

tain top, and the flowers of the valley's recess; all the mysterious toil by which he subdues, and settles, and hands over to his fellows, the sacred fire which animates his own breast; all is lost to myriads of his race, as though the language of heaven and the gods were shut by edict from their dull souls.—Painting speaks more widely—its first efforts gave an universal speech, and the savage to whom hieroglyphics were nonsense, acknowledged the artist's mimicry, and understood his intent. The peasant who delights in the morning sky, or stands on his garden cliff, enamoured of the white ship's progress through the waves;—the mechanic who wanders from the city to gaze delightedly refreshed on the grove and lake of the interior; each can appreciate the outlines and tints which give again what so charmed them in real life. To the excellencies of music perhaps their ears are deaf; the spirit of poetry may be to them a sealed letter; but painting is an art which excels in fidelity and similitude; and a portion of whose value, all can feel, who admire the works of God.

It is true that in the best works, whether of landscape, portrait or historical painting; there is a certain mystery which almost confounds those learned in the science. That from the canvas and pallet, rough unpromising materials, such beautiful creations should appear, is almost miraculous. The touches of the artist seem not delicate or critically exact; yet there is an effect produced in a single picture, which may form a delightful study for years. There is also a tact necessary in fully relishing those productions, which is either the particular gift of nature, or the tardy fruit of close study. Fidelity to its subject is not alone the source of admiration in a choice picture; the poetry of nature is there, and it requires a gifted mind to give it a voice; the artist's spirit is embodied in several delicate, unobtrusive traits, and it requires a kindred soul to feel their expression and beauty. Still there is much for those who run, to read; and the man of simple life, to whom the lute were voiceless, and "Childe Harold" a blank; can gaze amused, instructed, and for the