

to compress a large amount of just thought and fine feeling within a few square feet of canvas, and who, I am convinced, will be better known to his countryfolks in the future than he is at present. I do not know whether his subject might not have prejudiced me in his favour,—“A Scotch Family Emigrating;” but I have certainly derived much pleasure from an attentive perusal of his picture, and it has served to recall to my recollection a good many similar scenes from real life, of a half-pleasing, half-melancholy character. I have never yet seen a party of emigrants quitting their country for ever, half-broken-hearted, as they almost always are, without forgetting all my political economy, and sympathizing with them in their regret. Hazlitt says very truly, though somewhat quaintly, that when men compassionate themselves, other men compassionate them too. We admire the fortitude of the Stoic, but we never pity his sufferings. But a kindly, manly Scot, proud of his country, and attached to his friends, and yet compelled by stern necessity to part from both, and parting from them with a swelling heart and wet eyes,—we must pity the poor fellow, and feel sorry that he is leaving us, let population increase as it may. I know of scenes which have taken place in the Highlands of Scotland which I hope neither Malthus nor M'Culloch could have contemplated with a dry eye; and I shall instance one of them. All the Highlanders of an inland district in Sutherlandshire were ejected from their homes by the late Duke a good many years ago, to make way for a few *sheep-farmers*. The poor people, a moral and religious race, bound to their rugged hills with a strength of attachment hardly equalled in any other country, could not be made to believe the summonses of removal real. Their fathers had lived and died among these very hills for thousands of years. They had spent their blood, and had laid down their lives of old, for the good Earls of Sutherland. Nay, when their Countess, in her