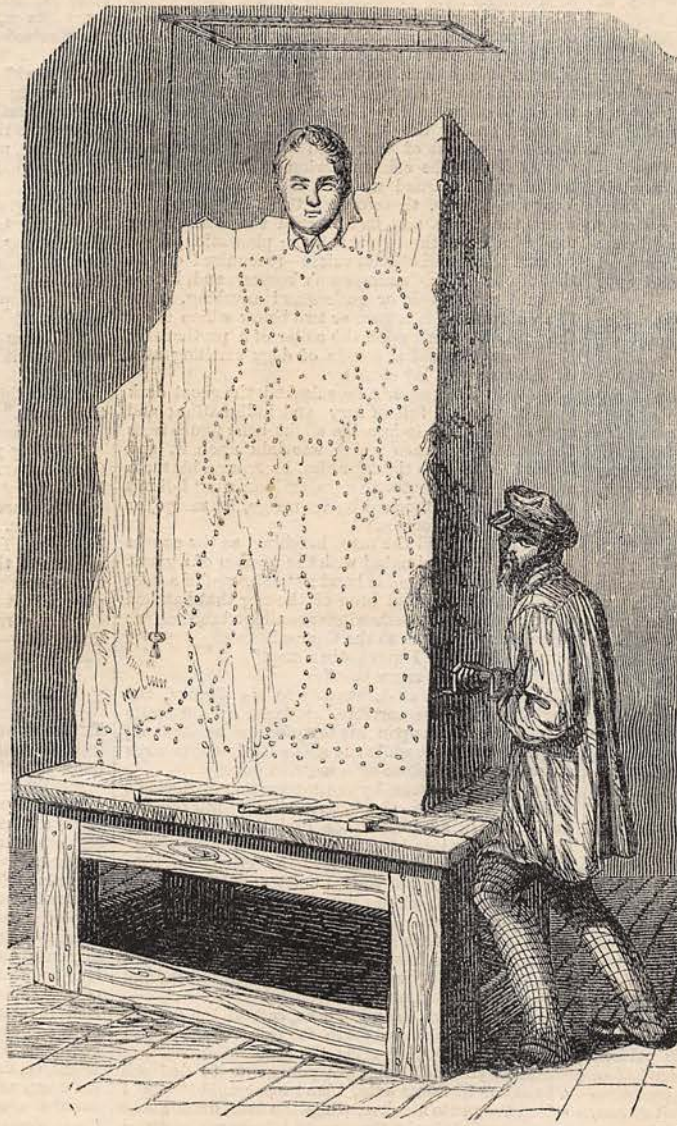
Hewing the figure, or group, out of the stone or marble, is a simply mechanical operation. The relative sizes of the model and of the proposed work having been ascertained, exact measurements are made of the various prominences of the composition. Thus, on either side, for instance, the shoulders of a figure would be more prominent than the head, and in a face the nose must be more prominent than any other feature. The exact height and depth of all the inequalities in the model having been taken, the block of stone or marble is bored to the proportionate depths (as shown in our engraving), and the workmen then strike off all the superfluous material, leaving the figure as a rough but exact counterpart in outline and proportion of the clay model or plaster cast. The skill of the sculptor is then shown in all those skilful touches of the chisel which impart life and beauty to the composition—those happy touches which show the genius of the artist, and which can never be given by any mere artisan.

HARDWICKE HALL.

HARDWICKE HALL, Derbyshire, represented in our engraving, is an excellent specimen of the domestic architecture of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was erected by the lady of Sir W. Cavendish, between the years 1590 and 1597.

