

## SUMMER MORNING.

Go forth, thou care-worn man,  
And roam the woods once more,  
The forest path way tread,  
And by the lake's calm shore;  
Forget thy hoarded gold,  
Thou reckless man of sin,  
And let this summer morning  
A short-lived homage win.

Go forth, thou sinless child,  
With that archly-beaming eye,  
Shout forth thy buoyant gladness,  
And nature will reply;  
Thy favorite brook is trilling  
A mirthful glee to-day,  
And countless voices calling,  
'Forth to the woods, away !'

Go forth, thou maiden fair,  
Where glides the peaceful stream,  
Where woodlands flow'rs are springing,  
A waking vision dream;  
O joy that never wearies !  
On thy lover thou art dwelling;  
Thy deeply-shrouded secret  
That blush is boldly telling.

Go forth, aspiring youth,  
To ponder daring schemes;  
Thou wilt come yet once again,  
To mourn those fatal dreams;  
And marvel thou couldst leave  
Yon sweet secluded glen,  
To win the phantom glory,  
Among thy fellow men.

Go forth, thou languid form,  
Thou who art doomed to die,  
Whose fate is written on that flush,  
And in that glassy eye;  
Go forth, and once again  
Revel in this pure air;  
Unconscious of the future,  
Pour forth a hopeful prayer.

And thou, whose poet's soul  
Worships each dale and wood,  
Thy airy visions weave  
In yon sweet solitude !  
Though counsel'd by the wise  
And cold to shun such lure,  
O, keep that inner fount  
Of thought and feeling pure !

A. E.

## ORIGIN OF THE FINE ARTS.

It may be observed generally of all these Arts that their scope is, either by added embellishment, or by casting it altogether in another form, to give beauty to something which has a natural place and use in human life. Thus the dwellings of men and temples for their worship must have had a place among their works, although Architecture had never learnt any thing from imagination. The purposes of natural life were to be served, but the structures which these purposes required, admitted proportions of greatness and beauty, and were susceptible of other embellishments. The mind, which cannot rest in utility, but seeks in all its works to gratify its inherent desires and aspirations, availed itself of the capacities it found in structures of mere natural service, and gave a dominion to imagination in the works of use. Only it is a just restraint that the work of imagination shall not in any wise unfit the structure for its natural service. If it can in any way heighten its fitness there is gain on both sides. So Sculpture, as distinct from its subservience to Architecture, has a natural use in human life, as it serves to perpetuate to a people the likeness of those men to whom, from any motives of national homage, they desire to yield this testimony of perpetual remembrance. It has served, moreover, the purposes of their erring worships, by shaping for them the objects of their idolatry. These two purposes gave to primitive Sculpture its place of ordinary service to human life, without any intermixture of those higher principles which have since found their way into the art. But imagination saw how in the rude forms of primitive art she could invest her own conceptions of august and beautiful form, and taking the chisel from the hand of mechanic labour, she began, for the world's delight, the work of her beautiful creation. Painting seems to have had a similar origin with Sculpture. It was at first an art of memory, not of imagination. It was used to preserve the likenesses of men, and from its ready variety the records of events. In the hands of imagination it became a beautiful art for delight; sometimes still serving its original use, and sometimes seeking no other end than pure delight. This art, too, was applied in a natural use, as it may be called, to the service of erring religion. There is a farther use which may be mentioned as found in these three arts in their early practice, that is, as preparing the mansions of the dead. All these works, whether of utility or homage, are works of natural service, independent altogether of that imagination which is proper to the Fine Arts, though they may all be said alike to invite that imagination. In like manner, Poetry had its primitive natural service; metrical language being found a fit vehicle for the memory of nations; and being used,

