expanse of level woodland, are the leading features of both pictures. The American has less advantage of association. It has no Windsor and



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no minor palaces. The town in the foreground, though boasting a far more picturesque site, is less picturesquely built, finely as the lath-and-plaster Capitol stands out against the eastern sky. But the James, as a piece of runing water, no

doubt excels the Thames. It is, in the lower and more placid part of its course, much like the Thames, while it possesses in the so-called falls which foam and sparkle in a thousand rapids and cascades among nearly as many birch and elm clad-rocks and islets to the spectator's feet, an element wholly wanting in the other. Gazing upon the Virginian scene, Claude and Salvator would have opened their sketch-boxes and sat down to work side by side.

Let us borrow from Thomson—"Oh, Jamie Tamson, Jamie Tamson, oh!"—who sleeps in the odd little church below, and whose pen is most successful in the Claude style, what we need in the way of description of a scene so often limned with both instruments:

Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptured eye
Exulting swift to hugh Augusta send,
Now to the sister hills that skirt her plain;
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Imperial Windsor lifts her lofty brow.

Here let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
Far winding up to where the Muses haunt —
To Twickenham bowers; to royal Hampton's pile:
To Claremont's terraced heights and Esher's groves.
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung.

Another minstrel from Tweedside tried his hand upon it in *The Heart of Midlothian*. He stops Jeanie and the duke, notwithstanding the life-and-death importance of their errand, to mark where "the Thames, here turreted with villas and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene to whom all its other beauties were but accessories." It is but a limited monarchy, of the mild