My Lady Cavendish was a woman of "masculine understanding and conduct; proud, furious, selfish, and unfeeling, who lived to a great old age, died immensely rich, and without a friend." She was the wife of four husbands; her monument tells us she was "beautiful and discreet," and old Fuller declares her to have been "a woman of undaunted spirit." But there was, or tradition lies, a secret about her, which rendered her exceedingly anxious to consult architects, surveyors, and builders, which made her plan and contrive alterations of new buildings, and the demolition and re-erection of old. Never so

happy was my Lady Cavendish as when scaffolds were reared, and temporary platforms built, and carts, loaded with timber or stone, dragged heavily through her domains; when the plantations were invaded by legions of labourers; when the fair gravel was turned up, and deep foundations were dug; and the grating of the saw, and the dull blows of the mallet, and the shrill cry of the plane, filled the air with most discordant sounds. It was sad to see my Lady Cavendish when a building approached completion; how she harassed the poor architect with a score of suggestions and twice as many complaints, and how oftentimes it happened that a wing of a mansion had to be pulled down and built up again, because it faced north-east instead of north-west. Nobody could devise the reason, but everybody knew that my Lady Cavendish was mad for building, and was never satisfied unless smiths, and carpenters, and stonemasons, and bricklayers, and plumbers, and glaziers, and painters, and decorators, were exerting all their skill in her service. Hardwicke, and Chatsworth, and Bolsover, and Oldcote, and Worksop, and perhaps other places beside, afforded her oppor-



THE WORKMAN HEWING THE FIGURE OUT OF THE MARBLE.

that, according to the massiveness of the figure and the detached portion of its parts, more or less support is required beyond that which it is in the nature and strength of the clay to supply. For this purpose skeleton braces of iron must be prepared; these should be firmly bolted or fixed to the modelling-stand. Their protrusion beyond the surface of the model may sometimes be unavoidable, but care should always be taken that this may occur at unimportant points. The figure, or group, is then gradually developed by building it up compactly with the clay.

The custom is almost universal with sculptors, whether or not the figures are to be ultimately draped, to model them first of all as nudes. Accuracy of anatomical form is thus secured with a greater amount of certainty.

A cast in plaster is frequently taken from the clay model. This is a very simple process, but requires great care in its execution. A mould of the model has first of all to be taken, into which a mixture of plaster of Paris and water, about the consistency of thick batter, is poured. The operation should be witnessed before the experiment is made of a

tunity for gratifying her peculiar whims; and, as her wealth was great, there was no fear of coming into the position of that man who

—“builds, but wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.”

Well: my Lady Cavendish continued her favourite work for many years. Her husbands, Numbers one, two, three, four, were all in turn made wretchedly uncomfortable; but still this imperious lady built, as though she were erecting some Babel tower whose top should reach to heaven. One winter season the frost was very severe; it set in sharply, and in the course of a few hours covered the ponds and lake with a thin coating of ice, which gradually thickened in the night, and was strong enough to bear the sliders in the morning. Everybody knows that builders cannot work in frosty weather; and, therefore, it was the most natural thing in the world for carpenters, smiths, &c., to be sliding or snowballing, and there was nothing in such innocent sport to account for the frantic rage of my Lady Cavendish. In vain the builders assured her that it was impossible to continue their labour; that in a day or two no doubt the frost would break, and then they would soon make up for lost time. She raved, and would not hear reason. The frost did not abate, and my lady fell ill. The servants in the hall whispered to each other in a mysterious way; the cronies in the ingle nook at the village inn heard strange rumours; the builders were all out of work—for that inexorable fellow, Jack Frost, refused to budge. All unfinished remained the work for weeks, and then with many a piteous moan my lady died, and the thaw set in. Then the story was made known; a profound secret not to be mentioned again, but known to everybody. A sybil had assured my Lady Cavendish that her life would last as long as she continued building. This accounted for her singular attachment to ground plans and elevations; for her morbid desire for new tenements; for her passionate expressions to her very obedient servant, the architect; for her agony when the works ceased; and for her death in consequence. Such is the old legendary story of the builder of Hardwicke Hall.

The house has undergone no material change since the time of its erection. It crowns the summit of a small hill commanding an extensive view of the adjacent country. It is built of stone, and round the top is a parapet of open-work, in which frequently appear the old initials of the founder. The mansion is of great extent, and solemn and stately in its grandeur. The tapestry in the old entrance-hall is said to have been woven from designs by Rubens. The cabinets, chairs, and other articles of furniture, are in admirable keeping with the apartments of the time-honoured pile.

