

son had tipped the upper eminences with white, and they stood out in bold and prominent relief, nearer, apparently, than even the middle ground of the landscape. The whole was exquisitely beautiful,—a scene to be once seen and ever remembered.

I must attempt a description of the picture of M'Culloch. The moon is riding high over head in a cloudy and yet a quiet sky. There is a greenish transparency in the piled and rounded masses. Even where most dense, the thinner edges are light and fleecy; and the whole betokens what White of Selborne would have termed a mild and *delicate* evening. There is a lonely moor in front, a piece of water, and a stunted fir tree. The light falls strongly both upon the water and where the heathy bank shelves gradually towards it on the right, while the middle ground of the picture, with its scattered trees, lies more in the shade. The clouded sky tells us, however, that the whole country on such an evening cannot be other than chequered with a carpeting of alternate light and shadow. There is a screen of hills behind, dim and yet distinct; and a few startled deer—startled we know not why—are grouped in front. Such are the main features of the picture; but it is one thing merely to tell these over as in a catalogue, and quite another to convey an adequate idea of the wild and yet simple poetry which they express. The extreme loneliness of the scene, the calm beauty of the evening, the unknown cause of fright among these untamed denizens of the moors and mountains,—what can they have seen?—what can they have heard? It is night, and deep solitude. Are the spirits of the dead abroad?

M'Culloch has another very sweet picture in the Exhibition of this year, "A Highland Solitude with Druidical Stones." We find it in the large middle room, on the left hand as we pass inwards. It is, though equally Highland, an entirely different scene from the other; and yet, in describing it,—for