Scott
O Snowdrops, do not rise,
Because the happy eyes
That loved you once, now underneath you lie;
Let not your buds appear,
Each seems a frozen tear,
That never drops, and yet is never dry.

Such useless tears they seem,
As in a heavy dream,
We pour about our griefs to make them grow;
When all the lights are pale,
And all the clouds fall,
And all the flowers are underneath the snow.
THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

With all his Introductions and Notes.

FROM THE LAST EDINBURGH EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1860.
THE

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Prior to the Introduction and Notes.

From the Lord Kinnerton's edition.

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1860.
PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

This Volume contains a more complete Collection of Sir Walter's Poetry than has ever before appeared. In addition to the great Metrical Romances, and the Miscellaneous Pieces given in the later Editions, it includes, for the first time, the Songs and Fragments scattered over his Novels, and various Specimens, both Serious and Comic, which were originally printed in the Memoirs of His Life.

As the object in the present Collection has been to adhere to the original productions of Sir Walter, the old parts of the Romance of Sir Tristrem are not given, nor the Contributions to the Minstrelsy by other hands.

The Author's longer Notes, so rich in historical and biographical interest, are given in Appendices to the several Romances and other larger performances; the short ones, explanatory chiefly of ancient words and phrases, at the bottom of the page.


Philadelphia, March, 1854.
FURTHER NOTICE.

The Board of Visitors have determined to take into their present connection the University of Missoula, which has been in the hands of the Board of Trustees of the State University of Montana. The corporation will therefore proceed to hold its meeting on the 1st day of the month of January next, for the purpose of adopting regulations for the government of the University, and such changes in the present organization and management as may be necessary to render it consistent with the provisions of the laws of the State.

The Corporation will also proceed to take into their present connection the University of the State of Montana, which has been in the hands of the Board of Trustees of the State University of Montana. The corporation will therefore proceed to hold its meeting on the 1st day of the month of January next, for the purpose of adopting regulations for the government of the University, and such changes in the present organization and management as may be necessary to render it consistent with the provisions of the laws of the State.
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ADVERTISEMET TO EDITION 1833.

The Introduction to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," written in April 1830, was revised by the Author in the autumn of 1831, when he also made some corrections in the text of the Poem, and several additions to the notes. The work is now printed from his interleaved copy. It is much to be regretted that the original MS. of this Poem has not been preserved. We are thus denied the advantage of comparing throughout the Author's various readings, which, in the case of Marmion, the Lady of the Lake, the Lord of the Isles, &c. are often highly curious and instructive. —Ed.

INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1830.

A POEM of nearly thirty years' standing may be supposed hardly to need an Introduction, since, without one, it has been able to keep itself aloft through the best part of a generation. Nevertheless, as, in the edition of the Waverley Novels now in course of publication, (1830,) I have imposed on myself the task of saying something concerning the purpose and history of each, in their turn, I am desirous that the Poems for which I first received some marks of the public favour, should also be accompanied with such scraps of their literary history as may be supposed to carry interest along with them. Even if I should be mistaken in thinking that the secret history of what was once so popular, may still attract public attention and curiosity, it seems to me not without its use to record the manner and circumstances under which the present, and other Poems on the same plan, attained for a season an extensive reputation.

I must resume the story of my literary labours at the period at which I broke off in the Essay on the Limitation of Popular Poetry. [see post.] when I had enjoyed the first gleam of public favour, by the success of the first edition of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. The second edition of that work, published in 1803, proved, in the language of the trade, rather a heavy concern. The demand in Scotland had been supplied by the first edition, and the curiosity of the English was not much awakened by poems in the rude garb of antiquity, accompanied with notes referring to the obscure feats of barbarous clans, of whose very names civilized history was ignorant. It was, on the whole, one of those books which are more praised than they are read.

At this time I stood personally in a different position from that which I occupied when I first dipt my desperate pen in ink for other purposes than those of my profession. In 1796, when I first published the translations from Bürger, I was an insulated individual, with only my own wants to provide for, and having, in a great measure, my own inclinations alone to consult. In 1813, when the second edition of the Minstrelsy appeared, I had arrived at a period of life when men, however thoughtless, encounter duties and circumstances which press consideration and plans of life upon the most careless minds. I had been for some time married — was the father of a rising family, and, though fully enabled to meet the consequent demands upon me, it was my duty and desire to place myself in a situation which would enable me to make honourable provision against the various contingencies of life.

It may be readily supposed that the attempts which I had made in literature had been unfavourable to my success at the bar. The goddess Themis is, at Edinburgh, and I suppose everywhere else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries, not only that real duty be carefully attended to, but that a

1 Published in 4to, (12. 5s.) January 1805.

2 "The 'Lay' is the best of all possible comments on the Border Minstrelsy." — British Critic, August 1806.
certain air of business shall be observed even in the midst of total idleness. It is prudent, if not absolutely necessary, in a young barrister, to appear entirely engrossed by his profession; however destitute of employment he may in reality be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the appearance of full occupation. In the midst of this engagement, he should think them particularly engaged among his law-papers, dusting them, as it were; and, as Ovid advises the fair,  

* Si mutus erit palvis, tamen exerce alium.*  

Perhaps such extreme of attention is more especially required, considering the great number of counsellors and judges who, with the beneficent law, are very small a proportion of them are finally disposed, or find encouragement, to follow the law as a profession. Hence the number of deserters is so great, that the least lingering lack behind occasions a young novice to be set down as one of the intending fugitives.

Certain it is, that the Scottish Thiemis was at this time peculiarly jealous of any flirtation with the Muse, on the part of young men who had raised themselves under her banners. This was probably owing to her consciousness of the superior attractions of her rivals. Of late, however, she has relaxed in some instances in this particular, an eminent example of which has been shown in the case of my friend, Mr. Jeffrey, who, after long conducting one of the most influential literary periodicals of the age, with unquestionable ability, has been by the general consent of his brethren recently elected to be their Dean of Faculty, or President, —being the highest acknowledgement of his professional talents which they had in their power to offer. But this is an incident much beyond the ideas of a period of thirty years' distance, when a barrister who really possessed any turn for lighter literature, was at as much pains to conceal it, as if it had been in his profession to be unburdened of it; and I could mention more than one instance in which literature and society have suffered much loss, that jurisprudence might be enriched.

Such, however, was not my case; for the reader will not wonder that my open interference with matters of light literature diminished my employment in the weightier matters of the law. Nor did the solicitors, upon whose choice the counsel takes rank in his profession, do me less than justice, by regarding others among my contemporaries as fitter to discharge the duty due to their clients, than a young man who was taken up with running after ballads, whether Teutonic or national. My profession and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing which had been Slender consigned himself on having established with Mistress Anne Page; "There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance." I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to the "toil by day, the lamp by night," renouncing all the Delilahs of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law, and hold another course.

I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been deemed by many the way of least resistance. A trial of this nature had been numerous, my repentance must have been signified by unusual sacrifices. I ought to have mentioned, that since my fourteenth or fifteenth year, my health, originally delicate, had become extremely robust. From infancy I had laboured under the infirmity of a severe lameness, but, as I believe is usually the case with men of spirit who suffer under personal inconvenience of this nature, I had, since the improvement of my health, in defiance of this incapacitating circumstance, distinguished myself by the endurance of toil on foot or horse-back, having often walked thirty miles a-day, and rode upwards of a hundred, without resiting. In this manner I made many pleasant journeys through parts of the country then not very accessible, gaining much knowledge and instruction, which I have been able to acquire since I have travelled in a more commodious manner. I practised most skillful sports also, with some success, and with great delight. But these pleasures must have been all resigned, or used with great moderation, had I determined to regain my station at the bar. It was even doubtful whether I could, with perfect character as a judge-consult, retain a situation in a young corps of cavalry, which I then held. The threats of invasion were at this time instant and menacing; the call by Britain on her children was universal, and was answered by some, who, like myself, consulted rather their desire than their ability to bear arms. My services, however, were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution made them most amenable to military criticism. In other respects, the squadron was a fine one, consisting chiefly of handsome men, well mounted and armed at their own expense. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluctance again to encounter the severe course of study indispensable to success in the juridical profession.

On the other hand, my father, whose feelings might have been hurt by my quitting the bar, had been for two or three years dead, so that I had no control to thwart my own inclination; and my income being equal to all the comforts, and some of the elegancies, of life, I was not pressed to a水墨some labour by necessity, that most powerful of motives; consequently, I was the more easily seduced to choose the employment which was most agreeable to me. This was yet the easier, that in 1780 I had obtained the preference of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, about 300l. a year in value, and which was the more agreeable to me, as in that county I had several friends and relations. But I did not abandon the profession of which I was so much attached, without certain prudent resolutions, which, at the risk of some egotism, I will here mention; not without the hope that they may be useful to young persons who may stand in

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1 If dust be come, yet brush that away.
2 Mr. Jeffrey, after conducting the Edinburgh Review for twenty-six years, withdrew from that office in 1809, on being elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. In 1850, under Earl Grey's Ministry, he was appointed Lord Advocate of Scotland, and, in 1854, a Senator of the College of Justice, by the title of Lord Jeffrey.—Ed.
circumstances similar to those in which I then stood. In the first place, upon considering the lives and fortunes of persons who had given themselves up to literature, or to the task of pleasing the public, it seemed to me, that the circumstances which chiefly affected their happiness and character, were those from which Horace, whose reputation is founded upon author's the epic poem of the Irrelevant Race. It requires no depth of philosophical reflection to perceive, that the petty warfare of Pope with the Dunci of his period could not have been carried on without his suffering the most acute torture, such as a man must endure from mosquitoes, by whose stings he suffers agony, although he can crush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it necessary to call to memory the many humiliating instances in which men of the greatest genius have, to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves ridiculous during their lives, to become the still more degraded objects of pity to future times.

Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had engaged me in their warfare, and which could be no occasion for imitating them in their mistakes, or what I considered as such; and, in adopting literary pursuits as the principal occupation of my future life, I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper which seemed to have most easily beset my more celebrated predecessors.

With this view, it was my first resolution to keep as far as in my power abroad of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language, which, from one motive or other, is apt to ascribe a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were, indeed, the business, rather than the accompaniment, of the opposite exercise. It can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and luxurious draughts, until he is unable to endure wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my comrades, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast, and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library.

My second resolution was a corollary from the first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself with that triple brass of Horace, of which the terms of my profession are seldom held decent. I must not rely on the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to flout if the jest were a good one, or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep.

It is to the observance of these rules, (according to the best belief) that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and which is a still more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties.

I adopted, at the same time, another resolution, on which it may doubtless be remarked, that it was well for me for I had in my power to do so, and that, therefore, it is a line of conduct which, depending upon accident, can be less generally applicable in other cases. My plan, convinced that, though it may not be in every one's power to adopt exactly the same resolution, he may nevertheless, by his own exertions, in some shape or other, attain the object on which it was founded, namely, to secure the means of subsistence, without relying exclusively on literary talents. In this respect, I determined that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch, and that the profits of my literary labour, however convenient otherwise, should not, if I could help it, become necessary to my ordinary expenses. With this purpose I resolved, if the interest of my friends could so far favour me, to retire upon any of the respectable offices of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge, when they feel themselves, or are judged both fit and honourable for professional advancement to higher honours. Upon such a post an author might hope to retreat, without any perceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavours to please, or he himself should tire of the pen. At this period of my life, I possessed so many friends capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly have over-rated my own prospects of obtaining the preferment to which I limited my wishes; and, in fact, I obtained in no long period the reversions of a situation which completely met them.

Thus far all was well, and the Author had been guilty, perhaps, of no great impropriety, when he relinquished his forensic practice with the hope of making some figure in the field of literature. But an established order with a thousand and one pretensions, not to speak of a new one, which, it is supposed, was justly to be acquired. I have noticed, that the translations from Bürger had been unsuccessful, nor had the original poetry which appeared under the auspices of Mr. Lewis, in the "Tales of Wonder," in any great degree raised my reputation. It is true, I had private friends disposed to second me in my efforts to obtain popularity. But I was sportsman enough to know, that if the greyhound does not run well, the hounds of his patrons will not obtain the prize for him.

Neither was I ignorant that the practice of ballad-writing was for the present out of fashion, and that any attempt to revive it, or to found a poetical character upon it, would certainly fail of success. The ballad measure itself, which was once listened to as to an enchanting instrument, is now considered degrading and sickening, from its being the accompaniment of every grudging hand-organ; and besides, a long work in quatrains, whether those of the common ballad, or such as are termed elegiac, has an effect upon the mind like that of the bed of Procrustes upon the human body; for, as it must be both awkward and difficult to carry on a long sentence from one stanza to another, it follows, that the meaning of each period must be comprehended.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

within four lines, and equally so that it must be extended so as to fill that space. The alternate dilution and contraction thus rendered necessary is singularly unfavourable to narrative composition; and the "Gondibert" of Sir William D'Avenant, though containing much passage has never become popular, owing chiefly to its being told in this species of elegiac verse.

In the dilemma occasioned by this objection, the idea occurred to the Author of using the measured short line, which form the structure of so much minstrel poetry, that it may be properly termed the Romantic stanza, by way of distinction; and which appears so natural to the ear, that the very best of our poets have not been able to protract it into the verse properly called Heroic, without the use of epithets, which, are, to say the least, unnecessary. But, on the other hand, the extreme facility of the short couplet, which seems congenial to our language, and was, doubtless for that reason, so popular with our old minstrels, is, for the same reason, apt to produce that facility of verse ensuing in the more modern days, by encouraging him in a habit of slovenly composition. The necessity of occasional pauses often forces the young poet to pay more attention to sense, as the boy's kite rises highest when the train is loaded by a due counterpoise. The Author was therefore intimidated by what Byron calls the "fatal facility of the octo-syllabic verse, which was otherwise better adapted to his purpose of imitating the more ancient poetry."

I was not less at a loss for a subject which might admit of being treated with the simplicity and wildness of the ancient ballad. But accident dictated both a theme and measure, which decided the subject, as well as the structure of the poem.

The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, and with her Hands of Darnley her Ladyship, had come to the land of her husband with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs, as well as its manners and history. All who remember this lady will agree, that the intellectual character of her extreme beauty, the amenity and courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence, gave more the idea of an angelic visitant, than of a being belonging to this nether world; and such a thought was but too consistent with the short space she was permitted to tarry among us. Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore; among others, an aged gentleman of property, near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the story of Gilpin Horner, a tradition in which the narrator, and many more of that country, were firm believers. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined upon me as a task to come to her one day, and swear to her that the story I heard was to obey; and thus the goblin story, objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written.

A chance similar to that which dictated the subject, gave me also the hint of a new mode of treating it. We had at that time the lease of a pleasant cottage, near Lasswade, on the romantic banks of the Esk, to which we escaped when the vacations of the Court permitted me so much leisure. Here I had the pleasure to receive a visit from Mr. Stoddart, (now Sir John Stoddart, Judge-Advocate at Malta,) who was at that time collecting the particulars which he afterwards embodied in his Remarks on Local Scenery in Scotland. I was some use to him in procuring the information which he desired; and I, in return, obtained from him, which he wished to see. In return, he made me better acquainted than I had hitherto been with the poetic effusions which have since made the Lakes of Westmoreland, and the authors by whom they have been sung, so famous wherever the English tongue is spoken.

I was already acquainted with the "Joan of Arc," the "Thalaba," and the "Metrical Balads" of Mr. Southey, which had found their way to Scotland, and were generally admired. But Mr. Stoddart, who had the advantage of personal friendship with the authors, and who possessed a strong memory with an excellent taste, was able to repeat to me many long specimens of their poetry, which had not yet appeared in print. Amongst others, was the striking fragment called Christabel, by Mr. Coleridge, which has struck the public with its correctness in structure and distinctness of stanzas, and the liberty which it allowed the author, to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed to be exactly suited to such an extravaganza as I meditated on the subject of Gilpin Horner. As applied to comic and humorous poetry, this masculine measure of imitations had been already used by Anthony Hall, Anstey, Mr. Wollcott, and others; but it was in Christabel that I first found it used in serious poetry, and it is to Mr. Coleridge that I am bound to make the acknowledgment due from the pupil to his master. I observe that Lord Byron, in noticing my obligations to Mr. Coleridge, which I have been always most ready to acknowledge, expressed, or was understood to express, a hope, that I did not write an unfriendly review on Mr. Coleridge's productions. On this subject I have only to observe that a manner, the ardour of eighty, of a shrivelled and sarcastic temper, which he did not at all times suppress, as the following anecdote shows: After he had deceased, with better good-will than tact, was endeavours to push the senior forward in his recollection of Border ballads and legends, by expressing reiterated surprise at this wonderful memory. "No, sir," said old Michiegal: "my memory is good for little, for it cannot retain what ought to be preserved. I can remember all these stories about the school-days, which are of such importance; but were you, reverend sir, to repeat your information in this drawing-room, I could not tell you half an hour afterwards what you had been speaking about."
say, that I do not even know the review which is alluded to; and were I ever to take the unbecoming freedom of censoring a man of Mr. Coleridge's extraordinary talents, it would be on account of the caprice and indulgence with which he has thrown from him, as if in mere wantonness, those unfinished scraps of poetry, which, like the Torsos of antiquity, defy the skill of his poetical brethren to complete them. The charming fragments which the author abandons to their fate, are surely too valuable to be treated like the proofs of careless engravers, the sweeps of whose studios often make the fortune of some painstaking collector.

I did not immediately proceed upon my projected labour, though I was now furnished with a subject, and with a structure of verse which might have the effect of novelty to the public ear, and afford the author an opportunity of varying his measure with the variations of a romantic theme. On the contrary, it was, to the best of my recollection, more than a year after Mr. Stoddart's visit, that, by way of experiment, I composed the first two or three stanzas of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." It was shortly afterwards visited by two intimate friends, one of whom still survives. They were men whose talents might have raised them to the highest station in literature, had they not preferred exerting them in their own profession of the law, in which they attained equal preeminence. I was in the habit of consulting them on my attempts at composition, having equal confidence in their sound taste and friendly sincerity. In this specimen I had, in the phrase of the Highland servant, packed all that was my own at least, for I had also included a line of invocation, a little softened, from Coleridge—

"Mary, mother, aid me well."

As neither of my friends said much to me on the subject of the stanzas I showed them before their departure, I had no doubt that their disgust had been greater than their goodnature chose to express. Looking upon them, therefore, as a failure, I threw the manuscript into the fire, and thought as little more as I could of the matter. Some time afterwards I met one of my two counsellors, who enquired, with considerable appearance of interest, about the progress of the romance I had commenced, and was greatly surprised at learning its fate. He confessed that neither he nor our mutual friend had been at first able to give a precise opinion on a poem so much out of the common road; but that as they walked home together to the city, they had talked much on the subject, and the result was an earnest desire that I would proceed with the composition. He also added, that some sort of preface might be necessary, to place the mind of the hearers in the situation to understand and enjoy the poem, and recommended the adoption of such quaint mottoes as Spenser has used to adorn the titles of the works of the Faery Queen, such as—

"Babe's bloody hands may not be cleansed.
The face of golden Mean:
Her sisters two, Extremities,
Stirve her to be banish'd clean."

I entirely agreed with my friendly critic in the necessity of having some sort of preface, which might make readers aware of the object, or rather the tone, of the publication. But I doubted whether, in assuming the oracular style of Spenser's mottoes, the interpreter might not be censured as the harder to be understood of the two. I therefore introduced the Old Minstrel, as an appropriate prolocutor, by whom the lay might be sung, or spoken, and the introduction of whom betwixt the cantos, might remind the reader at intervals, of the time, place, and circumstances of the recitation. This species of cadre, or frame, was afterwards adopted by Mr. Jeffrey, as the title of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

The work was subsequently shown to other friends during its progress, and received the imprimatur of Mr. Francis Jeffrey, who had been already for some time distinguished by his critical talent.

The poem, being once licensed by the critics as fit for the market, was soon finished, proceeding at the rate of a canto per week. There was, indeed, little occasion for pause or hesitation, when a troublesome rhyme might be accommodated by an alteration of the stanza, or where an incorrect measure might be remedied by a variation of the rhyme. It was finally published in 1805, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has been since so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered a poet and author.

The book was published by Longman and Company, and Archibald Constable and Company. The principal of the latter firm was then commencing that course of hold and liberal industry which was of so much advantage to his country, and might have been so to himself, but for causes which it is needless to enter into here. The work, brought out on the usual terms of division of profits between the author and publishers, was not long after purchased by them for 500l., to which Messrs. Longman and Company afterwards added 100l., in their own unsolicited kindness, in consequence of the uncommon success of the work. It was handsomely given to supply the loss of a fine horse, which broke down suddenly while the author was riding with one of the worthy publishers.

