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ON THE STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN ENGLAND.

MUCH has been written, and more said, of the lamentable condition to which the arts of the elder time are reduced in these degenerate days; and more especially that of painting. ‘Where’ cry the believers in the superior excellency of all ancient thi
‘where now shall we discover an Apelles, a Zeuxis, a Parrhasi .’ Let not these good people alarm themselves; there are abundance of such geniuses in embryo, requiring only a sufficient motive to call them forth. It is true that we do not exactly know what the real excellence of the above-named painters may have been, but we will take it for granted that it was very high since specimens of the sister art of sculpture have descended to us, which have hitherto been unmatched by any modern artists. Yet still, I will abide by my position, that if it be possible to furnish the same, or greater motives for excellence, than the ancient artists possessed to stimulate them to exertion, a more than corresponding talent will be aroused; not perhaps to excel—perfection cannot be excelled—but to rival anything and everything that the world has yet beheld in painting, sculpture, or architecture, and to superadd to them many other branches of art, of which the ancient world was ignorant. Hearts are still ‘pregnant with celestial fire’ as they have ever been; but as the fire lies dormant in the flint till it is stricken, so does the fire of the spirit await the accident which is needful to urge it into a blaze.

The ancient Greeks, who carried the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture so successfully into practice, as their remains and fragments abundantly testify, had peculiar advantages, and strong motives, for what they did. The wish to attain excellence is mainly grafted on the desire of attaining fame and consideration amongst our fellow-creatures, from which power and influence may spring in turn. In modern times, and more especially in England, the thing sought for, above all others, is money—because the possessor of money can command thereby the possession of all sensual and most mental gratifications: in short, money is power, according to the present construction of

English society—and power ever was, and ever will be, the source of consideration; though the race of present rulers have not taken it into their thoughts, how much more desirable it is to rule over men's minds than it is over their bodies. But in Greece, where the governments were mostly popular, the only road to power was intellect—and intellect of that kind generally held in esteem, because it was comprehensible by all capacities. Thus, oratory, poetry, painting, and sculpture, took the lead of all other arts, because every one could comprehend them; and, probably, the easy supply of the most urgent wants, left ample leisure for their enjoyment and cultivation. In countries possessing a fine climate, people live much in the open air; and hence many of the minor arts, which modern civilization has invented for indoor pleasures in bleak regions, are unknown where the sun shines ever brightly. Who, with an unclouded atmosphere, glowing in genial warmth, would exchange the trellised shelter of the mantling vine, or the scented orange-grove, or the shade of the olive or fig-tree, or the marble colonnade, or porch decked with flowers, for all that art can do, in the tricking forth of a modern drawing-room or boudoir? Assuredly no native of the sunny south. Let Italy, let Spain, let southern France speak, and the gardens of the East put all the dwelling-builders to shame. In communities like that of ancient Greece, ordinary selfishness could not thrive. People could but eat of the food their country produced, as there was no commerce, and there was most likely more than enough for all—and, consequently, no necessity for hoarding. Their garments were also of a simple kind, with very little distinction in their quality, and none in their fashion. So that, to rise above the herd, it was necessary to become an orator, a poet, a painter, or a sculptor. In time of war, it is true, a man of talent might also become a general; but the simple operations and weapons of those days, rendered fighting more a matter of personal strength and dexterity than of calculation. Homer describes all his chiefs as being clever slaughterers of their fellows. A modern general seldom plucks his cold iron from the scabbard:—

‘For ornament, not use, these arms are worn.’

The Greeks had no club-houses like our modern *Greeks*, and their books were too expensive for each individual to maintain a private library; consequently, instruction was, for the most part, imparted verbally. Large open spaces were required for this, and thence arose the groves of Academus. Private individuals could not purchase paintings or statues; they had no means of accumulating the needful funds; no steam-engines wrought for them, and no legions of workmen afforded them a profit upon the labour of their hands. The communities were small, and most of the members were politically enlightened, so far as the knowledge of the day went: therefore, those who applied themselves to the

fine arts, wrought for the benefit of the whole community, and at the expense of that community. Whenever a man evinced high talent, the whole community felt proud of him, for some of his reputation was reflected upon each individual; and the stimulus was not a slight one, when the artist felt that the eyes of all his countrymen, and those of many of the women, were upon him, and that all his wants were provided for at the public expense. There was also another thing; the artists of Greece had probably such models to work from as few people have since possessed. Whoever looks upon their remnants of art that are left to us, must believe that living models served for them, so perfect are they in form. Everything in Greece conspired to produce this: a race of human beings, probably originally very handsome,—a fine climate, free institutions, the intimacy between the sexes regulated by affection only, wholesome food, gymnastic exercises, frequent bathing, simple garments, free from ligatures, and a considerable amount of general knowledge, communicated by the philosophers and orators, at public lectures and harangues. All these things must have had a great effect in producing the finest development of which the human form is capable. By the bye, I have often marvelled that, amidst the Grecian fashions which have been revived amongst us, that most commodious one of the fluted short tunic has not been adopted, so striking as is the resemblance of the modern frock to it, in all but its comfort. The ancient tunic is certainly the most graceful, besides possessing several other advantages. The modern frock is, to the individual body, what the bed of Procrustes was to his captives. On a hot day or a cold one, before meals or after, in health or out of health, fat or lean, with many or few under-garments, the same measure of waist must be maintained which the cutter of garments has seen fitting to bestow. A handsome tunic and girdle would obviate all this absurdity, to the great increase of comfort, and certainly to the great improvement of the figure, if that can be any inducement to the setters of fashions to adopt a rational garment.

In the specimens of Greek art we see no absurdities; and the reason seems to be, that they copied from nature. Their gods and goddesses were all human beings; and their architecture was all of simple form, whereof the types might mostly be found in nature. They were not fantastic in their works of art; their taste was pure, and they produced none of the monstrosities which India and other countries have so fruitfully furnished forth. Their perception of the beautiful evinced the most refined and cultivated imagination, combined with a judgment for the most part based on utility, especially public utility, which held forth the only lure to ambition. We know little of their domestic arrangements, but it is most probable that they were of a very rude kind, which circumstance gave a still further impulse to seek

gratification abroad and in public. There is an illustration in the 'Odyssey,' which is rather remarkable. While Ulysses and his friends were slaughtering his wife's suitors, one of the party dived beneath the 'genial board,' and ensconced himself very comfortably in the reeking hide of the newly-slain ox which had been roasted for dinner, till, the combat being over, he threw off his wrapping garment, and again made his appearance. I have more than once in Southern America dined in a somewhat similar fashion; but it would be thought rather strange in civilized England, amongst sculptors and painters of eminence. Had private enjoyment, and the refinement of luxury, prevailed in Greece, as they now do in England, it is likely that her great artists would never have arisen to such eminence. One of the strongest examples of enthusiasm in art, that I recollect, was in that dreary city of the mountain desert, named Potosi, situate on the extreme verge of vegetation. An old Spanish friar had taken upon himself, many years previous, the charge of architect, in the construction of a cathedral, after the fashion of the Jesuits of the last century. His drawings were of his own making, after the Saracenic school. His means were, a small toll upon all the wheat brought into the town on llamas and asses; his workmen and labourers, the miserable, uncultivated Indians; his material, the rocks of the neighbouring mountain; and his scaffold-poles, some of them ninety feet high, were formed of small sticks not more than twelve feet in length, such as llamas and asses could carry. They were bound together in several thicknesses, with thongs of llama skin, till they had obtained the requisite length. Year after year this old man had toiled on, superintending the labour day by day, and constantly working with his own hands to show his dull workmen their business; yet his energy never slackened, notwithstanding the consciousness that his labour would ultimately be wasted, while he beheld the inhabitants of the city daily diminishing in number, and feeling assured that a time must come, ere many years were over, that it would be abandoned, by the silver mines, which had given rise to its erection, becoming valueless. He was a remarkable old man, of middling stature, thin and pale, with a lofty forehead and piercing eyes, dressed in a gray robe of coarse baise, girdled at the waist with the cord of San Francisco; no appearance of shirt, bare legs, and sandals of raw hide. He had been twenty-five years occupied with his labour, and his only anxiety was, as his means every year were lessening, that he should not live to finish it. Poor old man! It was impossible to help liking him, forlorn as he looked, and with every spark of bigotry, which he might have once possessed, buried in his enthusiasm for the art, and the work to which he had devoted his existence. With tears in his eyes, he pointed out to me a small portion of the building which he had taken the precaution to finish, in order that, if he died,

those who came after him might have a type to work by. Hours have I passed, from time to time, in the interior of the unfinished building, feeling a melancholy pleasure in conversing with that venerable enthusiast, upon a work destined so soon to perish. Eight thousand souls now dwell where the fourth part of a million once inhabited. Strong must have been the enthusiasm, which, untinctured by avarice—the master-vice of the place—could retain that old man in so cheerless a region, while a few days' journey might have yielded him abundance of all that human nature could desire, in districts which seem to have taken their type from Paradise.

With the exception of ancient Rome, the taste for art seemed to have perished in the world, till it was revived in Italy in the middle ages, under a new form. The public were no longer its patrons, for there was no longer any public. Despotic rulers, and a despotic church, had become the drain for all the produce of the surplus labour of the world; and they patronized the arts, after the fashion they thought most likely to promote their several objects. The church encouraged the pictured images of superstition, and kings encouraged all that could glorify the few at the expense of the many. The most ennobling talents were thus held in base and unworthy shackles; the growth of intellect was nipped in the bud; and that which might have changed the aspect of a world into all that was beautiful and bright, was converted only to the purposes of evil. Still, shackled as they were, the Italian artists were a noble and glorious race, though their beauty was dimmed by the mist of their unholy patronage. Masters of most physical qualifications, chemists, sculptors, painters, jewellers, metal-workers, and architects,—now preparing their colours; now chiselling a statue; now bidding the canvass start into life, with an impressive group from Scripture; now fitting a lady's lovely limb with chased and jewelled armlet or wristlet; now chasing the arabesque gold and silver marquetry of a rich cuirass, or the keen blade of a battle-brand or war-axe; and then, at the sound of sudden civic tumult, momentarily growing from the confusion amidst which they dwelt, suddenly throwing away the graver or the chisel, or the pencil and pallet, to don the helm, and grasp the spear, or ply the shining blade, with even more than the skill they had evinced in adorning it. These men were above the cares of the world, by the consideration their talents gave them with those in power; and, taking no thought for the morrow, they freely indulged in all to which imagination lent a momentary charm. They revelled in the smiles of beauty, and drank new draughts of inspiration, as they transferred to their canvass the features they loved. While thinking on these things, the mind of the enthusiast whispers, 'Oh, that I, too, had been an Italian artist in the middle ages!'

Yet the judgment grieves that these men were, with few excep-

tions, without education,—that the science of mind had never been unlocked to them. They were not taught to reason. While physical sciences were scattered around them in profusion, their mental faculties were left an uncultivated waste; all that did not in some shape bear upon the arts they practised was neglected, and much that did. They knew nothing beyond their own sphere;—the history, the manners, the customs of other countries, and other men, were blanks to them, with few exceptions; and thence arose many of the anachronisms which are still to be seen in their works, often causing their beauty to be lost sight of in the ridicule attaching to them. In whatever their actual knowledge reached, they were scarcely to be surpassed; but, out of their sphere, they suffered the usual fate of the presumptuous. But worse than this was the penalty attaching to their ignorance: envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, were engendered, by which each wasted half of his existence in practising against his neighbour's quiet, or seeking to rob him of his fame; and while the imagination is lost in admiration of the skill of these famed beings, in their capacity of artists, the judgment unwillingly ranks them low in the scale of men.

Poets, sculptors, painters, architects, play-writers, novel-writers, and actors, to obtain high eminence, must possess nearly the same qualities the one as the other; the actor, perhaps, the most universally, and he must unite the qualifications of the orator to the others. Still more, to develop their faculties perfectly, the professors of these arts should be lifted above the necessity of exertion for their daily bread. The sordid exertions of mere interest destroy all enthusiasm; and, alas! how few of the children of genius unite to their other qualities the habits of frugality, and the talent for calculation! The reason for this, which held good in the middle ages, holds good now: there is scarcely any mental training amongst them. They are not educated for their professions, but come to them by accident,—fighting upwards, under the influence of poverty, against the sparsely-scattered judgment of an uneducated public. Education is still but little understood generally, and is supposed to begin with books and to conclude with books. There is much more in it; but, until that more shall be generally diffused, there is but little hope of much amelioration in the lot of the professors of the arts.

It is a common remark, that the largest amount of human envy is to be found amongst the ranks of the artists. Painters are conspicuous for their hatred of each other, which is only exceeded by their vanity, in many instances disgusting, and generally in the inverse proportion of their merit. There is a story related by Mrs. Barbauld, which they would do well to reflect on. A young artist, by the display of high and ennobling feeling, in addition to excellence in his profession, was the means of causing a prize of virtue as well as of art to be established in the academy

to which he belonged. But bad as are painters, actors are still worse in this crying evil:—

‘These two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage, and each more pained
With his more tuneful neighbour than his fate.’

Painters do not work in concert, and, therefore, the evil passion confines its effect to the narrowing of their own minds, and the consequent cramping of their faculties; but, on the stage, wholesale ruin is produced by baleful envy inciting each one to injure his neighbour.

I remember being present at the *début* of a new actress, at one of the principal theatres. One of established reputation in the same part, beautiful and youthful, had taken her station in the stage-box to watch the aspirant. How horrible were the contortions of her beautiful face, on beholding any successful hit! She turned pale with envy, and then again reddened with rage. But when, towards the conclusion, there were evident marks of failure, the joy of the demon seemed to light up her countenance and sparkle in her eyes. All her beauty departed from her, and I could never again see her without pain.

There are some superior spirits, raised by mental training, above this,—but for whom, the profession of an actor would sink beneath degradation. For all this mischief they are indebted to the monopoly; and he, who needs the highest and most universal talents, is scarcely held to rank as a gentleman, because, in the pursuit of his profession, he must necessarily mingle with many worthless persons. A high and imposing actor, such as we can contemplate, should possess all those qualities which are most ennobling in real life. He must possess the faculty of poetry, or he cannot truly comprehend that which is set down for him. He must be capable of imagining a play, or he cannot truly act it; and if he can imagine it, he possesses the qualities necessary for writing one. In proof of this, our writers and players are now uniting in one person. He must possess a noble face and figure, and be free from debasing passions by the influence of a cultivated mind. He must be versed in history, in antiquity, and possess a familiar acquaintance with all the branches of costume. And who can enact Hamlet well, without possessing the mind of a philosopher? Acting does not consist in imitation; that is mere mimicry.

Painters and sculptors of the highest class are at present not in request. None can get remunerated for bestowing seven years of an existence on a single labour. There are no royal, or church patrons, as in the middle ages. State work is at an end, and private patronage cannot sufficiently remunerate; while the public, as a body, is not yet sufficiently refined for the establishment of national galleries in all the cities, to the improvement of the

national taste. This time is yet to come—but come it will, when good government shall have made education universal—that the fine arts in England will far excel all that the ancient world has produced, which is short of perfection. The accumulated knowledge of ages will be improved upon, so soon as mankind shall be convinced that the true art of procuring selfish gratification is to administer to the happiness of their fellows. I am speaking of the higher branches of the art; for there are profitable branches at present, such as copying the wretched faces and persons of wealthy individuals for hire. In this, the principal requisite is a Chinese fidelity of hand, capable of being controlled by an unblushing, ~~pandering~~ sycophancy*. This is mechanical work, like that of an engrossing clerk, to be performed by the inch or the yard; and the skilful flatterer is generally more successful at it than the skilful painter. Witness the things which exhibitions are usually saturated with, and called ‘Portrait of his or her Majesty,’ or some spare earl, or duke, or countess, or marchioness, on seeing which the lips involuntarily pronounce the quotation,

‘A tailor made thee †.’

White satin or velvet, or broad cloth or gold lace, we turn away from in disgust, to seek for the works of intellect, or the images of intellect, if they may be found. We stop at the name of Martin; and, glowing with delight at what he has achieved, we think what he might have done had ‘knowledge unfolded to him her ample page,’ ere the plastic season of youth had fled away. Martin is not one of the herd; he has a versatility of talent; and early instruction might have made of him poet, painter, sculptor, and architect; probably engineer, in addition. A painter should be all; for how can he represent the works of art, who does not understand them?

The gross ignorance displayed by many of our historical painters, must raise a smile on the countenance of an educated foreigner. It is lamentable thus to behold ignorance combined with excellence,—to see talent wasted for want of ordinary instruction. I remember, some few years back, a fine picture at the Royal Academy, entitled ‘Richard and Saladin.’ The attitudes

* I once passed a morning with an intelligent portrait-painter, highly delighted with his witty description of the various animals who came to him to be ‘done into paint.’ ‘I loath my profession—no!—*trade*,’ he said; ‘my *métier* is historical painting and composition, and I think I have talents for them; but were I to pursue them, I should starve; so, to this vile trade,—

“My poverty, but not my will, consents.”

† I have often been at a loss to know the reason of the obloquy showered upon tailors; but I suppose it must be, that they are confounded with sempsters, which is a feminine kind of employment, though not more so than that of a shoemaker. The French word ‘tailleur,’ from whence it is derived, is equivalent to ‘statuary;’ and it evidently requires some knowledge of anatomy. The Highland proverb giving ‘the measure of a well-made man’ for the tailor’s use, is evidently anatomic in its origin. **Benvenuto Cellini** was accustomed to cut out his own garments.

were fine, proportions excellent, and the differing expression of the countenances of the Christians and Saracens well kept up. The butcherly Richard wielded his war-axe with abundance of brute power, ready to strike down his Saracen foeman like an ox; and Saladin, with his shield raised to the parry, stretched out his right hand to make a sweeping blow in return. Will it be believed that, instead of the Eastern mace, effective for its bruising power on the close-linked hauberk of pliant rings, or the crescent-form scymitar, so well adapted for dissolving the connexion between heads and their appropriate shoulders, the right hand held a weapon resembling a fencing foil; and that nearly all the Saracens were weaponed in the same fashion? Even if the artist goes upon the supposition that the Saracens had abandoned their national weapon for the 'spit' sword of the Christian knights, assuredly it was not a *cutting* weapon. In the exhibition of the present year there is a very fine picture, entitled 'Archimedes.' The head is magnificent, and indicative of high intellect; but the artist has introduced, as a sign of his calling, a globe, a book, and a pair of compasses. The latter are of a make such as the ruder artizans of Spain or Germany might have produced; but the globe is such as may be seen in the shop of any optician about town, and the book is a veritable well-bound *printed* quarto of the last century. How came Archimedes by such 'appliances and means?' Let it not be said that I am hypercritical in this. If a picture profess to delineate a certain period or subject, it should be perfect in all its parts; or why give it a specific name? Why not have called 'Richard and Saladin' simply 'a battle,' and 'Archimedes' a 'philosopher.' In an undefined matter let the fancy have full play; but, in all matters of fact, let the truth be closely adhered to. To do otherwise in historic painting, is as absurd as to play 'Macbeth' in a court dress of the reign of the second George; or, to put a roller cravat round the throat of a statue, while a Roman toga or Greek mantle covers the bust, as some 'mason chields' have done. In the slang of connoisseurship, this is, I believe, said to be 'out of keeping.'

