

genious piece of criticism has the memory of it survived. In the same way, the mastiff who came running up to his master's portrait wagging his tail was a perfectly qualified judge of its fidelity. The other department of the art,—the choice of subjects,—requires higher qualities in the connoisseur; but it is not exclusively in picture-galleries that his skill is to be acquired. Nay, I am mistaken if it may not be acquired outside of the picture-gallery altogether, and in utter ignorance of the technicalities of the art. Take landscape, for instance. Who can doubt that Shenstone, who had of all men the most exquisite eye for the real scenes of nature, must have had an eye equally exquisite for those very scenes when transferred to canvas? He was more than a great connoisseur: he was also a great artist,—an artist who dealt in realities exclusively, and planted his thickets and formed his waterfalls with all the exquisite perception and inventive originality of high genius. No one can suppose that Shenstone's taste and skill would not have served him in as good stead amid a collection of pictures as at Hagley or in the Leasowes; or that, however unskilled in the connoisseur's vocabulary, he would have proved other than a first-rate connoisseur.

The "poet's lyre," says Cowper, "must be the poet's heart:" he must feel warmly before he can express strongly. I suppose nearly the same remark may be applied both to the painter and the men best qualified to appreciate the painter's productions. An intense feeling of the beautiful and a nice perception of it invariably go together; and unless a person has experienced this feeling, in the first instance, amid the delights of the original nature, there is no virtue in rules or phrases to convey it to him from the painter's copy. I am not aware that Professor Wilson knows anything of these rules or phrases. Certain I am, however, that this master of gorgeous description, who makes the reader more