It would be great affection not to own frankly, that the author expected some success from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." The attempt to return to a more simple and natural style of poetry was likely to be welcomed, at a time when the public had become tired of heroic hexameters, with all the buckram and binding which belong to them of later days.

1 Sir Walter, elsewhere, in allusion to "Coleridge's magnificent and tantalising fragment of Christabel," says, "Has not our own time, that is, of course, our own future age, the desire to summon him from his place of rest, as Milton longed "To call up him who left half told"
The story of Cambuscan bold!"

2 One of these, William Erskine, Esq. (Lord Kinnedder), I have often had occasion to mention, and though I may hardly be thanked for disclosing the name of the other, yet I cannot but state that the second is George Crampton, Esq., now a Senator of the College of Justice, by the title of Lord Cowhouse. 1851.—[Mr. Crampton remissed his seat on the Bench in 1823.]
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

But whatever might have been his expectations, whether moderate or unreasonable, the result left them far behind, for among those who smiled on the adventurous Minstrel, were numbered the great names of William Pitt and Charles Fox. Neither was the extent of the sale inferior to the character of the Lay; and this was received with approbation. Upwards of thirty thousand copies of the Lay were disposed of by the trade; and the author had performed a task difficult to human vanity, when called upon to make the necessary deductions from his own merits, in the calm attempt to account for his popularity.

A few additional remarks on the author's literary attempts after this period, will be found in the Introduction to the Poem of Marmion.

Abbotsford, April, 1830.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES EARL OF DALKEITH,
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The Poem, now offered to the Public, is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which annually prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. The inhabitants living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredate with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the Author than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the Ancient Metrical Romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude, in this respect, than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular Poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional alteration of measure, which, in some degree, authorises the change of rhythm in the text. The machinery, also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a Poem which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad, or Metrical Romance.

For these reasons, the Poem was put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel, the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, and lost the simplicity of his original model. The date of the Tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied by the action is Three Nights and Three Days.

INTRODUCTION.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was in firm and old;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.

1 "Through what channel or in what terms Fox made known his opinion of the Lay, I have failed to ascertain. Pitt's praise, as expressed to his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, within a few weeks after the poem appeared, was repeated by her to Mr. William Stewart Rose, who, of course, communicated it forthwith to the author; and not long after, the Minister, in conversation with Scott's early friend, the Right Hon. William Dundas, signified that it would give him pleasure to find some opportunity in the advancement of such a writer. "I remember," writes this gentleman, "at Mr. Pitt's table in 1805, the Chancellor asked me about you and your then situation, and after I had answered him, Mr. Pitt observed — 'He can't remain as he is,' and desired me to 'look to it.'" — Lockhart. Life of Scott, Vol. II. p. 226.

2 The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, welladay! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.

3 No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd, light as lark at morn;

halliards and lyrical pieces being then annexed to it)—and, another octavo edition of 3200; in 1811, 3500; in 1812, 3000; in 1815, 3000; in 1816, 3000; in 1821, 3000. A fourteenth impression of 3000 copies appeared in 1826, and besides all this, before the end of 1830, 30,000 copies had gone forth in the collected editions of his poetical works. Thus, nearly forty-four thousand copies had been disposed of in this country, and by the legitimate trade alone, before he superintended the edition of 1820, to which his biographical introductions were prefixed. In the history of British Poetry nothing had ever equaled the demand for the Lay of the Last Minstrel." — Life of Scott, Vol. II. p. 226.

3 "Touring to the northward, Scott showed us the crags and tower of Smalholm, and behind it the shattered fragments of Ercildoune, and repeated some pretty stanzas ascribed to the last of the real wandering minstrels of this district, by name Barn:

Ring Ercildoune, and Cowdenknowe,
Where Hames had once commanding,
And Drygrange, 'twixt the milk-white swan,
Twist Tweed and Leader standing.
No longer courted and caress’d,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour’d, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger fill’d the Stuarts’ throne;
The clang of the iron time
Had call’d his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harjer, scorn’d and poor,
He breg’d his loaf from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant’s ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He pass’d where Newark’s stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow’s hirchen bower,
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humber resting-place was nigh;
With hesitating step at last,
The embattled portal arch he pass’d,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft roll’d back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate, and poor,
There with a mawkish, every pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty’s bloom,
Had wept o’er Monmouth’s bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride;
And he began to talk amain,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him, God!
A braver ne’er to battle rode;
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch;

The bird that flies through Redpath trees
And Gledewod banks such morrow,
May chaste and sing—Suret Leader’s tongue
But Minstrel Burns cannot assuage
His grief while life endur’d,
To see the changes of the age
Which fleeting time procured;
For many a piece I have in hard case,
Where by’t the folks ken use sooner,
With Homes that dwell on Leader side,
And Broats that dwell o’er Yarrow.”


1 "This is a massive square tower, now roofless and ruinous, surrounded by an outward wall, defended by round banking torres. It is most beautifully situated, about three miles from Selkirk, upon the banks of the Yarrow, a turbulent mountain stream, which unites with the Ettrick about a mile beneath the castle.

Newark Castle was built by James II. The royal arms, with the unicorn, are engraved on a stone in the western side of the tower. There is a window on the south side, which was once walled, and held out by the outlaw Murray, a noted character in song, who only surrendered Newark upon condition of being made founder of the sheriff of the forest. A long building, containing an account of this transaction, is preserved in the Border Minstrelsies, (vol. i. p. 369.) Upon the marriage of James IV. with Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., the Castle of Newark, with the whole Forest of Ettrick, was assigned to her as a part of her jurisdiction lands. But of this she could make little advantage; for, after the death

And, would the noble Duchess design
To listen to an old man’s strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the nooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain’d;
The Aged Minstrel audience gain’d.
But, when he reach’d the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wish’d his boon deni’d:
For, when to tune his harp he try’d,
His trembling hand had his old ease,
Which marks security to peace;
And scenes, long past, of joy, and pain,
 Came wildering o’er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!\(^5\)
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
’Till every string’s according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then he spoke, and he was full
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty ears;
He had play’d it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wish’d, yet fear’d, to try
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers stray’d,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head,
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raise his face, and smiled
And lighten’d up his faded eye,
With all a poet’s ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:

of her husband, she is found complaining heavily, that Buccleuch had seized upon these lands. Indeed, the office of keeper was latterly held by the family of Buccleuch, and with such good reason, that when the Forest of Ettrick was disjoined, they obtained a grant of the Castle of Newark in property. It was within the court-yard of this castle that General Wallis did military execution upon the prisoners who were taken at the battle of Philiphaugh. The castle continued to be an occasional seat of the Buccleuch family for more than a century; and here, it is said, the Duchess of Buccleuch and Buccleuch was brought up. For this reason, probably, Mr. Scott has chosen to make it the scene in which the Lay of the Last Minstrel is rooted in its pressure, and for its sentiment.—Schott’s Illustrations of the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

It may be added that Bowhill was the favourite residence of Lord and Lady Dalkeith, (afterwards Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch,) at the time when the poem was composed; the ruins of Newark are all but included in the park attached to that modern seat of the family; and Sir Walter Scott, on doubt, was influenced in his choice of the locality, by the prediction of the charming lady who suggested the subject of his Lay for the scenery of the Yarrow—a beautiful walk on whose banks, leading from the house to the ruinous castle, is called, in memory of her, the Duchess’s Walk.

2 Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1646.
3 Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the Duchess.
4 Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the Duchess and a celebrated warrior.
5 "Mr. W. Dunias, (See Lafa of Scott, vol. ii. p. 226,) says, that Witt repeated the lines which occasioned the harper’s embarrassment when asked to play, and said, "This is a sort of thing which I might have expected in painting, but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry,"

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.
SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold difference, and age’s frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet’s glowing thought dispelled;
And, while his harp responsive rang,
’Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

The feast was over in Branksome tower; and
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower;
Her bower was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—Jesus Maria, shield us well!
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;
Knight, and page, and household squire,
Lotter’d through the lofty hall,
Or crowned round the ample fire:
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rusby floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome-Hall; 2
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Wanted, duteous, on them all:
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccelech.

IV.

Ten of them were shenthe in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel;
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night:
They lay down to rest,
With corset laced,
Pillow’d on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr’d.

V.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Wanted the beck of the wardens ten;

Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I crow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddlebow; 3
A hundred more fed free in stall:—
Such was the custom of Branksome-Hall.

VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready light?
Why watch these warriors, arm’d, by night?—
They watch, to hear the blood-hound baying:
They watch to hear the war-born braying;
To see St. George’s red cross streaming,
To see the midnight beacon gleaming:
They watch, against Southern force and guile,
Lest Scoop, or Howard, or Percy’s powers,
Threaten Branksome’s lordly towers,
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle. 4

VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome-Hall.—
Many a valiant knight is here;
But he, the chiefstain of them all,
His sword hangs rusting on the wall,
Beside his broken spear.
Bards long shall tell
How lord Walter fell! 5
When startled burgheurs fled, nfar,
The furies of the border war;
When the streets of high Dunedin 6
Saw lance in glee, and salchions redder,
And heard the sologin’s deadly yell—
The Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII.

Can piety the discord heal,
Or stanch the death-feud’s enmity?
Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
Can love of blessed charity?
No! vainly to each holy shrine,
In mutual pilgrimage they drew;
Implored, in vain, the grace divine
For chiefs, their own red falchions slew:
While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettick boast the line of Scott,
The slaughter’d chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot! 7

IX.

In sorrow o’er Lord Walter’s bier
The warlike foresters had bent;
And many a flower, and many a tear,
Old Teviot’s maids and matrons sent;
But o’er her warrior’s bloody bier
The Ladye dropped nor flower nor tear! 8
Vengeance, deep-brooding o’er the slain,
Had lock’d the source of softer woe;
And burning pride, and high disdain,
Forbade the rising tear to flow;
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son’isp’d from the nurse’s knee—

Compare also the Ballad of Kimmnott Willie, (vol. ii. p. 53.)

ed.

1 See Appendix, Note A.  2 See Appendix, Note B.  3 See Appendix, Note C.
4 See Appendix, Note D, and compare these stanzas with the description of Jamie Telfer’s appearance at Branksome-Hall, (Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 6) to claim the protection of “Aid Buccelech” — and the ensuing scene, (page 9.)
5 “The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,
See starkly and see standlike!
And say the over-word of the thrang
Was — “Rise for Branksome readlike,” &c.
6 “Now was gone to the bane-keeper,
In Branksome ha’ where that he lay,” &c. — Ed.
7 See Appendix, Note E.
8 See Appendix, Note F.
9 Orig. (1st Edition.) “The Ladye dropped nor sigh nor tear.”
"And if I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be!"
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To daw the infant's kindling cheek.

All loose her negligent attire,
All loose her golden hair,
Hung Margaret o'er her slaughtered sire,
And wept in wild despair,
But not alone the bitter tear
Had filial grief supplied:
For hopeless love, and anxious fear,
Had lent her mingled tide:
Not in her mother's alack'd eye
Dared she to look for sympathy,
Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,
With Carr in arms had stood,
When Mathhouse-burn to Melrose ran,
All purple with their blood;
And well she knew, her mother dead,
Before Lord Cranston she should wed,
Would see her on her dying bed.

Of noble race the Ladye came,
Her father was a clerk of fame,
Of Bethune's line of Picardie;
He learn'd the art that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea.
Men said, he changed his mortal frame
By feat of magic mystery:
For when, in studious mood, he paced
St. Andrew's cloister'd hall,
His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall.

And of his skill, as bard's awow
He taught that Ladye fair,
Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air:
And now she sits in secret bower,
In Old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound,
That moans the mossy turrets round.
Is it the rear of Teviot's tide,
That chafes against the scaur's red side?
Is it the wind that swings the oaks?
Is it the echo from the rocks?
What may it be, the heavy sound,
That moans old Branksome's turrets round?

At the sullen, moaning sound,
The ban-dogs bay and howl;
And, from the turrets round,
Loud whoops the startled owl,
In the hall, both squire and knight,
Sware that a storm was near,
And looked forth to view the night;
But the night was still and clear;

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
Chafing with the mountain's side,
From the gown of the wind-swung oak,
From the sullen echo of the rock,

From the voice of the coming storm,
The Ladye knew it well;
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

"Sleep'st thou, brother?"
"Brother, ay—
On my hills the moonbeams play,
From Craik-cross to Skelfhull pen,
By every rill, in every glen,
Merry elves their morris pacing,
To aeral minstrelsy,
Emerald run, burn brown heath tracing,
Trip it deft and merrily.
Up, and mark their nimble feet One up, and list their music sweet!"

"Tears of an imprison'd maiden Mix with my polluted stream;
Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,
Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam.
Tell me, thou, who view'st the stars,
When shall cease these feudal jars!
What shall be the maiden's fate?
Who shall be the maiden's mate?

"Arthur's slow wind his course doth roll,
In utter darkness round the pole;
The Northern Bear lower'd black and grim,
Orion's studded belt is dim:
Twinkling faint, and distant far,
Shimmers through mist each planet star; I'll may I read their high decree!
But no kind influence deign they shower
On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's tower,
'Til pride be quelled, and love be free."

The unearthly voices roost,
And the heavy sound was still;
It died on the river's breast,
It died on the side of the hill,
But round Lord David's tower
The sound still floated near;
For it rang in the Ladye's bower,
And it rang in the Ladye's ear.
She raised her stately head,
And her heart throb'd high with pride—
"Your mountains shall bend,
And your streams ascend,
Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!"

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
Where many a hold retainer lay,
And, with jocund din, among them all
Her son pursued his infant play.
A fancied moss-trooper & the boy
The trunccheon of a spear bestrode,
And round the hall, right merrily In mimic foray

1 See Appendix, Note G. (The name is spelt differently
by the various families who have Carr is selected, not
as the most correct, but as the most poetical reading.)
2 See Appendix, Note H.
3 See Appendix, Note L.
4 See Appendix, Note K.
5 First Edition—"St. Kempigere's hall."—"St. Mungo, or
Kempigere, is the patron saint of Glasgow.
6 See Appendix, Note L.
7 See Appendix, Note M.
8 Scare, a precipitous bank of earth.
9 See Appendix, Note N.
10 Foray, a predatory inroad.
SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

Even bearded knights, in arms grown old, Share in his frock-cambrois, bore, Albeit their hearts of rugged mould, Were stubborn as the steel they wore, For the grey warriors prophesied, How the brave boy, in future war, Should tame the Unicorn’s pride,1 Exalt the Crescent and the Star.2

XX.

The Ladye forgot her purpose high, One moment, and no more; One moment gazed with a mother’s eye, As she passed at the arched door: Then she saw, roared the armed train, She called her William of Deloraine.3

XXI.

A stark mossa-trooping Scot was he, As e’er conch’d’l Border lance by knee; Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss, Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross; By wily turns, by desperate bounds, Had baffled Percy’s best blood-bounds;4 In Eske or Liddel, fords were none, But he would ride them, one by one; Alike to him was time or tide, December’s snow, or July’s pride; Alike to him was tide or time, Moonless midnight, or matin prime: Steady of heart, and stout of hand, As ever drove prey from Cumberland, Five times outlawed had he been, By England’s King, and Scotland’s Queen.

XXII.

“Sir William of Deloraine, good at need, Mount thee on the weightiest steed; Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride, Until thou come to fair Tweedside; And in Melrose’s holy pile, Seek thou the Mound of St. Mary’s aisle. Great the Father well from me; Say that the fated hour is come, And to-night he shall watch with thee, To win the treasure of the tomb; For this will be St. Michael’s night, And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright; And the cross, of bloody red, Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.”

XXIII.

“What he gives thee, see thou keep; Stay not thou for food or sleep; Be it scroll, or be it book, Into it, Knight, thou must not look; If thou readest, thou art born! Better hast thou ne’er been born.”—

XXIV.

“O swiftly can speed the dapple-grey steed, With drinks of the Teviot clear; Ere break of day,” the Warrior ‘gan say, “Again will I be here: And safer by none may thy errand be done, Than, noble dame, by me; Letter nor line know I never a one, Wert my neck verse at Harbice.”5

XXV.

Soon in his saddle sat he fast, And soon the steep descent he past, Soon crossed the sounding hurrican,6 And soon the Teviot’s side he won. Eastward the wooded path he rode, Green hazels o’er his banner nod; He passed the Peel7 of Goldiland, And crossed old Borthwick’s roaring strand; Dully he viewed the Mont-hill’s mound, Where Drud’s shades still fitted round;8 In Hawick twinkled many a light; Behind him soon they set in night; And soon lie spurr’d his courser keen Beneath the tower of Hazledean.9

XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark:— “Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark.”— “For Bransome, ho!” the knight rejoind, And left the friendly tower behind. He turn’d him now from Teviotside, And, guided by the twinkling rill, Northward the dark ascent did ride, And gained the moor at Horsehill; Broad on the left before him lay, For many a mile, the Roman way.10

XXVII.

A moment now he slack’d his speed, A moment breathed his panting steed; Drew saddle-girth and corset-band, And loosen’d in the sheath his brand. On Munro-craggs the moonbeams glint,11 Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint; Who flung his outlaw’d limbs to rest, Where falcons hang their gaudy nest, Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye For many an league did his prey would spy; Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne, The terror of the rubber’s horn? Cliffs, which, for many a later year, The warbling Donc reed shall hear, When some sad swan shall teach the grove, Ambition is no cure for love!

XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence passed Deloraine, To ancient Riddell’s fair domain,12 Where Aill, from mountains freed, Down from the lakes did racing come; Each wave was crested with tawny foam, Like the mane of a chestnut steed, In van! no torrent, deep or broad, Might bar the bold mossa-trooper’s road.

XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low, And the water broke o’er the saddlebow; Last declaration, the reader will recognise some of the most striking features of the ancient ballad.—Critical Review.

1 Bonier, the place of executing the Border Marauders
2 Carrick. The mossa-troop is the beginning of the 51st Psalm, Miissera mit, &c., usually read by exponents claiming the benefits of clerics. 1 In the rough but spirited sketch of the mossa-trooping Borderer, and in the nativity of his
3 This line, of which the metre appears defective, would have its full complement of feet according to the pronouns of the poet himself—as all who were familiar with his utterance of the letter v will bear testimony.—Ed.
4 See Appendix, Note O. 3 Ibid, Note P. 4 Ibid, Note Q.
5 See Appendix, Note R. 6 See Appendix, Note S. 7 See Appendix, Note T. 8 See Appendix, Note U.
THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose night,
Gu visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die.
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owllet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave.
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair.

II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there;
Little reck'd he of the scene so fair;
With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
He struck full loud, and struck full long,
The porter hurried to the gate—
"Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?"
"From Branksome I," the warrior cried;
And straight the wicket open'd wide;
For Branksome's Chiefs had in battle stood,
To fence the rights of fair Melrose;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said;
The porter bent his humble head;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trod:
The arched cloister, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride,
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He entered the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his harred aventail,
To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.

IV.

"The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me;
Says, that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb."
From sackcloth crouch the monk arose;
With toil his stiffen'd limbs he reard;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

1 Barred or barbed,—applied to a horse accoutred with defensive armour.
2 Haldon was an ancient seat of the Kerrs of Cessford, now demolished. About a quarter of a mile to the northward lay the field of battle between Buccleuch and Angus, which is called to this day the Skirmish Field.—See Appendix, Note D.
3 Laid on the midnight service of the Catholic church.
4 See Appendix, Note V.
5 See Appendix, Note W.
6 David I. of Scotland, purchased the reputation of sano-
7 The Buccleuch family were great benefactors to the Abbey of Melrose. As early as the reign of Robert II., Robert Scott, Baron of Mordiston and Rankieburn, (now Buccleuch,) gave to the monks the lands of Hicky, in Ettrick Forest, pro soluta animae sua.—Charters of Melrose, 26th May, 1615.
8 Aventail, visor of the helmet.
And strangely on the knight look'd be,
And his blue eyes gleam'd so bright and wide;
"And, darest thou, Warrior! seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide?"
My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn;
For three score years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn:
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be known.
Would'st thou try every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance drie,
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
Then, daring Warrior, follow me!"—

Penance, father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary.
When I ride on a border foray.

