

Even to royal proclamations, even to Acts of Parliament, he was accustomed to yield obedience only when they were in perfect accordance with his own inclinations. It was not to be expected that he would pay to any delegated authority a respect which he was in the habit of refusing to the supreme authority. He thought himself entitled to judge of the propriety of every order which he received. Of his brother chiefs, some were his enemies, and some his rivals. It was hardly possible to keep him from affronting them, or to convince him that they were not affronting him. All his followers sympathised with all his animosities, considered his honor as their own, and were ready, at his whistle, to array themselves round him in arms against the commander-in-chief. There was, therefore, very little chance that, by any contrivance, any five clans could be induced to cooperate heartily with one another during a long campaign.

A Highland bard might easily have found in the history of the year 1689 subjects very similar to those with which the war of Troy furnished the great poets of antiquity. One day Achilles is sullen, keeps his tent, and announces his intention to depart with all his men. The next day Ajax is storming about the camp, and threatening to cut the throat of Ulysses.

Hence it was, that though the Highlanders achieved some great exploits in the civil wars of the seventeenth century, those exploits left no trace which could be discerned after the lapse of a few weeks. Victories of strange and almost portentous splendour produced all the consequences of defeat. Veteran soldiers and statesmen were bewildered by those sudden turns of fortune. It was incredible that undisciplined men should have performed such feats of arms. It was incredible that such feats of arms, having been performed, should

be immediately followed by the triumph of the conquered and the submission of the conquerors."

#### ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

When Garrick first came upon the stage, and one very sultry evening in the month of May, performed the character of Lear, he, in the four first acts, received the customary tokens of applause; and, at the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection, the big round tear ran down every cheek;—At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion—it was not tragic—for he was evidently endeavoring to suppress a laugh; in a few seconds the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner; and the beautiful Cordelia, who was reclined on a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from her sofa, and, with the majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and tough old Kent, ran laughing off the stage. The audience could not account for so strange a termination of a tragedy, in any other way than by supposing the dramatis personæ were seized with a sudden phrenzy; but their risibility had a different source.

A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated on the centre of the first bench in the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally thought he might enjoy a like privilege here;—the butcher sat very far back, and the quadruped finding a fair opening, got upon the bench, and fixing his fore-paws on the rail of the orchestra, peered at the performers with as upright a head, and as grave an air as the most sagacious critic of his day. Our corpulent slaughterman was made of melt-