

in looking on ocean's expanse than others, yet he must share his pride with every subject of the Imperial islands. Lake and mountain scenery are lovely to the citizen of the world, and to the universal amateur; but they are great, glorious masses, amid which the gazer feels himself a speck in creation. Here, in this shaded little dell, the spectator himself, would form an object of importance; in that cottage shaded by the old trees, his evening of life might glide away; and in the little church opposite, his weekly worship might be most placidly offered. It is an attractive scene, representing a woody dell, through which a road winds to a partially seen village. The gazer finds a pleasing individual interest in its study; banks, such as he has sported on in childhood, gathering primroses and chasing butterflies, rise to the right; while on either side majestic trees, such as he is often gone nestling under, tower, and throw a deep shade, finely contrasting sunny gleams which cross the path. A group characteristic of the simple country in which the scene is laid, is on the road. A small white horse draws a rugged cart, which is in charge of two females, who are vividly delineated; a third female figure in the hat and red cloak common in Wales, pauses by the cart, in conversation with the drivers; the outline and colouring of the last figure is peculiarly bold and graceful. The full tint of the trees gives the home of the linnet and goldfinch strongly to the mind; a shaded mound to the right is evidently the villager's holiday evening seat; the little church spire is in sweet keeping with the retired, warm cottages to the left; and all impart that mellow, satisfied, domestic tone, which more splendid scenes seem to despise. No speck of ocean is here visible, to disturb with its ideas of vastness the sheltered comfort of the dell. Mountains are visible, but they are so airy and distant, they merely intimate that such things are, they intrude not on the soft, home scene. To the old countryman, this scene in Monmouthshire renews what his youth loved, and tells him a mournfully pleasing tale of times gone by. To the Nova-Scotian it is a sample of old country scenery, and of that kind of it, which