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pretty certain of his abilities, before he will venture to try his skill on an expensive block of marble. It is quite otherwise with regard to painting, the materials for which are within the reach of most people, and consequently a vast number of persons are engaged in the practice of this art, with all the attendant varieties of success, that doubtful precepts and unfixed principles can give.

The student in sculpture generally destroys his clay studies as soon as they are finished; thus all the progressive and weak efforts of his talents are never seen, and when in maturer years he produces a work of consequence, we are generally surprised as well as delighted. Of all the great works of the Greeks, not any of their studies have come down to us; and when we contemplate the Laocoon, the Apollo, the Venus, &c. &c. our wonder is excited: they are so far elevated above ordinary productions, that there appears, to the enthusiastic mind, almost a something miraculous attached to them. There is a grandeur and a likeness to nature, in these great remains of art, which we cannot account for. Every part being so well understood—all the external anatomy, the hands, the feet, the knees, the shoulders—the passion of torturous grief in the Laocoon, of godlike dignity in the Apollo, and of tranquillity, (that great component part of beauty,) in the Venus. To these may be added, that amazing expansion of intellect, happily perfected by great study, all combining to raise this highly favoured people to a height, to which all nations since have yielded the pre-eminence.

The sculptor, unlike the painter, is not embarrassed in his progress, by a monstrous variety of methods, perpetually deceiving him from the path of legitimate study. While the latter is wasting his precious time on white grounds or black grounds—varnishes or magilps—flickering lights and Venetian processes—the other is pursuing a steady and uniform course, unvaried in its process from the days of Phidias to the present time.

SUMMER IS PASSING.

Sweet summer is passing, the spring has gone by,

And all its fair beauties are faded and fled;

I've seen the sweet primrose and hyacinth die,

And roses ere long must their blushing tints shed.

This moment we breathe is the next moment past,

And the hour of bliss we can scarcely enjoy,

For Time's silken wings move insensibly fast

Our roses to wither, our bliss to destroy.

Oh, surely, then, here we're not destined to rest.

Where all things are transient and passing away,

Our pleasures ephemeral, short, and unblest,

That sport in the sunshine and die in a day.

As the eyes that tow'rd's heaven's bright orb never soar,

Content with the beams on the rivulet play'd,

So we, too, might think of our Eden no more,

If thou, lovely Summer, wert never to fade.

IGNORA.



ADAM AND EVE LAMENTING OVER THE BODY OF ABEL.

Designed and Executed by John Gallagher, formerly a Pupil in the Schools of the Dublin Society,