So speed my errand, and let me be gone."—

Again on the knight look'd the Churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily:
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long
Since by,
When his limbs were strong, and his courage was high:
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay;
The pillar'd arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
Glisten'd with the dew of night;
Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there,
But was carv'd in the cloister-arches as fair.
The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So long as he seen, in fair Castle,
The youth in glittering squadron start;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

By a steel-enchanted postern door,
They enter'd now the chamber tall;
The darken'd roof rose high aloft
On pillars lofty and light and small;
The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lisy, or a quatre-feuille;

The corbels' were carv'd grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with cloister'd shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourished around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

Full many a scout and banner riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant chief of Otterburne!—
And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale?
O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!—

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By interlarded tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
Wax'd opal poplars straight the o'er wind;
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreathis to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Show'd many a prophet, and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
Triumphant Michael brandish'd,
And trampled the Apostle's pride.
The moon-beam kiss'd the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

They sate them down on a marble stone,

Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn tone:

"I was not always a man of woe;
For Pagan countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the Cross of God:
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

"In these far climes it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott;
A wizard, of such dreaded name,
That when, in Salamanca's cave, he was,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame;
Some of his skill he taught to me;
And, Warrior, I could say to thee,
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone:
But to speak them were a deadly sin;
And for having but thought them my heart
within,
A treble penance must be done.

When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakened:"
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed:
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
The words may not again be said,
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid;
They would rend this Abbey's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

"I spake to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look;
And never tell where it was laid.
Saw it at his Chief of Branksome's need:
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on St. Michael's night,
When the bell tolled one, and the moon was bright,
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave.

"It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid!
Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd,
The banners waved without a blast"—
—Still spoke the Monk, when the bell tolled one—
I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurr'd his steed:
Yet some what was lie chill'd with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

"Lo, Warrior! now, the Cross of Red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead:
Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night:
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be."—
Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody Cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a secret nook:
An iron bell the Warrior took;
And the Monk made a sign with his with'er'd hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand.

With beating heart to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;
With bare of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there, to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright:
It shone like heaven's own blessed light,
And, issuing from the tomb,
Show'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,
And kiss'd his wavier plume.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His horse heard in silver roll'd,
He seem'd some seventy winters old:
A plume of amice wrap'd him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea:
His left hand held his Book of Might;
A silver cross was in his right.
The lamp was placed beside his knee:
High and majestic was his look,
At which the feller fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face:
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse nor awe;
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd
His breath came thick, his head swam round;
When this strange scene of death he saw,
Bewilder'd and unnerved he stood,
And the priest pray'd fervently and loud:
With eyes averted pray'd he;
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

And when the priest his death-prayer had pray'd,
Thus unto Deloraine he said:
"Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue;
For those thou may'st not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!"
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasped, and with iron bound;
He thought, as he took it, the dead man drowned;
But the glare of the sepulchral light,
Perchance, had dazzled the warrior's sight.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night return'd in double gloom;
For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few;
And, as the Knight and Priest withdrew,
With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
"It is said," as through the aisles they pass'd,
They heard strange noises on the blast:
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sohs, and laughter louder ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man;
As if the fiends kept holiday,
Because these spells were brought to day,
I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

"Now, hie thee hence," the Father said,
"And when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St. John,
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!"
The monk return'd him to his cell,
And many a prayer and penance sped:
When the convent met at the noontide bell—
The Monk of St. Mary's aisle was dead!
Before the cross was the body laid,
With hands clasp'd fast, as if still he pray'd.

XXIV.
The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,
And strove his hardihood to find:
He was glad when he pass'd the tombstones grey,
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye;
For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest,
Felt like a load upon his breast;
And his joints, with nerves of iron twined,
Shoot, like the aspen leaves in wind.
Full fair, was he when the dawning gray
Began to brighten Cheviot grey;
He joy'd to see the cheerful light,
And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might.

XXV.
The sun had brighten'd Cheviot grey,
The sun had brighten'd the Carter's side;
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome Towers and Teviot's tide.

The wild birds told their warbling tale,
And waken'd every flower that blows;
And peeped forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose.
And lovelier than the rose so red,
Yet paler than the violet pale,
She early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teviotald.

XXVI.
Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
And don her kirtle so hastily,
And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make,
Why tremble her slender fingers to tie;
Why does she stop, and look often around,
As she glides down the secret stairs;
And why does she put the heavy blood-bound,
As he rouses him up from his lair;
And, though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

XXVII.
The lady steps in doubt and dread,
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread;
The lady caresses the rough blood-bound,
Lest his voice should waken the castle round;
The watchman's bugle is not blown,
For he was her foster-father's son;
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

XXVIII.
The Knight and lady fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately, and young, and tall;
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hail;
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red;
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribbon prest:
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold—
Where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might compare!

XXIX.
And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy;
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow:
Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
Of two true lovers in a vale;
And how the Knight, with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion strove;
Sware he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love;
And how she blushed, and how she sigh'd,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid—
Yet, might the bloody feuds be stay'd,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

XXX.
Alas! fair dames, your hopes are vain!
My harp has lost the enchanting strain;
its lightness would my axe reprove:
My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold;
I may not, must not, sing of love.

XXXI.
Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by ebd,
The Baron's Dwarf his courser held;
And held his crested helm and spear:
That Dwarf was scarce an earthly man,
If the tales were true that of him ran
Through all the Border, far and near.
"I was said, when the Baron a hunting rode
Through Reedsdile's glens, but rarely trod,
He heard a voice cry, "Lost! lost! lost!"
And, like tennis-ball by racket toss'd,
A leap, of thirty feet and three,
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.
Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismay'd;
"Tis said that five good miles he rade,
To rid him of his company;
But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran four,
And the Dwarf was first at the castle door.

XXXII.
Use lessens marvel; it is said:
This elvish Dwarf with the Baron staid;
Little he ate, and less he spoke,
Nor mingled with the menial flock:
And oft apart his arms he toss'd,
And often mutter'd "Lost! lost! lost!"
He was wapshaw, arch, and litherlie,
But well Lord Cranstoun served he:
Jorrocks, in his play of "The Devil is an Ass," has founded the leading incident of that comedy upon this article of the popular creed. A "head, called Fae," is ambitious of figuring in the world, and petitions his superior for permission to exhibit himself upon earth. The devil grants him a day-rule, but cloes it with this condition,—
And he of his service was full fain;
For once he had been ta'en or slain,
And he had not been for his ministry.
All between Home and Hermitage,
Talk’d of Lord Cranstone’s Goblin-Paige.

XXXII.
For the barn went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this elvish Page,
To Mary’s Chapel of the Lovers;
For there, beside our Ladye’s lake,
An offering he had sworn to make,
And he would pay his vows.
But the Ladye of Branksome gave him a band
Of the best that would ride at her command:
The trysting place was Newark Lee.
War of Harden came theither amain,
And thither came John of Thriestane,
And thither came William of Deloraine;
They were three hundred spears and three.
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
They came to St. Mary’s lake ere day;
But the chapel was void, and the Baron away.
They burn’d the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstone’s Goblin-Paige.

XXXIV.
And now, in Branksome’s good green wood,
As under the aged oak he stood,
The Baron’s courser pricks his ears,
As if a distant noise he hears.
The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,
And pounces to the lovers to part and fly;
No time was then to vow or sigh.
Fair Margaret through the hazel grove,
Flew like the startled cushat-dove.
The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein;
Vaulted the Knight on his steed amain,
And, pondering deep that morning’s scene,
Rode eastward through the hawthorns green.

While thus he pondered the lengthen’d tale
The Minstrel’s voice began to fail:
Full slyly smiled the observant page,
And gave the wether’d hand of age.
A goblet, crown’d with mighty wing,
The blood of Velez’ scorched vine.
He raised the silver cup on high.
And, while the big drop fell’d his eye,
Pray’d God to bless the Duchess long
And all who cheerr’d a son of song.
The attending maidens smiled to see
How long, how deep, how zealously,
The precious juice the Minstrel quaff’d;
And he, enboled’d by the draught,
Look’d gaily back to them, and laugh’d.
The cordial nectar of the bowl
Swell’d his old veins, and cheerr’d his soul;
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began.

"Satan—Only thee more, I bind you
To serve the first man that you meet; and him
I’ll show you now; observe him, follow him;"
It is observable that in the same play, Pity alludes to the appearance of his diet. Mr. Scott’s goblin, though "wasteful, arch, and litherell," proves a faithful and honest retainer to the lord, into whose service he had introduced himself. This sort of inconstancy seems also to form a prominent part of the diabolic character. Thus, in the romance of the Round Table, we find Merlin, the son of a devil, existing himself most zealously in the cause of virtuous

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Canto Third.

I.
And said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And that I might not sing of love?
How could I to the dearest theme,
That ever warms’d a minstrel’s dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove?
How could I name love’s very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame?

II.
In peace, love tunes the shepherd’s reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior’s steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and smirks above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.
So thought Lord Cranstone, as I ween,
While, pondering deep the tender scene,
He rode through Branksome’s hawthorn green.
But the page shouted wild and shrill.
And scarce his helmet could he don,
When downward from the shaly hill
A stately knight came pricking on.
That warrior’s steed, so dapple-grey,
Was dark with sweat, and splashed with clay;
His armours red with many a stain:
He seemed in such a weary plight,
As if he had ridden the live-long night;
For it was William of Deloraine.

IV.
But no whit weary did he seem,
When, dancing in the sunny beam,
He mark’d the crane on the Baron’s crest;
For his ready spear was in his rest.
Few were the words, and stern and high,
That mark’d the foemen’s feudal hate;
For question fierce, and proud reply,
Gave signal soon of dire debate.
Their very courser seemed to know
That each was other’s mortal foe,
And snorted fire, when wheel’d around,
To give each knight his vantage-ground.

V.
In rapid round the Baron bent;
He sigh’d a sigh, and pray’d a prayer;
The prayer was to his patron saint,
The sigh was to his ladye fair.

and of religion, the friend and counsellor of King Arthur, the charioteer of wights, and the scourge of the infidels.
1 See Appendix, Note 2 K.
2 See notes on The Douglas Tragedy in the Minstrelsy, vol. iii. p. 3—83.
3 Wood-pigeon.
4 The crest of the Cranstone, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a snake in his feet, with an emphatic Beowulf motto, Thos shall secret is mine.
Stout Delormine nor sigh'd nor pray'd,
Nor saint, nor lady, call'd to aid;
But he stoop'd his head, and couched his spear,
And spurred his steed to full career.
The meeting of these champions proud
Seemed like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent!
The stately Baron backwards bent;
But back wards to his horse's tail,
And his plumes went scattering on the gale.
The tough asp spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand beauties flew.
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail;
Through shield, and jack, and acton, past,
Deep in his bosom broke at last.

Still sate the warrior saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,
Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward pass'd his course;
Nor knew—so giddy roll'd his brain—
His foe lay stretch'd upon the plain.

VII.

But when he rais'd his courser round,
And saw his foeman on the ground
Lies senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his page to stanch the wound,
And there beside the warrior lay,
And tend him in his doubtful state,
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate;
His noble mind was only moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
"This shalt thou do without delay:
No longer here myself may stay;
Unless the swifter speed away,
Short shrift will be at my dying day."

VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;
The Goblin Page behind abode;
His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corset off he took,
The dwarf espied the Mighty Book!
Much he marvel'd a knight of pride,
Letting his bosom's priest should ride?
He thought not to search or stanch the wound,
Until the secret he had found.

IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,
Resisted long the elfin grasp:
For when the first he had undone,
It closed as he the nail was drawn.
Those iron clasps, that iron band,
Would not yield to unchristen'd hand,
Till he smeared the cover o'er
With the Borderer's curdled gore;
A moment then the volume spread,
And one short spell therein he read,
It had much of glamour; might
Could make a lady seem a knight;
The cobweb on the wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
A nut-shell seem a gilded harge,
A sheeling3 seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth—
All was delusion, naught was truth.4

X.

He had not read another spell,
When on his cheek a buffet fell,
So fierce, it stretch'd him on the plain,
Beside the wondred Delormine.
From the ground he rose dismay'd,
And shook his huge and mated head;
One word he mutter'd, and no more,
"Man of age, thou smitest sore!"—

No more the Elfin Page durst try
Into the wondrous Book to pry:
The clasps, though smote'rf with Christian gore,
Shut faster than they were before.
He hid it underneath his cloak.

Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so mot I thribe;
It was not given by man alive.6

XI.

Unwillingly he himself address'd,
To do his master's high behest:
He lifted up the living corn,
And laid it on the weary horse;
He led him to Branksome Hall,
Before the beards of the warders all;
And each did after swear and say,
There only pass'd a wan of hay.
He took him to Lord David's tower,
Even to the Lady's secret bower;
And, but that stronger spells were spread,
And the door might not be opened,
He had laid him on her very bed.
What'er he did of gramarye,5
Was always done malevolently;
He flung the warrior on the ground,
And the blood well'd freshly from the wound.

XII.

As he repass'd the outer court,
He spied a fair young child at sport;
He thought to train him to the wood;
And, at a word, he it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good.

Seem'd to the boy, some comrade gay
Led him forth to the woods to play;
On the drawbridge the warders stout
Saw a terrier and a lurcher passing out.

XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
Until they came to a woodland brook;
The running stream dissolved the spell;
And his own elvish shape he took.
Could he have had his pleasure wild,
He had cripp'd the joints of the noble child;
Or, with his fingers long and lean,
It had strangled him in candid spleen;
But his awful mother he had in dread,
And also his power was limited;
So he but scow'd on the startled child,
And darted through the forest wild:
The woodland brook he bounding cross'd,
And laugh'd, and shouted,"Lost! lost! lost!"

XIV.

Full sore amazed at the wondrous change,
And fright'en'd as a child might be,
At the wild yell, and visage strange,
And the dark words of gramarye,
The child, amidst the forest bower,
Stood rooted like a lily flower;
And when at length, with trembling pace,
He sought to find where Branksome lay,
He feared to see that grisly face.
Glare from some thicket on his way.
Thus, starting o'er, he journey'd on,
And deeper in the wood is gone,—
For as he more he sought his way,
The farther still he went astray,—
Until he heard the mountains round
Ring to the baying of a hound.

XV.
And hark! and hark! the deep-mouth'd hank
Comes nigher still, and nigher:
Bursis on the path a dark blood-hound
Its tawny muzzle track'd the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wilder child saw be,
He flew at him right furious.
I ween you would have seen with joy
The bearing of the gallant boy,
When, worthy of his noble sire,
His wet skewl ow'd twixt fear and ire!
He faced the blood-hound manfully,
And held his little hat on high;
So fierce he struck the dog, afraid,
At every distance hourely bay'd,
But still in act to s ring:
When da'd an archer through the glade,
And when he saw the hound was stay'd,
He drew his bow, bow-s ring;
But a rough voice cried, "Shoot not, hoy I
No! shoot not, Edward—Tis a boy!"

XVI.
The sneaker issued from the wood,
And checked his fellow's surly mood,
And quelled the ban'dog's ire;
He was an English yeoman good,
And born in Lancashire.
Well could he hit a fallow deer
Five hundred feet him fro;
With hand more true, and eye more clear,
No archer bending bow,
His coal-black hair, short round and close,
Set off his sun-burn'd face;
Old England's sign, St. George's cross,
His harret-cap'd on his rce;
His buckle horn hung by his side,
All in a wolf skin baldric tied;
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

XVII.
His kirtle made of forest green,
Reach'd scantily to his knee;
And, a' his belt, of arrows keen
A fursh'd sheaf bore he:
His buckler, scarce in breadth a span,
No larger fence had he;
He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee:
His slacken'd bow was in his hand,
And the leath that was his blood-hound's band.

XVIII.
He would not do the fair child harm,
But held him with his powerful arm,
That he might neither fight nor flee;
For when the Red-Cross spied he,

1 See Appendix, Note 2 P.
2 Bandelier, belt for carrying ammunition.
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.1
William of Deloraine, in truce,
When'er she turnd it round and round,
Twisted as if she gall'd his wound.
Then to her maidens she did say,
That he should be whole man and sound,
Within the course of a night and day.
Fall long she tol'd; for she did rue
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

So pass'd the day—the evening fell,
'Twas near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
'En the rude watchman, on the tower,
Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret loved and bless'd
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute's soft tone;
'Twas a wild note, and all between
Thought of the bower of lomthorn green.
Her golden hair stream'd free from band,
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.


XXV.
Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And, spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star—
O, 'tis the beacon-blast of war!
Scarcely could she her$iighten'd breath,
For well she knew the fire of death!

XXVI.
The Wanderer view'd it blazing strong,
And blew his war-note loud and long,
Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood, and river rung around.
The blast alarm'd the festal hall,
And startled forth the warriors all;
Far downward, in the castle yard,
Full many a torch and cresset glared;
And helm and plumes, confusedly toss'd,
Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost;
And spears in wild disorder shook,
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.
The Seneschal, whose silver hair
Was redden'd by the torches' glare,
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandate loud:—
"On Penchryst glows a bale2 of fire,
And three are kindling on Priesthaughswire;
Ride out, ride out,
The foe to scout!"
Mount, mount for Branksome,3 every man!
Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,
That ever are true and stout—
Ye need not send to Liddesdale;
For when they see the blazing bale,
Elliot's and Armstrongs never fail,—Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life!
And warn the Warrler of the strife.
Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
Our kin, and clan, and friends, to raise." 4

XXVIII.
Fair Margaret, from the turret head,
Heard, far below, the courser's tread,
While loud the harness rung,
As to their seats, with glamour dread,
The ready horsemen spring:
And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
And leaders' voices, mingled notes,
And out! and out!
In hasty route,
The horsemen gallop'd forth;
Dispersing to the south to scout,
And east, and west, and north,
To view their coming enemies,
And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX.
The ready page, with hurried hand,
Awaked the need fire's4 slumbering brand,
And mildly blush'd the heaven:
For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,
Waved like a blood-flags on the sky,
All flaring and unseen:
And saw a score of fires, I ween;
From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen;
Each with warlike tides fraught;
Each from each the signal catch'd;
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They glean'd on many a dusky torn,
Haunted by the lonely ear: 7
On many a carn's grey pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;
Till high Dunedim the blazes saw,
From Soltra and Dunsppender Law;
And Lochian heard the Regent's order,
That all should bow'm them for the Border.

XXX.
The livelong night in Branksome rang
The ceaseless sound of steel;
The castle-bell, with backward clang,
Sent forth the larum peal,
Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
Where many's steel and irn bar
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
To whelm the foe with deadly shower;
Was frequent heard the changing guard,
And watch-word from the sleepless ward;
While, wearied by the endless din,
Blood-hound and ban-dog yell'd within.

XXXI.
The noble Dame, amid the broil,
Shared the gay Seneschal's high toil,
And spoke of danger with a smile:
"Cheer'd the young knights, and council sage
Held with the chiefs of riper age,
No tidings of the foe were brought,
Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
Nor what in time of truce he sought.
Some said, that there were thousands ten;
And others ween'd that it was nought,
But Leven Clans, or Tynedale men,
Who came to gather in black-mail; 10
And Liddesdale, with small avail,
Who drive them lightly back aven.
So pass'd the anxious night away,
And welcome was the peep of day.

1 See Appendix, Note 2 R.  2 See Appendix, Note 2 R.
3 Mount for Branksome was the gathering word of the Scots.
4 See Appendix, Note 2 T.  5 Needars, beacon.
6 Tarn, a mountain lake.  7 Earn, a Scottish eagle.
8 See Appendix, Note 2 U.  9 Bowes, make ready.
10 Protection money exacted by fire-breakers.
Ceased the high sound—the listening throng
Applaud the Master of the Song;
And marvel much, in helpless age,
So hard should be his pilgrimage.
Had he no friend—no daughter dear,
His wandering toil to share and cheer;
No son to be his father's stay,
And guide him on the rugged way!
"Ay, once he had—but he was dead!"—
Upon the harp he stoo'd his head,
And busied himself the strings withal,
To hide the tear that fain would fall.
In solemn measure, soft and slow,
Arose a father's notes of woe.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring halo-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wld and willow'd shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still.
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.

II.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime
Its earliest course was doon'd to know;
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stain'd with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to Memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee.

Why, when the volleys musket play'd
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid?—
Enough—he died the death of fame,
Enough—he died with conquering Grame.

III.

Now over border, dale and fell,
Full wide and far was terror spread;
For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,
The peasant left his lowly shed.

The frishten'd flocks and herds were pent
Beneath the peal's rude battlement;
And maids and matrons dropp'd the tear,
While ready warriors seized the spear.

From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,
Which, curling in the rising sun,
Show'd southern ravage was begun.

IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
"Prepare ye all for blows and blood!"
Watt Tulmin, from the Liddel-side,
Comes wading through the flood.

Full off the Tynedale snatchers knock
At his lone gate, and prove the lock;
It was but last St. Barnalright
They sieged him a whole summer night,
But fled at morn:—well they knew,
In vain he never twang'd the yew.

