

died "even as the beast dieth," and went to their place, leaving names behind them that sound like curses in the ears of posterity. The reigning family,—those infatuated and low-thoughted Stuarts, who, in their short-sighted and debasing policy, would have rendered men faithful to their princes by making them untrue to their God,—were driven from their high places and their country, to wander homeless under the curse of Cain,—to bring disaster on every nation that sheltered them, and death and ruin on every adherent that espoused their cause. And at length, when the spectacle of their misery and degradation was fully shown to the kingdoms of the earth, the last vial of wrath was poured upon their heads, and they passed into utter extinction. But the names of the persecuted survive in a different savour; their sufferings have met with a different reward; the noble constancy of the persecuted, the high fortitude of the martyr, still live; a halo encircles their sepulchres; and from many a solitary grave, and many a lonely battle-field, there come voices like those which issued from behind the vail,—voices that tell us how this world, with all its little interests, must pass away, but that for those who fight the good fight there abideth a rest that is eternal. I heartily thank this man of genius and right feeling for the lesson which his pencil has taught. Such pictures more than please;—they powerfully instruct. —*March 21, 1840.*

FOURTH ARTICLE.

AT the further end of the first exhibition-room, on the left hand, there is a moon-light scene by M'Culloch,—“Deer startled,”—which only a man of genius could have transferred from nature to the canvas. It is actually what it professes to be,—a landscape lighted up by the moon; and the scene