

turer," who, with at least all the courage of his ancestors, threw himself upon the generosity of the devoted and warm-hearted Highlanders, was in reality a cold, selfish man, who sunk in after life into a domestic tyrant and a besotted debauchee. And yet I could not avoid sharing in the well-expressed excitement of the Prince's gallant adherents, as they drink in his looks with all the intense and rapturous exultation of a loyalty which has passed from the earth with the generation that cherished it. No such pervading love or deep devotion awaits the kings or princes of the present time. Behind the Prince rides Clanranald, the chief of Clan-Colla. His Highlanders take precedence of the other clans, for the Bruce had assigned them their place of honour in the right when they fought at Bannockburn. Young Clanranald, a tall handsome youth, and his cousin, Kinloch Moidart, have advanced in front ; old Hugh Stewart, a rugged deep-chested veteran of the Black Watch, who fought in all the battles of Charles, and whose portrait is still preserved, presses on behind them ; and the gigantic miller of Inverrahayle's Mill, a tremendous specimen of the wild mountaineer, is still more conspicuous among a group of clansmen on the left. There is a dense crowd behind, and what seems a thick wood of spears and axes, with here and there a banner,—among the rest, an English standard taken from the dragoons at Preston. A heap of other trophies lies in front, over which Hamish M'Gregor, the son of the celebrated outlaw Rob Roy keeps watch.

An intensely interesting group occupies the left. There we see Lord George Murray, the cool-headed, far-seeing statesman of the expedition, who dared honestly to tell his Prince disagreeable truths, and who was liked none the better because he did so ; the gallant Lochiel, too, who in his devoted loyalty joined in the enterprise with his brave Camerons, even though he had anticipated from the first that the result