Right sharp has been the evening shower,
That drove him from his Liddel tower;
And, by my faith," the gate-ward said,
"I think 'twill prove a Warde-Raid!"

V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
Enter'd the echoing barbarian.
He led a small and shaggy nag,
That through a bog, from hmg to hag,6
Could bound like any Billhope stag:7
It bore his wife and child when twain;
A half clothed serf10 was all their train;
His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-brow'd,
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud.

Laugh'd to her friends among the crowd,
He was of stature passing tall,
But sparely form'd, and lean withal;
A batter'd morion on his brow;
A leather jack, as fence enow,
On his broad shoulders lowely hung;
A border axe behind was slung:
His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
Seem'd newly dyed with gore;
His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,
His hardy partner bore.

VI.

Thus to the Ladye did Tulmin show
The tidings of the English foe:—
"Belted Will Iloward12 is marching here,
And hot Lord Dacre,13 with many a spear
And all the German hackhu-men,14
Who have long lain at Askerton:
They cross'd the Liddel at curfew hour,
And burn'd my little lonely tower:
The fiend receive their soul therefor!
It had not been burn't this year and more.
Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,
Served to guide me on my flight;
But I was chased the boldest night.
Black John of Akeshaw, and Fergus Grame,
Fast upon my traces came,
Until I turn'd at Priesthaugh Scrogg,
And shot their horses in the bog.

1 Orig. "Since first they rolled their way to Tweed."

2 See Appendix, Note 2 V.

3 See Appendix, Note 2 W.

4 See Appendix, Note 2 X.

5 "And when they cam to Branksome ha',
They shout'd at bath tond and him,
Till up and smak him they beseach,
Said—'Wha's this brings the fraye to me?'
It's I, Jamie Teffer, o' the fair Didschaw,
And a harried man I think I be,'" &c.

6 An inoculam commanded by the Warden in person.

7 The broken ground in a bog.

8 See Appendix, Note 2 Y.

9 Bodeman.

10 As the Borderers were indifferent about the forinast
of their habitations, so much exposed to be burned and plundered, they were proportionally seasious to display
splendid in decorating and ornamenting their females.—Levay & Mason, ed. 1832.

11 See Appendix, Note 3 Z.

12 See Appendix, Note 3 A.

13 See Appendix, Note 3 B.

14 Musketeers. See Appendix, Note 3 B.
Slew Fergus with my lance outright—
I had him long at high despite;
He drove my cows last Fastern’s night.”

VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
Fast hurrying in, confirm’d the tale;
As far as they could judge by ken,
Three hours would bring to Tewit’s strand
Three thousand armed Englishmen—
Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
From Tewit, Ailt, and Ettrick shade,
Came in, their Chief’s a defence to add.

There was sadding and mounting in haste,
There was pricking o’er moor and lea;
He that was last at the crysting-place
Was but lightly held of his gaye ladye.1

VIII.

From fair St. Mary’s silver wave,
From dreamy Gamescleuch’s dusky height,
His ready lances Thistlestan brave
Array’d beneath a banner bright,
The pressured fleur-de-lis he claims,
To whet his shield, since royal James,
Encamp’d by Fala’s mossy wave,
The proud distinction grateful gave,
For faith ‘nud feudal jars;
What time, save Thistlestan alone,
Of Scotland’s stubborn barons none
Would march to southern wars;
And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
You sheaf of spears his crest has borne;
Hence his high motto shames reveal’d—
“Ready, aye, ready,” for the field.2

IX.

An aged Knight, to danger steel’d,
With many a mose-trooper, came on:
And azure in a golden field.
The stars and crescent grace his shield,
Without the bond of Murdeshon3
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower;
High o’er Borthwick’s mountain flood,
His wood-emosom’d mansion stood;
In the dark glen, so deep below,
The herds of plunder’d England low;
His bold retainers’ daily food,
And bought with danger, blows, and blood.
Marauding chief! his sole delight
The sun’s salut’d ray, the morning flight;
Not even the Flower of Yarrow’s charms,
In youth might tame his rage for arms;
And still, in age, he spurr’d that rest,
And still his brows the helmet press’d,
Albert, the blanched locks below
Were white as Dinlay’s spotless snow;
Five stately warriors drew the sword
Before their father’s band;
A braver knight than Harden’s lord
Ne’er belted on a brand.4

X.5

Scots of Eskdale, a stalwart band,
Came trooping down the Toshdhillwhill;

By the sword they won their land,
And by the sword they hold it still.
Harken, Ladye, to the tale,
How thy sires won fair Eskdale.—

Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
The Beattissens were his vassals there.
The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,
The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude;
High of heart, and naughtiness of word,
Little they reck’d of a tame liege lord.
The Earl into fair Eskdale came,
Homage and seignory to claim.
Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot 7 he sought,
Saying, “Gives thy best steed, as a vassal ought.”
“Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
Oft has he helped me at pinch of need.
Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow,
I can rein Buckfast better than thou.”—
Word on word gave fuel to fire,
Till so highly blazed the Beattissens’s ire,
But that the Earl the flight had ta’en,
The vassals there their lord had slained.
Sore he p lied both whip and spur,
As he urge his steed through Eskdale muir;
And it fell down a weary weight,
Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

The Earl was a wrathful man to see,
Full fain avenged would he be.
In haste to Branksome’s Lord he spoke.
Saying—“Take these traitors to thy yoke;
For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,
All Eskdale I’ll sell thee, to have and hold.
Beshrew thy heart of the Beattissens’s clan
If thou leastest on Esk a landed man;
But spare Woodkerrick’s lands alone,
For he lent me his horse to escape upon.”
A glad man then was Branksome bold,
Down he flung him on the purse of gold;
To Eskdale soon he spurr’d amin.
And with him five hundred riders has ta’en.
He left his merry-men in the midst of the hill,
And bade them hold them close and still;
And alone he wended to the plain,
To meet with the Galliard and all his train.
To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said:—
“Knew thou me for thy liege-lord and head?
Deal not with me as with a Morton tane,
For Scotts play best at the roughest game,
Give me in peace my heriot due,
Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.
If my horn 1 times wind,
Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind.”—

 Loudly the Beattissens laugh’d in scorn;
“Little care we for thy winded horn.
Ne’er shall it be the Galliard’s lot.
To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
With rusty spur and miry boot.”—

He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse,
That the dun deer started at fair Craikerson;
He blew again so loud and clear,
Through the grey mountain-mists there did

made much noise in Edinburgh shortly after the appearance
of the Minstrelsy, has these lines:—

“A modern author spends a hundred leaves,
To prove his ancestry notorious thieves.”—ED.

The feudal superior, in certain cases, was entitled to
the best horse of the vassal, in name of Heriot or Hernezie.

1 The four last lines of stanza vi. are not in the 1st Edition.
2 See Appendix, Note 3 C.
3 See Appendix, Note 3 D.
4 See besides the note on this stanza, one in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 16, respecting Wat of Harden, the Author’s ancestor.
5 A satirical piece, entitled “The Town Eclogue,” which made much noise in Edinburgh shortly after the appearance of the Minstrelsy, has these lines:—

“A modern author spends a hundred leaves,
To prove his ancestry notorious thieves.”—ED.

6 Stanzas x. xi. xii. were not in the first Edition.
7 See Appendix, Note 3 E.
And the third blast rang with such a din,
That the echoes answered from Pentonvile,
And all his riders came lightly in.
Then loud you saw a gallant shock,
When saddles were emptied, and lances broke;
For each scornful word the Galhard had said,
A Battison on the field was laid.
His own good sword the chiefs drew
And he bore the Galhard through and through:
Where the Beattisons’ blood mixed with the rill,
The Galhard’s—tanght men call it still.
The Scots have scattered the Battison clan,
In Eskdale they left but one ended man.
The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source,
Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

Wittslande the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
And warriors more than I may name;
From Farrow-cleuch to Hindbaugh-swair, 1
From Househouselie to Chatter-glen,
Troop’d man and horse, and bow and spear;
Their gathering word was Bellenden. 2
And better hearts o’er Border sod
To siege or rescue never rode.
The Ladye mark’d the ads come in,
And hush her heart of pride arose :
She bade her youthful son attend,
That he might know his father’s friend,
And learn to face his foes.
“The boy is ripe to look on war;
I saw him draw his cross-bow stiff,
And his true arrow struck afar
The raven’s nest upon the cliff;
The red cross on a southern breast
Is broader than the raven’s nest;
Thou, Wittslande, shall teach him his weapon to wield,
And o’er him hold his father’s shield.”

Well may you think, the wily page
Cared not to face the Ladye sage.
He counterfeited childish fear.
And shriek’d, and shed full many a tear,
And moan’d and plain’d in manner wild.
She bade the attendants to the Ladye told,
Some fairy sure had chang’d the child,
That want to be so free and bold.
Then wrathful was the noble dame;
She blushed blood-red for very shame:
“Hence! I er the clan his faintness view;
Hence with the weakening to Bucceuch!”
Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
To Rangleburn’s lonely side,—
Sure some fell hind has overset our line,
That coward shall e’er be son of mine!”

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,
To guide the counterfeited lad.
Soon as the palfrey felt the weight,
Of that ill-omen’d elish freight.
He bolted, sprung, and rear’d amain,
Nor heed’d bit, nor curb, nor rein.
It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil
To drive him but a Scottish mile;
But as a shallow brook they cross’d,
The elf amid the running stream,
His figure chang’d, like form in dream,
And fled, and shouted, “Lost! I lost! lost!”

Full fast the urchin ran and laugh’d,
But faster still a cloth-yard shaf
Whistled from startled Tinlinn’s yew.
And pierced his shoulder through and through.
Although the imp might not be slain,
And though the wound soon heal’d again,
Yet as he ran, he yell’d for pain;
And Watt of Tinlinn, much aglahst,
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

Soon on the hill’s steep verge he stood,
That looks o’er Branksome’s towers and wood;
And martial murmurs, from below,
Proclaim’d the approaching southern foe.
Through the dark wood, in muffled tone,
Were Border pipes and bugles blown;
The courser’s neighing he could ken,
A measured tread of marching men;
While broke at times the solemn hum,
The Almyn’s sullen kettle-drum;
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the corn rose up;
And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

Light foragers first, to view the ground,
Spurr’d their fleet coursers loosely round;
Behind, in close array, and fast,
The Kendal archers, all in green,
Obedient to the bugle blast.
Advancing from the wood were seen.
To back and guard the archer band,
Lord Dacre’s bill-men were at hand:
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
With kirtles white, and crosses red,
Array’d beneath the banner tall,
That stream’d o’er Acre’s conquer’d wall;
And muskets, as they march’d in order,
Play’d, “Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border.”

Behind the English bill and bow
The mercenaries, firm and slow,
Moved on to fight, in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wollaton;
Who brought the hand from distant Rhine,
And sold their blood for foreign pay.
The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, own’d no lord; 3
They were not arm’d like England’s sons,
But bore the lev’n-daring guns;
Buff coats, all frounced and broder’d o’er,
And morning horns 4 and scarfs they wore;
Each better knee was got to tail,
The warriors in the escalade;
All, as they march’d, in raged tongue,
Songs of Teutonic feats they sung.

But loonder still the clamour grew,
And loonder still the muskets blew,
When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard’s chivalry;
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,
Brought up the battle’s glittering rear,
There many a youthful knight, full keen
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen;
With favour in his crest, or glove,
Memorial of his ladye-love.

1 This and the three following lines are not in the first edition.—Ed.
2 See Appendix, Note 3 F.
3 See Appendix, Note 3 G.
4 Powder-darts.
So rode they forth in fair array,
Till fill their lengthen'd lines display;
Then call'd a halt, and made a stand,
And cried, "St. George, for merry England!"

XX.

Now every English eye, intent
On Branksome's armed towers was bent;
So near they were, that they might know
The straining harsh of each cross-howl
On battlement and bartizan
Gleam'd axe, and spear, and parted
Falcon and curvet; on each tower,
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower;
And flashing armament frequent broke
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
Where upon tower and turret head,
The seething pitch and molten lead
Reek'd, like a witch's caldron red.
While yet they gazed, the bridges fall,
The wicket opens, and from the wall
Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

XXI.

Armed he rode, all save the head,
His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread;
Upbroke by his side, erect his seat.
He ruled his eager courser's gait
Forced him, with chas'ten'd fire, to prance,
And, high curvetting, slow advance;
In sign of truce, his better hand
Display'd a pealed willow wand;
His square, attending in the rear,
Bore high a garnet on a spear.
When they espied him riding out,
Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
Sped to the front of their array.
To hear what this old knight should say.

XXII.

"Ye English warden lords, of you
Demands the Lady of Buccleuch,
Why, 'gainst the truce of Border tire,
In licit guise ye dare to ride,
With Renal bow, and Gilsland brand,
And all you mercenary band.
Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?
My Ladye reads you swith return;
And, if but one poor straw you burn,
Or do our towers so much molest,
As scare one swallow from her nest,
St. Mary! but we'll light a brand
Shall warm your heart's in Cumberland."

XXIII.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
But calmer Howard took the word:
"May't please thy Dame, Sir Senescal,
To seek the castle's outward wall,
Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show
Both why we came, and when we go."
The message sped, the noble Dame
To the wall's outward circle came;
Each chief around leaned on his spear,
To see the pursuivant appear.

All in Lord Howard's livery dress'd,
The hon argent deck'd his breast;
He led a boy of blooming hue—
O sight to meet a mother's view!
It was the heir of great Buccleuch.
Obeisance meet the herald made,
And thus his master's will be said:

XXIV.

"It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords,
'Tgainst ladye fair to draw their swords;
But yet they may not tamely see,
All through the Western Wardens,
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
And burn and spoil the Border-side;
And ill beseems your rank and birth
To make your towers a tempest's birth.
We claim from thee William of Deloraine
That he may suffer march-treason pain.
It was but last St. Cuthbert's even
He pricked to Stapleton on Leven,
Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
Then, since a lone and widow'd Dame
These restless riders may not tame,
Either receive within his lofty towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their warrion,
And storm and spoil thy garrison;
And this fair boy, to London led,
Shall good King Edward's page be bred.

XXV.

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry,
And stretch'd his little arms on high:
Implored for aid each well-known face,
And strove to seek the Dame's embrace,
A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,
Gush'd to her eye the unhidden tear;
She gazed upon the leaders round,
And dark and sad each warrior frown'd;
Then, deep within her sothing breast
She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest;
Unalter'd and collected stood,
And thus replied, in dauntless mood:

XXVI.

"Say to your Lords of high emprize,
Who war on women and on boys,
That either William of Deloraine
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain,
Or else he will the combat take
'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.
No knight in Cumberland so good,
But William may count with him kin and blood.
Knighthood he took of Douglass's sword,
When English blood swell'd Aneram's ford;
And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
And bare him ably in the flight,
Himself had seen him dubb'd a knight.
For the young heir of Branksome's line,
God be his aid, and God be mine;
Through me no friend shall meet his doom;
Here, while I live, no foe finds room.

1 Ancient pieces of artillery.
2 A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded. See Lines.
3 An asylum for outlaws.
4 See Appendix, Note 3 H.
5 Plundered.
6 Note of assault.
7 Orig. "Say to the Lords of high emprise."
8 See Appendix, Note 3 L.
9 Ibid. Note 3 L.
10 Ibid. Note 3 L.
Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high;
Our slogan is their lyke-wake! dirge,
Our lust, the grave where they shall lie."

XXVII.

Proud she look'd round, applause to claim—
Then lightend th' Thirlstane's eye of flame;
His bugle Wat of Harden blew;
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the border slogan rung.

"St. Mary for the young Buccleugh?"
The English war-cry answer'd wide,
And forward bent each southern spear;
Each Kendal archer made a stride,
And drew the bowstring to his ear;
Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown—
But, ere a grey-geese shaft had flown,
A horseman gallop'd from the rear.

XXVIII.

"Ah!" noble Lords!" he breathless said,
"What treason has your march betray'd?
What make you here, from ad so far,
Before you walls, around you war?
Your foemen triumph in the thought,
That in the toils the lion's caught.
Already on dark Ruberslaw
The Douglas holds his we*pon-schaw; 1
The lances, waving in his train,
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain;
And on the Liddel's northern strand,
To bar retreat to Cumberland,
Lord Maxwell ranks his merry-men good,
Beneath the eagle and the red;
And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,
Have to proud Angus come;
And all the Merse and Lauderdale
Have risen with haughty Home.
An exile from Northumberland,
In Liddesdale I've wander'd long;
But still my heart was with merry England,
And cannot brook my country's wrong;
And had I spurr'd all night, to show
The mustering of the coming foe." 2

XXIX.

"And let them come!" fierce Dacre cried;
"For soon you crest, my father's pride,
That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
And waved in gales of Galilee,
From Branksome's highest towers display'd,
Shall mark the rescue's lingering aid—
Level each harquebuss on row;
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;
Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,
Dacre for England, win or die!"—

XXX.

"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "calmly hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear:
For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the blanche lion'er fall back? 3
But thus to risk our border flower
In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots'gainst thousands three,
Cortes, were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Ladye made,
Ere conscious of the advancing aid:
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine 4
In single fight, and, if he gain,

1 Lyke-wak' the watching a corpse previous to interment.
2 Weapon-schaw, the military array of a county.
3 See Appendix, Note 3 M.
4 Ibid. Note 3 N.
5 See Appendix, Note 3 O.
6 Ibid. Note 3 P.
XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom,
That dragg'd my master to his tomb;
How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,
Wep till their eyes were dead and dim,
And wrung their hands for love of him,
Who died at Jedwood Air!
He died,—his scholars, one by one,
To the cold silent grave are gone;
And I, alas! survive alone,
To muse o'er rivalries of yore,
And grieve that I shall hear no more
The strains, with envy heard before;
For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
My jealousy of song is dead.

He paused: the listening dames again
Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.
With many a word of kindly cheer,—
In pity half, and half sincere,—
Marvell'd the Duchess how so well
His legendary song could tell—
Of ancient deeds, so long forgot;
Of fends, whose memory was not;
Of forests, now had waste and bare;
Of towers, which harbour now the hare;
Of manners, long since changed and gone;
Of chiefs, who under their grey stone
So long had slept, that fickle Fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name,
And twined round some new minyon's head
The fading wreath for which they bled:
In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse
Could call them from their marble hearse.

The Harper smiled, well-pleased; for no' er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile;
Even when in age their weary fires,
Her dulcet breath can fan its fires:
Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.

Smiled then, well-pleased, the Aged Man,
And thus his tale continued ran.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Canto Fifth.

I.

Call it not vain:—they do not err,
Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute nature morns her warshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies:

Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed Bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breeze sighs,
And oaks, in deeper grassleep;
And rivers teach the rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

II.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn;
But that the strain, the sound, the sigh,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song.
And, with the poet's parting breath
Whose memory feels a second death,
The Maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle Minstrel's head;
The phantom Knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead;
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps again,
And shrieks along the battle-plain.
The Chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thianedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguish'd lie,
His place, his power, his memory die:
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill:
All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

III.

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,
The terms of truce were scarcely made,
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
The advancing march of martial powers.
Thick clouds of dust afar appear'd,
And trampling steeds were faintly heard;
Bright spears above the columns dun,
Glanced the hasty towers and spires,
And feudal banners fair display'd
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
From the fair Middle Marches came;
The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name. 2
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn, 3
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne 4
Their men in battle-order set;
And Swinton laid the lance in rest,
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet. 5
Nor list I say what hundreds more,
From the rich Merse and Lammermore,
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
Beneath the crest of Old Dunbar,

1 Orig. "Spears' heads above the columns dun."—Ed.
2 See Appendix, Note 2 A.
3 The lines on Wedderburne and Swinton were inserted in the second edition.—Ed.

4 Sir David Home of Wedderburne, who was slain in the fatal battle of Flodden, left survivors by his wife, Isabel, daughter of Hoppringle of Galashie (now Pringle of Whitebank.) They were called the Seven Spears of Wedderburne.

5 See Appendix, Note 3 R.
And Hepburn's mingled banners come,
Down the steep mountain glinting fair,
And shouting still, "A Home! a Home!"

V.
Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,
On many a courteous message went;
To every chief and lord they paid
Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid;
And told them,—how a truce was made,
And how a day of fight was taken
'Twixt Musclegrave and stout Deloraine;
And how the Ladye pray'd them dear
That all would stay the fight to see,
And deign, in love and courtesy,
To taste of Branksome cheer.
Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
Were England's noble Lords forgot.
Himself, the hoary Seneschal
Rode forth, in seemly terms to call
Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
Accepted Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubb'd, more bold in fight;
Nor, when from war and armour free,
More famed for state than courtesy:
But angry Dacre rather chose
In his pavilion to repose.

