

maiden years, had expressed a wish to raise a regiment among them for the service of the country, a regiment had risen at the bidding of their chief's daughter, and had marched off to the war. Every man among them brought his Bible with him, and the enemy never bore them down in the charge. And now, could it be possible that they were to be forced out of their own country! They at first thought of resistance; and, had they carried the thought into action, it would have afforded perilous employment to a thousand armed men to have ejected every eight hundred of them; but they had read their New Testaments, and they knew that the Duke had become proprietor of the soil; and so the design dropped. Shall we write it?—some of their houses were actually fired over their heads, and yet there was no bloodshed! Convinced at length that no other alternative remained for them, they gathered in a body in the churchyard of the district, to take leave of their country for ever, and of the dust of their fathers last. And there, seated among the graves, men and women, the old and the young, with one accord, and under the influence of one feeling, they all “lifted up their voices and wept.” This tract of the Highlands is now inhabited by sheep.

Mr Knott's picture represents rather a Lowland than a Highland scene. There is a humble cottage, half-overshadowed by trees, in the foreground, surrounded by a level country. The sea spreads beyond. We see the ship in the distance which is to bear away the emigrants; and the loaded waggon in the middle ground is evidently conveying their effects to the shore. The group stands in front of the cottage. There are a few supplementary figures introduced into the scene, partly for the sake of heightening the effect by the force of contrast,—for they have no direct interest in it,—and partly to bring out its minor details; for, though little moved by it, they are yet all employed in it. One, an elderly man,