

the ladies of King Robert's company, the Queen, and her attendants,—he was so gentle and so amusing; and when, early in the king's career, they were hard beset among the mountains, no one exerted himself half so much as the Douglas in supplying all their little and all their great wants,—in providing them with venison from the hill-side and fish from the river, or, as the Arch-Dean quite as well expresses it, “in getting them meit.” After dwelling, however, on all his amiabilities of character and expression, and particularly the latter, the historian tells us, in his happiest manner,

“But who in baittle mocht him see,
Another countenance had hee.”

Old James Melville gives us nearly a similar description of Kircaldy of Grange, “Ane lyon in the feild, and ane lambe in the hous;” and what does not quite please us in the Douglas of the picture, because it runs somewhat counter to our associations, is, that, though the spectator of a scene so moving, he should yet have got on his battle countenance. We have the lion,—not the lamb. This, however, is not intended for criticism. The picker of minute faults in works of great genius reminds us always of the philosopher in Wordsworth's epitaph,—the “man who could peep and botanize upon his mother's grave.”

There is another point in the picture of great interest, and very admirably brought out. It is at once exquisitely true to nature, and illustrates finely one of the most masterly strokes in Barbour. We are told by the ancient poet, that when the king, single-handed, had defended the rocky pass beside the ford against the troop of Galloway men, and had succeeded in beating them back, after “dotting the upgang with slain horse and men,” his followers, just awakened from the slumbers in which he had been watching them so sedulously, came rushing up to him. They found him sitting bare-headed beside the ford, “for he was het,” and had taken