What a pity is it that our artists are not men of education, especially our historical painters! I speak generally. Their enlarged minds would then eschew baleful envy, which makes them commit as absurd actions towards their fellows, as that of the savage described by Hudibras:—

' So the wild Indian, when he spies
A man that's handsome, strong, and wise,
Thinks, if he kills him, to inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit'

But painters, to excel, should be chemists, anatomists, architects,

botanists, and generally familiar with the mechanical arts—those arts which, with so much contemptible pride, they commonly affect to look down upon. Architects are sometimes ridiculed by builders, under the name of ‘*paper constructors*,’ who can only build on paper that which could not be done with any other materials. Why is this? Because they have never made themselves familiar with the details of their subject. They handle no ‘plumb and rule,’ and they construct false theories impossible to verify in practice. Why have the Dutch paintings been so much admired? For their truth and fidelity to the subjects. I do not hold them very praiseworthy as a matter of taste; therein differing from the fourth George, whose greatest delight was, in beholding a scene of vulgarity, *i. e.*, coarse vulgarity, or a cabbage and piece of bacon, well transferred to canvass; but whence arose their accuracy? From the artist being perfectly familiar with the whole subject! There is a picture by Wilkie, of a ‘Spanish posada,’ most admirably done. Whoever is acquainted with the subject, will see, at a glance, that everything in it was familiar to the artist. The table-cloth, the salt-cellar, the salad, the table, the building, all are true to fact: that salad every traveller must recognize, and the horn spoon could bear an affidavit. The glazed cocked hats and rusty baize cloaks of the students, belong to no country on earth but Spain; and the libertine look of one of the wearers, savours of the haram-master who was his Moorish ancestor by the mother’s side. But the *posadera*, the mistress of the inn! Where but in Spain could there be found a mixer of salads, a drawer of wine from a goat-skin, a compounder of *ollas podridas*, a frier of salt fish in oil, a simmerer of garlic stews, clothed in unclean garments, with so divine a face, tempting the beholder again and again to return to it to look upon its beauty? This picture is perfect and minute as ever Dutchman painted,—true to life, and treating only of common subjects; yet, throughout, there is no spark of vulgarity. Were painters of other subjects to gird themselves with equal knowledge ere they commenced their task, how glorious might be the result! But alas! were they highly educated, they would not at this time be painters; they would become writers, if their object were the desire of fame and profit. For one person who looks upon a successful painting, perhaps one thousand look upon a successful book. The painting cannot be multiplied; the book may, and may be sent to the ends of the earth, riveting the link of connexion, perhaps, amongst millions of minds, all dwelling with pleasure on their mutual thoughts of the author. It is not in human nature to resist a temptation like unto this; for all love the approval and admiration of their fellows. A man will not waste his life for posthumous fame in one branch of art, who has it in his power to discount it for ready enjoyment in another.

There is another branch of design in which this is practicable. Martin found that his paintings, beautiful as they were, were not a profitable trade, and he became an engraver. This is to paintings what printing is to manuscripts. For one man who can or will give a thousand guineas for a painting, there are thousands who will give a guinea for an engraving. By the method of steel rollers, engravings on a small scale may be multiplied almost without limit; and the smaller engravings, by their extensive circulation, are becoming already a most powerful instrument in civilization. The effect of all beauty is to raise and ennoble the attributes of humanity,—to spread universal love. Every atom, every fibre in my material frame, every particle of what we are accustomed to designate as mind, spirit, or soul, is thrilling with this great truth. The sensations passing through my brain seem intense; the blood rushes quicker through my veins, while I dwell on it; I love *all* beauty. It is a comprehensive phrase, which I will some day take for my text.

Time was that engravings were mere daubs, wretched wooden-looking things, which, in many cases, people might have worshipped without any risk of breaking the commandment, being neither ‘the likeness of anything in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.’ But that time has passed, and people are no longer satisfied with the wooden things whose meaning it was necessary to explain by a text or quotation. They are, it is true, still far short of perfection, and this must probably be attributed, in many cases, to the want of beautiful models. These cannot, it is to be feared, be found in cold countries,—and certainly not in the countries of *stays* and neckcloths. All bandages, and all prescribed modes of sitting in formal upright postures, are destructive of beauty: they prevent the due development of the human form; and alas! in all cold climates, they must more or less prevail, though much may still be done in alleviation, whenever reason shall bear the sway to the exclusion of absurd fashion; a thing which seems distant, but which will be much accelerated by the passing of the Reform Bill, whose results should be called Legion, for they are many,—not however of evil but of good. To return to the engravings; there are some which have appeared of late, which are really worthy of the hackneyed name of ‘gems.’ I allude to the illustrations of Byron; and let me remark, *en passant*, I could wish that the art of painter and engraver were always combined, as those of physician and chemist should ever be. The editor of the ‘Black Dwarf’ used to set his types direct from his brain, without the intervention of a MS.; and engravers, being endowed with the genius of poetry, starting into design, might strike out many felicitous things by those flashes of the spirit, designated sudden inspiration; and, at any rate, their hands would thus acquire greater freedom of execution.

A schoolboy scrawls strange shapes, while looking every moment at his 'copy.'

Where is he or she who has not looked upon the lovely miniature engraving of Selim and Zuleika? Those who have not, have a new and unknown pleasure in store. Those who have, will place it where their vision may often rest upon it; for it is a treasure of no ordinary delight to those upon whom the perception of beauty has descended. Full of faults, still it is a gem, rich in silent poetry. Had I but possessed it when a child, it would have been to me a priceless treasure. Mark how beautiful looks that gentle girl, with her soft upward-turned gaze, of full, confiding, strong, but passionless affection! Look at that exquisitely rounded arm and left hand, with the taper fingers extended to touch her lover's cheek, softly as a zephyr kissing the lips of a just opening rose! The eyes have speculation in them, and discourse eloquent music, while the sweet, closed lips are motionless. See the dark hair, parted from the fair forehead, and floating in rich wavy curls over her symmetric shoulder, half burying the clasping hand of her lover! That throat, that 'gently budding breast,' that waist, which it were worth an empery to clasp; the graceful bend of the lower limbs, kneeling in affectionate devotion, and the flow of the drapery of her white robe, all combine to form an altar-piece for the worship of pure love, freed from all grosser taint! And her lover, with his Greek face, and noble throat, and his muscular but not coarse frame, his tasteful garments, and above all his manly and protecting glance, while his hand so gently clasps her, as though he feared to crush her fair form;—in sooth he is a lover worthy of a noble-minded woman's devotion.

Yet is this exquisite morsel of dumb poetry full of faults. It is painful to name them, but it were injustice to artists of such wondrous power to omit it. The slight inward bend from the straight line, which should have marked the outline of the nostril of Zuleika, we can forgive; it perhaps gives her an expression of more child-like devotion to the idol of her heart; but it was unpardonable not to pair her right hand with her left; still more so to make it as long as the entire fore-arm. This is a defect 'past all surgery;' besides, it looks as if it were dislocated; and then if the artist had not a shapelier foot in his studio, it were better to have suffered the skirt of the robe to hide it. And Selim! He was a Turk, or Moor; therefore he should not be represented as a renegade Greek. And why, in addition, disfigure him needlessly by giving him the lip and chin of a misshapen Spanish Bourbon? His turban, too, resembles a huge pumpkin. There doubtless are such; but why not select a handsome pattern, when no violence would have been done to the 'keeping' by so doing, and much service to the effect? And where got he the weapon by his side? No Turk or Moor wrought it. It is indeed 'a brand of foreign blade and hilt,' very like a Roman sword; but as

Selim is not yet in disguise,—has not yet put on the garb of the Galiongee,—why arm him with so suspicious-looking a weapon, to alarm the vigilance of old Giaffir. Then the architecture is not Turkish; it does not ‘illustrate’ the subject. The scene was a lattice-grated chamber, with pictured roof and marble floor; not a carpeted open porch. And where is the vase of rose-water, and the lute, and the ottoman of silk, and the Indian vases, and the thousand and one other prettinesses of a Mahometan apartment? The mountain in the background shows well; but what is that unsightly deformity projecting from the full trowser of Selim? Can that be meant for a human foot? What a clubbed deformity! It looks like the very hoof of ‘auld Cloutie,’ disguised in a sandal. Had Byron been in life, his jealous pride would have deemed that it meant personality. The botany seems rather of an uncertain kind; but there is a curious effect produced, probably without design. The tops of the flowers against the pillars to the left, resemble the head of a fiend, or goul, or afrit, scowling upon the lovers from amid the leafy shelter, as if in omen of the catastrophe. The Corporal Violet of the French presented not a more perfect profile.

There is another little exquisite print, still more minute, called ‘A Street in Athens.’ To the identity of this we feel ready to swear. The houses without chimneys; the church with its square white tower, and lofty belfry, and hipped roof; the lean-to against the side wall, which serves as a robing-room for the priest and a temporary deposit for dead bodies; the loophole-looking window above it near the roof: I can hear the chaunt of the service even now issuing from it. The low-domed buildings, the houses and hovels intermingled with green trees and vines and tall cypresses; the lofty pharos, and the lowly sheds, with the distant hills for a background, indistinctly seen in the summer haze; the group of merry-makers seated carelessly on the earth, and the imagination of the bright eyes cautiously peeping from the distant lattices in mysterious security,—all vividly impress us with the feeling that it is really Athens we behold. Rarely before has so much subject been so distinctly and beautifully represented in so small a space. While such things as these are done, and so cheaply, in vain shall we be preached to of the decline of the arts in England. May they increase till they cease to be numbered, and not a poor man’s cottage or chamber be devoid of them! They are amongst the silent workers of civilization, and will, in due time, bring forth good fruit. We can afford to let the higher walks of painting lie in abeyance, till these admirable instructors shall have prepared a public to appreciate them.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

NOTICES OF FRANCE.—No. 4.

[From the Commonplace-Book of an Invalid.]

French laws clear, definite, and concise—Fewer crimes in France than in England—Horrible state and effects of French law before the Revolution—Instances thereof—Vain attempts to reform—Effected by the National Assembly—Deteriorated by Bonaparte and the Bourbons—Right of the people to elect judges usurped by the former—Les Six Codes, 1831.

FRANCE has the singular honour and invaluable privilege of possessing written, definite, and tangible laws. These she owes to her revolution brought about by an obstinate opposition of the privileged orders to timely reform, which rendered all attempts effectually to ameliorate her penal codes useless. The laws of France are contained in a closely-printed duodecimo volume which any man may carry in his pocket, and which few people in that country are without, unless they prefer one of larger size and somewhat greater expense*. Besides stationary courts of justice in Paris, as in London, but possessing a more limited jurisdiction, the courts of assize in the departments are held every three months, instead of twice a year, as in England. The principles and administration of justice in France, which are so well and clearly defined that no man can fairly plead ignorance of the law in justification of its violation, forbid also justice from being perverted by the forced construction of the law on the part of the judges. The punishment of crime, therefore, upon conviction, is, as it ought to be, certain. Whatever is the cause, the commission of crime in France is far less than in England, and appears to be on the decrease. That this certainty of punishment on conviction contributes thereto, there can be no doubt; but the chief reason for this is unquestionably the greater ease with which the wants of the people are supplied in France, and the consequent lesser temptation to commit crime. In all its bearings, the subject of the French jurisprudence is one of the highest interest, not only to the citizens of that country, but to foreigners, and to none more so than to Englishmen, particularly now that the great master spirit of the age has undertaken the herculean task of legal reform in this country; for, although the French codes are by no means without their imperfections, and have been cruelly deteriorated by Bonaparte and the exiled Bourbons, they are perhaps the noblest monument to public justice ever yet erected by any nation. Before the revolution, on the caprices of a spoiled child forced into premature manhood—on the perverted understanding of the most profligate of mortals—the pampered vices of a creature

* I have in my possession an unbound volume, 4½ inches by 3, and barely 2 inches thick, entitled 'Les Six Codes en Miniature;' with Appendix, containing tables of costs and analyses, published at La Librairie Ancienne et Moderne, Palais Royal. This volume contains the Charter and all the laws of France. 1831.

of the court—on the superstition of a bigot, the freaks of a fool, or the cruelty of a tyrant—the lives and properties of the millions who were permitted to exist in that first of continental countries might absolutely depend. Nor was this all; courtiers, favourites, mistresses, could immure in dungeons, and secretly send into hopeless captivity and even solitary confinement those who displeased them; and the petty, but galling and sometimes tragical, tyrannies of the feudal lords spread their heart-withering influences everywhere. As late as in the seventeenth century, Urban Grandeur was burned at Loudon, on the borders of Touraine, at the instigation of the Cardinal Richelieu, seignior thereof, who suspected him of being the author of a libel on his eminence, but of which there being no proof, the arch-priest had him indicted for practising magic, and the depositions of the devils Ashtaroth, Asmodæus, and others, as well as those of the order of seraphims, thrones, and principalities, were actually received in evidence against this unfortunate victim of clerical wrath*! During the whole reign of Louis XV. *lettres de cachet* were sold, with blanks to be filled up at the pleasure of the purchaser; who was thus enabled, in the gratification of private revenge, to tear a man from the bosom of his family, and bury him in a dungeon, where he might live forgotten and die unknown. Arthur Young, in his *Travels in France*, relates that Lord Albemarle, when ambassador in that country, about the year 1753, calling one day on the minister for foreign affairs, was introduced into his cabinet, while the minister finished a short conversation in the room in which he usually received persons on business. As his lordship walked backward and forward in a very small room he could not help seeing a paper lying on the table, written in a large legible hand, and containing a list of the prisoners in the Bastile, the first name of which was Gordon. When the minister entered, Lord Albemarle apologized for his involuntarily remarking the paper; the other replied, that it was of no consequence, for they made no secret of the names. Lord Albemarle then said that he had seen the name of Gordon first on the list, and begged to know, as in all probability he was a British subject, on what account he had been put into the Bastile. The minister told him, that he knew nothing of the matter, but would make the proper inquiries. The next time he saw Lord Albemarle, he told him that, on inquiry into the case of Gordon, he could find no person who could give him the least information, on which he had had Gordon himself interrogated, who solemnly affirmed that he had not the smallest suspicion of the cause of his imprisonment, but that he had been confined thirty years. ‘However,’ added the minister coolly, ‘I ordered him to be immediately released, and he is now at large!’ This

* L’Histoire de Touraine, p. 284 (where further particulars of this atrocious murder are detailed). Chalmel’s *Histoire Chronologique*, &c.

anecdote requires no comment, nor was it by any means a solitary case! With such examples as these before his eyes, well might Fenelon say, in one of his Dialogues of the Dead, ‘It is necessary that a people should have written laws, always the same, and consecrated by the whole nation; that these laws should be paramount to everything else; that those who govern should derive their authority from *them* alone; possessing an unbounded power to do all the good the laws prescribe, and restrained from every act of injustice which the laws prohibit.’ These just and enlightened sentiments were published in France long before the revolution of 1789, up to which time the king’s will was the supreme law. For want of such precise and equal laws the abuses attending the collection of the taxes were almost insupportable. The kingdom was parcelled out into generalities, with an intendant at the head of each, into whose hands the whole power of the crown was delegated for all affairs of finance. The generalities were subdivided into elections, at the head of which was a sub-delegué appointed by the intendant. The rolls of the *taille*, capitation, vingtrèmes, and other taxes, were distributed amongst districts, parishes, and individuals, at *the pleasure of the intendant*, who could exempt, change, add or diminish at pleasure! And to crown all, the people were compelled to pay heavy and arbitrary imposts, from which the *nobility* and *clergy* were totally exempted! The penal code of finance, fraught with oppression and murder, was rendered more frightful by the different punishments inflicted in different provinces for the same crime, real or alleged. Thus in Provence, smugglers of salt, armed and assembled to the number of five, were fined 500 livres, and sent to the galleys for nine years, whilst in other parts of France the punishment was *death*! And to add insult to injustice, all families liable to the *taille*, in certain provinces were enrolled, and their daily consumption of salt fixed by the tax-gatherer, which they were forced to buy whether they wanted it or not, under the penalty of heavy fines*.

Happily, the law of France rests no longer on tradition, or the *ipse dixit* of judges, or the will of tax-gatherers, or other arbitrary or feudal power; and, therefore, in the study of it, reference to never-ending and not unfrequently conflicting decisions, or to the passions or prejudices of the great, whether of the laity or clergy, is no longer a necessary part of the system. These results of a recently-formed code, in the construction of which the benefits to be derived from the application of the knowledge of an enlightened age to the principles of jurisprudence have been rendered available, are consolidated into a compact and definite shape. Formerly—that is, before the revolution of 1789—not only each province had its peculiar code, some formed on the Roman law, others on tradition and local custom, and the whole replete with

* Young’s Travels in France. Cahiers of 1789.

ambiguity and inconsistency; but *some* processes took place before the king, and others before the seigneur, or lord of the district. These judges had a power of punishment, the dreadful abuses and oppression of which were but too well known and felt at the time, though too little remembered in ours. They, as well as the seneschals and baillés, who ranked a degree higher than the judge appointed by the feudal tyrants, were entitled to decide in civil cases, subject, however, to appeal to one of the thirteen parliaments of the kingdom; which, composed solely of judges and public officers of rank, in the appointment of whom the people had no share, were still more unlike what Englishmen conceive parliaments ought to be, than those which the alterations occasioned by the lapse of ages, and the still more innovating and pestilential miasmata of corruption and undue influence, so justly deprived of the confidence, and subjected to reproach and detestation in their own country. The dispensation of justice (as it was called) in manorial courts, comprised every species of despotism; the districts indeterminate, appeals endless, litigations multiplied, chicanery triumphant, expenses enormous, and ruin the final lot of most of the suitors. The judges are represented to have been ignorant pretenders, who held their courts in cabarets (pot-houses), and who were the tools of the seigneurs *. In most of the provinces the people were bound to grind their corn and to press their grapes at the mill and the press of the lord only, and to bake their bread at no oven but his. Thus, besides the other hardships, vexations, and oppressions, the bread was often spoilt, and the wine more especially, since, in Champagne, the grapes which, when pressed immediately, would make white wine, often made red wine only, in consequence of waiting for the press, which often happened. Amongst other *services*, almost without end, by which the peasants were tortured in Brittany, there was one called 'Silence des Grenouilles,' which required, that when the lady of the chateau lay in, the people should beat the waters day and night in marshy districts, to keep the frogs silent, that she might not be disturbed †. The administration of justice throughout, says Arthur Young, was *partial, venal, infamous*; the conduct of the parliaments *profligate and atrocious*. In almost every cause which came before them, interest was openly made with the judges; and woe betided the man who, with a cause to support, had no means of conciliating favour, either by the beauty of a handsome wife, or by some other method ‡. These monstrous defects, anomalies, and abuses, had not failed to excite the attention, and to rouse the indignation of some of the most eminent lawyers of France, early in the eighteenth cen-

* See the representations made to government on this subject about the period of the revolution, by the states of Rennes, Nivernois, and by the tiers états of Clermont, Auxerre, Vannes, &c. &c.