VI.
Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask,
How these two hostile armes met?
Deeming it were no easy task
To keep the truce which here was set;
Where martial spirits, all on fire,
Breathed only blood and mortal ire,—
By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
By habit, and by nation, foes,
'They met on Teviot's strand;
They met and sate them mingled down,
Without a threat, without a frown,
As brothers meet in foreign land:
The hands, the spear that lately grasp'd,
Still in the mailed gauntlet claspt;
Were interchanged in greeting dear;
Visors were raised, and faces shown;
And many a friend, to friend made known,
Partook of social cheer.
Some drove the jolly bowl about;
With dice and draughts some chased the day;
And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
Pursued the foot-ball play.

VII.
Yet, be it known, had huzes blown;
Or sign of war been seen,
Those bands, so fair together ranged,
Those hands, so frankly interchanged,
Had dyed with gore the green:
The merry shout by Teviot-side
Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,
And in the groan of death;
And whingers, now in friendship bare,
The social meal to part and share,
Had found a bloody sheath.
'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border-day:
But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
In peaceful merriment, sunk down
The sun's declining ray.

VIII.
The blithsome signs of wassel gay
Decay'd not with the dying day;
Somi through the lattice'd windows tall
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
Divided square by shalts of stone,
Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone;
Nor less the gilded rafters rang
With merry harp and beakers' clang:
And frequent, on the darkening plain,
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
As bands, their struggles to regain,
Give the shrill watchword of their clan;
And revellers, of't their bowls, proclaim
Douglas or Dacre's conquering name.

IX.
Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
At length the various clamours died:
And you might hear, from Branksome hill,
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide;
Save when the changing sentinel
The challenge of his watch could tell:
And save, where, through the dark profound,
The clanging axe and hammer's sound
Rung from the nether lawn;
For many a busy hand toil'd there,
Strong pales to shape, and beams to square,
The lists' dread barriers to prepare
Against the morrow's dawn.

X.
Margaret from hall did soon retreat,
Despite the Dame's reproving eye;
Nor mark'd she, as she left her seat,
Full many a stifled sigh;
For many a noble warrior strove
To win the Flower of Teviot's love,
And many a hold ally.—
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,
In broken sleep she lay:
By times, from silken couch she rose:
While yet the banner'd hosts repose.
She view'd the dawning day;
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the lovliest and the best.

XI.
She gazed upon the inner court,
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay;
Where coursers'clang, and stamp, and snort,
Had rung the livelong yesterday;
Now still as death; till talking slow,—
The jingling spurs announced his tread,
A stately warrior pass'd below;
But when he raised his plumed head—
Blessed Mary! can it be!—
Secure, as if in Ousenham bowers,
He walks through Branksome's hostile towers,
With fearless step and free.
She dared not sign, she dared not speak—
Oh! if one page's slumber breaks,
His blood the price must pay!
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears;
Shall buy his life a day.

1 See Appendix, Note S S.  2 Ibid. Note S T.  3 A sort of knife or poniard.
4 See Appendix, Note J U.  5 Ibid. Note S V.  6 This line is not in the first edition.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

XII.
Yet was his hazard small; for well
You may be think ye of the spell
Of that sly urchin pale;
This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from Hermitage.
Unchallenged thus, the warder's post,
The court, unchallenged, thus he cross'd,
For all the vassalage;
But O! what magic's quaint discourse
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes!
She started from her seat;
While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love—
Lord Henry's at her feet.

XIII.
Oft have I mused, what purpose bad
That foul malicious urchin had
To bring this meeting round;
For happy love's a heavenly sight,
And by a vile malignant sprite
In such no joy is found;
And oft I've deem'd, perchance he thought
Their erring passion might have wrought
Sorrow, and sin, and shame;
And death to Cranstone's gallant Knight,
And to the gentle ladye bright,
Disgrace, and loss of fame.
But earthly spirit could not tell
The heart of them that loved so well.
True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
It is not fancy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It beateth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it duth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.—
Now leave we Margaret and her Knight,
To tell you of the approaching fight.

xiv.
Their warning blasts the hedges drew,
The pipe's shrill post2 aroused each clan;
In haste, the deadly strife to view,
The trooping warriors eager ran;
Thick round the lists their lances stood,
Like blasted pines in Eltrick wood;
To Branksome many a look they threw,
The combatants' approach to view,
And handed many a word of boast,
About the knight each favour'd most.

XV.
Meantime full anxious was the Dame;
For now arose disputed claim,
Of who should fight for Deloraine,
'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlstaine:3
They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
And frowning brow on brow was bent;

1 In the first edition, "the silver cord."—

2 It may be noticed that the late Lord Napier, the representaive of the Scotts of Thirlstane, was Lord Lieutenant of Selkirkshire (of which the author was sheriff-depute) at the time when the poem was written, the competitor for the honour of supplying Deloraine's piece was the poet's own ascendant.—Ed.

3 See Canto III. Stanza xxiii.

4 This couplet was added in the second edition.
THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

XX.

ENGLISH HERALD.

"Here standeth Richard of Musgrave, Good knight and true, and freely born, 
Aids from Deloraine to crave, 
For foul despotious scathe and scorn. 
He sayeth, that William of Deloraine 
Is traitor false by Border laws; 
This with his sword he will maintain, 
So help him God, and his good cause!"

LORD Dacre.

"Forward, brave champions, to the fight! 
Sound trumpets!"

LORD HOMER.

"God defend the right!"—

Then, Teviot! how thine echoes ring, 
When hurdle-sound and trumpet-clang 
Let loose the martial foes, 
And in mid list, with shield poised high, 
And measured step and wary eye, 
The combatauts did close.

XXI.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear, 
Ye lovely listeners, to hear 
How to the axe the helms did sound, 
And blood did down from many a wound; 
For desperate was the strife and long, 
And either warrior fierce and strong, 
But, were each dame a listening knight, 
I well could tell how warriors fight! 
For I have seen war's lightning flashing, 
Seen the claymore with bayonet clasping, 
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing, 
And scorn'd, amid the reeling strife, 
To yield a step for death or life.—

XXII.

'Tis done, 'tis done! that fatal blow 
Has stretch'd him on the bloody plain! 
He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no! 
Thence never shall thou rise again! 
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand 
Undo the visor's barred band, 
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp, 
And give him room for life to grasp!—
O, bootless aid!—haste, holy Friar, 2 
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire! 
Of all his guilt let him be shriven, 
And smooth his path from earth to heaven!

XXIII.

In haste the holy Friar sped;— 
His naked foot was dyed with red,

1 After this, in the first edition, we read only, "At the last words, with deadly blows, The ready warriors fiercely close." —Ed.

2 First Edition, "In cinin — In cinin; haste, holy Friar!"

3 Orig. — Unheard he prays:—"his o'er! his o'er!"
She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she:—
"As I am true to thee and thine,
Do thou be true to me and mine!
This classp of love our bond shall be;
For this is your bond today,
And all these noble lords shall stay,
To grace it with their company."—

**XXVII.**

All as they left the listed plain,
Much of the story she did gain;
How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,
And of his page, and of the Book
Which from the wounded knight he took;
And how he sought her castle high,
That morne, by help of gramarye;
How, in Sir William's armour bright,
Stolen by his page, while slept the knight
He took on him the single fight.
But half his tale he left unsaid,
And linger'd till he join'd the maid.—
Cared not the Ladye to betray
Her mystic arts in view of day;
But well she thought, ere midnight came,
Of that strange page the pride to tame,
From his foul hands the Book to save,
And send it back to Michael's grave.—
Needs not to tell each tender word
'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord;
Nor how she told of former woes,
And how her bosom fell and rose,
While he and Musgrave banded blows.—
Needs not these lovers' joys to tell:
Ooe day, fair maid's, you'll know them well.

**XXVIII.**

William of Deloraine, some chance
Had waken'd from his deathlike trance,
And taught that, in the listed plain,
Another, in his arms and shield
Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,
Under the name of Deloraine.
Hence, to the field, unarm'd, he ran,
And hence his presence scared the clan,
Who held him for some fleeting wrath;
And not a man of blood and breath.
Not much this new ally he loved,
Yet when he saw what hap had proved,
He greeeted him right heartily:
He would not waken old debate,
For he was void of rancorous hate,
Though rude, and scant of courtesy;
In rids when spilt but seldom blood,
Unless when men-at-arms withstood,
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud,
He was born to grudge for stalwart blow,
'Tauen in fair fight from gallant foe:
And so 'twas seen of him e'en now,
When on dead Musgrave he look'd down:
Grief darken'd on his rugged brow,
Though half disguised with a frown:
And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
His foeman's epitaph he made.

**XXIX.**

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here!
I ween, my deadly enemy:
For, if I slew thy brother dear,
Thou sli'st a sister's son to me;
And when I lay in dungeon dark,
Of Naworth Castle, long months three,
Till ransom'd for a thousand mark,
Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
And thou wer't now alive, as I,
No mortal man should us divide;
Till one, or both of us did die:
Yet rest thee God! for well I know
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
In all the northern counties here,
Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear,
Thou wert the best to follow gear!
'Twas pleasure, as we look'd behind,
To see how then the chase couldst wind,
Cheer the dark blood-bound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray!
I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again."—

**XXX.**

So mourn'd he, till Lord Dacre's hand
Were bowing back to Cumberland.
They raised brave Musgrave from the field,
And laid him on his bloody shield;
On level'd lances, four and four,
By turns the noble burden bore.
Before, at times, upon the gale,
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail,
Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul:
Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
With trailing pikes the spearmen trode;
And thus the gallant knight they bore,
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore;
Thence to Holme Coltrane's lofty nave,
And laid him in his father's grave.

The harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,
The mimic march of death prolong;
Now seems it far, and now it near,
Now meets and now eludes the ear;
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep;
Seems now as if the Minstrel's wal,
Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell,
Why he, who touch'd the harp so well,
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soul,
When the more generous Saxon land
Would well requite his skilful hand.

The Aged Harper, howso'ever
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Lik'd not to hear it rank'd so high
Above his flowing poesy:
Less lik'd he still, that scornful jeer
Mispris'd the land he lov'd so dear;
High was the sound, as thus again
The Bard resumed his minstrel strain.

1 The spectral apparition of a living person.
2 See Poly-Almion, Song 13.
3 See Appendix. Note 8 W.
The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd?

From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

II.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er outie the filial hand,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!

Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Side friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill

By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;

Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;

Still lay my head by Teytov's Stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

III.

Not scorn'd like me! to Branksome Hall
The Minstrels came, at festive call;
Trooping they came, from near and far,
The jovial priests of mirth and war;

Alike for feast and fight prepared,
Battle and Banquet both they shared.

Of late, before each martial clan,
They blew their death-note in the van,
But now, for every merry mate,
Rose the portculis' iron grate;
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
They dance, they revel, and they sing,
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

IV.

Me lists not at this side declare
The splendour of the spousal rite,
How master'd in the chapel fair
Both maid and matron, square and knight;

Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantles green, and braided hair,
And kirtles for'd with miniver;

What plumeage waved the altar round,
How spurs and ringling chainlets sound;

And hard it were for Bard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek;

That lovely lute which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise!

V.

Some bards have sung, the Ladie high
Chapel or altar came not nigh;
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
So much she fear'd each holy place.
False slanders these:—I trust right well
She wrought not by forbidden spell.

For mighty words and signs have power,
O'er sprites in planetary hour:
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

But this for faithful truth I say,
The Ladie by the altar stood,
Of sable velvet her array,
And on her head a crimson hood

With pearls embroidered and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined;
A merlin sat upon her wrist

 Held by a leash of silken twist.

VI.

The spousal rites were ended soon:
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
And in the lofty arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,

Marshall'd the rank of every guest;
Paves, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share:

O'er cupon, horon-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,
And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave,
And cygnet from St. Mary's wave,

O'er purnigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison,
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within

For, from the lofty balcony
Kong trumpet, shalm, and psalterie,
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd;

Whisper'd young knights, in tone more mild,
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.

The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,
The clamour join'd with whistling scream,
And flapp'd their wings, and shook their bells,
In concert with the steed's yells.

Round on the flakes of reed wine,
From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine;
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry.

VII.

The Gohlin Page, omitting still
No opportunity of ill,
Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
To rouse debate and jealousy;

1 The preceding four lines now form the inscription on the monument of Sir Walter Scott in the marketplace of Selkirk.—See Life, vol. x. p. 317.

2 The line "Still lay my head, &c. was not in the first edition.—Ed.

3 See Appendix, Note 8 X. 4 Ibid, Note 8 Y.

5 And often as on St. Mary's Lake
Floats double, swan and shadow."—Ed.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein,
By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
And now in honour highly crossed,
About some steeds his band had lost,
High words to words succeeding still,
Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill; 1
A hot and hardy Rutherford,
Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-sword.

He took it on the page's saye,
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
The kindling discord to compose:
Stirring Rutherford right little hand,
But hit his glove, 2 and shook his head.—
A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
Stout Conrade, cold, and drench'd in blood,
His bosom gored with many a wound,
Was by a woodman's lime-dog found;
Unknown the manner of his death.
Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;
But ever from that time 'twas said,
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII.
The dwarf, who fear'd his master's eye,
Might his foul treachery espy,
Now sought the castle buttery,
Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
Revel'd as merrily and well
As those that sat in Louis's cell.
Watt Tinlinn, there, did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braces; 3
And he, as by his breeding bound,
To Howard's merry-men sent it round,
To quit them, on the English side,
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
"A deep carouse to you fair braves!"—
At every pledge, from vat and pail,
Foam'd forth in floods the nut-brown ale;
While shout the riders every one;
Such day of mirth ne'er cheer'd their clan,
Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en. 4

IX.
The wily page, with vengeance thought,
Remember'd him of Tinlinn's yew,
And swore, it should be dearly bought
That ever he the arrow drew,
First, he the yeoman did molest,
With bitter gibe and taunting jest;
Told, how he fled at Solway strife,
And how Hoby Armstrong cheer'd his wife;
Then, shaming still his powerful arm,
At unwares he wrought him harm;
From trencher stole his choicest cheer,
Dash'd from his lips his can of beer;
Then, to his knee sly creeping on,
With badinage pierce him to the bone;
The vault'd wound, and fevering joint,
Long after grew that badinage's point.
The startled yeoman swore and spurn'd,
And board and flagons overturn'd,
Riot and clamour wild began,
Back to the hall the Urchin ran;
Took in a darkling nook his post,
And grin'd, and mutter'd, "Lost! lost! lost!"

X.
By this, the Dame, lest farther fray
Should mar the concord of the day
Had bid the Minstrels tune their lay,
And first stept forth old Albert Grame,
The Minstrel of that ancient name,
Was none who struck the harp so well,
Within the Land Debateable;
Well friended, too, his harp's kin,
Whoever lost, were sure to win;
They sought the beves that made their broth,
In Scotland and in England both,
In homely guise, as nature bade,
His simple song the Borderer said.

XI.
ALBERT CREME.
It was an English ladye bright,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.
Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall;
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.
Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.
For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all!

XII.
That wine she had not tasted well,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
When dead, in her true love's arms she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all.
He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall:
So perish all would true love part.
That Love may still be lord of all!
And then he took the cross divine,
(Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),
And died for her sake in Palestine,
So love was still the lord of all.

XIII.
As ended Albert's simple lay,
Arese a bard of loftier port;
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay,
Lay thou o'er the bowers in Henry's court:
There rung thy harp, murvall'd long,
Fitzraven of the silver song:
The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,

1 See Appendix, Note 4 A.
2 Ibid. Note 4 B.
3 The person bearing this redoubtable nom de guerre was an Eliot, and resided at Thoresbyope, in Liddesdale. He occurs in the list of Border riders, in 1697.
4 See Appendix, Note 4 C.
5 See Appendix, Note 4 D.
6 See Appendix, Note 4 E.
7 See Appendix, Note 4 F.
And his was love, exalted high
By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

They sought, together, climes afar,
And oft, within some olive grove,
When even came with twinkling star,
'They sung of Surrey's absent love,
His step the Italian peasant stay'd,
And deemed, that spirits from on high,
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody:
So sweet did harp and voice combine, 1
To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV.

Fitztraver! O what tongue may say
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew!
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp call'd wraith and vengeance down.
He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers,
And faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard still Fitztraver came:
Lord William's foremost favourite he,
And chief of all his ministrays.

XVI.

Fitztraver.
'Twas All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat high:
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,
To show to him the lady of his heart,
Albeit betwixt them roared the ocean grim;
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part.
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of him.

XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of grammar,
To which the wizard led the gallant Knight,
Save that before a mirror, hused and high,
A hollow'd taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might;
On cross, and character, and talisman,
And almagest, and altar, wondrous bright;
For fill'd was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watchlight by the bed of some departing man.

XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror hused and high,
Was seen a self-imbibed light to glean;
And forms upon its breast the Earl's son spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;
Till slow arranging, and defined they seem
To form a lovely and a lofty room
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
The slender form, which lay on couch of ind:
O'er her white bosom stray'd her harest hair,
Pale her dear check, as if for love she pined;
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine,
Some strain that seem'd her unmost soul to find:
That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

XX.

Slow roll'd the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly sun all away—
So royal envy roll'd the murky storm
O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children's latest bale,
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway.
The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine,
The murmur'd Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine!

XXI.

Both Scots, and southern chiefs, prolong
Applauses of Fitztraver's song;
These hated Henry's name as death,
And those still held the ancient faith.—
Then, from his bent, with lofty air,
Rose Harold, bard of brave St. Clair;
St. Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
Had with that lord to battle come.
Harold was born where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades; 2
Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay; 3
Still nods their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall! 4
Thence oft he marked fierce Pentland rave
As if grim Odin rode her wave;
And watch'd the dragons of the waves, 4
And there, in many a stormy vale
The Scald had told his wondrous tale;
And many a Runic column high
Had witness'd grim idolatry.
And thus had Harold, in his youth,
Learn'd many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,—
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous cield,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world; 5
Of those dread Mairds 6 whose hideous yell
Maddens the battle's bloody swell;
Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
By the pale death-lights of the tomb.

1 First Edit.—"So sweet their harp and voices join."
2 See Appendix, Note 4 G.
3 Ibid. Note 4 H.
4 The chiefs of the Vaingor, or Scandinavian pirates, as
5 See Appendix, Note 4 I.
6 Ibid. Note 4 K.
Ransack'd the graves of warriors old,  
Their falchions wrench'd from corpse's hold,  
Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,  
And bade the dead arise to arms!  
With war and wonder all on flame,  
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,  
Where, by sweet gin and Greenwood tree,  
He learn'd a milder minstrelsy;  
Yet something of the northern spell  
Mix'd with the softer numbers well.

XXIII.

HAROLD.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!  
No haughty feat of arms I tell;  
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,  
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.  

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!  
And, gentle ladye, deign to say!  
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch;  
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white:  
To inch 4 and rock the sea-mews fly;  
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,  
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted seer did view  
A wet and sodswath'd round ladye gay;  
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:  
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"—

"T is not because Lord Lindsay's heir  
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,  
But that my ladye-mother there  
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"Tis not because the ring they ride,  
And Lindsay at the ring rides well,  
But that my sire the wine will chide,  
If 't is not filld by Rosabelle."—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night,  
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;  
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,  
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glare'd on Roslin's casleld rock,  
It ruddied 5 all the copee-wood glen;  
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,  
And seen from cavern'd Hawthorned.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel prond,  
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoff'd lie,  
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,  
Deep sacristy? and altar's pale;  
Stone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And gimmer'd all the dead men's mail.  

Blazed battlement and planet high,  
Blazed every rose-crowned batturet fair—  
So still they blazed, when fate 13 nigh  
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

1 See Appendix, Note 4 L.  
2 This was a family name in the house of St. Clair,  
Henry St. Clair, the second of the line, married Rosabelle,  
fourth daughter of the Earl of Stratheine.  
3 See Appendix, Note 4 M.  
4 Inch, lake.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold  
Lie buried within that proud chapel;  
Each one the holy vault doth hold—  
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,  
With candle, with book, and with knell;  
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung;  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,  
Scarcely mark'd the guests the darken'd hall,  
Though, long before the sinking day,  
A wondrous shade involved them all;  
It was not eddying mist or fog,  
Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog;  
Of no eclipse had sages told;  
And yet, as it came on space,  
Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,  
Could scarce see his own stretch'd hand he behold.  
A secret horror check'd the feast,  
And chill'd the soul of every guest;  
Even the high Dame stood half aghast,  
She knew some evil on the blast;  
The elvish page fell to the ground,  
And, shuddering, mutter'd, "Found! found!  
Found!"