A FEW HINTS TO OUR FAIR READERS ABOUT TO MARRY.

LONG courtships are thought inadvisable, for many reasons. One of these is, that the lovers get tired of each other. But why do they get tired of each other? Because they allow their intercourse to become monotonous; they go on making extravagantly-fond speeches till they are tired of hearing them; or, gazing at each other for hours, till they at length find out each other's defects, and disprove the old saying, that Love is blind. They also forget that love should be the sauce, not the food, of life; and so it happens that, ere long, they are not “love-sick,” but “sick of love.”

Still there are lovers who are thrown together by circumstances, hour after hour, and day after day, who only seem to become more and more enamoured

of each other. But, then, this absorption of the mind in one only sentiment has by no means a beneficial effect. Duties are neglected, friends forgotten, and the intoxication of one absorbing passion often seems to produce a temporary aberration of intellect—at least, it renders the lovers very silly, and fit company for nobody but themselves.

Dorothea Moore, whose wedding-day was drawing nigh, had, during a long courtship, almost forgotten her mother-tongue; at any rate, the following speech

view in the eyes of his friends and acquaintances, and we are much mistaken if the experience of some of our readers does not bear testimony to the truth of our observation.

In the case of “Tommy and Dolly” the fondness was mutual, but very often the excess is on the lady's side. It is better it should be otherwise; but no serious harm results from great affection, if good sense is not lost sight of, and ladies are careful to avoid every word and action that may excite a smile of ridicule and derision. Such smiles chill the flame of love in the hearts of most men; and engaged ladies should foster that flame with the utmost care, and carefully guard it from every evil influence.

(To be continued.)

THE LOST DEEDS.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RUFFIAN CONQUERED.

ON the following morning a strange scene was enacted in the chamber of Sir Reginald Carew. He lay upon his couch, pallid, worn-out, almost dying, yet like a half-crushed viper endeavouring to cast his deadly venom on all who approached him. The curtains were drawn back, and the pure light of early day flooded the room with its rosy tints, and lit up the figure of Lady Carew, who was seated in a large fauteuil opposite the bed. She had passed a wretched night attending the miserable phantom before her, who only returned her care with abuse

and bitter denunciations, for Sir Reginald was alternately a devoted, or a most tormenting husband. While he seemed really in danger of immediate dissolution, Dora bore his bitterness in silence, but her mind was rapidly arriving at that point which, with persons of her temper, leaves nothing further to hope from forbearance.

Toward morning Sir Reginald had fallen into an uneasy slumber, and his wife availed herself of the interval to take a bath, and make a fresh toilette. Few who looked upon that brilliant face, could have imagined that she had endured weariness of body and anxiety of mind, which must have shown their effects on any frame less elastic than her own. This woman seemed gifted with the secret of perennial beauty, for she scarcely looked a day older than when Arden had first beheld her in her father's house; and travel, association with refined society, had given a charm to her coquetish grace, which the other sex found irresistible. Lady Carew attracted admiration wherever she appeared, and her husband was kept in a constant ferment of jealousy, that at times exasperated his temper almost to frenzy.

Sir Reginald was now awake, and at his command his wife had opened the window, and placed her chair just where the light fell upon her own person. His black, glittering eyes were fixed searchingly upon her, but he beheld in the calm face before him no unusual emotion at this scrutiny. At length, with a fierce oath, he exclaimed—