therefore, for the oral record of laws, moral doctrines, mythology, and national events—at first independently of imagination. It is said that the science of the Druids was taught in many thousand verses. The fitness of metrical language for recitation with song, made it also suitable for religious and other ceremonies, which was also a natural primitive use. A few words may be added of Melody, as connected both with metrical language and with dance. The constant use that is found among early and rude nations in every part of the world, of some species of melody framed with words into song, or accompanying their rude dances—in services of their worship—in their festivities—in other stated and regular occasions of life—as we find, for example—among the early Greeks, among the Highlanders of Scotland, among the Arabs—customary songs accompanying particular avocations of labour—this various uniform use of melody for service without imagination, justifies our considering it, like the other arts, as having a foundation in natural life, on which the work of imagination is afterwards raised. And if Music might seem to imply an artificial melody, as if it must have had from the beginning gratuitous invention, the singular fact may be recollected that the primary notes of the music of all nations is the same—a sufficient proof that the ground of melody is laid in our organic constitution, and a reason the more to support the view which has been taken of this art, as having a natural origin in the natural occasions of life, independently of imagination—since even melodies of joy and sorrow may thus be allowed as the natural utterance of a being, whose ear and voice are framed with the instinct of melody.

Without pursuing similar illustration through less important branches of art, and without pretending to have given more than a very slight statement with respect to those that have been enumerated, the argument which these observations were intended to support, will, perhaps, be admitted, namely, that those Arts, which we term the Fine Arts, have all their proper origin in the uses of human life, independently of that infused spirit of imagination which constitutes their interest to us, and which, in our estimation, is indispensable to their character.

Nor is this consideration of so little importance, as we might be apt to imagine, in determining the ultimate character of these arts. For although many of the uses which have been indicated have no longer much weight for our minds, yet among those early nations to whom they served these purposes, they were felt as of great moment. It is difficult for us to quit in imagination our own condition of society, and to enter into the conceptions of those whose state of life and feelings is very different. If we could justly estimate the place which these arts have in the manners of nations in the primitive conditions of life, we should understand that they have a great, even a national importance. For these arts which afterwards adorn life are at that time inwoven with its serious necessities, and are intermingled, too, in concerns, which if not of necessity, are held by them of most solemn importance. They make part of what may be called the structure of their life.—*Blackwood for July.*

## FORM.

Sir Joshua lays down that Sculpture aims at two things—Form and Character—and that to accomplish either of these, is to achieve a mighty work. But how there should be intellectual delight or sublimity in Form he does not unfold; yet he who knows not this, is imperfectly skilled in the Grecian soul. Let us, therefore, discover why Intellect enjoys a statue which has no expression as far as the subject is concerned, but animal action and animal perfection. Some elements of pleasure are obvious, but go only a small way. First, there is the original pleasure of looking at animal beauty, which is not inconsiderable to those who have been bred up in that perpetual flow of animal enjoyment with which Grecians were blest; for the beauty of an animal is its adaptation to animal enjoyment. Then, we suppose, where this beauty is carried through every part, so that nothing of the defects appear, which, in the infinite chances of matter, settle upon all things of mortal birth, it is impossible to resist a feeling as if there were an exemption for that creature from the ordinary laws to which all others are enthralled—as if it were a favoured being, a darling of heaven that no power of annoyance can come near, and which the fighting elements of nature have united to spare. A Flower of fruitless and glorious beauty, just unfolded, seems as if it could not live on this earth and under these skies, if there were not some feeling above for its loveliness to save it from harm. And this Ariosto must have known, when, in describing the rose which the virgin resembles, he says that sun, and air, and the dewy morning, and sky, and earth, incline towards it in favour. This is a feeling of protection. The feeling of the care in Nature for her production, goes much further—besides applying to forms of fruitless strength, where the idea of special protection cannot apply—though, indeed, a superior idea takes its place—that of a creature above protection—born to triumph over the ills under which ordinary mortality dies. It must be these feelings that make faultless forms of beauty or strength, independently of all expression, poetical, and worthy of imagination's love. Of course it is not necessary that at every good statue the mind should run out into these speculations; but if it has ever been in the habit of indulging and believing in them,

the least, almost unperceived, inclination to them, will be sufficient to exalt Form; indeed that must be true throughout all poetry and feeling. What is superstition with regard to flowers, is literal matter of fact for gods and god-begotten heroes.