† Young's Travels in France, 4to Edit., p. 537.

No. 73.

‡ Idem.

C

tury; and amendments in her civil code were attempted by L'Hôpital and Lamoignon, with but little beneficial effect. The Chancellor d'Aguesseau introduced some important enactments, regarding testaments, successions, and donations; various regulations for improving the forms of procedure; for ascertaining the limits of jurisdictions; and for effecting greater uniformity in the execution of the laws throughout the different provinces. His reforms, however, were far from radical; and he has even been reproached by the Duc de St. Simon and others, with confessedly retaining lucrative abuses,—acknowledging that he '*could not bring his mind to a step which would so grievously diminish the profits of the law.*'

The preponderating influence of the court, operating, no doubt, both perceptibly and imperceptibly on the Chancellor's mind, overpowered his moral courage. Unequal to so mighty a task, he was assailed on every side and in every way which the ingenuity of the lawyers, the influence of the court, the treacherous smiles of seductive persuasion, and the dreaded frowns of power could devise, and with all his good intentions and the excellence of the cause he had undertaken, he was baffled, disarmed, and subdued; leaving to posterity a memorable example of the failure of the best and most upright endeavours to effect reform, unless supported by *the unequivocal expression and powerful influences of public opinion*. This abortive attempt of the Chancellor appears to have materially influenced his success in future public life; for when he afterwards interfered to reconcile the disputes between the parliament and the court, his mediation gave no satisfaction to either party; both became dissatisfied with him; the one reproaching him for deserting their cause, whilst the other charged him with a too great leaning to it. It was, perhaps, too much to expect from mortal man, situated as the Chancellor d'Aguesseau was, to touch with unsparing hand the abuses by which so many powerful individuals and great public bodies profited. And thus these enormities were doomed to accumulate till past bearing: the besom of destruction only could sweep the Augean stable. After M. d'Aguesseau's failure, no other persons seem to have endeavoured to stem the torrent of judiciary corruption; so that this glorious task was reserved for the National Assembly of France; the members of which, many of them lawyers, did themselves immortal honour by reducing the whole of this revolting and inharmonious mass of absurdities and injustice into one simple uniform system. The seignoral judges were replaced by justices of the peace, and every district of importance (arrondissement) obtained its court, or *tribunal de première instance*. The higher courts were not erected till afterwards; but the judges of every description *were elected by the inhabitants of the province*,—a right which continued with them until the usurpation of Napoleon Bonaparte. The whole of the code, owing to the

manner in which the regular course of the revolution had been impeded at every step, was not completed till the beginning of the present century; when, but at different periods, it was promulgated under the great military despot*, and gave to the jurisprudence and judicial constitution of France nearly the form it at present bears, excepting that the Cinque Codes, as the whole was called by the restored Bourbons after their return, has added to them an appendix and a sixth code, called Code Forestier; so that the prefix *cinque* has been exchanged for that of *six*†.

M.

ON THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND WORKS OF DR. PRIESTLEY.†—
ART. 1.

WHEN a new planet is discovered, it requires time to assign it its true place in the solar system. The observer must know his own movements, or he may pronounce its progressive course to be retrograde; and he must trace it through many degrees of its track, before he can lay down its course, and estimate its speed, and measure its eccentricity. And a great and luminous mind cannot have its just position in the social system allotted at once: the more so as the moral vision of mankind has no achromatic wherewith to penetrate the deep spaces of intellect. It will be long before the first confident speculations on the new phenomenon give place to the computations of truth and reason. Presumption will maintain that it is but a meteor, soon to dip below the horizon; superstition will broadly hint that anything which swims so near the source of light and heat endangers the world's temperature, and will burn us up as it sweeps by; and many are the years, on whose darkness it must shine, ere its course be traced, and it be found to be humanity's morning and evening star. The time necessary for the appreciation of a conspicuous mind will vary according to the nature of its genius and the state of society in which it is put forth; but in proportion as it addresses itself to the general mind, and finds access to the general mind, will a true verdict be speedily passed. Large masses of men are more just, more discerning, more generous, than small; more ashamed of all petty passions; less inclined to idolatry on the one hand, and to envy on the other. Imaginative genius, which in these days speaks to a splendid audience, standing amid an am-

* Code Civil was promulgated 5th March, 1803. Code de Procédure Civile, 14th April, 1806. Code de Commerce, 10th September, 1806. Code d'Instruction Criminelle, 17th Nov., 1808. Code Penal, 2nd Feb., 1810.

† The whole of these (codes) laws of France cost 6 francs, or 5s. English.

‡ The Theological and Miscellaneous Works of Joseph Priestley, LL.D., F.R.S., in twenty-five volumes. Edited, with Notes, by John Towill Rutt. Vol. i. Life and Correspondence.

phitheatre of nations, receives an answer of glorious acclaim to its cry of '*plaudite*,' while originality in science, in theology, and even in political philosophy, appreciable at first only by schools and sects of men, waits for justice till the school or the sect becomes, in numbers and intelligence, co-extensive with society at large. Scott and Byron have received the homage of their own times; but such men as Priestley or Bentham must wait the revolutions of opinion, and the regeneration of social institutions, before the due rites of honour are enacted over their graves.

Posterity, like Providence, rewards men according to their deeds. To their tribunal oblivion must give up its dead. What place will then be allotted to Dr. Priestley, among the benefactors of mankind, we will not presume to decide; sure we are it will be no mean one. And, in the meanwhile, it is evident that the time is approaching for a correct and final estimate of his merits. His contemporaries, with their indiscriminate praise or censure, have, for the most part, retired from the scene; and a new generation, partly educated by his writings, and able to bear testimony to their influence, has stepped into their place. The physical science to which, for many years, he brought his annual tribute of discovery, has advanced another stage; and, apart from all rivalry and controversy, can afford to be just to his memory, and to devote a chapter of true history to its own historian. The philosophy of mind is deserting the favourites, whose contempt was too strong for his living fame, and ranks among its just masters men who expound principles akin to his. In some measure his political sympathies seem to have been bequeathed to this generation, and the chains have been broken, for numbering whose links he became an outcast and an exile. And in theology he has had successors, who have, in some measure, diverted from him the odium which he was wont to bear exclusively: theology, however, is singularly tardy in its justice, and a fame locked up in theology is scarcely more hopeful than an estate locked up in Chancery. For a fair estimate of this extraordinary man, the advantages afforded by the complexion of the times are enhanced by the new biographical materials which have been laid before us by Mr. Rutt. These materials consist of Dr. Priestley's letters to his most intimate friends, extending in an almost unbroken series through the greater part of his life, and appended by the editor to the several sections of his autobiography. We were disposed at first to wish that more selection had been used, and that many letters, which convey no new impression of the writer's character, no indication of the spirit of his times, had been omitted; and that, notwithstanding the amount of interesting small talk which is crowded into the notes, they had been occasionally in a less excursive style of illustration. But in both these particulars it is possible that the editor may have consulted the public taste as well as his own vast stock of dissenting lore. His errors (if

errors they be) are those of an affectionate and faithful memory ; and the interest which, in the earlier portion of the biography, is weighed down by the indiscriminate mass of correspondence, is powerfully revived towards the close of the volume by the letters from America. It would be difficult to find, throughout the whole range of epistolary literature, anything more touching than these letters, more pictorial than the impression they convey of the aged philosopher in his banishment, inspired by his fate to struggle with the shocks of circumstances, sustaining cheerfulness and devising good in the midst of his solitary sorrows, and feeding still an interior energy amid the waste of years. His seclusion there, seems like an appointed interval between two worlds,—a central point of observation between time and eternity. There is a quietude in his letters, which gives them the aspect of letters from the dead ; all the activity of life appears in them as viewed in retrospect, and yet the peace of Heaven is still but in prospect ; and they send forth tones of indescribable melancholy, which, travelling over one of the world's broadest oceans, seem like communings from an unearthly state. Yet it is not that the Christian sufferer himself desponds ; the melancholy is not in him, but in the reader ; and it is the wonder that he could uphold his spirit so nobly, which deepens the pathos of his history. It is obvious, throughout, that his self-possessed serenity comes from the past and the future, and not from the present ; and there is a simplicity, a reality, in his repeated allusions to his approaching immortality, which makes us feel perpetually that, step by step, we are passing with the venerable man to his grave, to meet him on the morrow in a home whence there is no exile.

But we are anticipating. Not that we shall attempt any chronological narrative of Dr. Priestley's life : our readers will, we trust, seek that from the volume whose title stands at the head of this article ;—a volume which, by recording not so much the events as the labours, the feelings, the habits, the discipline, the opinions, of a life ; by exhibiting the successive phases of a mind passing from darkness towards full-orbed truth, fulfils the expectations with which the student of human nature has a right to turn to biography. This volume brings to a close Mr. Rutt's protracted and, we fear, ill-requited labours, as editor of Dr. Priestley's *Theological and Miscellaneous Works* ; and we would avail ourselves of the opportunity to present our readers with an analysis of Dr. Priestley's character as a theologian, a *physician*, a metaphysician, a moralist, and a Christian.

Few problems are more difficult than to determine the proportion between the internal and the external causes which create great minds. When genius, oppressed with difficulties, toils its way upwards to the light, it is not the difficulty that creates the genius, or every man who wrote in a garret might be a Johnson or a Sheridan. Still less when it flutters in the atmosphere of

courts, is it the warmth of throned patronage which tempts its powers into life, or every minion of royalty might be a Horace or a Southey. No mind can possess real power which does not impress you with the conviction that, wherever planted, it would have found for itself a greatness; and the office of circumstances is but to trace the track of its energies. When the stream, born among the hills, tumbles its waters into the valley, it has its first channel determined by the mountain surface, turned aside by pinnacles of rock, and invited by the yielding alluvial soil; but its ceaseless chafing loosens and rolls away the rugged masses that break its current, and makes for it a new and a freer way. And minds which are to fertilize the world, may have the windings of their genius traced by influences from without; but the same mighty will by which they first burst forth to precipitate themselves on the world below, will undermine the most frowning barriers of circumstances, and carve out fresh courses for their power. Though Dr. Priestley would not have been unknown to the world had he, in conformity with an intention once entertained, been doomed to a counting-house in Lisbon, it is not difficult to discern several groups of events which exercised a deep and lasting influence upon his character, and determined the relation in which he should stand to society. The first of these is to be found in his early religious education, which was conducted on the old puritanical model of constraint and rigour. There is little doubt that he is right in ascribing to this cause the deep sense of religion which he maintained through life. His was not one of those minds which are necessarily devotional,—which, under all conceivable adjustments of circumstances, betray their affinity with Heaven—whose religious sympathies, instead of being suppressed by neglect or overborne by the tide of adverse influence, would, like air entangled in the ocean-depths, rise the more buoyantly to their native element. Such a mind was Heber's, of which you can no more think as without piety, than you can of colour without extension. Deprive it of this central attribute, and there remains an impossible combination of qualities; but Dr. Priestley's other qualities might have existed independently of his devotion, without any violation of the order of nature. In the language of logicians, it was his *property*, not his *essential difference*. And, accordingly, we believe that, for its full and permanent development, a systematic and stimulant discipline was needed; and this was abundantly administered in the coarse excitement and Sabbatarian severity of a Calvinistic education. His acknowledgment of the miseries accompanying its benefits is remarkable among the confessions of orthodoxy:—

‘ The weakness of my constitution, which often led me to think that I should not be long-lived, contributed to give my mind a still more serious turn; and having read many books of *experiences*, and, in consequence, believing that a *new birth*, produced by the imme-

mediate agency of the spirit of God, was necessary to salvation, and not being able to satisfy myself that I *had* experienced anything of the kind, I felt occasionally such distress of mind as it is not in my power to describe, and which I still look back upon with horror. Notwithstanding I had nothing very material to reproach myself with, I often concluded that God had forsaken me, and that mine was like the case of Francis Spira, to whom, as he imagined, repentance and salvation were denied. In that state of mind I remember reading the account of 'the man in the iron cage,' in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with the greatest perturbation.

'I imagine that even these conflicts of mind were not without their use, as they led me to think habitually of God and a future state. And though my feelings were then, no doubt, too full of terror, what remained of them was a deep reverence for divine things, and in time a pleasing satisfaction which can never be effaced, and, I hope, was strengthened as I have advanced in life, and acquired more rational notions of religion. The remembrance, however, of what I sometimes felt in that state of ignorance and darkness, gives me a peculiar sense of the value of rational principles of religion, and of which I can give but an imperfect description to others.

'As *truth*, we cannot doubt, must have an advantage over *error*, we may conclude that the want of these peculiar feelings is compensated by something of greater value, which arises to others from always having seen things in a just and pleasing light; from having always considered the Supreme Being as the kind parent of all his offspring. This, however, not having been my case, I cannot be so good a judge of the effects of it. At all events, we ought always to inculcate just views of things, assuring ourselves that *proper* feelings and *right* conduct will be the consequence of them.'—pp. 12, 13.

'Though, after I saw reason to change my opinions, I found myself incommoded by the rigour of the congregation with which I was connected, I shall always acknowledge, with great gratitude, that I owe much to it. The business of religion was effectually attended to in it. We were all catechised in public till we were grown up, servants as well as others: the minister always expounded the Scriptures with as much regularity as he preached; and there was hardly a day in the week in which there was not some meeting of one or other part of the congregation. On one evening there was a meeting of the young men for conversation and prayer. This I constantly attended, praying extempore with others, when called upon.

'At my aunt's there was a monthly meeting of women, who acquitted themselves in prayer as well as any of the men belonging to the congregation. Being at first a child in the family, I was permitted to attend their meetings, and growing up insensibly, heard them, after I was capable of judging. My aunt, after the death of her husband, prayed every morning and evening in her family, until I was about seventeen, when that duty devolved upon me.

'The Lord's-day was kept with peculiar strictness. No victuals were dressed on that day in any family. No member of it was permitted to walk out for recreation, but the whole of the day was spent at the public meeting, or at home in reading, meditation and prayer, in the family or the closet.'—p. 15—17.

A question of great moment is here suggested. Unitarianism has been tried upon two generations: has the experiment justified Dr. Priestley's faith in the devotional influences of truth? Or, for illustrations of the spirituality which may be conjoined with heterodoxy, must we still point to minds which, like his, have emerged from Calvinism, and may be supposed to have brought their piety thence? With the most fervent confidence in the moral power of truth, it may yet be doubted whether the largest portion of Unitarian piety has not been imported from orthodoxy; and hence many have been led to conclusions favourable to the rigid system of religious education. The fact may be admitted, and the inference denied. It is in no case the rigour, the ceremonialism, that makes the saint; regarded by itself, its whole tendency is to produce mental imbecility and disgust and unbelief; and wherever it has existed as a system,—whenever it has been made the instructor's main reliance,—these effects, and no others, have followed; not a gleam of emotion, not an impulse of holy desire, has ever come from it. But, long as it has been the receptacle of all the soul of orthodoxy, it would be strange if its machinery had not often been plied by those who have made it the vehicle of their own piety, and have sent through its dead materials that living earnestness of mind, in love of which the young will often undergo much that would else be tedious and revolting. Wherever Sabbatarianism has fallen into such hands, a devotional feeling has resulted,—not, indeed, from the system, but from its preceding spirit. To revive the stiff regimen of our forefathers, because it sent forth a Priestley and a Lindsay, would be like re-enacting the Mosaic law, in expectation of another 'sweet singer of Israel.' A ritual system can no more create a soul, than the study of Greek metres can make a poet. It does not, however, follow, because sabbatical constraint fails to awaken piety, that laxity must certainly succeed; and we rejoice to believe that Unitarians are beginning to perceive the error of this retaliative logic;—that, while they discard the enthralling formalities which rendered their fathers more superstitious than devout, they feel, in some degree, the solemn responsibilities of a spiritual faith;—that, while they rely as little as ever on mere externals of devotion, they think more of its interior spirit, and study more earnestly the means for its nurture.

Whilst we admit that the conflicts of mind which Dr. Priestley describes, may have occasioned a permanent susceptibility to religious emotion, we maintain that it was his subsequent conversion which gave that susceptibility its only value. His mental sufferings were accurate corollaries from his faith; and his mind was too clear-sighted, too sincere, too literal, too little imaginative, speedily to have effected an escape from them which nothing but self-deception and enthusiasm could have accomplished. And where, we would ask, is the efficacy of religious emotion so

miserably perverted? Neither inspiring holiness, nor infusing peace, its influence on the active powers is purely paralytic, and on the passive, torture. There is no charm in devotional anguish, more than in any other, which should make it a thing to be desired; and self-persecution without reformation,—tears wrung, not from the conscience, but from the creed, are only new items in the account of human misery. It was not, then, till the reverential feelings towards the object of faith which those struggles implied, were transplanted into a brighter system,—not till they took their place in a religion of duty instead of dogma,—not till they changed their character from tormentors to motives—from abjectness to love,—that they brought with them any blessing to the mind. Calvinism, like the magicians of Egypt, could poison and taint the salubrious stream; true religion, like the prophet's rod, could alone convert the current of blood into the waters of fertility.

The next important circumstance of his life was his conversion; an event which, from its permanent influence on his external relations and his internal habits, forms the most momentous change in his personal history; and, from its vast, and still increasing effect on the state of opinion in this country, marks an era in the annals of our national Christianity. It was brought about by the same qualities of mind which had sunk him in the agonizing humiliation of orthodoxy—we mean his plain-dealing with himself. It is not to the presumptuous, but to the humble, not to the self-ignorant, but to the clear-minded, student of their own nature, that the shade of Calvinism, like that of the fabled Upas tree, proves itself, instead of a sheltering influence, a sickening and a deadly blight. Had Dr. Priestley exercised more self-adulation and less perspicacity in his dealings with his own mind, he might have emerged from his gloomy terrors, into the comfortable persuasion of his own saintship; but the same sincerity which prevented his confounding the operations of his own thoughts with the agency of the Holy Spirit, prevented him also from mistaking the prepossessions of education for the fulness of evidence. There never was a movement of opinion more purely characteristic than that of Dr. Priestley. It was performed exclusively by the natural gravitation of his own faculties, with the least possible share of impulse from external causes. It was his 'call;' and we wish that every call which orthodoxy records, were as simply a transaction between God and the believer's own mind: it was his 'new creation,' the brooding of God's spirit, *i. e.*, his own intelligence and conscience, over the chaos of a rude creed, and bidding light to struggle through the mass, and the elements to fall into a fairer order. That the change was progressive, extending over sixteen years, not only assimilates it to all that is good in God's providence, but indicates its independent character. The opinions which he ultimately embraced

were nowhere embodied as a whole at the commencement of his inquiries; some of them were not in existence, and the rest were barely accessible, scattered through many dissimilar writers,—rather hinted than stated; and, if deemed worthy of mention for their curiosity, requiring apology for their profaneness.

