

within its precincts of death. I spent two full hours before his picture, and regretted I could not spend four.

The morning sun has risen high over the Old Town of Edinburgh, and the beams fall clear and bright through a cloudless autumn sky, on half the high-piled, picturesque tenements of the Canongate, and half the street below. The other half lies gray in the shade. I saw, just in front, on the sunny side, the castellated jail of the burgh, with its blackened turrets and its Flemish-looking clock-house. The barred windows are thronged with faces; and a few disarmed, half-stripped, forlorn-looking soldiers, huddled together on an outer stair-case, show that the incarcerated crowd are military prisoners from the field of Preston. The street lies in long perspective beyond, house rising over house, and balcony projecting beyond balcony. Every flaw and weather-stain has the mark of truth; every peculiarity of the architecture reminded me of the scene and the age. A dense crowd occupies the fore-ground. The Highlanders, after totally routing the superior numbers of Cope, have entered the city with their Prince at their head, and have advanced thus far on their march to Holyrood House. The apparently living mass seems bearing down upon the spectator. There is a mischievous-looking, ragged urchin, half-extinguished by the cap of some luckless grenadier, who has possibly no further use for it, scampering out of the way; and an unfortunate barber, the very type of Smollett's Strap, has got himself fast jammed between a projecting outside stair and the brandished war-axe of a half-naked and more than half-savage gillie, who is exerting himself with tremendous vigour in clearing a passage, and who, as if to add to the poor barber's distress and peril, is looking in another direction. There are other strokes of the comic in the piece. In one corner a Jacobite laird, *blin' fou*, is threatening destruction with unsheathed whinyard to all and sundry who will not drink the Prince's