

from the speaking countenance, that the warrior on the right cannot be other than the frank, fearless, rashly-spoken, affectionate man, who hastily wished Bannockburn unfought because his friend had been killed in the battle. His whole figure is instinct with character. There he stands, a capital man-at-arms, first in the charge, and last in the retreat; especially good at a light joke, too, particularly when matters come to the worst; but not at all to be trusted as a leader. He is right well pleased on this occasion with brother Robert. "Fight Edmund Butler! ay, ten Edmund Butlers, if they choose to come; but we can't leave the poor woman." Possibly enough, however, the poor woman would have been left had Edward been first in command,—not certainly from any indifference, but out of sheer thoughtlessness. Edward would never have thought of asking what the cry meant.

We are not quite so satisfied with the Black Douglas. He is a stalwart warrior, keen and true in the hour of danger as his steel battle-axe; but the tenderness of the character is wanting. The painter has given us rather the Black Douglas of Sir Walter as drawn in his last melancholy production, "Castle Dangerous," when the mind of our greatest master of character was more than half-gone, than the good Lord James of Barbour. Barbour devotes an entire page to the personal appearance of the Douglas, and certifies his description by assuring the reader that he had derived his information solely from men who had seen him with their own eyes. His metrical history was given to the country rather less than half a century after the death of his hero. He describes him as tall and immensely powerful, and with a "visage some dele gray;" and the painter, true to the description, has made him just gray enough. The expression, however, was peculiarly soft, modest, and pleasing; and, in accordance with his appearance, he spoke with a slight lisp, "which set him wonder well." He was a mighty favourite, too, we are told, with