

don,—passing in the morning along Cheapside, when a bird, caged against the sunny wall, breaks out in a sudden burst of song. Her old recollections are awakened at the sound; the street disappears, and the dingy houses; she sees the meadow tract, with the overhanging trees, where she used to milk her cattle; she sees, too, the cattle themselves waiting her coming; and, in the words of the lyric, “a river flows down through the breadth of Cheapside.” Poor Susan! “her heart is stirred,” and her eyes fill.

Every human mind has its pictures. Were it otherwise, who would care anything for the art of the painter? When standing in front of M'Culloch's exquisite landscape, I was enabled to call up some of my own,—moon-light scenes of quiet and soothing beauty, or of wild and lonely grandeur. I stood on a solitary sea-shore. A broken wall of cliffs, more than a hundred yards in height, rose abruptly behind,—here advancing in huge craggy towers, tapestried with ivy and crowned with wood,—there receding into deep gloomy hollows. The sea, calm and dark, stretched away league after league in front to the far horizon. The moon had just risen, and threw its long fiery gleam of red light across the waters to the shore. A solitary vessel lay far away, becalmed in its wake. I could see the sail flapping idly against the mast, as she slowly rose and sank to the swell. The light gradually strengthened; the dark bars of cloud, that had shown like the grate of a dungeon, wore slowly away; the white sea birds, perched on the shelves, became visible along the cliffs; the advancing crags stood out from the darkness; the recesses within seemed, from the force of contrast, to deepen their shades; the isolated spire-like crags that rise thick along the coast, half on the shore, half in the sea, flung each its line of darkness inwards along the beach. A wide cavern yawned behind me, rugged with spiracles of stalactites, that hung bristling from the roof like icicles at the edge of a