XXV.

Then sudden, though the darken'd air  
A flash of lightning came,  
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,  
The castle seem'd on flame.  
Glanced every rafter of the hall,  
Glanced every shield upon the wall;  
Each triumphal beam, each sculptured stone,  
Were instant seen, and instant gone:  
Full through the guests' bedazzled band  
Resistless flash'd the levien-brand,  
And fill'd the hall with smouldering smoke,  
As on the elvish page it broke.  
It broke, with thunder long and loud,  
Dismay'd the brave, appall'd the proud,  
From sea to sea the larum rang;  
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,  
To arms the startled warders sprung.  
When ended was the dreadful roar,  
The elvish dwarf was seen no more!  

XXVI.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,  
Some saw a sight, not seen by all;  
That dreadful voice was heard by some,  
Cry, with loud summons, gluc'd, come!  

And on the spot where burst the brand,  
Just where the page had flung him down,  
Some saw an arm, and some a hand,  
And some the waving of a gown.  
The guests in silence pray'd and shook,  
And terror dimm'd each lofty look.  
But none of all the astonish'd train  
Was so dismay'd as Deloraine;  
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,  
'Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return;  

5 First Edit.  "A wet shroud roll'd."  
6 First Edit.  "It reden'd," &c.  
8 See Appendix, Note 4 N.  
9 First Edit.  "But the knell rang and the mermaid sang."
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story run,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.1
At length, by fits, he darkly told,
With broken hint, and shuddering cold—
That he had seen, right certainly,
A scene with amic: wrapp'd around,
With a wronged Spanish baldric bound,
Like pilgrim from beyond the sea;
And knew—but how it matter'd not—
It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
All trembling heard the wondrous tale;
No sound was made, no word was spoke,
Till noble Angus silence broke;
And he a solemn sacred plight
Did to St. Bride of Douglas make,2
That he a pilgrimage would take
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
Of Michael's restless sprite.

Then each to ease his troubled breast,
To some bless'd saint his prayers address'd:
Some to St. Modan made their vows,
Some to St. Mary of the Lovers,
Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,
Some to our Lady of the Isle;
Each did his patron witness make,
That he such pilgrimage would take,
And monks should sing, and bells should toll,
All for the weal of Michael's soul.
While vows were ta'en, and prayers were pray'd,
'Tis said the noble dame, dismay'd,
Renounced, for aye, dark magic's aid.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befell;
Nor how brave sons and daughters fair
Bless'd Teviot's Flower, and Cranstoun's heir;
After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain
To wake the note of mirth again.
More meet it were to mark the day
Of penitence and prayer divine,
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Did every pilgrim go;
The standers-by might hear uneth,
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
Through all the length and row:
No lordly look, nor martial stride,
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown;
Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide
To the high altar's hallow'd side,
And there they knelt them down:
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave;

Beneath the letter'd stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead;
From many a garnish'd niche around,
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frown'd.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, on fire due,
The holy Fathers, two and two,
In long procession came;
Taper and host, and book they bare,
And holy banner, flourish'd fair
With the Redeemer's name.
Above the prostrate pilgrim hand
The mitred Abbot stretch'd his hand,
And bless'd them as they kneel'd:
With holy cross he sign'd them all,
And pray'd they might be safe in hall,
And fortunate in field.
Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells tol'd out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burden of the song,—
DIES IRE, DIES ILLA,
SOLVE ET REQUIEM IN FAVILLA:
While the pealing organ rung;
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy Fathers sung.

Hush'd is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No; close beneath the bow of Newark's tower,3
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut, but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begg'd before.

And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary,
The shattered front of Newark's tower,
Renew'd in Border story.
"Fair scene for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in "
WORDSWORTH'S YARROW VISITED.

XXXI.
HYMN FOR THE DEAD.
That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When lower yet, and yet lower dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!
Oh! on that day, that wretched day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

1 See Appendix, Note 4 O.
2 Ibid. Note 4 P,
3 "the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stately
With Yarrow wading through the pomp
Of cultivated nature

4 Wordsworth's Yarrow Visited.
APPENDIX.

Note A.

The feast was over in Brankswome Inner.—P. 16.

In the reign of James I., Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Muriestone, in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Brankshom, or Brankholm, lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Brankshome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Ettrick Forest and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch, and much of the forest land on the river Ettrick. In Teviotdale, he enjoyed the barony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ridderdorfer, confirmed by Robert III. 3d May 1423. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter—a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature, complained much of the injuries which he was exposed to from the English Borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Brankshome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Muriestone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he dryly remarked, that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale; and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign, James II. granted to Sir Walter Scott of Brankshome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Brankshome, to be held in blanche for the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithful exertions in favour of the king against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently buggng for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 2d of February 1443; and in the same month, part of the barony of Langholm, and many lands in Lanarkshire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.

After the period of the exchange with Sir Thomas Inglis, Brankshome became the principal seat of the Buccleuch family. The castle was enlarged and strengthened by Sir David Scott, the grandson of Sir William, its first possessor. But, in 1570-1, the vengeance of Elizabeth, provoked by the intrudors of Buccleuch, and his attachment to the cause of Queen Mary, destroyed the castle, and laid waste the lands of Brankshome. In the same year the castle was repaired and enlarged by Sir Walter Scott, his brave possessor; but the work was not completed until after his death, in 1574, when the widow finished the building. This appears from the following inscriptions. Around a stone, bearing the arms of Scott of Buccleuch, appears the following legend:

“Sir W. Scott of Branchlmt Knight of Sir William Scott of Kirkurd Knight began ye work upon ye 24 of Marche 1571 year quha debartit at God’s pleussour ye 17 April 1574”

On a similar copart of are sculptured the arms of Douglas, with this inscription, “Dame Margaret Douglas his spous compleit the fore-said work in October 1576.” Over an arched door is inscribed the following moral verse:

In vird, is nocht, nature, hes. brought, gat, sal, lest, ay.
Therefore, ser, God, kelp, vell, ye.
rod, thy, fampe, sal, noch, deky.
Sir Walter Scott of Brankshomt Knight. Margaret Douglas. 1571.

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1 Bowhill is now, as has been mentioned already, a seat of the Duke of Buccleuch. It stands immediately below Newkirk Hill, and above the junction of the Yarrow and the Ettrick. For the other places named in the text, the reader is referred to various notes on the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.—Ed.

2 Orie.—“And graut was gowt on Carterhaugh.”

3 Brankholm is the proper name of the barony; but
Branksome Castle continued to be the principal seat of the Buccleuch family, while security was any object in their choice of a mansion. It has since been the residence of the Commissioners, or Chamberlains, of the family. From the various alterations which the building has undergone, it is not only greatly restricted in its dimensions, but retains little of the castellated form, if we except one square tower of massy thickness, the only part of the original building which now remains. The whole forms a handsome modern residence, lately inhabited by my deceased friend, Adam Ogilvy, Esq. of Hartwoodmysys, Commissioner of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

The extent of the ancient edifice can still be traced by some vestiges of its foundation, and its strength is obvious from the situation, on a steep bank surrounded by the Tevot, and flanked by a deep ravine, formed by a precipitous brook. It was anciently surrounded by wood, as appears from the survey of Roxburghshire, made for Pont's Atlas, and preserved in the Advocates' Library. This wood was cut about fifty years ago, but is now replaced by the thriving plantations, which have been formed by the noble proprietor, for miles around the ancient mansion of his forefathers.

NOTE B.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome-Hall.—P. 16.

The ancient barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendour and from their frontier situation, retained in their household at Branksome, a number of gentlemen of their own name, who held lands from their chief, for the military service of watching and warding his castle. Satchells tells us, in his doggrel poetry,

"No baron was better served in Britain:
The barons of Buccleuch they kept their call,
Four and twenty gentle in their hall,
All being of his name and kin;
Each had two want to wait upon them,
Before supper and dinner, most renowned,
The bells rung and the trumpets sowed;
And more than that, I do confess,
They kept four and twenty pensioners.
Thou art not I, nor doth me blame,
For the pensioners I can all name.
There's men alive, elder than I,
They know if I speak truth, or lie.
Every pensioner a home did gain,
For service done and to be done;
This let the reader understand.
The name both of the men and land,
Which they possessed, it is of truth.
Both from the Lords and Lords of Buccleuch."

Accordingly, dismounting from his Pegasus, Satchells gives us, in prose, the names of twenty-four gentlemen, younger brothers of ancient descent, who were pensioners to the house of Buccleuch, and describes the lands which each possessed for his Border service. In time of war with England, the garrison was doubtless augmented. Satchells adds, "These twenty-three pensioners, all of his own name of Scott, and Walter Gladstones of Whitelaw, a near cousin of my lord's, as aforesaid, were ready on all occasions, when his honour pleased cause to advertise them. It is known to many of the country better than it is to me, that the rest of these lands, which the Lairds and Lords of Buccleuch did freely bestow upon their friends, will amount to above twelve or fourteen thousand marks a-year."—History of the name of Scott, p. 45. An immense sum in those times.

NOTE C.

"—with Jedwood-axe at saddlebow.—P. 16.

"Of a truth," says Froissart, "the Scottish cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which, in time of need, they give heavy strokes." The Jedwood-axe was a sort of partisan, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff.

NOTE D.

They watch, against Southern force and guile,
Lost Scoop, or Haward, or Percy's powers,
Threaten Branksome's worldly lovers,
From Warthorpe, or Noward, or merry Car-

tale.—P. 16.

Branksome Castle was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbours. The following letter from the Earl of Northumberland to Henry VIII. in 1533, gives an account of a successful inroad of the English, in which the country was plundered up to the gates of the castle, although the invaders failed in their principal object, which was to kill, or make prisoner, the Lord of Buccleuch. It occurs in the Cotton MS. Cat. b. viii. f. 223.

"Pleaseth ye and your most gracious highness to be advertised, that my commottroller, with Reynald Carnaby, desyred licence of me to invade the realme of Scotldene, for the annoyancee of your haighe enemies, where they thought best exploit by theyme might be done, and to have to concur with theyme the inhabitants of Northumberland, suche as was towards me according to theyre assembly, and as by theyre discretions upon the same they shulde thynke most convenient; and so did theye dyete meet vpone Monday, before night, being the iiijth day of this instant moneth, at Wawhope, upon Northe Tyne water, above Tyndall, where they were to the number of xxv men, and soo invadeth Scotldene at the houre of viij of the clok at nyght, at a place called Whelc Causay: and before xi of the clok dyd sende forth a forrey of Tyndall and Byddisall, and lade all the reser-vewe in a busilme, and actely did set vpone a towne called Braxholme, where the Lord of Bucelough dwellyth, and purposed theym-selves with a trayne for hym lyke to his accustomed maner, in rysynge to all frares; altho', that knyght he was not at home, and so they brynge the said Braxholme, and other townes, and so to Whichestre, Whichestre-helme, and Whelcley, and haide ordered themself, soo that, sundry of the said Lord Bucelough's servaunts, who dyd issue fourthe of his gate, was takyn.

1 Room, portion of land.
Border chiefs, assembled an army of 3000 riders, with which they penetrated into Northumberland, and laid waste the country as far as the Tyne. They baffled, or defeated, the English forces opposed to them, and returned loaded with prey.—Pinkerton's History, vol. ii. p. 318.

Note E.

"Bards long shall tell,
How lord Walter fell. — P. 16.

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. He was a brave and powerful baron, and Warden of the West Marches of Scotland. His death was the consequence of a feud betwixt the Scots and Kerrs, the history of which is necessary, to explain repeated allusions in the romance.

In the year 1526, in the words of Plisctie, "the Earl of Angus, and the rest of the Douglases, ruled all which they liked, and no man durst say the contrary; wherefore the King (James V. then a minor) was heavily displeased, and would fain have been out of their hands, if he might by any way: And, to that effect, wrote a quiet and secret letter with his own hand, and sent 't to the Laird of Buccleuch, beseeching him that he would come with his kin and friends, and all the force that he might be, and meet him at Melross, at his home passing, and there to take him out of the Douglases hands, and to put him to liberty, to use himself among the love (rest) of his lords, as he thinks expedient.

"This letter was quietly directed, and sent by one of the King's own secret servants, which was received very thankfully by the Laird of Buccleuch, who was very glad thereof, to be put to such charges and familiarity with his prince, and did great diligence to perform the King's writing, and to bring the matter to pass as the King desired: And, to that effect, convened all his kin and friends, and all that would do for him to ride with him to Melross, when he knew of the King's homecoming. And so he brought with him six hundred spears, of Liddesdale, and Annandale, and countrymen, and clans thereabout, and held themselves quiet while that the King returned out of Jedburgh, and came to Melross, to remain there all that night.

"But when the Lord Hume, Cessford, and Fernyhert, (the chiefs of the clan of Kerr,) took their leave of the King's home, then appeared the Lord of Buccleuch in sight, and his company with him, in an arrayed battle, intending to have fulfilled the King's petition, and therefore came stoutly forward on the back side of Hilsden hill. By that the Earl of Angus, with George Douglas, his brother, and sundry other of his friends, seeing this army coming, they marvelled what the matter meant, while at the last they knew the Laird of Buccleuch, being a certain company of the thieves of Annandale. With him they were less affrighted, and made them manfully to the field contrary them, and said to the King in this manner, 'Sir, you are Buccleuch, and thieves of Annandale with him, to unseat your Grace from the gate,' (i.e. interrupt
your passage). 'I vow to God they shall either fight or flee; and ye shall tarry here on this know, and my brother George with you, with any other company you please; and I shall pass, and put you thieves off the ground, and rid the gate unto your Grace, or else die for it.' The King tarried still, as was devised; and George Douglas with him, and sundry other lords, such as the Earl of Lennox, and the Lord Erskine, and some of the King's own servants; but all the love (rest) past with the Earl of Angus to the field against the Laird of Buccleuch, who joined and countered both the said parties in the field of Darvelinver, either against other, with uncertain victory. But at the last, the Lord Hume, hearing word of that matter how it stood, returned again to the King in all possible haste, with him the Lairds of Cessford and Fernyhirst, to the number of fourscore spears, and set freshly on the lap and wing of the Laird of Buccleuch's field, and shortly bare them backward to the ground; which caused the Laird of Buccleuch, and the rest of his friends, to go back and flee, whom they followed and chased; and especially the Lairds of Cessford and Fernyhirst followed furious-like, till past the last of the Laird of Cessford was slain by the stroke of a spear by an Elliot, who was then servant to the Laird of Buccleuch. But when the Laird of Cessford was slain, the chase ceased. The Earl of Angus returned again with great merriness and victory, and thanked God that he saved him from that chance, and passed with the King to Melross, where they remained all that night. On the morrow they past to Edinburgh with the King, who was very sad and dolorous of the slaughter of the Laird of Cessford, and many other gentlemen and yeomen slain by the Laird of Buccleuch, containing the number of fourscore and fifteen, which died in defence of the King, and at the command of his writing."

I am not the first who has attempted to celebrate in verse the renown of this ancient baron, and his hazardous attempt to procure his sovereign's freedom. In a Scottish Latin poet we find the following verses:—

**Valerius Scottus Bacaluchius.**

*Egregio saepe facturis libertate Regis, ut alia rebus gestis clarius, sub JACBO V. A. Christi, 1526.*

"Intentata alta, nulque audita priorum
Andet, om pavidum morae, metuere qualit,
Libertatem alis soliti transcribere Reges!
Subrexit hanc: Regi restitisse parens!
Si victus, quasi o succedit praemia dextrae!
Sin victus, falsas alii jace, pone animam.
Hanc tamen: stant aliae robur violae
Atque decus. Vincit, Rege probatus, idem
Invidia quasi animis viribus, quaeque aerior arbor
Obsequi, obsequi non praeumat se decrescit!"


In consequence of the battle of Melrose, there ensued a deadly feud betwixt the names of Scott and Kerr, which, in spite of all means used to bring about an agreement, raged for many years upon the Borders. Buccleuch was imprisoned, and his estates forfeited, in the year 1535, for levying war against the Kerrs, and restored by act of Parliament, dated 15th March, 1542, during the regency of Mary of Lorraine. But the most signal act of violence to which this quarrel gave rise, was the murder of Sir Walter himself, who was slain by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh in 1552. This is the event alluded to in stanza viii.; and the poem is supposed to open shortly after it had taken place.

The feud between these two families was not reconciled in 1596, when both chieftains paraded the streets of Edinburgh with their followers, and it was expected their first meeting would decide their quarrel. But, on July 11th of the same year, Colvil, in a letter to Mr. Bacon, informs him, "that there was great trouble upon the Borders, which would continue till order should be taken by the Queen of England and the King, by reason of the two young Scots chieftains, Cessford and Bacleuch, and of the present necessity and scarcity of corn amongst the Scots Borderers and riders. That there had been a private quarrel betwixt those two lairds on the Borders, which was like to have turned to blood; but the fear of the general trouble had reconciled them, and the injuries which they thought to have committed, and that these were now transferred upon England; not unlike that emulation in France between the Baron de Biron and Mons. Jeavese, who, being both ambitious of honour, undertook more hazardous enterprises against the enemy than they would have done if they had been at concord together."—*Birch's Memorials, vol. ii. p. 67.*

**Note F.**

*While Cessford owns the rule of Carr, White Ettrick boasts the line of Scott, The slaughtered chief, the mortal jar The havoc of the feudal war Shall never, never be forgot!* —p. 16.

Among other expedients resorted to for stanching the feud betwixt the Scots and Kerrs, there was a bond executed in 1529, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. This indenture is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,* vol. i. But either it never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards.

Such factions were not uncommon in feudal times: and, as might be expected, they were often, as in the present case, void of the effect desired. When Sir Walter Mannie, the renowned follower of Edward III., had taken the town of Ryol in Gascony, he remembered to have heard that his father lay there buried, and offered a hundred crowns to any who could show him his grave. A very old man appeared before Sir Walter, and informed him of the manner of his father's death, and the place of his sepulture. It seems the Lord of Mannie had, at a great tournament, unhorsed, for further particulars concerning these pieces, of all which the author of the Lay was ultimately proprietor." —Ed. 1
APPENDIX TO THE

and wounded to the death, a Gascon knight, of the house of Mirpoix, whose kinsman was Bishop of Cambrai. For this deed he was held at fend by the relations of the knight, until he agreed to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella, for the benefit of the soul of the deceased. But as he returned through the town of Ryal, after accomplishment of his vow, he was beset and treacherously slain, by the kindred of the knight whom he had killed. Sir Walter, guided by the old man, visited the lowly tomb of his father; and, having read the inscription, which was in Latin, he caused the body to be raised, and transported to his native city of Valenciennes, where masses were, in the days of Froissart, duly said for the soul of the unfortunate pilgrim.—Chronicle of Froissart, vol. i. p. 123.

NOTE G.

With Carr in arms had stood. — P. 17.

The family of Ker, Kerr, or Carr, was very powerful on the Border. Fynes Morison remarks, in his Travels, that their influence extended from the village of Preston-Granze, in Lothian, to the limits of England. Cessford Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family, is situated near the village of Morebattle, within two or three miles of the Cheviot Hills. It has been a place of great strength and consequence, but is now ruined. Tradition affirms that it was founded by Halbert, or Habby Kerr, a gigantic warrior, concerning whom many stories are current in Roxburghshire. The Duke of Roxburghe represents Ker of Cessford. A distinct and powerful branch of the same name owns the Marquis of Lothian as their chief. Hence the distinction betwixt Kerrs of Cessford and Fairhirst.

NOTE H.

Lord Cranstoun. — P. 17.

The Cranstouns, Lord Cranstoun, are an ancient Border family, whose chief seat was at Craigen, in Teviotdale. They were at this time at feud with the clan of Scott; for it appears that the Lady of Boccleuch, in 1557, beset the Laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless, the same Cranstoun, or perhaps his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady.

NOTE I.

Of Bethune’s line of Picardy — P. 17.

The Bethunes were of French origin, and derived their name from a small town in Artois. There were several distinguished families of the Bethunes in the neighbouring province of Picardy; they numbered among their descendants the celebrated Duo de Sully; and the name was accounted among the most noble in France, while aught noble remained in that country. The family of Bethune, or Beaton, in Fife, produced three learned and dignified prelates; namely, Cardinal Beaton, and two successive Archbishops of Glasgow, all of whom flourished about the date of the romance. Of this family was descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Boccleuch, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Branksome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son’s clan, after her husband’s murder. She also possessed the hereditary abilities of her family in such a degree that the superstition of the vulgar imputed them to supernatural knowledge. With this was mingled, by faction, the foul accusation of her having influenced Queen Mary to the murder of her husband. One of the pla-cards, preserved in Buchanan’s Detection, accuses of Darnley’s murder “the Erle of Bothwell, Mr. James Ballour, the person of Fliske, Mr. David Chalmers, black Mr. John Spens, who was principal deviser of the murder; and the Queene, assenting thereto, threw the persuasion of the Erle Bothwell, and the witchcraft of Lady Boccleuch.”

