

picture, is instinct with a sterner spirit. Had there been five hundred such men in the city to back the philosopher, the Highlanders, with all their valour, would have been kept outside the wall. He stands at the stair-head, scowling at the enemy and all their array of spears and battle-axes,—one of the followers of Richard Cameron, girt with a buff belt, from which his Andrea Ferrara hangs suspended, and bearing a heavy Bible. Depend on it, had that man fought at Preston, he would have stood beside the good and gallant Colonel Gardiner unmoved in the midst of route and panic, and have left, like him, a gashed and mangled corpse to mark where the tide of the battle had turned. Such is a meagre outline of Duncan's exquisite picture. It is said to have cost the almost continuous labour of two years; and the anticipated expense of multiplying it by the graver—and never was there a picture more worthy—is calculated at about three thousand pounds. The pictorial history of Scotland promises to excel all its other histories, and it does not contain a more brilliant page than the page contributed by Duncan.

Gallant Highlanders, men of warm hearts and tender feelings, and spirits that kindle as the danger comes, the phantom of mistaken loyalty deludes you no longer; you have closed with a better faith; and, while the strength of the character still remains unbroken, all its fierceness is gone. I have lived amid the quiet solitude of your hills; and, as I have passed your cottages at the close of evening, have heard the voice of psalms from within. I have sat with you at the humble board, to share your proffered hospitality,—the hospitality of willing hearts, that thought not of the scanty store whence the supply was derived. I have marked your untaught courtesy, ever ready to yield to the stranger, and have laid me down in security at night amid your hamlets, with only the latch on the door. I have seen you pouring forth your thousands from brown distant moors and narrow glens, to listen with