The collective adoption of the peculiarities constituting modern Unitarianism would then have been unnatural, and their adoption from the dictation of others' minds impossible. Throughout the whole process of theological change which Dr. Priestley's opinions underwent, his transition from low Arianism to Humanitarianism, which was the last important step, is the only one in which the reasonings of a predecessor exerted a perceptible influence; and this was occasioned by the writings of Dr. Lardner, the study of whom is the study of truth, and to be persuaded by whom must be a pure concession to evidence. Throughout every other stage of his conversion, Dr. Priestley was his own commentator; his inquiries followed the order of his own doubts; his evidence was collected and arranged by his own assiduity; and his conclusions drawn by the absolutely solitary exercise of his own intellect.

He has been accused, and by an authority which gives weight to the accusation, of having imbibed from his age a spirit of innovation. We apprehend that the charge involves a material error with regard both to his character and his times. A more stationary condition of the social mind than that in which his opinions commenced, matured, and almost completed their progress, could not perhaps be selected from the last two centuries of English history: the underworkings of the earthquake had doubtless commenced in France; the interior power which was to burst through the crust of institutions, and rock the nations in alarm, was 'getting up its steam;' but of this not the most penetrating had a glimpse; all was quiet on the surface, not a growl was heard, not a vibration felt. Had it even been otherwise, Dr. Priestley could have been little affected, in the early part of his life, by the political occurrences of the Continent, for he was not then in a position either to receive or to impart the influence supposed: he was not then the admired philosopher, the conspicuous sectary, the obnoxious subject,—but the poor, secluded, unpopular preacher of a small market-town. The relative chronology of his opinions is curious. Not only were his changes of mind in complete anticipation of the stimulating period which closed the last century, but some of his most startling sentiments were the earliest embraced: he had maintained the inconclusiveness of St. Paul's reasoning, gone all lengths with the doctrine of necessity, and rejected his belief in divine influence, before he had been in the ministry three years. And on the other hand, when the time of restless theory came, and all old opinions were loosened, and the whole creed of society, political, social, and religious, was broken up for reconstruction, his convictions had been made up; he had

not to take up his opinions amid the maddening excitement which, in the eagerness to enthrone reason, thrust her from her seat; calmer moments had been devoted to the task, and in the retrospect of his own mind he saw an epitome of the mental revolution whose rapid transitions were hurrying by. Hence the steady posture which he assumed amid all the revelry of speculation which he witnessed: hence, with all his exultation in the new prospect which seemed to open upon society, he appeared as a conservator, no less frequently than as an assailant, of existing opinions. It would indeed be difficult to select from the benefactors of mankind, one who was less acted upon by his age, whose convictions were more entirely independent of sympathy; in the whole circle of whose opinions you can set down so little to the prejudgments of education, to the attractions of friendship, to the perverse love of opposition, to the contagion of prevailing taste; or to any of the irregular moral causes which, independently of evidence, determine the course of human belief. We do not assert that he was not precipitate: we do not say that he cast away no gems of truth in clearing from the sanctuary the dust of ages; we do not deny that, in his passion for simplification, he did sometimes run too rapidly through a mystery, and propound inconsiderate explanations of things deeper than his philosophy. But we maintain that his sources of fallacy, whatever they were, were within, and not from without; that he was no man for the second-hand errors of indolent or imitative intellects; that his faults were all those of a searching, copious, and original mind.

We have said that Dr. Priestley's theological inquiries followed the order of his doubts: his conversion followed the order of his inquiries; his publications, the order of his conversion; and his influence, the order of his publications. Hence in part has arisen among Unitarians a conventional arrangement of their theological peculiarities, always beginning with the question respecting the person of Christ, and ending with Universal Restoration. Every complete published defence of their tenets, and almost every systematic course of public lectures in their chapels, exhibits this particular sequence of faith. It was not unnatural that the order of investigation should become, in Dr. Priestley's mind, the order of importance: in each succeeding inquiry he would use, in addition to its independent evidence, the conclusion established in the preceding; and, at the end of the process, the first step would seem to be more purely and directly drawn from Scripture, and the next to be of a more inferential character. The order of discovery, however, is seldom the best order of proof; nor are either the best order for popular exposition; and we think it, on some accounts, unfortunate that Unitarianism has disposed itself so inflexibly along the graduated scale marked out by the steps of its modern explorers. Whether we regard it as the negation of

orthodoxy, or contemplate it as a set of positive and harmonious truths, this restriction is unnecessary. The ingenious construction of the popular system, which indissolubly cements together its several dogmas, has its perils as well as its advantages. If any one of its tenets, on finding entrance into the mind, introduces its companions in its train, any one of them, on its departure, opens an exit for all the rest. It matters little then where you begin the assault; the battery of your logic is circular, and, commence the fire where you may, will sweep the field. Or take the more interesting view of Unitarian Christianity, as a cluster of positive doctrines, and the same remark holds good. With far less of the artificial ingenuity of system than the prevalent theology, it has still the natural harmony of truth; and the affinities which blend together its parts are so close, as to spread a chain of delicate yet unbroken influence through the whole; and communicate the first spark of thought where you will, it will shoot from link to link to the farthest extremity. Unitarianism, we think, must discover more variety in its resources, must avail itself of more flexibility of appeal, must wield in turn its critical, its philosophical, its social, its poetical, its devotional powers, before it gain its destined ascendancy over the mind of Christendom. With great respect for the able contributions which Christian truth has received from its departed champions, we still must regard them as *only* contributions; and think that the controversy must be again and again rewritten, and its whole form recast, before it may begin to number its triumphs.

Though no external influences could produce that extraordinary versatility which characterized Dr. Priestley, the circumstances in his history which tended to encourage it are not unworthy of a passing notice. During the lapse of seven years from the termination of his college life, he found himself in three different situations, each presenting strong, and almost exclusive motives to a separate class of pursuits. First came a ministry of three years in a small country-town, affording no occasions of active duty, and no distractions of society. Compelled to live on thirty pounds a-year, watched, suspected, and partially deserted, by a congregation whose piety vented itself in dread of heterodoxy, and finding little congenial sentiment among his neighbouring brethren, he devoted himself entirely to theological study, for which alone his library afforded him scope. Next he was a schoolmaster at Nantwich, under the same inability which every conscientious schoolmaster feels, to attend to anything beyond the duties of his office; and accordingly we here find him studying grammar and language. Thence he removed to Warrington, and there gave himself up with astonishing energy to the preparation of lectures on the theory of language, on oratory and the belles lettres, on history and general policy;—a class of topics almost entirely new

to him, and for excellence in which there was little provision in the predominant qualities of his mind. Yet, what he wanted of the critic's delicate perception, he compensated by the philosopher's comprehensive views ; and though his labours in these departments may not be destined to live, there is in his treatment of his subjects, a breadth and magnitude and metaphysical spirit, which contrasts favourably with the small and superficial criticism of his predecessors in the same field. In his conception of his object he is as much their superior, as he is inferior to the noble school of German critics, whose genius has, in our own day, penetrated the mysteries, and analyzed the spirit, of poetry and the arts.

Before he quitted his office of tutor, and after he had completed the composition of his lectures, an introduction to Dr. Price and Dr. Franklin gave the first impulse to his philosophical pursuits. Whether this event be estimated by its effect on his fame or by that upon his character, it must be regarded as among the most important in his life. The unparalleled ardour with which he prosecuted his newly-acquired objects, and the signal success by which it was at once recompensed and stimulated, soon rendered it manifest that his intellect had found its appropriate direction ; and from this time, until his career was checked by persecution, he continued to give to the world a series of discoveries, capable of comparison, in their variety and productiveness, with the achievements of the most honoured names in the records of physical science. Of the qualities of mind which he brought to the study of nature and her laws, it will be our business to speak hereafter : we notice his philosophical pursuits here, merely as they relate to the history of his character. Great as their influence upon him was, they wrought no revolution, no change, in his habits and feelings. All that he had been he continued to be ; all that he had done he continued to do. Their operation was one of pure addition. They extended his reverential gaze on creation over a wider field ; they quickened his marvellous activity ; they expanded his benevolence ; they deepened his piety ; they illustrated his own principle, that every intellectual and moral attainment sheds illumination on every other, and that mental power multiplies itself indefinitely : and they completed that rare combination of qualities by which, in an age of infidelity and of arbitrary power, science, liberty, and religion, all found in him a fitting representative.

Thus much we have said respecting the circumstances which were most deeply concerned in determining the career of this eminent philosopher and divine. Our readers may wonder that we have omitted to notice the two most remarkable events of his history, — his persecution at Birmingham and his retreat to America. The truth is, that the most romantic passages of

human life are not always the most influential; our object has been, not to furnish an interesting narrative, but to sketch the records of a mind; and we think that the occurrences just mentioned, taking place as they did, in the maturity of Dr. Priestley's mind, were means rather of indicating and developing than of forming his character. They will find, therefore, a more appropriate place in a future paper, in which we propose to attempt an analysis of that character in its intellectual, moral, and religious relations.

TENNYSON'S POEMS*.

IN the autumn of 1830, when the last desperate blow of despotism struck sparks that fired the mine beneath the palaces of the elder Bourbons; when barricades were piled, and sabres clashed, and musketry and cannon roared, and Fury with her thousand weapons fought in the streets of Paris; when the rainbow tricolor again spanned the political heavens, and the shouts of French victory were echoed back by those of British gratulation; when stimulated by the strife, the Spirit of Reform in this country roused itself from seeming torpor, and girded itself for conflict with the great captain of the age and all corruption's hosts, and raised its voice for that inspiring shout which rallied the friends of freedom through England, Scotland, and Ireland,—it was our blessed hap to escape awhile from the feverish and tumultuous scene, with a little book which no flourish of newspaper trumpets had announced, and in whose train no reviewers had waved their banners, but which made us feel that a poet had arisen in the land, and that there was hope for man in powers and principles and enjoyments which flow, a deep and everlasting under-current, beneath the stormy surface of political changes and conflicts. We profess no indifference to the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire, but that still small voice sunk profoundly into our hearts, breathing a calmer and a holier hope. It was the poetry of truth, nature, and philosophy; and above all, it was that of a young man, who, if true to himself and his vocation, might charm the sense and soul of humanity, and make the unhewn blocks in this our wilderness of society move into temples and palaces. The enjoyment of that hour of the spirit's rest, and of its revival to breathe the morning air of a purer day, came back upon us when we saw that there was another volume of poems by Alfred Tennyson; that to our little book a brother book was born,—and when we found it so

* 1. *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, by Alfred Tennyson.—Wilson, 1830. 2. *Poems*, by A. Tennyson.—Moxon, 1833.

like and so lovely in its likeness, even with less shade of difference than any of his own 'dualisms.'

'Two bees within a crystal flower-bell rockéd,
 Hum a love-lay to the west wind at noontide,—
 Both alike they buzz together,
 Both alike they hum together
 Through and through the flowered heather:
 Where in a creeping cove the wave, unshockéd,
 Lays itself calm and wide,
 Over a stream two birds of glancing feather
 Do woo each other, carolling together,—
 Both alike they glide together,
 Side by side;
 Both alike they sing together,
 Arching blue-glossed necks beneath the purple weather.
 Two children, lovelier than Love, adown the lea are singing,
 As they gambol, lily garlands ever stringing,—
 Both in blosm-white silk are frockéd,
 Like, unlike, they roam together,
 Under a summer vault of golden weather;
 Like, unlike, they sing together,
 Side by side,
 Mid May's darling golden-lockéd,
 Summer's tanling diamond-eyed.'—Vol. i. p. 145.

With the exception of the above lines, we shall confine our quotations to the volume just published. Our remarks on the author, and our reference to his poems, will apply, and be made indiscriminately to both volumes.

As fruit hath its inner core and its outer rind, and, in the perfection of its ripeness, when the one is become most rich and mellow for the taste, the other is most soft to the touch and lovely to the sight; and, as in man, there are the organs of sense without, and the faculties of intellect and feeling within; the one the eye that beams in light, the voice that speaks in music, and the other the brain that works and the heart that throbs; so has perfect poetry its inner spirit of deep and rich significance, and its outer shell of melody and varied loveliness. The true poet is compounded of the philosopher and the *artiste*. His nervous organization should have internally the tenacity which will weave into the firmest web of solid thought, and in his sense, externally, be tremulous as the strings of an *Æolian* harp, that quiver in every breeze, but ever tremble tunefully. The author has a large endowment of both these qualities, yielding, perhaps, among poets of modern fame, only to Wordsworth in the one, and only to Coleridge in the other; and affording, by their combination, a promise, which the world requires and needs of him—not to doom to the bitterness of disappointment.

The music of poetry is as far from having been cultivated to

the perfection of which it is capable as the poetry of music. The latter is yet in its infancy, kept and crippled there, by the affectations of fashion, the mean arts of trading masters, the theatrical monopoly, and the want of that popular taste which only a more rational and more extensive system of education can efficiently cultivate. How far the former had advanced in the poetry of antiquity, it is as impossible for us to ascertain as it is to call Homer from the dead to chaunt his own verses. There is melody, even yet, in our barbarian pronunciation of the Greek metres ; probably as like the original as the sharp tappings of a drum to the soft, long breathings of a flute ; but the tune itself is gone with the tongue that sung it, and the ear that heard, and the nerves that thrilled, and the eyes that glistened at it. We are left, by inference, to believe or not, as we may, that they who could chisel the form of Apollo, knew also how to string his harp, and that their fingers touched it deftly. However that may be, in our own language the art of poetical melody has gradually advanced like any other art. The great masters may have boasted themselves to 'feed on thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers;' but the seeming spontaneity was only a facility derived from their general power and excellence. It is the same as in music: Marielli will improvise passages of the most difficult execution—because the piano-forte, with all its capabilities, is to her as a plaything ; but those vivid thoughts and feelings to which she makes the instrument give utterance, would lack their expression by less practised and skilful fingers. Only the habitually laborious can efficiently extemporize. Great poets have become so, however rude the age in which they lived, by acquired mastery of the powers of language, as an instrument not only of sense but sound. The construction of their verse grows into a study, in which the elements and principles are traced, derived from nature and the genius of a language, of the art of verbal harmony ; and by these the superior workman is taught, and the critic is guided, and the dull sense is quickened, and the finer organization is gratified and perfected, and yet more and more of this purer species of sensual enjoyment is ministered.

No writer seems to have studied more, or, considering the quantity of his productions, has done so much, by means of this art, as the author of these poems. Some lines, for their soft and easy flowing, others for their stately march, their dancing measure, or their luscious sweetness, might be culled from his writings, which have never been surpassed, and which it would be difficult to match. The verses which claim this kind of praise, in a high degree, abound in both volumes. We scarcely know whether to consider it as a defect that, in the pursuit of this object, he has recourse to several unusual artifices, such as the full pronunciation of the final *ed*, the elision of the *w*, when preceded by a consonant, and the occasional use of obsolete words.

The perfection of the melody is thus preserved unimpaired, and a quaint and rich character imparted, though at the hazard of the charge of affectation.

The author is a mental philosopher, as the greatest poets have ever been, and as every poet of these later ages must be, to take distinguished or permanent rank. The first onset of poetry conquered the external world, and erected as trophies descriptions of object and action never to be surpassed: but observation has yielded the foremost place to reflection, in ministering to poetical genius. The classic portrayed human character by its exterior demonstrations and influences on the material objects of sense; the modern delineates the whole external world from its reflected imagery in the mirror of human thought and feeling. This change has taken place not simply because the ground was pre-occupied, but as a necessary result from the progress of the human mind, from the stronger light which has been cast on its constitution and operations, and from a juster appreciation of the fact that mind alone

‘ The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime.’

Poetry, in becoming philosophized, has acquired new and exhaustless worlds. The changing moods of mind diversify a landscape with far more variety than cloud or sunshine in all their combinations; and those moods are in themselves subjects of description, which may at once possess the deepest interest, and allow the most luxuriant ornament. ‘The Confessions of a sensitive Mind, not in unity with itself,’ in Mr. Tennyson’s first volume, (in a lower degree, the ‘Ode to Memory,’) and the ‘Palace of Art’ in the present publication, are noble poems of this class. They are the writings of one who has gazed on the diversities and the changes of the human spirit, on the loftiness of its pride, the splendours of its revelries, the heavings and tossings of its struggles, the bewilderment of its doubt, and the abysmal depths of its despair,—with the same poetical perception that young Homer, yet unblinded, watched the tent of council, and the field of battle; or that Virgil saw the husbandman making glad furrows on the fertile plain, beneath propitious constellations.

And this reflective character of modern poetry, which is, in a peculiar degree, the character of Mr. Tennyson’s productions, while it is exhibited, directly, in such compositions as those just mentioned, pervades, by its indirect influence, almost every verse,—we might say, perhaps, almost every word, being a principle of selection in the choice of terms which often renders them productive of strong and permanent effects, even on the inattentive reader.

The following introductory lines to ‘The Palace of Art’ will

give those who have not already become acquainted with it, from the first volume, a glimpse of the author's philosophy :—

‘ I send you, Friend, a sort of allegory
 (You are an artist, and will understand
 Its many lesser meanings) of a soul,
 A sinful soul, possessed of many gifts,
 A spacious garden full of flowering weeds,
 A glorious Devil, large in heart and brain,
 That did love *Beauty* only, (*Beauty* seen
 In all varieties of mould and mind,)
 And *Knowledge* for its beauty ; or if *Good*,
Good only for its beauty: seeing not
 That *Beauty*, *Good*, and *Knowledge*, are three sisters
 That doat upon each other, friends to man,
 Living together under the same roof,
 And never can be sundered without tears.
 And he that shuts *Love* out, in turn shall be
 Shut out from love, and on her threshold lie,
 Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
 Was common clay ta'en from the common earth,
 Moulded by God, and tempered with the tears
 Of Angels to the perfect shape of man.’—pp. 68, 69.

The allegory itself is as profound in conception as it is gorgeous in execution.

‘ I built my soul a lordly pleasure house,
 Wherein at ease for aye to dwell,
 I said, “ O soul, make merry and carouse,
 Dear soul, for all is well.”

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnished glass,
 I chose, whose ranged ramparts bright,
 From great broad meadow bases of deep grass,
 Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf
 The rock rose clear, or winding stair,
 My soul would live alone unto herself,
 In her high palace there.

“ While the great world runs round and round,” I said—
 “ Reign thou apart, a quiet king ;
 Still as while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
 Sleeps on his luminous ring.”

We are then led through long sounding corridors to stately rooms, some hung with arras, where, amid many beautiful paintings beautifully painted—

‘ The maid-mother by a crucifix,
 In yellow pastures sunny warm,
 Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx,
 Sat smiling, babe in arm.’

Of the statues—

‘ One was the Tishbite, whom the raven fed,
As when he stood on Carmel-steeps,
With one arm stretched out bare, and mocked and said,
“ Come, cry aloud—he sleeps.”

Tall, eager, lean and strong, his cloak wind-borne
Behind, his forehead heavenly-bright
From the clear marble pouring glorious scorn,
Lit as with inner light.’