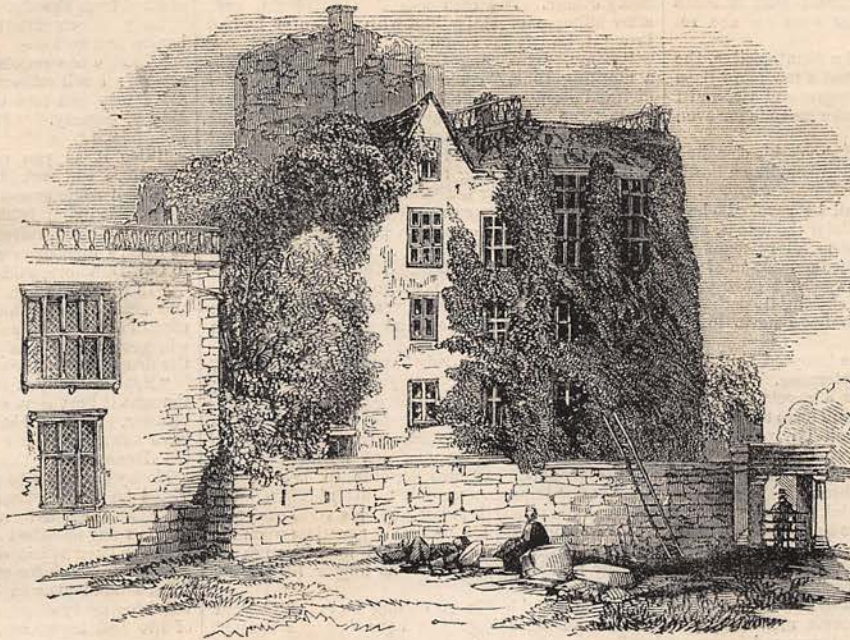
“It is enough to madden me, madam. Here I lie stricken with death, perhaps, and you look as cool, as insolently handsome, as if no calamity threatened you.”

“Nor does one threaten me,” replied the lady, with a sudden gleam from her light eyes, which was as dangerous as the electric flash that strikes with deadly certainty. “The time for the discovery of the real murderer has arrived.”

“What do you mean, wretch! torment! evil spirit of my days! bane of my existence?”

“If I am all that, why do you cling to me as you have done? I simply mean that Sybil must be saved—choose your own means, but I again repeat, she shall be saved from your further malice. I know that she did not kill Carlyle.”

“How do you know? She was present—she—”



HARDWICKE HALL.

would lead us to suppose so. It was addressed to her suitor, Mr. Thomas Sandford, who was reposing on the sofa, being regaled with cream, and fruits of Dorothea's own preserving.

“He shall have cream, and plenty of it, too; Dolly will give it all to her dear little Tommy! But he mustn't put his pretty whisker in it!”

Dolly's mamma was watering her tulips near the glass door of the sitting-room in which the lovers were seated. She heard her daughter's words, and quickly entered the room from the garden, exclaiming, “Dorothea, you know I have forbidden you having that great tabby cat in the sitting-room; and what shameful extravagance to be giving him the cream!”

“I'm the tabby cat, ma,” said Sandford, already addressing Dolly's mother as his parent. “I'm sure you don't mind Dolly's feasting me.”

“No, that I don't,” said Mrs. Moore, laughing, and cordially holding out her hand to her future son-in-law. Really,” added she, “covered over with a shawl, and stretched on that sofa, I did not know you were in the room. Why do you and my daughter make such simpletons of yourselves? Hearing her nonsensical speech, I thought she was talking to a great kitchen cat that is very fond of slipping up here when my back is turned. Just fancy in what a ridiculous light you would both of you have appeared, if our neighbours in the next garden had joined me, as they sometimes do, and we had entered together!”

“Don't be angry, ma,” replied Thomas, “we shall be wiser when we are married.”

“I hope you will,” said Mrs. Moore, with a smile; “but why should you ever be foolish? You really are, Thomas, an illustration of the French saying, ‘Qu'un homme est ridicule quand il est aimé.’ As you have gone through the French lessons in ‘Cassell's Family Paper,’ I need hardly tell you that the English of this sentence is, ‘How ridiculous a man is when he is loved.’”

We are far from being of opinion that this remark is universally applicable, for then it would be a misfortune to be loved, instead of being, as it really is, an honour and a blessing; but it does hold true when a young lady allows her fondness for her lover to master her common sense. Then she is sure to put the object of her love in a ridiculous point of