

health. In another, two pipers are marching side by side. The one, a long-winded young fellow, cast in the Herculean mould of his country, and proud of his strength and his music, is adjusting the drone of his pipe with a degree of self-complacency that might serve even the Dean of Faculty himself. The other, an old man of at least seventy-five, with features fiercely Celtic, and an expression like a thunder-cloud, is evidently enraged at the better breath of his opponent; but, collecting his strength for another effort, he seems determined rather to die than give in. The Prince rides in the centre on a noble steed, that seems starting out of the canvas. We recognise him at once, not only from his prominent place and princely bearing, but from the striking truth of the portrait,—one of the most spirited, perhaps, that has yet appeared, and most like the man when at his best. Has the reader never noticed the striking resemblance which the better portraits of Prince Charles bear to those of his remote ancestress, Queen Mary? I was first struck by it when, in glancing my eye over a bookseller's window, I saw side by side the frontispieces of "Chambers' History of the Rebellion" and the "Life of Mary Queen of Scots,"—both numbers of "Constable's Miscellany;" and I have had since repeated opportunities of verifying the remark. It is, I believe, no uncommon matter for resemblances of this kind to re-appear in families at distant intervals. Sir Walter, no ordinary observer of whatever pertained to the nature of man, whether physical or intellectual, has repeatedly embodied the fact in his inventions; but I do not know a more striking instance of it in real history than the one adduced.

All the more celebrated heroes of the rebellion are grouped round the Prince, full, evidently, of a generous enthusiasm, in which the spectator can hardly avoid sympathizing. There was little of moral worth or of true kingly dignity in the later Stuarts; and I could not forget that the "gallant adven-