Then there are ample courts, and cloisters, and galleries, and
fountains, and terraces, and towers, with ‘ great bells that swung,
moved of themselves, with silver sound,’ and ‘ choice paintings of
wise men ’ hung around the royal dais, or ‘ in the sun-pierced
oriel’s coloured flame,’ where the Soul gazed on Moses, and
Isaiah, and Plato, and ‘ eastern Confutzee ;’ and

‘ Many more that in their life-time were
Full-welling fountain-heads of change,
Between the stone shafts glimmered, blazoned fair
In divers raiment strange.

Through which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, blue,
Flushed in her temples and her eyes,
And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, drew
Rivers of melodies.

No nightingale delighteth to prolong
Her low preamble all alone,
More than my soul to hear her echoed song
Throb through the ribbed stone.

Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth
Joying to feel herself alive,
Lord over nature, Lord o’ the visible earth,
Lord of the senses five—

As some rich tropic mountain, that infolds
All change, from flats of scattered palms,
Sloping through five great zones of climate, holds
His head in snows and calms—

Full of her own delight and nothing else,
My vain-glorious, gorgeous Soul
Sat throned between the shining oriels,
In pomp beyond control.’

And, then, there was all that could minister to sense, in flavour-
ous fruits, and graceful chalices, and ‘ fragrant flames of precious
oils ;’ and amid it all, the change comes :

‘ Sometimes the riddle of the painful earth
 Flashed through her as she sat alone,
 Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth,
 And intellectual throne
 Of full-sphered contemplation. So three years
 She throve, but on the fourth she fell.’

And, lest in her fall she should perish utterly, ‘ God plagued her with sore despair,’ and the palace becomes haunted with fearful phantasms; and the soul is tried like Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and

‘ So when four years had wholly finished,
 She threw her royal robes away,
 “ Make me a cottage in the vale,” she said,
 “ Where I may mourn and pray.”

“ Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
 So lightly, beautifully built,
 Perchance I may return with others there,
 When I have purged my guilt.’ ”

And may we return there too, and abide for evermore, Amen. But our readers must not think that the author is only at home in the delectable mountains, or in the Domdaniel caverns, under the depths of the metaphysical ocean; we can instantly shift the scene to a cottage in a remote hamlet, and let the reader take two songs which should never be separated.

‘ THE MAY QUEEN.

‘ You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
 To-morrow ’ill be the happiest time of all the blythe new year;
 Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day,
 For I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen o’ the May.

‘ There’s many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as
 mine;
 There’s Margaret and Mary, there’s Kate and Caroline:
 But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say,
 So I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen o’ the May.

‘ I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
 If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break:
 But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds, and garlands gay,
 For I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen o’ the May.

‘ As I came up the valley, whom, think ye, should I see,
 But Robin, leaning on the bridge, beneath the hazel-tree?
 He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,
 But I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen o’ the May

' He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash o' light.
' They call me cruel hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

* * * * *

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the queen ;
For the shepherd lads, on every side, 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint, sweet cuckoo flowers ;
And the wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows
gray,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass ;
' There will not be a drop o' rain the whole o' the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh, and green, and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad new year :
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.'

' NEW YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year.
It is the last new year that I shall ever see,
Then ye may lay me low i' the mould and think no more o' me.

To-night I saw the sun set : he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind ;
And the new year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
' The may upon the black-thorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers : we had a merry day ;
Beneath the hawthorn, on the green, they made me Queen of May ;
And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel-copse,
Till Charles's wain came out above the tall white chimney tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on the pane :
I only wish to live till the snow-drops come again :
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high,
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

- ‘ The building rook ’ill caw from the windy tall elm tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow ’ill come back again with summer o’er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.
- ‘ Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave o’ mine,
In the early, early morning, the summer sun ’ill shine,
Before the red cock crows, from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.
- ‘ When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
Ye’ll never see me more in the long gray fields at night ;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool,
On the oatgrass, and the swordgrass, and the bulrush in the pool.
- ‘ Ye’ll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And ye’ll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget ye, mother, I shall hear ye when ye pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.
- * * * * *
- ‘ If I can, I’ll come again, mother, from out my resting place ;
Though ye’ll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what ye say,
And be often—often with ye, when ye think I’m far away.
- ‘ Good night, good night, when I have said good night for evermore,
And ye see me carried out from the threshold of the door ;
Don’t let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green :
She’ll be a better child to you than ever I have been.
- ‘ She’ll find my garden tools upon the granary floor :
Let her take ’em ; they are hers ; I shall never garden more :
But tell her, when I’m gone, to train the rose-bush that I set,
About the parlour window, and the box of mignonette.
- ‘ Good night, sweet mother : call me when it begins to dawn.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year,
So, if you’re waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.’

pp. 90—100.

Portraits, mental and material, abound in both these volumes ; and they are sketched with rare felicity—at least, those in the first volume, which we prefer. He has furnished a female gallery as graphic in external delineation as ever was Vandyke, Reynolds, or Lawrence, and more fraught with expression. They may be described, in the title of one of his poems, as ‘ a dream of fair women.’ We select the following verses, from one of these descriptions, chiefly for the sake of its pictorial illustrations :—

- ‘ As thunder clouds that, hung on high,
Did roof noon-day with doubt and fear,
Floating through an evening atmosphere,
Grow golden all about the sky ;

In thee all passion becomes passionless,
 Touched by thy spirit's mellowness ;
 Losing his fire and active might,
 In a silent meditation,
 Falling into a still delight,
 And luxury of contemplation :
 As waves that from the outer deep
 Roll into a quiet cove,
 There fall away, and lying still,
 Having glorious dreams in sleep,
 Shadow forth the banks at will ;
 Or sometimes they swell and move,
 Pressing up against the land,
 With motions of the outer sea :
 And the self-same influence
 Controlleth all the soul and sense
 Of passion gazing upon thee.
 His bowstring slackened, languid Love,
 Leaning his cheek upon his hand,
 Drops both his wings, regarding thee,
 And so would languish evermore,
 Serene, imperial Eleanore.'—p. 30.

With all their poetical qualities, his women are 'spirits, and yet women too ;' but he can paint phantasms also—creatures of the elements,—mermaidens and sea-fairies ; and then he can descend on man, not merely the enthusiast, the mystic, the poet, or the hero, but good, honest workyday man, such as our friend the miller.

' I met in all the close green ways,
 While walking with my line and rod,
 The wealthy miller's mealy face,
 Like the moon in an ivytod.
 He looked so jolly and so good,
 While fishing in the mill-dam water,
 I laughed to see him as he stood,
 And dreamt not of the miller's daughter.

' I see the wealthy miller yet—
 His double chin—his portly size ;
 And who, that knew him, could forget
 The busy wrinkles round his eyes ;
 The slow wise smile, that, round about
 His dusty forehead drily curled,
 Seemed half within, and half without,
 And full of dealings with the world ?

' In yonder chair I see him sit ;
 Three fingers round the old silver cup :
 I see his grey eyes twinkle yet
 At his own jest—grey eyes lit up

With summer lightnings of a soul
 So full of summer warmth,—so glad,—
 So healthy, sound, and clear, and whole,
 His memory scarce makes me sad.'—pp. 33, 34.

This passage shows humour, of which there is a good deal interspersed. The songs to an owl, in the first volume, are amusing specimens, as are the lines to Christopher North, in the second :—

' You did late review my lays,
 Crusty Christopher ;
 You did mingle blame and praise,
 Rusty Christopher.
 When I learnt from whom it came,
 I forgave you all the blame,
 Musty Christopher ;
 I could *not* forgive the praise,
 Fusty Christopher.'—p. 153.

In ' Mariana,' ' Nothing will die,' and ' All things will die,' ' Recollections of the Arabian Nights,' and the ' Lotos Eaters,' there is a rich display of the action and re-action of mind and matter,—of the effect of external scenery upon the soul within, and of the colouring which the soul spreads over all the external world. Rich and strange is the harmony here produced, and deeply must its truth be felt. The best combined display of the author's powers, reflection, and imagination, description and melody, is in the ' Legend of the Lady of Shalott !'

Two years are no very long time, and we ought not to be disappointed, perhaps, but we should have been gratified to see a more strongly-marked improvement than the second of these volumes exhibits over the first. All great intellects are progressive. The mind that only feeds upon itself will not become such ' an athlete bold' as the world wants. Mr. Tennyson must have more earnestness, and less consciousness. His power must have a more defined and tangible object. It were shame that such gifts as his should only wreath garlands, or that the influences which such poetry as his must exercise, should have no defined purpose, and only benefit humanity (for, any way, true poetry must benefit humanity) incidentally and aimlessly. Let him ascertain his mission, and work his work, and realize the aspirations of the sonnet with which this volume commences :—

' Mine be the strength of spirit fierce and free,
 Like some broad river rushing down alone,
 With the self-same impulse wherewith he was thrown
 From his loud fount upon the echoing lea :
 Which, with increasing might, doth forward flee
 By town, and tower, and hill, and cape, and isle ;
 And in the middle of the green salt sea,
 Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a mile.

Mine be the power which ever to its sway
Will win the wise at once, and by degrees,
May into uncongenial spirits flow ;
Even as the great gulf-stream of Florida
Floats far away into the northern seas
The lavish growths of southern Mexico.'—p. 1.

THE ELECTIONS.

THE experiment has been made, and the Reform Bill has worked so as to fulfil the expectations of its authors, and shame the predictions of its enemies. The ease, order, and rapidity with which the polls were taken, even where the franchise was new, and the constituencies were most numerous, must have been very astonishing to those who, in their ignorant contempt of the people, anticipated only scenes of riot and confusion. But little disorder has occurred ; and, what there was, must obviously be attributed to the old leaven, and not to the new light,—to the evils which reform was intended to counteract, and not to the machinery which it erected in their stead. Never before in this country has the choice of representatives been made in so peaceful and dignified a manner. We are not aware of a single instance in which the popular feeling broke out spontaneously into tumult. What scenes of violence did occur were produced by those good old relics of the wisdom of our ancestors, the outrages committed by hired ruffians or an intoxicated rabble. They were the convulsions of Toryism in its heroic resolution to 'die game.' Peace to its shade ! and that is peace to ourselves. The brutalities of electioneering will not much longer linger in the country. That seven contested elections should take place, and 50,000 or 60,000 electors be polled, in London and its environs, with not half a dozen cases of outrage for the police to take cognizance of, would, not long since, have been scouted as one of the wildest dreams of a visionary reformer, utterly unacquainted with human nature. And this dream has been realized. Every good man must heartily rejoice therein. The means for effecting this result were as simple as the result itself was desirable. They show how easily a judicious government may benefit the people. The contrivance was merely to shorten the duration of elections, multiply the places for polling, and render the elections as much as possible contemporaneous. The last expedient applies chiefly to the metropolis and its new boroughs ; the others might just as well have been adopted fifty years ago. Men, whose power enables them to prevent evil so easily, ought to feel some responsibility as to analogous cases in which it is allowed to continue. The peacefulness of the elections is a strong encouragement to reformatory measures tending to improve the manners and habits of the people. It also shows how much the people have im-

proved themselves; for some, at least, of the result must be ascribed to their intelligent co-operation. Nor will that co-operation fail those who shall attempt to do them further good of the same description.

May we not hope, then, that something will be promptly done to abate the great remaining nuisance of elections—undue influence? Unless there be, the good which has been produced will be lamentably overshadowed by the mischief that remains. Of direct and gross bribery, there has probably been much less on the late occasion than heretofore. The most flagrant instances are those of Liverpool and Norwich. In both those places the poorer classes of electors have been systematically debauched by those who should have been their leaders, guides, friends, and instructors. On their heads be the guilt and the disgrace. To us it is as wonderful as it is painful, that there should be men, enlightened, liberal, and respectable—men, whose lips will curl in scorn at the bare mention of unions; those political associations which, by the friendly feeling and confidence (unhappily so much wanted) which they tend to generate between ‘those who think and those who toil;’ and, by the instruction which reading-rooms and public discussions may afford on the true interests of the many, and the way in which those interests are affected by legislation, would produce the best and purest constituency; while these same men will talk of the purchase and repurchase of votes with as much *nonchalance* as of any transfer in their ledger. They take no shame to themselves for that which reflects on them the foulest shame. For there are three parties in these enormities, of which they are the most culpable. The poor wretch who is bribed, and on whom falls the heaviest storm of public condemnation, is, in our view, the least of all to be condemned. He sees that his franchise is a privilege, arbitrarily bestowed; that it has hitherto been independent of property, and is still of mental or moral qualification for its exercise; he is little able to balance the pretensions of rival candidates, both, perhaps, appealing to his prejudices, and alike personally unknown to him; he sees that his superiors in station and information, if they do not actually receive money, yet consult some private interest or feeling in the party they espouse; he is harassed with threats and promises by those on whom he is dependent for the means of support; he knows that, to pay and take, in some way or other, has been the long custom of candidates and voters; and what wonder that the blind and aimless party-spirit, which is all the semblance of patriotism that any one has endeavoured to instil into him, is bartered away for a sum equivalent to the wages of many weeks? Elections must be much purer before we lose a right to say to the higher classes, ‘Let him that is without sin cast the first stone’ at the ‘base freemen’ of Norwich and Liverpool.

Of all the above palliatives, that of custom alone can be made on behalf of the bribing candidate. Against this plea must be put his

educational advantages ; his knowledge that the custom, however disguised, is in violation of the professed object of the law, if not of its letter ; and the sinister motives which induce him to employ means so demoralizing for the attainment of his purpose. He shows himself utterly unworthy of the honour, unfit for the office, and, by anticipation, unfaithful to the trust of a legislator. The reformed Parliament will ill deserve that name, if such delinquency bring not after it a heavier punishment than has heretofore been inflicted. The purchase of a close borough is purity itself in comparison with the corruption of the population of a town or city. It would be hard to prove that this evil is done, that good may come to any but the evil-doer. He who vitiates a district, that he may get hold of the purse-strings of a nation, has surely a strong presumption against his intentions. There would seldom be an exception to the expediency of the general rule of rendering a bribing candidate for ever incapable of legislative, judicial, or magisterial functions.

But those whom we most condemn are the respectable members of society, who either actively assist in this unholy work, or take not the most efficient means to prevent its recurrence. If the middle classes would but do their duty, we do not believe that it would be difficult to reform the most abandoned constituency in the kingdom. Why has no Conservative dared to attempt the purchase of a seat from the men of Birmingham ? We all know why. The UNION still exists ; and the security would be greater, and more permanent, if, not merely during the crisis in May last, but generally, a larger proportion of the intelligent and propertied people of Birmingham had been enrolled in that body. Dr. Priestley would have been on its council ; and we can imagine how earnestly and clearly he would have shown the class of society to which he belonged, that they best consulted their own interests and useful influence, the good of those in a lower station, the peace and order of the town, and the liberties of the country, by joining its ranks. That class has chosen to leave it, as a powerful machine, in the hands of a few, who merely by belonging to it, became its leaders. We are not prescribing political unions as a specific for the cure of corruption ; they are in bad odour just now. Many would think the remedy worse than the disease. They became popular in the excitement of the struggle for reform, and with that excitement they, generally, died away. But we believe that their prominent features—viz., the bringing together the middle and the working classes ; the production of a mutual good understanding and confidence between them ; the public discussions of important subjects by a body of intelligent men, indiscriminately chosen, or in equal numbers, from both ; and the establishment, at almost a nominal rate of admission, of reading rooms well furnished with the best standard and periodical publications—we believe that these and a few similar ingredients may be combined into a recipe which shall

soon work a cure of the most desperate cases. No matter for the name or the form. These are the essentials. Now, had the respectable Whigs of Norwich established some such system of political instruction and social organization, they would have done a much better thing than buying back the bought votes of their opponents, and lavishing thousands on corporation contests. What is wanted for the poor is simply that they should understand their own interests, which are also the interests of all. The hostility which many of them entertain against machinery would not, we verily believe, retain its hold upon their minds for six months after the subject had come under the public investigation of intelligent persons (some selected from their own class, and put on a fair and equal footing with the rest) who should possess their confidence. Their extravagant expectations from the principle of co-operation might, in like manner, be corrected, and their attainment of many of the practical advantages which may be derived from it be secured. Above all, the delusion would be dispelled from their minds of supposing the middle classes in league with the upper to oppress and cajole them. We speak strongly, for we are not theorizing, but have witnessed the beneficial results of the experiment we recommend, as tried under most unfavourable circumstances. We have seen within the last year some of the strongest prejudices removed from hundreds of the working people even by such imperfect influences as the apathy of what are called the respectable would allow the establishment of. It was by an organization, in some measure analogous, that Westminster was transformed, about five-and-twenty years ago, from the foulest sink of corruption and debasement that the sun ever blushed to look upon, into a model of pure election in the worst of times. It was when beer-barrels were tapped and staved at Charing Cross, and the human beasts threw themselves on the ground to lap the liquor from the kennels, that the unutterable disgust of an honest tradesman who had not for years meddled with politics made him voice in his heart the political regeneration of Westminster, and by the next election it was realized. The reformation of Norwich would be an easier task than that; and even that of Liverpool, perhaps, not more difficult. We speak of these places because they have made themselves conspicuous. Our remarks equally apply to others where the evil is more latent. By such association a public opinion would be created to which the poorest voter would feel himself amenable for the purity of his political conduct; which would be far more influential than any to which he is now responsible; which would give him strength to resist solicitations, promises, and threats; would, simply by its approval, reward him for some sacrifices made in that resistance; and probably, by its formidable aspect, prevent the temptation altogether. The disgusting system of personal canvass would be checked, if not destroyed. The pretensions of candidates, their principles, their past conduct, their aptitude for legislation, would be subjected to

a public and full investigation. Something more would be required than the recommendation of a junta and the adoption of a cockade. There would be no turning off an old and faithful servant, yet able and willing to serve, merely because he could not spend money. There would be no looking out for unknown men with purses yet more liberal than their opinions. The associated electors would know what they were about. They would act on principle.

It is feared, by some, that this would subject the wealthy classes to the dictation of the multitude. That would depend entirely upon the wealthy classes. There would be an end of their dictating to the multitude; an event not to be regretted. But unless they stood aloof, in sullen and criminal indifference, from their fellow citizens, their moral influence would be far greater than it now is. They would, on the supposition of their possessing the requisite mental qualifications, be the loved leaders of the commonalty, instead of its tyrants or corrupters.

The subject of bribery has made us digress: we return to that of influence. This has been exercised most unsparingly. Few electors, comparatively, of humble station, have been left to act upon their own opinions and wishes without molestation. We hear from all quarters of the means which have been employed to act upon tradespeople, workmen, and dependents of every description. We know what distress, what anguish of mind, has been in many cases produced by these proceedings. It is only the circumstance of their commonness that prevents their exciting the strongest indignation. And there has been abundance, also, of ignorant and willing servility. The men who have principles and a preference are overpowered by the herds who have neither, but who go to the poll as they are led or driven. The ballot, and the annihilation of the present system of canvassing, are essential to a fair and free election. Could such associations as we have suggested to counteract bribery be formed in every town and county, open voting might be preserved. But we know very well that they will not be formed, and that, if they were, they would not be allowed to exist. Our speculation on their application has been confined to the extreme cases of open bribery which have occurred. There they might be tolerated. Generally, they would not. But the ballot is attainable. If there be aught of faith and honour in public men, its enactment is at hand. A decisive proportion of the candidates returned is pledged to its adoption. In many instances an '*if necessary*' was smuggled in, but such a case of necessity will be made out as we hope Ministers cannot withstand, and then the demonstration will undoubtedly be complete. It is lamentable that the vanity and violence, the ignorance and cupidity, of those who esteem themselves the better classes of society should entail on us the necessity of a secret exercise of the noblest right of a citizen. But so it is; and the lowlier must be protected. Too many of those who deprecate the ballot have, by their conduct, ripened the general conviction of the necessity

for its adoption. After a time, perhaps, a better tone of feeling may be generated; but till it be, the Legislature is bound to throw the protecting shield of secrecy over the defenceless, in voting according to their own convictions. The falsehood resulting from it would be self-corrective; and would at worst be trifling in comparison with the enforced falsehood, in addition to all the other mischiefs, of open voting.

