

as to see Welsh mountains—one who had ere now “beat the hoof” on them from “rosy morn to dewy eve,” mentally exclaimed on seeing this picture;—“flinty, moss-covered, heath-clad, Welsh mountains; depicted by heaps of unpressed curds! If that does not seem literally a land flowing with milk and honey, there is no mud in Glamorganshire.”—It certainly does appear a very milky representation of nature.

No. 96, *View on Lake Kusnacht*, is a calm clear scene—the lake, the cottages, castle and mountains, are depicted with a neatness and precision not common to the touch of young painters in oil. We would merely remark, that an indifferently painted boat on the lake, has a sail which seems stiff as a deal board, and shaded so as to convey the idea that it is lined with black. The neatness of other points in the picture make trifling defects more apparent. A hasty view prevents many excellencies from being noticed.

No. 97. *A View on the North West Arm—original*.—The latter need scarcely be added; few painters worth copying would select such a scene from our Arm. There are spots on the piece of water, called the Arm, which approach the sublime; others eminently beautiful and strongly marked; and some of as pretty home scenery as need be sought for. This view represents none of these. Take a piece of rather well coloured water; surround it with brushwood; launch a couple of shallops going astray on your water; place a few Indians, with features dimly seen, in a position where they should not be; and some sportsmen, with their backs purposely turned to you, where they never are; and you have a “View of the North West Arm.”—A painter having executed a portrait for a rich man, a dispute occurred respecting the price; “never mind,” said the painter, “I will place a tail to the figure and sell it for a monkey;” this produced a conclusion of the bargain. If the painter of the North West Arm, calls his Indians, monsters, he may name his brushwood and water, after any few acres