NOTE K.

He learn’d the art that none may name.

In Padua, far beyond the sea. — P. 17.

Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of necronomacy. The Earl of Gowrie, slain at Perth, in 1600, pretended, during his studies in Italy, to have acquired some knowledge of the cabala, by which, he said, he could charm snakes, and work other miracles; and, in particular, could produce children without the intercourse of the sexes. — See the examination of Wemyss of Bogie before the Privy Council concerning Gowrie’s Conspiracy.

NOTE L.

His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall! — P. 17.

The shade of a necromancer is independent of the sun. Glycas informs us that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit. — Heywood’s Hierarchie, p. 475. The vulgar conceive, that when a class of students have made a certain progress in their mystical studies, they are obliged to run through a subterraneous hall, where the devil literally catches the hindmost in the race, unless he crosses the hall so speedily that the arch-enemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case, the person of the sage never after throws any shade; and those, who have thus lost their shadow, always prove the best magicians.

1 The name is spelt differently by the various families who bear it. Carr is selected, not as the most correct, but as the most poetical reading.

2 This expression and sentiment were dictated by the situation of France, in the year 1693, when the poem was originally written. 1691.
NOTE M.

The viewless forms of air.—P. 17.

The Scottish vulgar, without having any very defined notion of their attributes, believe in the existence of an intermediate class of spirits, residing in the air, or in the waters; to whose agency they ascribe floods, storms, and all such phenomena as their own philosophy cannot readily explain. They are supposed to interfere in the affairs of mortals, sometimes with a malevolent purpose, and sometimes with milder views. It is said, for example, that a gallant baron, having returned from the Holy Land to his castle of Drummelzie, found his fair lady nursing a healthy child, whose birth did not by any means correspond to the date of his departure. Such an occurrence, to the credit of the dames of the Crusaders be it spoken, was so rare, that it required a miraculous solution. The lady, therefore, was believed, when sheavaered, confidently, that the Spirit of the Tweed had issued from the river while she was walking upon its bank, and compelled her to submit to his embraces; and the name of Tweedie was bestowed upon the child, who afterwards became Baron of Drummelzie, and chief of a powerful clan. To those spirits were also ascribed, in Scotland, the

"Airy tongnes, that syllable men's names,
On sands, and shores, and desert wilderness."*

When the workmen were engaged in erecting the ancient church of Old Deer, in Aberdeenshire, upon a small hill called Bissau, they were surprised to find that the work was impeded by supernatural obstacles. At length, the Spirit of the River was heard to say,

"If it is not here, it is not here,
That ye shall build the church of Deer;
But on Taptillery,
Where many a corpse shall lie."*

The site of the edifice was accordingly transferred to Taptillery, an eminence at some distance from the place where the building had been commenced—Naclarlane's MSS. I mention these popular fables, because the introduction of the River and Mountain Spirits may not, at first sight, seem to accord with the general tone of the romance, and the superstitions of the country where the scene is laid.

NOTE N.

A fancied moss-trooper, &c.—P. 17.

This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders; a profession dili-
gently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by none more actively and success-
fully than by Buccleuch's clan. Long after the union of the crowns the moss-troopers, although sunk in reputation, and no longer enjoying the pretext of national hostility, continued to pursue their calling.

Fuller includes, among the wonders of Cumberland, "The moss-troopers: so strange in the condition of their living, if considered in their Original, Increase, Height, Decay, and Ruine."

1. Original. I conceive them the same as called Borderers in Mr. Cauden; and charac-
terised by him to be a wild and warlike people. They are called moss-troopers, because dwelling in the mosses, and riding in troops together. They dwell in the bounds, or neatling, of the two kingdoms, but obey the laws of neither. They come to church as seldom as the 29th of February comes into the calendar.

2. Increase. When England and Scotland were united, General Bruce, who formerly lived by hostile incursions, betook themselves to the robbing of their neighbours. Their sons are free of the trade by their fathers' copy. They are like to Job, not in pain and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none at night, and perchance many again next day. They may give for their motto, "evitare ex rapto,
ruefrum in seculis," and indeed, they cannot have a nest of hornets; strike one, and still all of them about your ears. Indeed, if they promise safely to conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the fidelity of a Turkish janizary; otherwise, woo be to him that falleth into their quarters!

3. Height. Amounting, forty years since, to some thousands. They compelled the vicinage to purchase their security, by paying a constant rent to them. When in their greatest height, they had two great enemies—the Laws of the Land, and the Lord William Howard of Naworth. He sent many of them to Carlisle, to that place where the officer doth always his work by day's light. Yet these moss-troopers, if possibly they could procure the pardon for a condemned person of their company, would advance great sums out of their common stock, who, in such a case, cast in their lots amongst themselves, and all have one purse.

4. Decay. Caused by the wisdom, valour, and diligence of the Right Honourable Charles Lord Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who routed these English Borders with his regiment. His severity unto them will not only be excused, but commented on, by the just, who consider how our great lawyer doth describe such persons, who are solemnly outlawed. Bracton, lib. viii. tr. c. cap. 11. —Ex tune gerund capit lupinum, ita quid sine judiciis inquisitiones rite percerat, et secum suo judicium portaret; et merito sine legi percerat, qui secundum legem vivere recusaret.—'Thenceforth, (after that they were outlawed) they wear a wolf's head, so that they lawfully may be destroyed, without any judicial inquisition, as well carry their own condemnation about them, and deservedly die without law, because they refused to live according to law.

5. Ruine. Such was the success of this worthy lord's severity, that he made a thorough reformation among them; and the ringleaders being destroyed, the rest are reduced to legal obedience, and so, I trust, will continue."—Hiller's History of England.

The last public mention of moss-troopers occurs during the civil wars of the seventeenth century, when many ordinances of Parliament were directed against them.
Note O.

—same the Unicorn's pride. Exalt the Crescent and the Star. — P. 18.

The arms of the Kerrs of Cossford were Vert on a chevron, betwixt three unicorns' heads erased argent, three mullets sable; crest, a unicorn's head, erased proper. The Scotts of Buccleuch bore, Or, on a bend azure; a star of six points betwixt two crescents of the first.

—Note P.


The lands of Deloraine are joined to those of Buccleuch in Ettrick Forest. They were immemorially possessed by the Buccleuch family, under the strong title of occupancy, although no charter was obtained from the crown until 1545. Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted to them by vassals, or kinsmen, for border service. Satelyc's mention, and that twenty-four gentlemen-pensioners of the family, "William Scott, commonly called Cut-at-the-Black, who had the lands of Nether Deloraine for his service." And again, "This William of Deloraine, commonly called Cut-at-the-Black, was a brother of the ancient house of Haining, which house of Haining is descended from the ancient house of Hassendean." The lands of Deloraine now grant an earl's title to the descendant of Henry, the second surviving son of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. I have endeavoured to give William of Deloraine the attributes which characterised the Borderers of his day; for which I can only plead Froissart's apology, that, "it beloveth, in a lymage, some to be folyshe and outrageous, to maynteyne and sustayne the peaceable." As a contrast to my Marchman, I beg leave to transcribe, from the same author, the speech of Aumerget Marcell, a captain of the Adventurous Companions, a robber, and a pillager of the country of Avererne, who had been bribed to sell his strongholds, and to assume a more honourable military life under the banners of the Earl of Armagnac. But, "when he remembered all this, he was sorrowful; his treasure he thought he wolde not mynysse; he was wonte dayly to serche for new pillages, wherbye encreased his profyte, and then he sawe that aile was closed fro' him. Then he sayde and imagynd, that to pill and to robbe (all thyne considered) was a good lyfe, and so repented him of his good doing. On a tym, he said to his old companyons, 'Sirs, there is no sporte nor glory in this woride amonse men of warre, but to use suche lyfe as we have done in tym past.' What a joy was it to us when we rode forth at adventure, and somtyme found by the way a riche prouer or merchant, or a route of mulettes of Montpeller, of Narbonne, of Lymens, of Fougans, of Bessyres, of Tholous, or of Carcassonne, laden with cloth of Brussels, or peltres ware compyng fro the fayres, or laden with spycy fro Bruges, fro Danas, or fro Alysamaine; whatsoever we met, all was ours, or els ransomnde at our pleasures; dayly we gate new money, and the vyllaynes of Avererne and of Lymosyn dayly provyded and brought to our castell whele mele, good wynes, beffes, and fatte mottous, pullyayne, and wilde foule: We were ever furnyshed as tho we had been kings. When we rode forthe, all the countrey trymbled for seare: all was ours going and comynge. How took we Carlast, I and the Bourge of Companye, and I and Perot of Bernoyks took Caluset; how dyd we scale, with lytell aynde, the strong castell of Marqueil, pertayning to the Erl Dolphyn: I kept it nat past five dyes, but I received for it, on a feyre table, fynes thousande funderos, and forgave one thousande for the love of the Erl Dolphyns children. By my fayth, this was a fyure and a good lyfe! wherefore I repente mysefe sore deccayed, in that I have rendered up the fortress of Aloys; for it wolde have kept fro alle the worlde, and the daye that I gave it up, it was founysshed with vytyles, to have been kept seven yere without any re-vyttalynge. This Erl of Armynake hath deccayed me; Olvy Barb, and Perot le Bernoyx, shewed to me how I shulde repente myselfe; certayne I sore repente myselfe of what I have done." — Froissart, vol. ii. p. 195.

Note Q.

By whilturns, by desperate bounds, Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds. — P. 18.

The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the Border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of bloodhounds. Barbour informs us, that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion, he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which over-lung the water; thus, leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the scent. The pursuers came up:

"Bycht to the haur thai passy wyre, But the sleuth-hound made stining thar, And wenery lang lyne is and fra, That he no certain rate couth go; Till at the last that John of Lorne Persewist the hound the sleuth had borne." The Bruce, Book vii.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the truck, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance: — The hero's little band had been joined by one Ralnman, a light horseman, a Fifezean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a Border sleuth-bracht, or blood-hound.

"In Gelderland there was that bratchet bred, Siker of scent, to follow them that fled; So was he used in Eke and Liddesdale, While (i.e. if) she gat blood no seeing might availl."

In the retreat, Fawdoun, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no farther. Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body:—
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL. 49

"The death stopped at Fawdon, still she stood, Nor farther would her time she and the blood."  
The story concludes with a fine Gothic scene of terror. Wallace took refuge in the solitary tower of Gask. Here he was disturbed at midnight by the blast of a horn. He sent out his attendants by two and two, but no one returned with tidings. At length, when he was left alone, the sound was heard still louder. The champion descended, sword in hand, and, at the gate of the tower, was encountered by the headless spectre of Fawdon, whom he had slain so rashly. Wallace, in great terror, fled up into the tower, tore the boards of a window, leapt down fifteen feet in height, and continued his flight up the river. Looking back to Gask, he discovered the tower on fire, and the form of Fawdon upon the battlements, dilated to an immense size, and holding in his hand a blazing rafter. The Minstrel concludes,  

"Trust right well, that all this be sooth indeed, Supposing it to be no point of the creed."  

The Wallace, Book iv.  

Mr. Ellis has extracted this tale as a sample of Henry's poetry.—Specimens of English Poetry, vol. i. p. 351.

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Note R.  

--- the Moot-hill's mound,  
Where Druid's shades still fitted round.—P. 18.  
This is a round artificial mound near Hawick, which, from its name, (\textit{Moot. Ang. Sax. Con\-cilium, Conventus,}) was probably used as a place for assembling a national council of the adjacent tribes. There are many such mounds in Scotland, and they are sometimes, but rarely, of a square form.

Note S.  

--- the tower of Hazeldene. —P. 18.  
The estate of Hazeldene, corruptly Hassende- 
nean, belonged formerly to a family of Scotts, thus commemorated by Satchells:—  

"Hassendeane came without a call,  
The ancientest house among them all."

Note T.  

On Minto-crag the moon-beams gleint. —P. 18.  
A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the im-
mediate vicinity of the family-seat, from which Lord Min's takes his title. A small platform, on a projecting crag, commanding a most beau-
tiful prospect, is termed Barnhills' Brd. This Barnhills is said to have been a robber, or out-
law. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name. On the summit of the crags are the fragments of another ancient tower, in a pic-
turesque situation. Among the houses cast by the Earl of Hartfode, in 1555, occur the 
towers of Easter Barnhills, and of Minto crag, with Minto town and place. Sir Gilbert Elliot, father to the present Lord Minto,\textsuperscript{1} was the author of a beautiful pastoral song, of which the following is a more correct copy than is usually published. The poetical mantle of Sir Gilbert Elliot has descended to his family.  

"My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-book,  
And all the gay haunts of my youth I foresook:  
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;  
Ambition, I said, would soon en-come me low.  
But what had my youth with ambition to do?  
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?  

"Through regions remote in vain do I rove,  
And bid the wide world secure me from love.  
Ah, fool, in imagining that might could subdue  
A love so well founded, a passion so tru!  
Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-book restore!  
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more!"

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Note U.  

Ancient Riddell's fair domain.—P. 18.  
The family of Riddell have been very long in possession of the barony called Riddell, or Ryedale, part of which still bears the latter name. Tradition carries their antiquity to a point extremely remote; and is, in some de-
gree, sanctioned by the discovery of two stone coffins, one containing an earthen pot filled with ashes and arms, bearing a legible date, A. D. 727; the other dated 936, and filled with the bones of a man of gigantic size. These coffins were discovered in the foundations of what was, but has long ceased to be, the chapel of Riddell; and as it was argued, with plausi-

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I Grandfather to the present Earl. 1819.
passing into a collateral line, to the person of Sir John Buchanan Riddell, Bart. of Riddell, the lineal descendant and representative of Sir Anschitte.—These circumstances appeared worthy of notice in a Border work.1

NOTE V.
But when Melrose he reached 'twas silence all; He meekly staid his stead in stall, And sought the convent's lonely walk.—P. 19.

The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought. In some of the clusters, as is hinted in the next Canto, there are representations of flowers, vegetables, &c., carved in stone, with accuracy and precision so delicate, that we almost distrust our senses when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulations. This superb convent was dedicated to St. Mary, and the monks were of the Cistercian order. At the time of the Reformation, they shared the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity, thrown upon the Roman churchmen. The old words of Galashield, a favourite Scotch air, ran thus:—

O the monks of Melrose made gude kyle, 2
Oe Fridays when they fasted.
They wanted neither beef ont elle,
As long as their neighbours' lasted.

NOTE W.
When buttress and buttress, alternately, Seen framed of ebony and ivory; When silver edges the imagery, And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die.
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile.—P. 19.
The buttresses ranged along the sides of the ruins of Melrose Abbey, are, according to the Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of Scripture. Most of these statues have been demolished.

David of Scotland purchased the reputation of sanctity, by founding, and liberally endowing, not only the monastery of Melrose, but those of Kelso, Jedburgh, and many others; which led to the well-known observation of his successor, that he was a sore saint for the crown.

NOTE X.
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry, Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray.—P. 20.

The Borderers, as may be supposed, very ignorant about religious matters. Col- ville, in his Paraphrase, or Admonition, states, that the reformed divines were so far from undertaking distant journeys to convert the Heathen, "as I wold wis at God that ye wold only go bot to the Holland and Borders of our own realm, to ginn in our ain countrymen, who, for lack of preaching and other ministration of the sacraments, must, with tyne, becum either midelles, or uthetis." But we learn, from Lesley, that, however deficient in real religion, they regularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition.

NOTE Y.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start: Sudden the flying jennet swerve, And hurt the unexpected dart.—P. 20.
"By my faith," say'd the Duke of Lancaster, (to a Portuguese squire,) "of all the feats of armes that the Castellions, and they of your country doth use, the castynge of their darts best pleaseth me, and gladly I wold se it; for, as I heare say, if they strike one aryght, with-out he be well armed, the dart will pierce him through."—"By my faith, sir," say'd the squyer, "ye say trouth; for I have seen many a grete stroke giv'n with them, which at one time cost us derely, and was to us great displeasure; for, at the said skyrnishe, Sir John Lawrence of Ceynze was strken with a dart in such wise, that the head perced all the plates of his cote of mayle, and a sacke stopped with sylke, and passed throug his body, so that he fell down dead."—Froissart, vol. ii. ch. 44.—This mode of fighting with darts was imitated in the military game called Jeuyo de las canas, which the Spaniards borrowed from their Moorish invaders. A Suracen champion is thus described by Froissart: "Among the Sarazins, there was a yonge knight called Aguinga Delcyfne; he was alwayes well mounted on a rede and a lyght horse; it seemed, when the horse ranne, that he did fly in the ayre. The knight seemed to be a good man of armes by his tides; he bare alwayes of usage three fethered darters, and rychte well he could handle them: and, according in their custome, he was aleine armed, with a long white towell about his head. His apparell was bluе, and his own colour brownie, and a good horseman. The Crysten men say, they thoughte he dyd such deeds of armes for the love of some yonge ladye of his country. And true it was, that he loved entirely the King of Thunе's daughter, named the Lady Azala; she was inheirtor to the realme of Thune, after the discense of the kyng, her father. This Agadinger was sone to the Duke of Olyeire. 1 can not telle if they were married togid, or not; but it was shewed me, that this knight, for love of the sayd ladye, during the sieze, did many feates of armes. The knyghtes of France wolde fayne have taken hym; but they colde never attarpe nor inclose hym; his horse was so swyft, and so reedy to his hand, that alwayes he escaped."—Vol. ii. ch. 71.
Note Z.

And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn.
O gallant Chief of Otterburn!—P. 20.

The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August, 1388, between Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. Both of these renowned champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops, and they were rivals in military fame; so that Frossett affirms, 'by all the battayles and encounteres that I have made mention of here before in all this history, great or small, this battayle that I treat of nowe was one of the sorest and best foughten, without cowraders or fayrute heros; for there was nother knyghte nor squyer but that dyde his devore, and foughte hange to hande. This battayle was lyke the battayle of Becherell, the which was valiantly fought and endured.' The issue of the conflict is well known; Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose, beneath the high altar. 'His obsequy was done reverently, and on his bodye layde a tombe of stone, and his baner hangynge over hym.'—Frossett, vol. ii. p. 105.

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Note 2 A.

Dark Knight of Liddesdale. — P. 20.

William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II., and was so distinguished by his valour, that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother-in-law. The King had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of this preference, the Knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay, while he was administering justice at Hawick, seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermigate, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner, horse and man, into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. It is said, the miserable captive prolonged his existence for several days by the corn which fell from a granary above the vault in which he was confined.1 So weak was the royal authority, that David, although highly incensed at this atrocious murder, found himself obliged to appoint the Knight of Liddesdale successor to his victim, as Sheriff of Teviotdale. But he was soon after slain, while hunting in Ettrick Forest, by his own godson and chief-counsellor, William, Earl of Douglas, in revenge, according to some authors, of Ramsay's murder; although a popular tradition, preserved in a manuscript by Godscraft, and some parts of which are still preserved, ascribes the resentment of the Earl to jealousy. The place where the Knight of Liddesdale was killed, is called, from his name, William-Hope, betwixt Tweed and Yarrow. His body, according to Godscraft, was conveyed to Lindean church the first night after his death, and thence to Melrose, where he was interred with great pomp, and where his tomb is still shown.

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Note 2 B.

The moon on the east oriel shone. — P. 20.

It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey. Sir James Hall of Douglas, Bart., has, with great ingenuity and plausibility, traced the Gothic order through its various forms and seemingly eccentric ornaments, to an architectural imitation of wicker work; of which, as we learn from some of the legends, the earliest Christian churches were constructed. In such an edifice, the original of the clustered pillars is traced to a set of round posts, begirt with slender rods of willow, whose loose summits were brought to meet from all quarters, and bound together artificially, so as to produce the frame-work of the roof: and the tracery of our Gothic windows is displayed in the meeting and interlacing of rods and hoops, affording an inexhaustible variety of beautiful forms of open work. This ingenious system is alluded to in the romance, Sir James Hall's Essay on Gothic Architecture is published in The Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions.

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Note 2 C.

The wondrous Michael Scott. — P. 20.

Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchemy, physiognomy, and chrononcny. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that he remembers to have heard The ryebe and pare him menye bath, For of his deede was meki sketh.'