From the smallness of the constituency, it is now apparent that some nomination boroughs have been left, and others created, by the Reform Bill. Of these some are subject to Government, some to local or proprietary influences. The ballot, and something more than the ballot, must be applied to this evil. Seats will else soon be in the market again. Ministers are even now at no loss to accommodate a friend.

Two facts, in these elections, we regard with great pleasure. First, that the public opinion, on Slavery, Church Reform, the Ballot, and one or two other points, was so strongly expressed as to induce most of the candidates to go considerably further in the course of the canvass than they had done at its commencement. A visible change took place in their addresses and speeches. While it was made a point of honour to declare against being pledged, pledges were daily given on these subjects, and the more strong and explicit as the day of polling drew nigh. We say nothing of the men on whose minds so much light was breaking in at such a time; but we rejoice in the manifestation of public opinion. The other circumstance is the return of many candidates who made no personal canvass, rightly regarding it as degrading to both parties, and only seeking the suffrages of the electors by publicly addressing them on political topics. This is as it should be.

The five most remarkable and gratifying returns which have been made are those of Messrs. Buckingham for Sheffield, Grote for London, Roebuck for Bath, Hume for Middlesex, and P. Thomson for Manchester. After the conduct of the East India Company towards Mr. Buckingham, it is a retributory event that he should be seated amongst its judges, and assist in the decision on the continuance of its chartered monopoly. He owes his election to his powers as a public instructor. The well-merited popularity of his lectures, the lucid style in which they were expressed, the ample and interesting information contained in them, and the sound and liberal commercial principles of which he was the advocate, supporting them by the most cogent proofs, and explaining them by the most diversified illustrations, have obtained for him a seat in parliament. That they have done so, is a new and honourable symptom of the spirit of the times.

Mr. Grote stands first on the poll of the first constituency in this country. The fact is enough to reanimate the unburied body of the Utilitarian Patriarch. Spirit of Bentham, thy star is rising!

Had the Philosopher died ten years ago, and were he to awake now, he would deem that his wish, to take those ten years one at the end of each succeeding century, had been granted: he would suppose, at first, that the progress of an hundred years had raised the grandson of his follower and friend to that lofty position. He would scarcely believe that already, by that return, the first stone had been laid of a moral monument which time and his country will raise to his memory.

Mr. Roebuck's election was a signal victory over cant, calumny, influence, party-spirit, and selfish interests. Incidentally, it was the vindication of Mr. Hume from a series of attacks as disgraceful and ungenerous as eyes were directed against a public benefactor by envy, ignorance, ingratitude, vindictiveness, and the concealed desire of neutralizing the future usefulness of a man who had made himself formidable to all who prey upon the country: and directly, it was the triumph of talent and principle rising by inherent buoyancy, amid impotent clamour and through opposing clouds, to their proper sphere. We have seen no production connected with these elections to be compared for an instant with Mr. Roebuck's address to the Bath electors, for clearness, ability, completeness, the nervousness of its style, the comprehensiveness and soundness of its views, and its practical yet pure and lofty spirit. Such are the men to realize the vision which, in a former article, we indulged, of what the first Reformed Parliament ought to be.

The attacks just alluded to, which were continued in the *Times* newspaper till the second morning of the election; the absurdity of many Dissenters; the scarcely-veiled hostility of the Whigs; and the non-resistance to personal solicitation, influence, and expenditure by any similar means, render Mr. Hume's return, at the head of the poll, for Middlesex, not the matter of course which it should have been, but a display of principle and right feeling which call for gratulation.

We attach importance to Mr. Poulett Thomson's return for Manchester, because it is a popular rebuke to the busy *interests* which are ever endeavouring to strengthen themselves for a parliamentary scramble, on the monkey principle, every one's hand in his neighbour's dish. Free trade has been continually termed a 'splendid delusion.' It is so, if its principles be unsound; but the restrictive system, if erroneous, must bear a less flattering appellation, and can only claim to be a *sordid* delusion. Can we wonder that the Glasgow operatives are even now petitioning to have the rate of wages kept up artificially, by legal enactments, when the capitalists of almost every mercantile and manufacturing class, with the landholders of course, have been exerting all their influence to return men to parliament for the avowed purpose of upholding profits and rents by similar means? Is the labourer so blind as not to perceive that, while he is told he cannot be helped, they are all endeavouring to help themselves, at the

expense of the consumer? The very journals which preach patience and political economy to him will, anon, talk of the great interests which must be represented, and supported against Theorists and Destructives. Manchester has done well to record its approval of Mr. P. Thomson, and strengthen his hands.

From all appearances, ministers will have an overwhelming majority in the new House of Commons. It will be compounded of various elements : Conservative Ministerialists, moderate Reform Ministerialists, Radical Ministerialists, Ministerialists *simpliciter*, and thick-and-thin Ministerialists ; it is impossible to guess at the proportion in which these elements will be mingled. Little doubt can be entertained that they will be strong enough to carry any measure of real reform, which they shall please to introduce, at least so far as the Commons are concerned. The measure of benefit to the country will not be in their power, but in their will. There is the House of Lords, indeed ; but that is the same thing as saying that there is the Church, the corporations, or anything else in the country which a good government is bound to regard rather as the subject on which reform is to be exercised than as a barrier by which its course is to be for ever impeded. The House of Lords cannot defeat the ministry unless the ministry chuse to be defeated rather than amend the House of Lords. The Premier can, if he so please, sacrifice the interests of the country and the will of its representatives, to the obstinacy of his 'Order,' but in that case he will sacrifice his own character also, beyond all redemption. That would indeed be a spectacle to 'make the angels weep.' We will not believe it of the head of the present administration, perverse as have been some of its proceedings, and incredible as have been many of its blunders.

Three things seem tolerably certain, and they are the matters about which we are most anxious ; and that, not on account of their intrinsic, but of their relative importance ; not for their own sake, but that of their consequences. We reckon confidently on Triennial Parliaments, Vote by Ballot, and the repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge. These contain the principle of progression. If these be obtained, it will be of comparatively little moment what blunders or compromises be substituted for real reforms, what deceptive or half-measures be adopted for the day ; these will afford the power of putting all right at last. Let the Reformers of England allow neither 'sleep to their eyes nor slumber to their eyelids,' till one and all of these rights are in their possession. He is no real reformer who obstructs their attainment. They are a needful supplement to 'the Bill,' a necessary inference from it, by which alone its professed objects can be realized. Let us gain them, and no ministerial changes, or ministerial wavering, timidity, or dishonesty, can obstruct the advance of national improvement. It is possible that efficient reforms in the Church, Law, and Finance, may precede these measures ; but it is certain that such reforms would follow them. It is also

certain that, without them, those reforms will lack security for their durability. The constitution of government and the state of society have in them permanent principles of corruption, which can only be repressed by constantly invigorating the principle of improvement. The better the present parliament is, the more earnest should its members be to do all that can be done to preclude the possibility of a bad parliament hereafter. We are so well satisfied with the results of the elections, and have so much confidence in the general character of the elected, that we not only require—but fully expect this at their hands.

DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH ON THE FUNCTIONS OF THE
ANIMAL ECONOMY.

Dr. Southwood Smith is engaged in delivering a course of lectures at the London Institution in illustration of the functions of the animal economy. It is no small satisfaction to see in the crowded attendance, and in the deep attention of the audience, the value of this first attempt to open to the public, and especially to the female portion of it, the stores of interesting and practical knowledge included in this subject, so well appreciated. That the subject is capable of exciting interest is shown by the manner in which the lecturer is listened to; and that in his hand it will be turned to good account, will appear from the extracts from his lectures which we have an opportunity of laying before our readers.

Dr. Southwood Smith commenced his first lecture with the following observations, no less appropriate to his subject than worthy of serious consideration.

‘With the facts and relations of the physical sciences you are familiar, but the far more curious and interesting phenomena connected with the organization of living beings and with the laws that regulate vital actions, few of you can have had the means of studying. The book of inorganic and inanimate nature, in our day has been laid open to every one. There is no page of that book which any one is forbidden to consult or to study; and there is no passage in any page of it, from the real knowledge of which it is apprehended that any one can receive anything but advantage. But from the study of that portion of the book of nature which relates most peculiarly to ourselves, to the organization of our physical frames, and even to the still more wonderful mechanism of our mental constitution, all but the cultivators of an exclusive profession, or the severe and devoted students of philosophy, have been wholly, if not purposely excluded.

‘And I am not sure if, at this present moment, there be not in some minds the feeling that all attention to subjects of this class is *properly* confined to those who are to practise medicine as a calling, or to make the study of philosophy the business of life.

* * * *

‘ Next in importance to the physician, knowledge of this kind is important to those who have the exclusive care of infancy ; almost the entire care of childhood ; a great part of the care of the sick ; without whose enlightened concurrence the physician can seldom completely carry his object into effect ; and by whose *instructed* minds multitudes of children, dearly loved and deeply mourned for, would be saved from an early grave ; and those that are saved would rise into maturity, with physical constitutions, with intellectual faculties, and with moral qualities, incomparably healthier, stronger, and nobler than they at present possess. That notion of delicacy which would exclude women from a class of knowledge calculated, in an extraordinary degree, to open and expand their minds, and to fit them for the performance of their duties, appears to me alike degrading to those to whom it affects to show respect, and debasing to the mind that entertains it.’

The function chosen for illustration in this course is the circulation of the blood ; but the two first lectures are devoted to a statement of the peculiar phenomena of life, and of the mode in which organization advances, from its most simple to its most complex state, while, as the conclusion of the whole, the mind is led to perceive the ultimate object of organization and life—**ENJOYMENT.**

The exposition of the distinctive characters of **LIFE** is thus given :—

‘ What is the distinction between a living being and an inorganic body—between a plant and a stone ? The plant carries on a number of processes which are not performed by the stone ? The plant absorbs food ; converts its food into its own proper substance ; arranges this substance into bark, wood, vessels, leaves, and other organized structures ; grows ; arrives at maturity ; decays ; derives from a parent the primary structure and the first impulse upon which these varied actions depend ; gives origin to a new being similar to itself, and, after a certain time, terminates its existence in death.

‘ But no such phenomena are exhibited by the stone. Nothing analogous to the processes by which these results are produced is observable in any body that is destitute of life. On the contrary, every one of these processes is carried on, without ceasing, by every living creature. These processes are, therefore, denominated vital ; they are peculiar to the state of life ; and hence they afford characters by which the living being is distinguished from the inorganic body.’

The distinction between the two great classes of living beings is next pointed out.

‘ And what is the distinction between an animal and a plant ? The animal possesses properties of which the plant is destitute. The animal is endowed with two new and superior powers to which there is nothing analogous in the plant. These *superadded* powers are, the power of sensation and the power of voluntary motion.’

There are, therefore, two kinds of life; one possessed by the vegetable, and sufficient to it; the other possessed by the animal in addition to the former. These two lives are independent of each other, and have no necessary connexion. The actions of the first kind of life are called **ORGANIC**; those of the second are called **ANIMAL**. The plant performs only organic actions; the animal performs both organic and animal actions.

Both the organic and animal actions are carried on by means of instruments of definite structure and form called organs, and the action of an organ is called its function.

'The leaf of the plant is an organ. The conversion of sap by the leaf into the proper juice of the plant by the process called *respiration* is the function of this organ. The brain is an organ, and the sentient nerve in communication with the brain is also an organ. The extremity of a sentient nerve receives an impression from an external object, and conveys it to the brain, where it becomes a sensation. The transmission of the impression is the function of the nerve, and the conversion of the impression into a sensation is the function of the brain.

'The function of every organ is called into operation by means of some agent external to the body. The external agents capable of exciting and maintaining the functions of living organs consist of a definite class.'

They are air, water, heat, cold, electricity, and light, and are called physical agents. No vital process can go on without them, and the living organ and the physical agent act and re-act upon each other, producing on both sides definite changes.

'It is this determinate interchange of action between the living organ and the physical agent that constitutes what is termed a vital process. All vital processes are either processes of supply or processes of waste. By every vital action performed by the body some portion of its constituent matter is expended. Vital actions are incessantly carried on for the sole purpose of compensating this expenditure. Every moment old particles are carried out of the system; every moment new particles are introduced into it. The matter of which the body is composed is thus in a state of perpetual flux. In a certain space of time it is completely changed; so that, of all the matter that constitutes the body at a given point of time, not a single particle remains at another point of time at a given distance.'

Another distinction between the two classes of living beings is then pointed out. It is, that the plant requires, to compensate its expenditure, only a due supply of the physical agents, which, while they afford the requisite stimuli to its vital actions, constitute its food; while the animal must have, in addition, organized matter in some form or other. The plant is able to convert inorganic into organic matter, and thus it saves the animal one process; it purveys and prepares its food. The inferior life is spent in ministering to the wants of the superior.

A clear and most interesting view is then taken of the progress

of organization from its most simple to its most complex state, and of the reasons why it becomes complex. We all see that, between the structure of the simple plant and that of the highly-organized animal, there is a wide difference, but we have not, perhaps, reflected that this difference is not arbitrary, but that the more complex organization is given because the number, the superiority, the relation, the range and the energy of the functions performed by the animal require his complex structure, while to the other, its simple structure is sufficient for its few and simple functions.

The animal must have more organs than the plant, because it has two sets of actions to carry on, the organic and the animal; while the plant has but one set, the organic.

Some functions performed by the animal are of a higher order than any performed by the plant, and a superior function requires a higher organization; the instrument is elaborately prepared in proportion to the nobleness of its office.

It is necessary to establish a relation between function and function, so that the addition of one of a superior order requires a corresponding elevation of structure in all the rest. This was admirably illustrated by a view of the organic function of nutrition as performed by the plant and by the animal. In the plant it is performed by absorption, by means of minute organs called spongeoles fixed to the capillary branches of the root, which imbibe the moisture from the soil, and with which are connected vessels which convey the crude aliment to the leaf where it is converted by the air into proper nutriment, and then, by other vessels, carried out to supply every part with the nutriment it needs. This is all the apparatus of nutrition required by the plant, because it is fixed in the soil, and its spongeoles are always in contact with its food. But to the organic function of nutrition add the animal one of locomotion, and what follows? So simple a structure will no longer suffice. In proportion as the animal exercised its superior faculty it must interrupt its inferior. It must have a reservoir to contain its food within its body, and this modification of structure is uniformly adopted throughout the animal creation. Till very lately, it was supposed not to exist in the beings at the bottom of the animal scale called animalcules or infusoria. Some most curious discoveries were detailed by Dr. Smith relative to these creatures, which are only made visible to human eyes by the microscope, but which by its aid are found to exist by myriads in stagnant water whether salt or fresh, or in water in which animal or vegetable matter has been allowed to macerate. These discoveries have established the fact that they form no exception to the mode of structure proper to animals. Their bodies are transparent and colourless, and, to all appearance, in the smallest tribes at least, homogeneous, so that it was supposed that they imbibed their nourishment like plants; that, in short, they were one

extended spongeole. They are so extremely small that millions may exist in a drop, yet Ehrenburg, a German physiologist, after long and patient experiment, has succeeded in ascertaining their structure. He put into the water in which they existed pure carmine, indigo, or sap green, and in a few minutes he found they had fed upon it, and that the coloured food was transmitted to certain points of their bodies, always the same in the same tribes, but different in others, and that they had not only one but many stomachs, varying in number from the *Monas Termo*, the being at the bottom of the animal scale which has six or seven, to some which have thirty. In the higher animals, the existence of an internal reservoir for the food is evident to all. They are all provided with a stomach and a set of absorbing vessels, the mouths of which, minute in size but countless in number, opening into it, absorb the digested aliment just as the spongeoles of the plant absorb from the soil. Thus the function of nutrition is put in relation with that of locomotion: but the expedient requires many more complications. If the food has to be transmitted to an isolated organ within the body, means must be provided to convey it there, and there must be organs for deglutition; means to carry it out to the system, and there must be organs for circulation; means to bring it into contact with the air to be rendered proper nutriment, and there must be organs for respiration; means to get rid of what is not nutritious, and there must be organs for excretion. But this is not all. Locomotion cannot be exercised but with inevitable destruction, without perception. Sensation is necessary to volition, and volition of course to voluntary motion; besides that nutrition, as performed by a being possessed of locomotion, requires the addition of sensation on its own account, for the food must be sought for, apprehended, and conveyed into the body by a voluntary act.

The range of function necessarily increasing with the multiplication of organs and the extension of functions, is another cause of complication of structure. The apparatus for respiration, simple in the lower animals, and exceedingly complex in the higher, afforded an apt illustration of this; and that of sensation one still more interesting.

‘ Nothing can be stricter than the proportion between the complexity of the apparatus of sensation, and the range of the function of sensation. The greater the number of the senses, the greater the number of the organs of sense;—the more accurate and varied the impressions conveyed by each, the more complex the structure of the instruments by which they are communicated. The more extended the range of the intellectual operations, the larger the bulk of the brain, the greater the number of its distinct parts and the more exquisite the organization of each. From the point in the animal scale in which the brain first becomes distinctly visible, up to man, the basis of the organ is the same; but as the range of its functions extends,

part after part is superadded, and the structure of each part becomes progressively more and more complex.'

Energy of function is the last condition which requires higher organization.

'As much more developed than the wing of the wren is the wing of the eagle, as its flight is higher and its speed swifter. The muscles which give to the tiger the rapidity and strength of its spring possess a more intense organization than those which slowly move on the tardigrade sloth. The proportionate bulk and the exquisiteness of the structure of the brain of man exceed the structure and the bulk of the brain of the fish, as man's perceptions are more acute, and capable of greater combination, comprehension and continuity.

'From what has been said, then, you see why the organization of the animal is more complex than that of the plant. You see that it is not from an arbitrary arrangement; but that it arises out of the absolute necessity of the case. The few and simple functions performed by the plant require only the few and simple organs with which it is provided. The numerous and complicated functions performed by the animal require its numerous and complicated organs. The plant, simple as it is in structure, is destitute of no organ required by the nature of its economy. The animal, complex as it is in structure, is in possession of no organ which the nature of its economy would allow it to dispense with. From the one, nothing is withheld which is needed; to the other, nothing is given which is superfluous. In the one, there is economy without niggardliness; in the other, munificence without waste.'

