

would be disastrous. There also is the Marquis of Tullibarden, the original of Sir Walter's Baron of Bradwardine, a fine old Lowland cavalier, dressed, in honour of the Prince, in a birthday suit, half-covered with lace, and of a fashion at least twenty years earlier than the time. There is a galaxy of high-born dames beside him, relatives of the family,—one of them at least of exquisite beauty, and all of them what clever artists do not invariably succeed in painting, even when they try most—ladies. Their countenances seem lighted up with the triumph of the occasion; and the children of the family, sweet little things, worth all the cupids that the imitators ever chiselled or painted, are employed in strewing white roses in the path of the Prince. The opposite side of the picture is occupied by a group of a different but not less interesting character.

On an outer stone-stair on the shady side of the street,—one of those appendages characteristic of the Scoto-Flemish style of domestic architecture,—there is a group of citizens. Professor Maclaurin, the celebrated mathematician, the man who first brought down the philosophy of Newton to the level of common minds, and whose simple unpretending style rises in some passages to the dignity of the sublime, purely from the force and magnitude of his thoughts, leans calmly over the rail. The good zealous Whig had proposed to the magistrates his well-laid scheme for fortifying and defending the city, and had exerted himself in carrying it into effect; but the necessary courage to carry out his measures was lacking on the part of the people, and so he has had just to fall back and rest him on his philosophy. John Home, the author of "Douglas," and one of the first historians of the Rebellion, stands beside him. He, too, though a mere youth at the time, had bestirred himself vigorously in the same cause, and is now evidently bearing the reverse of his party as he best can. But the figure behind them, one of the most masterly in the