

the melancholy dignity of later days. It is a memoir, a history on canvas; an incentive to perseverance, to rectitude, and to pious humility;—the exhibition were rich to the Halifax community if it contained no other picture.

No 62. *Alpine Scenery*. This appears far from being a pleasing, characteristic picture. If taking a number of bushes, rocks and hills, and mixing them up in a green blue chaos, be Alpine scenery, here it is indeed to the life. We, though not proper judges of the subject, were wont to believe that sublimity, vast beauty, vividness and spirit, marked Alpine scenes; if we were right, the picture is wrong.

No. 61. *Valle de Glace*, is somewhat similar to 62. Take any valley in Nova-Scotia, place your head in a bush, and you have either and both scenes before you.

No. 68. *An Old Lady Knitting* is a beautiful whole length miniature; the features and drapery are clearly painted, and the clean, sharp delineation, with much richness of colouring, render it peculiarly vivid. There is a visible effort to produce effect about this else superior picture, which rather injures it. The old lady is sitting with one knee over the other; the upper knee projects exactly from the centre of the picture, reminding the spectator of a shallop's bowsprit;—this attitude shows the painter's art in foreshortening, but perhaps it says little for his tact and delicacy of taste. The old lady's countenance seems wanting in particular expression; every thing is trim and neat, as if she were fully aware of sitting for her picture. On a dark back ground, a flush of light is introduced, immediately behind the neat old lady, to shew her well up;—it has the effect intended; but the spectator wonders where the light proceeds from, he cannot think, although so it appears, that the old lady is more luminous behind than before; and like the sun shows herself by her own rays.

No. 81. *The wife of Barnabas*, by Rubens, is a speci