The second lecture began with a view of the characters of the two lives, combined as they are in the same animal, yet—

'As different from each other as the process of vegetation is different from the process of thought. We have seen that, though different, they are united; that their union is complete; their action is harmonious; and that nevertheless the separate identity of each is perfectly preserved. The organic life has its own apparatus and its own actions; the animal life also has its own; and not only is the apparatus of the one not the same as that of the other, but, when observed with attention, and when viewed in contrast, each is seen to be distinguished from the other by characters the most striking.'

1. The organs of the organic life are single and non-symmetrical,—as may be observed in some of the most important of them; the heart, the lungs, the stomach, the liver; while the organs of the animal life are, in general, double and perfectly symmetrical. The brain and the spinal cord will divide into two equal parts, and the nerves which go off from them go off in pairs. The trunk, so important an instrument of voluntary motion, when well formed is divisible into two equal halves. The arms, the hands, the lower extremities, are each perfectly similar to its fellow.

2. The action of the organic organs is indispensable to life.

One of them cannot be suspended, even for a short time, without the extinction of life. They are, therefore, placed in the interior of the body; firmly fixed, that they may not be disturbed by the process of locomotion; enveloped in membranes; covered by muscles; sheltered by bones. But the actions of the animal organs are not indispensable to life. They are not the immediate instruments of life, but the means by which a certain relation is established between the living body and external objects; they are therefore placed, where it is necessary to the convenient performance of their functions that they should be placed, on the exterior of the body, and so placed as to afford a defence to the organic organs.

‘The ground-work of the animal life is made the bulwark of the organic life. The muscles are the immediate agents by which voluntary motion is effected. The bones are the fixed points and the levers by which that motion acquires precision, rapidity and power. Now the bones are so disposed that, while they accomplish, in the most perfect manner, their primary and essential office in relation to the muscles, they serve a secondary but scarcely less important office in relation to the internal viscera.’

A beautiful illustration was given of this by views of the trunk of the human body with its bones and muscles, the apparatus for its motion forming and defending a cavity enclosing the heart, the lungs, the great trunks of the venous and arterial systems and the main trunk of the thoracic duct; all tender and delicate organs; all performing functions, the cessation of which for a few moments would destroy life.

‘While the organic organs, the immediate instruments of life, are thus placed deep in the interior of the body, and are protected by the animal organs, the animal organs themselves, and especially the organs of sense, the organs which put us in connexion with the external world, which make us conscious of the presence of good, which give us note of the approach of evil, are placed where external bodies may be brought most conveniently and completely into contact with them, and where alone they can be effectual as sentinels of the system.’

The *action* of the two lives is still more strikingly different. The action of the organic life, when sound, is without consciousness; the very object of that of the animal life is the production of consciousness. The final cause of the one is the maintenance of existence. The final cause of the other is the production of conscious existence. We are not conscious when the heart contracts, but we are conscious when an external object produces in a sentient nerve that change of state which we term an impression, and it is this knowledge which forms so large a part of the animal life, and constitutes our percipient existence.

The functions of the organic life are performed with uninter-

rupted continuity; to those of the animal life rest is indispensable.

‘The action of the heart is unceasing: it takes not, it needs not rest. On it goes for the space of eighty or ninety years, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours, having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome, yet it continues this action for this length of time without the intermission of a moment.—But of this continuity of action the organs and functions of the animal life are incapable. No voluntary muscle can maintain its action beyond a given time. No organ of sense can continue to transmit impression after impression without ceasing, and without fatigue. The brain cannot carry on its intellectual operations with vigour beyond a certain period; the trains of ideas with which it works become after a time indistinct and confused, nor is it capable of reacting with energy until it has remained in a state of rest proportioned to the duration of its preceding activity.

‘And this rest is sleep. Sleep is the repose of the senses; the rest of the muscles. It is their support and sustenance. What *food* is to the organic, sleep is to the animal life; no more can the process of nutrition go on without aliment, than the processes of feeling, thought, and motion, without sleep.

‘But it is the animal life only that sleeps. The organic life never sleeps. Death would be the consequence of the slumber of the heart or of the lungs. When the brain betakes itself to repose, were the engine that moves the blood to cease but for the space of four minutes to supply it with its vital fluid, never again would it awake.’

Between all the functions of the organic life there is the closest relation and the strictest dependence; but it is not so with the animal functions, one of which may be disordered, or entirely lost without endangering the rest. Sensation may be gone, while motion continues, and the muscle may control, though it cannot feel.

The two lives are born at different periods:—

‘As soon as the slightest motion is distinguishable in the ovum, the nidus that contains the new being, there is uniformly observable in the embryo a minute, pulsating point. It is the young heart propelling its infant stream; and this is long before brain, nerve, or muscle can be distinguished. The apparatus of the circulation is built up, and is in vigorous action, before there is any trace of an animal organ. Arteries and veins circulate blood, capillary vessels receive the vital fluid; out of it they form brain and muscle, no less than the various substances which compose the organs of the organic life. The organic is not only anterior to the animal life, but it is by the action of the organic that the animal life is produced. The organic life is born at the first moment of existence; the animal life is not born until a period comparatively distant; not until that epoch of existence which is termed the period of birth—the period when the new being is detached from its mother; when it first comes into contact with external agents; when it carries on all the functions of its economy by its own

organs; when its whole life is in itself, and it enjoys independent existence.'

The organic life is born perfect; the animal life becomes perfect only by servitude, and the aptitude which service gives.

'The heart contracts as well; the arteries secrete as well; the respiratory organs work as well, the first moment they begin to act as at any subsequent period. They require no teaching from experience; they profit nothing from its lessons.

'But the functions of the brain and the actions of the voluntary muscles, feeble and uncertain at first, acquire, day by day, strength and precision; and it is only by slow degrees, and not until the adult age, that they attain their ultimate perfection.

* * * *

'Could any man, after having attained the age of manhood, reverse the order of the course he has passed,—could he, with the power of observation, together with the experience, that belong to manhood, retrace, with perfect exactness, every step of his sentient existence from the age, suppose of forty, to the moment when the air first came into contact with his body on his leaving his maternal dwelling,—among the truths that he would learn, the most interesting, if not the most surprising, would be those which relate to the manner in which he dealt with his earliest impressions; with the mode in which he combined them,—recalled them,—laid them by for future use,—made his first general deduction,—observed what subsequent experience taught to be conformable, and what not conformable, to this general inference,—his emotions in detecting his first error,—his contrasted feelings on discovering those comprehensive truths, the certainty of which became confirmed by every subsequent impression.

'Thus, perfectly to live backwards, would be, in fact, to go through the complete analysis of the intellectual combinations, and consequently to obtain a perfect insight into the constitution of the mind. And among the curious results which would then become manifest, perhaps few would appear more surprising than the true action of the senses.

'* * * To see, to hear, to smell, to taste, to touch, are processes which appear to be performed instantaneously, and which really are performed with extraordinary rapidity, in a person who observes them in himself; but they were not always performed thus rapidly; they are processes acquired; businesses learned;—processes and businesses acquired and learned, not without the cost of many efforts and much labour.

'And the same is true of the muscles of volition. How many efforts are made before the power of distinct articulation is acquired! How many before the infant can stand! How many before the child can walk!'

The organic life may continue to exist after the animal life has perished, as in apoplexy, or has partially ceased to exist, as in catalepsy.

Clearly and beautifully as these distinctions are marked, a still more interesting view follows: it is that of the progress of life,

and the progress of death. We regret that our limits will not allow us to give more than a portion of it.

‘ As the organic life is the first born, it is the last to die ; while the animal life, as it is the latest born, and the last to attain its full development, so it is the earliest to decline, and the first to perish.

* * * *

‘ Death, when perfectly natural, is the last event of a long series of changes. Now, in this series of changes, the first appreciable event is a change in the animal life, and in the noblest portion of that life. The highest faculties of the mind are the first that fail in power ; and those that fail in succession, fail in the order of their nobleness. The progress of decay is the inverse of the progress of development ; the retrogression is the inverse of the progression ; the highest point to which life attains is that at which death commences ; and the noblest creature, in returning to the state of non-existence, retraces every step of every stage by which it reached the summit of its existence.

* * * *

‘ By the successive diminution of the intellectual powers ; by the gradual obliteration of the senses ; by the growing loss of the power of motion ; by the progressive diminution and ultimate extinction of the animal life, man, from the state of maturity, passes a second time through the stage of childhood, back to that of infancy,—lapses again into the state even of the very embryo. What the foetus was, the man of extreme old age is ; when he began to exist, he possessed only vegetative life, and, before he is ripe for the tomb, he returns to the condition of the plant.

‘ And even this vegetative life, this merely organic existence, cannot be maintained for ever. The waste of the organs, feeble as their action is, is not duly repaired ; consequently, every function is performed with daily-increasing feebleness, until at length it is so feeble, that it can no longer resist the physical agents that surround and act upon it ; these physical agents readily extinguish the faint spark of life that remains, and now the working of the machinery ceases, and the cessation of action is death.

‘ And then, the processes of life being at an end, the particles of matter that composed the body are no longer held in union by the tie that bound them : that union is, therefore, instantly subverted ; the physical and chemical agencies of matter immediately come into play, decomposition commences, recombination follows, and thus, in a short time, no trace remains of the organized being ; the particles of matter of which it was composed are resolved into their primitive elements, and these elements, set at liberty, enter into new combinations, and form constituent parts of new beings ; and these new beings, in their turn, perish, and from their death springs life, and this circle is perpetual.

‘ Such is the history of life and death—a history which, in regard to a being like man, would be melancholy if it were the whole ; but it is not the whole : for, that close observation of nature which has taught us these curious and interesting facts relative to our physical and mental constitution, has likewise put us in possession of other facts, which render the knowledge of the truth the source of our hap-

piness ; which render Truth the ally of Hope—Hope, based on Truth, looking beyond the physical and the mortal.

‘ For what is the object of all this structure and function,—all this curious mechanism, with all its complicated actions ? Structure is successively superadded to structure. Structure is invariably subservient to function ; and the inferior structure and function to the superior ! But to what end ?

‘ Take the most simple structure and function—that of the plant. To what is it subservient ? What is its ultimate end ? The maintenance of the structure and functions of the animal.

‘ In the animal, what is the ultimate end of the organic life ? The production and the support of the animal life. Of the animal life, what is the ultimate end ? Is it the production of voluntary motion ? No ; voluntary motion is the mere servant of sensation ; it exists but to obey its commands.

‘ Sensation, then, simple sensation, is that the ultimate end of organization and life ? No ; for sensation may be either pleasurable or painful. Every sensation terminates either in a pleasure or a pain. Is pain the ultimate end ? No : pleasure, then, must be the end in view, and pleasure is the end secured.’

The train of thought here entered upon was followed out through the remainder of the lecture in a strain of powerful and impressive eloquence. The amount of enjoyment derived from every sense was pointed out. The beautiful provision that a sentient nerve accompanies all the organic nerves, themselves destitute of sensation, in their distribution to the different organs, thereby giving, *not* a consciousness of the organic process, but a consciousness of pleasurable sensation from the healthy working of the machinery—that consciousness which we call the feeling of health, was explained. The high pleasures to be derived from the social, the intellectual, and the moral faculties, finished the subject ; but we can only give the conclusion of the lecture.

‘ Our Creator, then, has implanted happiness deeply in the very constitution of our nature, from its lowest to its highest function. It is in our own power to increase it each for himself, and for others, to an illimitable extent. Of this blessed privilege we have *not* availed ourselves. The production of *pain*, the *destruction* of life, have been profoundly studied as a science, and universally practised as an art. The science and the art of happiness is yet in a state of infancy, which would be incredible were it not deeply felt, at once, in the misery and the brevity of human life. But light is beginning to break in upon men’s minds. Let each, according to his capacity, receive and extend it !’

WHAT IS POETRY?

It has often been asked, What is Poetry? And many and various are the answers which have been returned. The vulgarest of all—one with which no person possessed of the faculties to which Poetry addresses itself can ever have been satisfied—is that which confounds poetry with metrical composition: yet to this wretched mockery of a definition, many have been led back, by the failure of all their attempts to find any other that would distinguish what they have been accustomed to call poetry, from much which they have known only under other names.

That, however, the word 'poetry' *does* import something quite peculiar in its nature, something which may exist in what is called prose as well as in verse, something which does not even require the instrument of words, but can speak through those other audible symbols called musical sounds, and even through the visible ones, which are the language of sculpture, painting, and architecture; all this, as we believe, is and must be felt, though perhaps indistinctly, by all upon whom poetry in any of its shapes produces any impression beyond that of tickling the ear. To the mind, poetry is either nothing, or it is the better part of all art whatever, and of real life too; and the distinction between poetry and what is not poetry, whether explained or not, is felt to be fundamental.

Where every one feels a difference, a difference there must be. All other appearances may be fallacious, but the appearance of a difference is itself a real difference. Appearances too, like other things, must have a cause, and that which can *cause* anything, even an illusion, must be a reality. And hence, while a half-philosophy disdains the classifications and distinctions indicated by popular language, philosophy carried to its highest point may frame new ones, but never sets aside the old, content with correcting and regularizing them. It cuts fresh channels for thought, but it does not fill up such as it finds ready made, but traces, on the contrary, more deeply, broadly, and distinctly, those into which the current has spontaneously flowed.

Let us then attempt, in the way of modest inquiry, not to coerce and confine nature within the bounds of an arbitrary definition, but rather to find the boundaries which she herself has set, and erect a barrier round them; not calling mankind to account for having misapplied the word 'poetry,' but attempting to clear up to them the conception which they already attach to it, and to bring before their minds as a distinct *principle* that which, as a vague *feeling*, has really guided them in their actual employment of the term.

The object of poetry is confessedly to act upon the emotions; and therein is poetry sufficiently distinguished from what Words-

worth affirms to be its logical opposite, namely, not prose, but matter of fact or science. The one addresses itself to the belief, the other to the feelings. The one does its work by convincing or persuading, the other by moving. The one acts by presenting a proposition to the understanding, the other by offering interesting objects of contemplation to the sensibilities.

This, however, leaves us very far from a definition of poetry. We have distinguished it from one thing, but we are bound to distinguish it from everything. To present thoughts or images to the mind for the purpose of acting upon the emotions, does not belong to poetry alone. It is equally the province (for example) of the novelist: and yet the faculty of the poet and the faculty of the novelist are as distinct as any other two faculties; as the faculty of the novelist and of the orator, or of the poet and the metaphysician. The two characters may be united, as characters the most disparate may; but they have no natural connexion.

Many of the finest poems are in the form of novels, and in almost all good novels there is true poetry. But there is a radical distinction between the interest felt in a novel as such, and the interest excited by poetry; for the one is derived from *incident*, the other from the representation of *feeling*. In one, the source of the emotion excited is the exhibition of a state or states of human sensibility; in the other, of a series of states of mere outward circumstances. Now, all minds are capable of being affected more or less by representations of the latter kind, and all, or almost all, by those of the former; yet the two sources of interest correspond to two distinct and (as respects their greatest development) mutually exclusive characters of mind. So much is the nature of poetry dissimilar to the nature of fictitious narrative, that to have a really strong passion for either of the two, seems to presuppose or to superinduce a comparative indifference to the other.

At what age is the passion for a story, for almost any kind of story, merely as a story, the most intense?—in childhood. But that also is the age at which poetry, even of the simplest description, is least relished and least understood; because the feelings with which it is especially conversant are yet undeveloped, and not having been even in the slightest degree experienced, cannot be sympathised with. In what stage of the progress of society, again, is story-telling most valued, and the story-teller in greatest request and honour?—in a rude state; like that of the Tartars and Arabs at this day, and of almost all nations in the earliest ages. But in this state of society there is little poetry except ballads, which are mostly narrative, that is, essentially *stories*, and derive their principal interest from the *incidents*. Considered as poetry, they are of the lowest and most elementary kind: the feelings depicted, or rather indicated, are the simplest our nature has; such joys and griefs as the immediate pressure of some outward

event excites in rude minds, which live wholly immersed in outward things, and have never, either from choice or a force they could not resist, turned themselves to the contemplation of the world within. Passing now from childhood, and from the childhood of society, to the grown-up men and women of this most grown-up and unchildlike age—the minds and hearts of greatest depth and elevation are commonly those which take greatest delight in poetry; the shallowest and emptiest, on the contrary, are, by universal remark, the most addicted to novel-reading. This accords, too, with all analogous experience of human nature. The sort of persons whom not merely in books but in their lives, we find perpetually engaged in hunting for excitement from without, are invariably those who do not possess, either in the vigour of their intellectual powers or in the depth of their sensibilities, that which would enable them to find ample excitement nearer at home. The same persons whose time is divided between sight-seeing, gossip, and fashionable dissipation, take a natural delight in fictitious narrative; the excitement it affords is of the kind which comes from without. Such persons are rarely lovers of poetry, though they may fancy themselves so, because they relish novels in verse. But poetry, which is the delineation of the deeper and more secret workings of the human heart, is interesting only to those to whom it recalls what they have felt, or whose imagination it stirs up to conceive what they could feel, or what they might have been able to feel, had their outward circumstances been different.

Poetry, when it is really such, is truth; and fiction also, if it is good for anything, is truth: but they are different truths. The truth of poetry is to paint the human soul truly: the truth of fiction is to give a true picture of *life*. The two kinds of knowledge are different, and come by different ways, come mostly to different persons. Great poets are often proverbially ignorant of life. What they know has come by observation of themselves; they have found *there* one highly delicate, and sensitive, and refined specimen of human nature, on which the laws of human emotion are written in large characters, such as can be read off without much study: and other knowledge of mankind, such as comes to men of the world by outward experience, is not indispensable to them as poets: but to the novelist such knowledge is all in all; he has to describe outward things, not the inward man; actions and events, not feelings; and it will not do for him to be numbered among those who, as Madame Roland said of Brissot, know man but not *men*.

All this is no bar to the possibility of combining both elements, poetry and narrative or incident, in the same work, and calling it either a novel or a poem; but so may red and white combine on the same human features, or on the same canvass; and so may oil and vinegar, though opposite natures, blend together in the same

composite taste. There is one order of composition which requires the union of poetry and incident, each in its highest kind—the dramatic. Even there the two elements are perfectly distinguishable, and may exist of unequal quality, and in the most various proportion. The incidents of a dramatic poem may be scanty and ineffective, though the delineation of passion and character may be of the highest order ; as in Goethe's glorious ' Torquato Tasso ;' or again, the story as a mere story may be well got up for effect, as is the case with some of the most trashy productions of the Minerva press: it may even be, what those are not, a coherent and probable series of events, though there be scarcely a feeling exhibited which is not exhibited falsely, or in a manner absolutely common-place. The combination of the two excellencies is what renders Shakspeare so generally acceptable, each sort of readers finding in him what is suitable to their faculties. To the many he is great as a story-teller, to the few as a poet.

