

travel, and that she was shrieking in utter terror at thoughts of falling into the hands of the Irish, who were accounted very cruel. We quote the words of Sir Walter, who softens, with a tact and delicacy worthy of study, the less tasteful, though scarcely less powerful, narrative of the metrical historian. "King Robert was silent for a moment when he heard the story, being divided betwixt the feeling of humanity occasioned by the poor woman's distress, and the danger to which a halt would expose his army. At last he looked round his officers with eyes which kindled like fire. 'Ah, gentlemen, never let it be said that a man who was born of a woman, and nursed by a woman's tenderness, should leave a mother and an infant to the mercy of barbarians. *In the name of God, let the odds and the risk be what they will, I will fight Edmund Butler rather than leave these poor creatures behind me.*' "

The painter has chosen the moment of this noble exclamation for fixing the scene on his canvass. King Robert occupies the centre,—a wonderfully perfect transcript of Sir Walter's exquisite description in the "Lord of the Isles," and one of the most commanding figures we have ever seen. There is a strength more than Herculean in the deep broad chest and the uplifted arm,—the very arm which clave Sir Henry Bohun to the teeth through the steel head-piece; but, to employ the language of Lavater, "it is not the inert strength of the rock, but the elastic strength of the spring." The ease is as admirable as the force: the figure possesses the blended power of an Achilles, alike unmatched in the race and the combat. His look is raised to Heaven,—a look intensely eloquent, for it unites the indomitable resolution of the unmatched warrior with a devout awe for the Being in whose strength he has determined to abide the battle. The features, too, grave and rugged like those of his countrymen, possess that beauty of expression, far surpassing the beauty