

the pen has no such variety of shades as the pencil, and no such pliant flexibility of outline,—I must employ some of the same words. I must repeat, for instance, that there is a heathy moor in the foreground, and a screen of hills behind, and that a sky chequered with clouds has dappled the landscape with sunshine and shadow. There is a transient shower sweeping gloomily along a narrow glen, while the hills to the right are smiling in purple to the sun. The Druidical stones rise gray in the mid-ground ; and the smoke, apparently of a shepherd's fire, is ascending slantways from among them, before a light breeze. It is, as I have said, a sweet picture, but inferior in feeling to the other, and perhaps not altogether what its name would have led us to expect. I question, however, whether that blended feeling of the sublime and the solemn, with which it is natural to contemplate the monuments of an antiquity so remote that they lie wholly beyond the reach of history, and which form the sole and yet most doubtful memorials of unknown rites and usages, and of tribes long passed away, can be re-awakened by the imitations of the painter. I have felt it strongly on the scene of some forgotten battle sprinkled with cairns and tumuli, and where the stone-axe and the flint-arrow are occasionally turned up to the light, to testify of a period when the aborigines of the country were making their first rude essays in art, and when the *man* had not yet risen over the *savage*. I have felt it when,—standing where some ancient burial mound had been just laid open,—I saw the rude unglazed sepulchral urn filled with half-burned fragments of bone, or with rudely formed ornaments of jet or amber, fashioned evidently ere the discovery of iron. I have felt it, too, amid the Druidical circle, and beside the tall unshapen obelisk. But I did not feel it when standing before M'Culloch's second picture ; and I questioned whether in what he had failed any other could have succeeded. With what Johnson terms the