

of mere form, which a mind conversant with high thoughts and noble emotions can alone impart to the countenance. The painter has drawn the Bruce, mind and body,—the master spirit of the time, and through whom, under Providence, Scotland at this day is a country of free men, not of degraded belots, like at least two-thirds of the unfortunate Irish.

On the left of the warrior king is the new-made mother, with her infant; she is a poor young creature, of simple beauty,—such a one as the Mary of Burns or the Jessie of Tannahill. It would really have been a great pity to have left her to the barbarous, pitiless Irish,—the ruthless savages who, even in the times of the first Charles, could so cruelly destroy the Protestant females of the country,—quite as unable to resist, and quite as unoffending, as the “poore lavender.” There is something very admirable in the air of lassitude which invests the whole figure: one hand barely sustains the infant, which, in the midst of danger and extreme weakness, she evidently regards with all the intense, though but newly awakened, affection of the mother; the other finely formed arm I had almost said supports her in her half-reclining position; but it is by much too weak for that, and tells eloquently its story of utter exhaustion and recent suffering. There is much good taste, too, shown in the painter’s selection of the surrounding attendants; in the old woman, and in the girl, who half-compassionates the mother, half-admires the child; in the aged monk, too, evidently a good benevolent man, who in all probability directed the devotions of his countrymen when they knelt at Bannockburn, and who is particularly well pleased that the Bruce has determined rather to fight Edmund Butler than to desert the “poore lavender.”

On the king’s right are his brother Edward Bruce, and James, Lord of Douglas, mounted, as we have said, on their war steeds. Edward is well-nigh as perfect a conception as his brother the king. It needs no Lavater to tell us