Among the obvious causes of pleasure in mere form of a perfect statue, are the knowledge and skill of the sculptor; but we know not how far this may go for nobler pleasure. The mere mechanical skill of doing a difficult thing by long practice does not appear very exalted; and how much share it may be allowed in the pleasure of a cultivated mind we cannot tell. In a rude mind it seems often to make up the whole—and that very strong—as in the admiration of rope-dancing—but even here we can hardly believe that the naked perception of a difficulty overcome by long practice, is the sole source of delight. We believe that in the "men of the multitude" there is something more poetical; a confusion of astonishment at the exertion of powers of which they had no conception; and a feeling as if those powers came from a higher quarter, and the rope-dancer were a gifted being:—a portion of the reverence which the most enlightened minds feel for a juggler. Skill in the arts may be very delightful to an enlightened mind, not for itself, but what it is combined with. When very difficult dancing, for example, is very graceful and expressive, there must be great joy in perceiving, that the long and painful labour by which the difficulty has been overcome has not killed the soul of dancing in the dancer, but that her delight in grace and natural feeling have carried her triumphantly through her severe discipline, and so entirely subjected her art to her nature, that there is no trace in her motions of the effort by which they were acquired—but they might seem to be inspirations. Something of the same sort is the pleasure which perfect skill gives, when unostentatiously used, as indicating greatness of mind. Skill merely can only be delightful by that illusion, of its seeming in its perfection to be really an endowment of power from nature. But the fact is, it is no illusion—but a truth. Where skill is of a masterly kind, it proceeds from great powers given by nature, and only consummated by art—and therefore let it no more be said, when Michael Angelo paints in the size of a hat a corse that seems six feet long, that it is merely a trick of painting. It may be a sport of painting, but full surely there is power there. On the whole, may it be received, that skill, though offensive, when other things are sacrificed to it, is in itself admirable—and when in subjection to passion, extremely admirable?—The knowledge of perfect Form is a fit subject of much admiration—because it implies a long course of noble studies—which studies derive their nobility from the nobleness of Form itself—which brings us to the great question, what is the real value of beauty: to what degree is it lawful that beautiful flesh should have power over the eyes of spirit and intellect?—*Blackwood.*

## THE PARTING.

We had been about three months in the Island of Jersey, when the order came for our embarkation for Portugal; but only six women to every hundred men were allowed to accompany us. As there were, however, a great many more than that number, it was proposed that they should draw lots to see who should remain. The women of the company to which I belonged were assembled in the pay-sergeant's room for that purpose. The men of the company had gathered round them to see the result with various degrees of interest depicted in their countenances. The proportionate number of tickets were made, with 'to go' or 'not to go' written on them. They were then placed in a hat and the women were called by the seniority to draw their tickets. I looked round me before they began. It was an interesting scene. The sergeant stood in the middle with his hat in his hand, the women around him with their hearts palpitating; and anxiety and suspense in every countenance. Here and there you would see the head of a married man pushed forward from amongst the crowd in the attitude of intense anxiety and attention.

The first woman called was the Sergeant's wife, she drew 'not to go.' It seemed to give little concern to any one but herself and husband. She was not very well in the company. The next was a corporal's wife—she drew 'to go.' This was with nearly as much apathy as the first. She was little beloved by either. The next was an old hand, a most outrageous virago, who thought nothing of giving her husband a knock down when he offended her, and who used to make great disturbance about the fire in the cooking way. Every one uttered their wishes audibly that she would lose; and her husband, if we could judge from his countenance, seemed to wish so too.—She boldly plunged her hand into the hat and drew out a ticket; on opening it, she held it up triumphantly, and displayed 'to go.' 'Old Meg will go yet,' said she, 'and live to scald more of you about the fireside.' A general murmur of disappointment ran through the whole. 'She has the devil's luck and her own,' said one of them.

The next in turn was the wife of a young man who was much respected in the company for his steadiness and good behavior. She was remarkable for her affection for her husband, and beloved by the whole company for her modest and obliging disposition.—She advanced with a palpitating heart and trembling hand to decide on (what was to her I believe,) her future happiness or mi-