In limiting poetry to the delineation of states of feeling, and denying the name where nothing is delineated but outward objects, we may be thought to have done what we promised to avoid—to have not *found*, but *made* a definition, in opposition to the usage of the English language, since it is established by common consent that there is a poetry called *descriptive*. We deny the charge. Description is not poetry because there is descriptive poetry, no more than science is poetry because there is such a thing as a didactic poem ; no more, we might almost say, than Greek or Latin is poetry because there are Greek and Latin poems. But an object which admits of being described, or a truth which may fill a place in a scientific treatise, may *also* furnish an occasion for the generation of poetry, which we thereupon choose to call descriptive or didactic. The poetry is not in the object itself, nor in the scientific truth itself, but in the state of mind in which the one and the other may be contemplated. The mere delineation of the dimensions and colours of external objects is not poetry, no more than a geometrical ground-plan of St. Peter's or Westminster Abbey is painting. Descriptive poetry consists, no doubt, in description, but in description of things as they appear, not as they *are* ; and it paints them not in their bare and natural lineaments, but arranged in the colours and seen through the medium of the imagination set in action by the feelings. If a poet is to describe a lion, he will not set about describing him as a naturalist would, nor even as a traveller would, who was intent upon stating the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He will describe him by *imagery*, that is, by suggesting the most striking likenesses and contrasts which might occur to a mind contemplating the lion, in the state of awe, wonder, or terror, which the spectacle naturally excites, or is, on the occasion, supposed to excite. Now this is describing the lion professedly, but the state of excitement of the spectator really. The lion may be described falsely or in exaggerated colours, and the poetry be all the better ;

but if the human emotion be not painted with the most scrupulous truth, the poetry is bad poetry, i. e. is not poetry at all, but a failure.

Thus far our progress towards a clear view of the essentials of poetry has brought us very close to the last two attempts at a definition of poetry which we happen to have seen in print, both of them by poets and men of genius. The one is by Ebenezer Elliott, the author of 'Corn-Law Rhymes,' and other poems of still greater merit. 'Poetry,' says he, 'is impassioned truth.' The other is by a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, and comes, we think, still nearer the mark. We forget his exact words, but in substance he defined poetry 'man's thoughts tinged by his feelings.' There is in either definition a near approximation to what we are in search of. Every truth which man can announce, every thought, even every outward impression, which can enter into his consciousness, may become poetry when shewn through any impassioned medium, when invested with the colouring of joy, or grief, or pity, or affection, or admiration, or reverence, or awe, or even hatred or terror: and, unless so coloured, nothing, be it as interesting as it may, is poetry. But both these definitions fail to discriminate between poetry and eloquence. Eloquence, as well as poetry, is impassioned truth; eloquence, as well as poetry, is thoughts coloured by the feelings. Yet common apprehension and philosophic criticism alike recognize a distinction between the two: there is much that every one would call eloquence, which no one would think of classing as poetry. A question will sometimes arise, whether some particular author is a poet; and those who maintain the negative commonly allow, that though not a poet, he is a highly *eloquent* writer.

The distinction between poetry and eloquence appears to us to be equally fundamental with the distinction between poetry and narrative, or between poetry and description. It is still farther from having been satisfactorily cleared up than either of the others, unless, which is highly probable, the German artists and critics have thrown some light upon it which has not yet reached us. Without a perfect knowledge of what they have written, it is something like presumption to write upon such subjects at all, and we shall be the foremost to urge that, whatever we may be about to submit, may be received, subject to correction from *them*.

Poetry and eloquence are both alike the expression or uttering forth of feeling. But if we may be excused the seeming affectation of the antithesis, we should say that eloquence is *heard*, poetry is *overheard*. Eloquence supposes an audience; the peculiarity of poetry appears to us to lie in the poet's utter unconsciousness of a listener. Poetry is feeling confessing itself to itself, in moments of solitude, and bodying itself forth in symbols which are the nearest possible representations of the feeling in the exact shape in which it exists in the poet's mind. Eloquence is feeling

pouring itself forth to other minds, courting their sympathy, or endeavouring to influence their belief, or move them to passion or to action.

All poetry is of the nature of soliloquy. It may be said that poetry, which is printed on hot-pressed paper, and sold at a bookseller's shop, is a soliloquy in full dress, and upon the stage. But there is nothing absurd in the idea of such a mode of soliloquizing. What we have said to ourselves, we may tell to others afterwards; what we have said or done in solitude, we may voluntarily reproduce when we know that other eyes are upon us. But no trace of consciousness that any eyes are upon us must be visible in the work itself. The actor knows that there is an audience present; but if he act as though he knew it, he acts ill. A poet may write poetry with the intention of publishing it; he may write it even for the express purpose of being paid for it; that it should be poetry, being written under any such influences, is far less probable; not, however, impossible; but no otherwise possible than if he can succeed in excluding from his work every vestige of such lookings-forth into the outward and every-day world, and can express his feelings exactly as he has felt them in solitude, or as he feels that he should feel them, though they were to remain for ever unuttered. But when he turns round and addresses himself to another person; when the act of utterance is not itself the end, but a means to an end,—viz., by the feelings he himself expresses to work upon the feelings, or upon the belief, or the will of another,—when the expression of his emotions, or of his thoughts, tinged by his emotions, is tinged also by that purpose, by that desire of making an impression upon another mind, then it ceases to be poetry, and becomes eloquence.

Poetry, accordingly, is the natural fruit of solitude and meditation; eloquence, of intercourse with the world. The persons who have most feeling of their own, if intellectual culture have given them a language in which to express it, have the highest faculty of poetry; those who best understand the feelings of others, are the most eloquent. The persons, and the nations, who commonly excel in poetry, are those whose character and tastes render them least dependent for their happiness upon the applause, or sympathy, or concurrence of the world in general. Those to whom that applause, that sympathy, that concurrence are most necessary, generally excel most in eloquence. And hence, perhaps, the French, who are the *least* poetical of all great and refined nations, are among the *most* eloquent: the French, also, being the most sociable, the vainest, and the least self-dependent.

If the above be, as we believe, the true theory of the distinction commonly admitted between eloquence and poetry; or though it be not *that*, yet if, as we cannot doubt, the distinction above stated be a real *bonâ fide* distinction, it will be found to

hold, not merely in the language of words, but in all other language, and to intersect the whole domain of art.

Take, for example, music : we shall find in that art, so peculiarly the expression of passion, two perfectly distinct styles ; one of which may be called the poetry, the other the oratory of music. This difference being seized would put an end to much musical sectarianism. There has been much contention whether the character of Rossini's music—the music, we mean, which is characteristic of that composer—is compatible with the expression of passion. Without doubt, the passion it expresses is not the musing, meditative tenderness, or pathos, or grief of Mozart, the great poet of his art. Yet it is passion, but *garrulous* passion—the passion which pours itself into other ears ; and therein the better calculated for *dramatic* effect, having a natural adaptation for dialogue. Mozart also is great in musical oratory ; but his most touching compositions are in the opposite style—that of soliloquy. Who can imagine ‘Dove sonò’ *heard* ? We imagine it *overheard*. The same is the case with many of the finest national airs. Who can hear those words, which speak so touchingly the sorrows of a mountaineer in exile :—

‘ My heart's in the Highlands—my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer.
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.’

Who can hear those affecting words, married to as affecting an air, and fancy that he *sees* the singer ? That song has always seemed to us like the lament of a prisoner in a solitary cell, ourselves listening, unseen, in the next. As the direct opposite of this, take ‘ Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,’ where the music is as oratorical as the poetry.

Purely pathetic music commonly partakes of soliloquy. The soul is absorbed in its distress, and though there may be bystanders, it is not thinking of them. When the mind is looking within, and not without, its state does not often or rapidly vary ; and hence the even, uninterrupted flow, approaching almost to monotony, which a good reader, or a good singer, will give to words or music of a pensive or melancholy cast. But grief, taking the form of a prayer, or of a complaint, becomes oratorical ; no longer low, and even, and subdued, it assumes a more emphatic rhythm, a more rapidly returning accent ; instead of a few slow, equal notes, following one after another at regular intervals, it crowds note upon note, and oftentimes assumes a hurry and bustle like joy. Those who are familiar with some of the best of Rossini's serious compositions, such as the air ‘Tu che i miseri conforti,’ in the opera of ‘Tancredi,’ or the duet ‘Ebben per mia memoria,’ in ‘La Gazza Ladra,’ will at once understand and feel our meaning. Both are highly tragic and passionate ; the passion of both is that

of oratory, not poetry. The like may be said of that most moving prayer in Beethoven's 'Fidelio'—

‘Komm, Hoffnung, lass das letzte Stern
Der Müde nicht erbleichen;

in which Madame Devrient, last summer, exhibited such consummate powers of pathetic expression. How different from Winter's beautiful 'Paga pii,' the very soul of melancholy exhaling itself in solitude; fuller of meaning, and, therefore, more profoundly poetical than the words for which it was composed—for it seems to express not simple melancholy, but the melancholy of remorse.

If, from vocal music, we now pass to instrumental, we may have a specimen of musical oratory in any fine military symphony or march: while the poetry of music seems to have attained its consummation in Beethoven's Overture to Egmont. We question whether so deep an expression of mixed grandeur and melancholy was ever in any other instance produced by mere sounds.

In the arts which speak to the eye, the same distinctions will be found to hold, not only between poetry and oratory, but between poetry, oratory, narrative, and simple imitation or description.

Pure *description* is exemplified in a *mere* portrait or a *mere* landscape—productions of art, it is true, but of the mechanical rather than of the fine arts, being works of simple imitation, not *creation*. We say, a *mere* portrait, or a *mere* landscape, because it is possible for a portrait or a landscape, without ceasing to be such, to be also a *picture*. A portrait by Lawrence, or one of Turner's views, is not a mere copy from nature: the one combines with the given features that particular expression (among all good and pleasing ones) which those features are most capable of wearing, and which, therefore, in combination with them, is capable of producing the greatest positive beauty. Turner, again, unites the objects of the given landscape with whatever sky, and whatever light and shade, enable those particular objects to impress the imagination most strongly. In both, there is *creative* art—not working after an actual model, but realizing an idea.

Whatever in painting or sculpture expresses human feeling, or *character*, which is only a certain state of feeling grown habitual, may be called, according to circumstances, the poetry or the eloquence of the painter's or the sculptor's art; the poetry, if the feeling declares itself by such signs as escape from us when we are unconscious of being seen; the oratory, if the signs are those we use for the purpose of voluntary communication.

The poetry of painting seems to be carried to its highest perfection in the Peasant Girl of Rembrandt, or in any Madonna or Magdalen of Guido; that of sculpture, in almost any of the Greek statues of the gods; not considering these in respect to the mere

physical beauty, of which they are such perfect models, nor undertaking either to vindicate or to contest the opinion of philosophers, that even physical beauty is ultimately resolvable into expression; we may safely affirm, that in no other of man's works did so much of soul ever shine through mere inanimate matter.

The narrative style answers to what is called historical painting, which it is the fashion among connoisseurs to treat as the climax of the pictorial art. That it is the most difficult branch of the art, we do not doubt, because, in its perfection, it includes, in a manner, the perfection of all the other branches. As an epic poem, though, in so far as it is epic (*i. e.* narrative), it is not poetry at all, is yet esteemed the greatest effort of poetic genius, because there is no kind whatever of poetry which may not appropriately find a place in it. But an historical picture, as such, that is, as the representation of an incident, must necessarily, as it seems to us, be poor and ineffective. The narrative powers of painting are extremely limited. Scarcely any picture, scarcely any series even of pictures, which we know of, tells its own story without the aid of an interpreter; you must know the story beforehand; *then*, indeed, you may see great beauty and appropriateness in the painting. But it is the single figures which, to us, are the great charm even of a historical picture. It is in these that the power of the art is really seen: in the attempt to *narrate*, visible and permanent signs are far behind the fugitive audible ones which follow so fast one after another, while the faces and figures in a narrative picture, even though they be Titian's, stand still. Who would not prefer one Virgin and Child of Raphael, to all the pictures which Rubens, with his fat, frouzy Dutch Venuses, ever painted? Though Rubens, besides excelling almost every one in his mastery over all the mechanical parts of his art, often shows real genius in *grouping* his figures, the peculiar problem of historical painting. But, then, who, except a mere student of drawing and colouring, ever cared to look twice at any of the figures themselves? The power of painting lies in poetry, of which Rubens had not the slightest tincture—not in narrative, where he might have excelled.

The single figures, however, in an historical picture, are rather the *eloquence* of painting than the poetry: they mostly (unless they are quite out of place in the picture) express the feelings of one person as modified by the presence of others. Accordingly the minds whose bent leads them rather to eloquence than to poetry, rush to historical painting. The French painters, for instance, seldom attempt, because they could make nothing of, single heads, like those glorious ones of the Italian masters, with which they might glut themselves day after day in their own Louvre. They must all be *historical*; and they are, almost to a man, attitudinizers. If we wished to give to any young artist the most impressive warning our imaginations could devise, against that kind

of vice in the pictorial, which corresponds to rant in the histrionic art, we would advise him to walk once up and once down the gallery of the Luxembourg ; even now when David, the great corrupter of taste, has been translated from this world to the next, and from the Luxembourg, consequently, into the more elevated sphere of the Louvre. Every figure in French painting or statuary seems to be showing itself off before spectators : they are in the worst style of corrupted eloquence, but in no style of poetry at all. The best are stiff and unnatural ; the worst resemble figures of cataleptic patients. The French artists fancy themselves imitators of the classics, yet they seem to have no understanding and no feeling of that *repose* which was the peculiar and pervading character of Grecian art, until it began to decline : a repose ten-fold more indicative of strength than all their stretching and straining ; for strength, as Thomas Carlyle says, does not manifest itself in spasms.

There are some productions of art which it seems at first difficult to arrange in any of the classes above illustrated. The direct aim of art as such, is the production of the *beautiful* ; and as there are other things beautiful besides states of mind, there is much of art which may seem to have nothing to do with either poetry or eloquence as we have defined them. Take for instance a composition of Claude, or Salvator Rosa. There is here *creation* of new beauty : by the grouping of natural scenery, conformably indeed to the laws of outward nature, but not after any actual model ; the result being a beauty more perfect and faultless than is perhaps to be found in any actual landscape. Yet there is a character of poetry even in these, without which they could not be so beautiful. The unity, and wholeness, and æsthetic congruity of the picture still lies in singleness of expression ; but it is expression in a different sense from that in which we have hitherto employed the term. The objects in an imaginary landscape cannot be said, like the words of a poem or the notes of a melody, to be the actual utterance of a feeling ; but there must be some feeling with which they harmonize, and which they have a tendency to raise up in the spectator's mind. They must inspire a feeling of grandeur, a loveliness, a cheerfulness, a wildness, a melancholy, a terror. The painter must surround his principal objects with such imagery as would spontaneously arise in a highly imaginative mind, when contemplating those objects under the impression of the feelings which they are intended to inspire. This, if it be not poetry, is so nearly allied to it, as scarcely to require being distinguished.

In this sense we may speak of the poetry of architecture. All architecture, to be impressive, must be the expression or symbol of some interesting idea ; some thought, which has power over the emotions. The reason why modern architecture is so paltry, is simply that it is not the expression of any idea ; it is a mere

parroting of the architectural tongue of the Greeks, or of our Teutonic ancestors, without any conception of a meaning.

To confine ourselves, for the present, to religious edifices: these partake of poetry, in proportion as they express, or harmonize with, the feelings of devotion. But those feelings are different according to the conception entertained of the beings, by whose supposed nature they are called forth. To the Greek, these beings were incarnations of the greatest conceivable physical beauty, combined with supernatural power: and the Greek temples express this, their predominant character being graceful strength; in other words, solidity, which is power, and lightness which is also power, accomplishing with small means what seemed to require great; to combine all in one word, *majesty*. To the Catholic, again, the Deity was something far less clear and definite; a being of still more resistless power than the heathen divinities; greatly to be loved; still more greatly to be feared; and wrapped up in vagueness, mystery, and incomprehensibility. A certain solemnity, a feeling of doubting and trembling hope, like that of one lost in a boundless forest who thinks he knows his way but is not sure, mixes itself in all the genuine expressions of Catholic devotion. This is eminently the expression of the pure Gothic cathedral; conspicuous equally in the mingled majesty and gloom of its vaulted roofs and stately aisles, and in the 'dim religious light' which steals through its painted windows.

There is no generic distinction between the imagery which is the *expression* of feeling and the imagery which is felt to *harmonize* with feeling. They are identical. The imagery in which feeling utters itself forth from within, is also that in which it delights when presented to it from without. All art, therefore, in proportion as it produces its effects by an appeal to the emotions partakes of poetry, unless it partakes of oratory, or of narrative. And the distinction which these three words indicate, runs through the whole field of the fine arts.

The above hints have no pretension to the character of a theory. They are merely thrown out for the consideration of thinkers, in the hope that if they do not contain the truth, they may do somewhat to suggest it. Nor would they, crude as they are, have been deemed worthy of publication, in any country but one in which the philosophy of art is so completely neglected, that whatever may serve to put any inquiring mind upon this kind of investigation, cannot well, however imperfect in itself, fail altogether to be of use.

ANTIQUUS.

SONNET

[Written on the defeat, during the late election, of one of the popular Candidates for Liverpool.]

YES! 'twas a glorious struggle! though the hour
 Is still to come, my country, when pure hands
 And patriot hearts, linked in united bands,
 Shall overthrow the lordly despot's power.
 YES! 'twas a glorious struggle! and the dower
 Of perfect freedom yet shall bless our lands,
 While trust in heaven our bosom's hope expands;
 And we can wait till baser spirits cower
 Before thy angel form, O Liberty!
 Yet shalt thou come to fair Britannia's side,
 Spotless and radiant as a virgin bride,
 And wake the mighty lion slumbering nigh—
 Lion of England! at her touch awake,
 And from thy neck the galling fetters shake!

M. A.

Liverpool, Dec. 13.

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(2.) A very pleasant book, and particularly civil to us and our ways and manners. 'There is no offence in it,' and plenty of good-natured and amusing observation.

(3.) Mr. Theobald's Letter is written in a very clear, intelligible style, and his observations, so far as they go, are just, but the letter is a mere glance at the subject. The author is justified in stating (p. 16) that special pleading is essential to the sure and economical administration of justice, though not as practised in our courts—the legal fictions ought to be abolished, for, as is truly observed (p. 26), they are inconsistent with special pleading, and their abolition is necessary for its perfection.

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History of England, Vol. III. By the late Sir James Mackintosh. (Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. XVIII.)

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Pompeii, Vol. II. (Library of Entertaining Knowledge.)

and it will be well if Mr. Theobald's recommendation be taken, and they re-consider it with the view of dealing with it somewhat more boldly, and to better purpose than they have yet done.

(4.) We have before spoken favourably of Dr. Bernays' and also of Mr. Thurgar's school books. The commendation may safely be repeated on the present occasion. The German Grammar is simple, well arranged, and adapted for the purposes both of the teacher and the self-taught student. Mr. Thurgar's book is worthy of his high reputation as a critical grammarian of the French language.

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(8.) Calvinistic in doctrine and sectarian in spirit.

(9.) Abundance of curious matter, and much that may be useful. Both the wood-cuts and engravings are very well executed. These are praise-worthy contributions to popular antiquarianism.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Thanks to 'J. J. T.'—We hope to hear soon from 'M.'