

variety, or in which a few steps so completely alters a scene. In a walk of half a mile one might fill a whole portfolio with sketches, all fine and all various.

It was chiefly in the minuter landscapes of the place that I missed the perished erections of the poet. The want of some central point on which the attention might first concentrate, and then, as it were, let itself gradually out on the surrounding objects, served frequently to remind me of one of the poet's own remarks. "A rural scene to me is never perfect," he says, "without the addition of some kind of building. I have, however, known a scar of rock in great measure supplying the deficiency." Has the reader observed how unwittingly Bewick seems to have stumbled on this canon, and how very frequently the scar of rock—somewhat a piece of mannerism, to be sure, but always fine, and always picturesquely overhung with foliage—is introduced as the great central object into his vignettes? In nature's, too, the effect, when chance embodied in some recluse scene, must have been often remarked. I have seen a huge rock-like boulder, roughened by lichens, giving animation and cheerfulness to the wild solitude of a deep forest-clearing; and a gray undressed obelisk, reared many centuries ago over the savage dead, imparting picturesqueness and interest to a brown sterile moor.

With the poet's erections, every trace of his lesser ingenuities has disappeared from the landscape,—his peculiar art, for instance, of distancing an object to aggrandize his space, or in contriving that the visiter should catch a picturesque glimpse of it just at the point where it looked best; and that then, losing sight of it, he should draw near by some hidden path, over which the eye had not previously travelled. The artist, with his many-hued pigments at command, makes one object seem near and another distant, by giving to the one a