Some years ago, a person digging for stones, about the old castle of Hermigate, broke into a vault, containing a quantity of shaft, some bones, and pieces of iron; amongst others, the curb of an ancient bridge, which the author has since given to the Earl of Dalhousie, under the impression that it possibly may be a relic of his brave ancestor. The worthy clergyman of the parish has mentioned this discovery to his Statistical Account of Castletown.
in his youth, that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who were thereby invoked.

Dumitrev Historia Evocatistica, 1627, liv. xi. p. 435. Leed there the characteristics of Michael Scott as a "singularum philosophiae, astronomiae, ac medicinae, laude prestans; discolbrus penitissimo magiæ recessus indagasse." Dante also mentions him as a renowned wizard

"Quel altero che né stanchi e cosi poco, Michele Scotto fu, che veramente Delle magiche fredo seppi il gioco." Inferno, canto x PACKET

A personage, thus spoken of by biographers and historians, loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland, any work of great labour and antiquity, is ascribed, either to the agency of Auld Michael, or Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial: some contend for Home Coltraine, in Cumberland; others for Melrose Abbey. Be this as it may, his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died. Satchells, wishing to give some authority for his account of the origin of the name of Scott, pretends, that, in 1629, he chanced to be at Burgh under Bowness, in Cumberland, where a person, named Lancelot Scott, showed him an extract from Michael Scott's works, containing that story:

"He said the book which he gave me was of Sir Michael Scott's history; which history was never yet read through, nor never will, for no man dare it do. Young scholars have picked out something from the contents, that dare not read within. He carried me along the castle then, and showed his written book hanging on an iron pin. His writing pen did seem to me to be of hardened metal, like steel, or asaculm; the volume of it did seem so large to me, as the Book of Mervyn and Turke history. Then he let me see a stone where Mr. Michael Scott did lie; I asked him how that could appear. Mr. Michael Scott was dead about a hundred year? He said he once durst bury under that stone, more than he had been dead a few years agone; for Mr. Michael's name does terrify each one." History of the Right Honourable Name of Scott.

Salamanca's cave. — P. 20

Spain, from the relics, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favourite residence of magicians. Pope Sylvester, who actually imported from Spain the use of the Arabian numerals, was supposed to have learned there the magic which he afterward used; for which he was stigmatized by the ignorance of his age — William of Malmesbury, liv. ii. cap. 10. There were public schools, where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city, they were held in a deep cavern; the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand. — D'Aubon on Learned Incredulity, p. 43. These Spanish schools of magic are celebrated also by the Italian poets of romance:

"Questa città di Toledo sola Teoréo studio de agramanía Quii de mica arte ilegga Pubblicamente, e di peramania; E molti geomanti sempre aces, Insinuans i nostri pensi non; E' d' altre false opulio* di scvocchi Come e fatture, o spesso batter gli occhi." Il Morgante Maggiore, Canto xxx. R. 260.

The celebrated magician Mauris, cousin to Rinaldo of Montalban, called, by Ariosto, Malagig, studied the black art at Toledo, as we learn from L'Histore de Magus D'Apramont. Even he held a professor's chair in the mercurian university; for I interpret the passage, "quon tous les sept ars d'enchantement, des charmes et conjurations, il n'y avait meilleur maître que lui; et en tel renom qu'on le lassent en chance, et l'appellet ou maître Mauris." This Salamancan Domdaniel is said to have been founded by Hercules. If the classic leader himself, having discovered and learned magic, he may consult "Les faits et processes du noble et vaillant Hercules," where he will learn, that the fabule of his aiding Atlas to support the heavens, arise from the said Atlas having taught Hercules, the noble knight-errant, the seven liberal sciences, and in particular, that of judicial astrology. Such, according to the idea of the middle ages, were the studies, "maximus qua decet Atlas." In a romantic history of Roderic, the last Gothic King of Spain, he is said to have entered one of these enchanted caverns. It was situated beneath an ancient tower near Toledo; and when the iron gates, which secured the entrance, were unfolded, there rushed forth so dreadful a whirlwind, that hitherto no one had dared to penetrate into its recesses. But Roderic, threatened with an invasion of the Moors, resolved to enter the cavern, where he expected to find some prophetic intimation of the event of the war. Accordingly, his train being furnished with torches, so artificially composed that the tempest could not extinguish them, the King, with great difficulty, penetrated into a square hall, inscribed all over with Arabian characters. In the midst stood a colossal statue of brass, representing a Sarracen wielding a Moorish mace, with which it discharged furious blows on all sides, and seemed thus to exorcise the tempest which raged around. Being conjured by Roderic, it ceased from striking, until he read, inscribed on the right hand, "Wretched Monarch, for thy evil hast thou come hither," on the left hand, "Thou shalt be dispossessed by a strange people:" on one shoulder, "I invoke the sons of Hagary," on the other, "I do mine office." When the King had deciphered these ominous inscriptions, the statue returned to its exercise, the tempest commenced anew, and Roderic retired, to mourn over the predicted evils which approached his throne. He caused the gates of the cavern to be locked and barred; but, in the course of the night, the tower fell with a tremendous noise, and under its ruins concealed for ever the entrance to the mystic cavern. The conquest of Spain by the Saracens, and the death of the unfortunate Don Roderic, fulfilled the prophecy of the learned Alonzo. — Apud Puddins,« Rey Don Rodrigo por el Sabio Acaya Adaluciam, traduzida de la lengua Arabaya por Miguel de Luna, 1654, cap. vi.
NOTE 2 E.

The bells would ring in Notre Dame. — P. 20.

"Tanimne rem tam negligenter" says Thyrwhitt, of his predecessor Speaight; who, in his commentary, had extinguished as trivial and fabulous, the story of Wale and his boat Guinelet, to the great prejudice of posteriority, the memory of the hero and the boat being now entirely lost. That future antiquaries may lay no such omission to my charge, I have noted one or two of the most current traditions concerning Michael Scott. He was chosen, it is said, to go upon an embassy, to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, opened his book, and evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the devil insistently asked his rider, What was the old woman of Scotland muttered at bed-time? A less experienced wizard might have answered that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, "What is that to thee?—Mount, Diabolus, and fly!" When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador, with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy, was not received with much respect, and the King was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; lastly, the infernal steed had lifted his hoof to give the third stamp, when the King rather chose to dismiss Michael, with the most ample concessions, than to stand to the probable consequences. Another time, it is said, that, when residing at the Tower of Oakwood, upon the Ettrick, about three miles above Selkirk, he heard of the fame of a sorceress, called the Witch of Falsehope, who lived on the opposite side of the river. Michael went one morning to put her skill to the test, but was disappointed, by her denying positively any knowledge of the necromantic art. In his discourse with her, he laid his wand inadvertently on the table, which the hag observing, suddenly snatched it up, and struck him with it. Feeding the force of the charm, he rushed out of the house; but, as it had conferred on him the external appearance of a hare, his servant, who waited without, hallowed upon the discomfited wizard his own greyhounds, and pursued him so close, that, in order to obtain a moment's breathing to reverse the charm, Michael, after a very fatiguing course, was fain to take refuge in his own jowkhole (Anglic, common sewer). In order to revenge himself of the witch of Falsehope, Michael, one morning, raised his horse in the air, and sent down his servant to ask a bit of bread from the good wife for his greyhounds, with instructions what to do if he met with a devil. Accordingly, when the witch had refused the boon with contumely, the servant, as his master had directed, laid above the door a paper which he had given him, containing, amongst many cabalistical words, the well-known rhyme, —

"Master Michael Scott's men
Bought meat, and got none."

Immediately the good old woman, instead of pursuing her domestic occupation, which was baking bread for the reapere, began to dance round the fire, repeating the rhyme, and continued this exercise till her husband sent the reapere to the house, one after another, to see what had delayed their provision; but the charm caught each as they entered, and, losing all idea of returning, they joined in the dance and chorus. At length the old man himself went to the house; but as his wife's frolic with Mr. Michael, whom he had seen on the hill, made him a little cautious, he contented himself with looking in at the window, and found the reapere at their voluntary exertion of dragging his wife, now completely exhausted, sometimes round, and sometimes through the fire, which was, as usual, in the midst of the house. Instead of entering, he saddled a horse, and rode up the hill, to humble himself before Michael, and beg a cessation of the spell; which the good natured warlock immediately granted, directing him to enter the house backwards, and with his left hand take the spell from above the door; which accordingly ended the supernatural dance. — This tale was told less particularly in former editions, and I have been censured for inaccuracy in doing so. — A similar charm occurs in Huon de Bourdeau, and in the ingenious Oriental tale, called the Calph Vathek.

Notwithstanding his victory over the witch of Falsehope, Michael Scott, like his predecessors, Merlin and Arthur, is a creature to female art. His wife, or concubine, elicted from him the secret, that his art could ward off any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth, made of the flesh of a breme sow. Such a mess she accordingly administered to the wizard, who died in consequence of eating it; surviving, however, long enough to put to death his treacherous confidant.

NOTE 2 F.

The notes that left Eildon hills in three. — P. 20.

Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a cauld, or drum-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered, that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now possesses. A devil, who was associated with this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.
Note 2 G.

That lamp shall burn unquenchably.
Until the eternal doom shall be. — P. 21.

Baptista Porta, and other authors who treat
of natural magic, talk much of eternal lamps, pretending to have been found burning in an-
cient sepulchres. Fortunius Licetus investigates
the subject in a treatise, De Lucernis
Antiquorum Reconditis, published at Venice,
1621. One of these perpetual lamps is said to
have been discovered in the tomb of Tullia
her, the daughter of Cicero. The wick was sup-
posed to be composed of asbestos. Kircher enumerates
three different recipes for con-
structing such lamps; and wisely concludes,
that the thing is nevertheless impossible.—
Mundus Subterraneus, p. 72. Deiotri imputes
the fabrication of such lights to magical skill.
— Disquisitiones Magicae, p. 59. In a very rare
romance, which treats of the life of Virgil,
and of his death, and many marvels
that he dyd in his life-time, by wychcratfe
and nygramancye, through the helpe of the
devyls of hell," mention is made of a very ex-
ordinary process, in which one of these mys-
tical lamps was employed. It seems that
Virgil, as he advanced in years, became
desirous of renovating his youth by magical art
For this purpose he constructed a solitary
tower, having only one narrow portal, in which
he placed twenty-four copper figures, armed
with iron flails, twelve on each side of the
porch. These enchanted statues struck with
their flails incessantly, and rendered all en-
trance impossible, unless when Virgil touched
the spring, which stopped their motion. To
this tower he repaired privately, attended by
one trusty servant, to whom he communicated
the secret of the entrance, and hither they
conveyed all the magician's treasure. "Then
sayde Virgilius, my dere beloved frende, and
he that I above alle men truste and knowe
mooste of my secret;" and then he led the
man into a cellar, where he made a fayer lamp
at all seasons burnynge. "And then said
Virgilius to the man, "Se you the barrel that
standeth there by the sayde lamp? "Thee
must thou put me: fyrst ye must see me, and
hewe me smale to pieces, and cut my hed in
iii pieces, and salte the lode under the
bottom, and then the pieces there after, and
my herte in the myddel, and then set the barrell
under the lamp, that nyghte and day the fat
therein may droppe and leave; and ye shall ix
days long, ones in the day, fyll the lamp, and
fayle nat. And when this is all done, then
shall I be renued, and made yeonge agen."
At this extraordinary proposal, the contendant
was sore abashed, and made some scruple of
obeying his master's commands. At length,
however, he complied, and Virgil was slain,
pickled, and barrelled up, in all respects ac-
cording to his own direction. The servant
then left the tower, taking care to put the
conduit, and all motion at his departure.
He continued daily to visit the tower in the
same precaution. Meanwhile, the emperor,
with whom Virgil was a great favourite, missed
him from the court, and demanded of his ser-
vant where he was. The domestick pretended
ignorance, till the emperor threatened him
with death, when at length he conveyed him
to the enchanted tower. The same threat
extorted a discovery of the mode of stopping
the statues from wielding their flails. And
then the emperor entered into the castle with
all his folke, and sought all about in every
corner after Virgilius; and at the laste they
sought so longe, that they came into the seller,
where they saw the lamp hang over the
barrel, where Virgilius lay in deed. Then
asked the emperor the man, who had made
hym so herdy to put his myster Virgilius so to
dethe; and the man answered no wordes to the
emperor. And then the emperor, with great
anger, drewe out his sworde, and slwew he
there Virgilius' man. And when all this was
done, then sawe the emperor, and all his
folke, a naked child in tymes rennyinge about
the barrel, savage these wordes, 'Cursed be
the tyme that ye ever came here.' And with
these words vanished the chylde awaye, and
was never seen agayne: and thus abyd Virgilius
in the barrel deed."—Virgilius, bl. i., printed
at Auctorpe by John Doesborce. This curi-
ous volume is in the valuable library of Mr.
Douc; and is supposed to be a translation
from the French, printed in Flanders for the
English market. See Gouyet Biblioth. Franc.
ix. 225. Catalogue de la Bibliothque Nationale,
tom. u. p. 5. De Bure, Nu 3857.

Note 2 H.

Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
He thought, os he took it, the dead man from'd.
— P. 21.

William of Deloraine might be strengthened
in this belief by the well-known story of the
Old Roy Diaz. When the body of that famous
Christian champion was being in state by the
high altar of the cathedral church of Toledo,
where it remained for ten years, a certain
maleious Jew attempted to pull him by the
heard; but he had no sooner touched the for-
midable whiskers, than the corpse started up,
and half unsheathed his sword. The Israelite
fled; and so permanent was the effect of his
terror, that he became Christian. — Heywood's
Hierarchie, p. 489, quoted from Sebastian Cebor-
runus Crozie.

Note 2 I.

The Boron's Dowrf his courser hold. — P. 22.

The idea of Lord Cranstone's Gohlin Page is
taken from a being called Gilpin Horner, who
appeared, and made some stay, at a farm-house
among the Border-mountains. A gentleman of
that country has noted down the following particulars concerning his appearance:
"The only certain, at least most probable
account, that ever I heard of Gilpin Horner,
was from an old man, of the name of Anderson,
who was born, and lived all his life at Todshaw-
hill, in Eskdale-muir, the place where Gilpin
appeared and staid for some time. He said
there were two men, late in the evening, when
it was growing dark, employed in fastening the
horses upon the uttermost part of their ground,
(that is, lying their forefeet together, to hinder them from travelling far in the night,) when they heard a voice, at some distance, crying, 'Tint! Tint! Tint!' One of the men, named Moffat, called out, 'What devil has tint you? Come here.' Immediately a creature, of something like a human form, appeared. It was surprisingly little, distorted in features, and misshapen in limbs. As soon as the two men could see it plainly, they ran home in great fright, imagining they had met with some goblin. By the way, Moffat fell, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and stayed there a long time; but I cannot truly say how long. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank, was fond of cream, and, when it could get at it, would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous creature; and any of the children whom it could master, it would beat and scratch without mercy. It was once abusing a child belonging to the same Moffat, who had been so frightened by its last appearance; and he, in a passion, struck it so violent a blow upon the side of the head, that it tumbled upon the ground; but it was not stunned; for it set up its head directly, and exclaimed, 'Ah, hah, Will o' Moffat, you strike sae!' (viz sore) After it had staid there long, one evening, when the women were milking the cows in the loan, it was playing among the children near by them, when suddenly they heard a loud shrill voice cry three times, 'Gilpin Horner.' It started, and said, 'That is me, I must away,' and instantly disappeared, and was never heard of more. Old Anderson did not remember it, but said, he had often heard his father, and other old men in the place, who were there at the time, speak about it; and in my younger years I have often heard it mentioned, and never met with any who had the remotest doubt as to the truth of the story; although, I must own, I cannot help thinking there must be some misrepresentation in it." To this account, I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word tint! tint! Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Be-le-ram, as he pronounced the word; and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram: who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tint, or lost, the little imp. As much has been objected to Gilpin Horner, on account of his being supposed rather a device of the author than a popular superstition, I can only say, that no legend which I ever heard seemed to be more universally credited; and that many persons of very good rank, and considerable information, are well known to repute absolute faith in the tradition.

Note 2 K.

"But the Ladye of Branksome gather'd a band Of the best that would ride at her command."—P. 23.

"Upon 24th June, 1557, Dame Janet Bentonne Lady Bucceleth, and a great number of the nany of Scott, delinit (accused) for coming to the kirk of St. Mary of the Lowes, to the number of two hundred persons bodin in feire of weire, (arrayed in armour,) and breaking open the door of the said kirk, in order to apprehend the Lady Bucceleth."—Account of Parish of Ewas, opud Macfarlane's MSS.
Note 2 M.

All was delusion, naught was truth. — P. 24.

Glamour, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of the spectator, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. The transformation of Michael Scott by the witch of Falschope, already mentioned, was a genuine operation of glamour. To a similar charm the ballad of Johnny Fa' imputes the fascination of the lovely Countess, who elapsed with that sly leader:

"She soon as they saw her well-fair face, They cast the glamour o'er her."

It was formerly used even in war. In 1391, when the Duke of Anjou lay before a strong castle, upon the coast of Naples, a necromancer offered to "make the ayre so thyncke, that they within shall thynke that there is a bridge on the see (by which the castle was surrounded) for ten men to go a front; and when they within the castle see this bridge, they will be so atrayde, that they shall yelde them to your mercy. The Duke demanded,— Fayre Master, on this bridge that ye speke of, may our people assuredly go thereon to the castell, to assaye it?"—Syr,' quod the enchantour, 'I dare not assure you that; for if any that passeth on the bridge make the signe of the crosse on the hym, all shall go to noughte, and they that be on the bridge shall fall into the sea.' Then the Duke began to laugh; and a certain of young knightes, that were there present, said, 'Syr, for godsake, let the mysteray asse his cunning: we shall love making of any signe of the crosse on us for that tyme.' The Earl of Savoy, shortly after, entered the tent, and recognised in the enchantor the same person who had put the castle into the power of Sir Charles de la Pazy, who then held it, by perusing the garrison of the Queen of Naples, through magical deception, that the sea was coming over the walls. The same avowed the feat, and added, that he was the man in the world most dreaded by Sir Charles de la Pazy.

"By my fayth," quod the Earl of Savoy, 'ye say well; and I will that Syr Charles de la Pazy shall know that he hath gret wrone to feare you. But I shall assure hym of you; for ye shal never do enchantment to deceye hym, nor yet none other. I wolde not that in tyme to come we shulde be reproached that in so high an enterprise as we be in, wherein there be so many noble knightes and squyres assembled, that we shulde do any thing be enchantment, nor that we shulde wyn our enemies by suche crafte.' Then he called to him a servant, and said, 'Go, and get a hangman, and let him stryke off this majsters heede without delay;' and as soone as the Erle had commanded it, incontaynt it was done, for his heede was stryken of the Erle's tent."—Froissart, vol. i. ch. 391, 392.

The art of glamour, or other fascination, was annually a principal part of the fest, this operation having formed much of the amusement of a Gothic castle. Some instances of this art may be found in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol. iv. p. 106. In a strange allegorical poem, called Houlat, written by a dependent of the house of Douglas, about 1452-3, the jay, in an assembly of birds, plays the part of the juggler. His feats of glamour are thus described:—

"He did tham see, as it seemd in saymo hour, Howing at herdi in holde so hairr; Some saland on the sea schips of tore, Bereis battleand on hard brim as a bare; Ee emide carries the coup of the kinga dre, Byne leaf in the circle, Yet a black honewed, He coulde o a hemis hede Make a men man.

"He gart the Emprore trew, and trevely behald; That the cornbrail, the panderce at hand, Hal payd al his prin hore in a payed feld, Becuse the valc ryte of the erer at the kirkeld. He coulde wark windres, qoht way that he wald, Mak a gray jps a god gaidand, A long spere of a bittie, for a bera held, Nobilis of natelcalles, mnd siler of sand. Thus joxit with justers the janglaz fa, Fair ladyes in ringis, Kynbris in caralynis, Baytth dumeis and sewiz. It seemt an a."

Note 2 N.

None, if you ask who gave the stroke, I cannot tell, so mut I thrive: It was not given by man alive. — P. 24.

Dr. Henry More, in a letter prefixed to Glanville's Seducismus Triumphatus, mentions a similar phenomenon. I remember an old gentleman in the country, acquaintance an excellent justice of peace, and a piece of a mathematician; but what kind of a philosopher he was, you may understand from a rhyme of his own making, which he commended to me at my taking horse in his yard, which rhyme is this:—

"Enus is nothing till sense finds out: Sense ends in nothing, so sought goes about."

Which rhyme of his was so rapturous to himself, that, on the reciting of the second verse, the old man turned himself about upon his toe as nimly as one may observe a dry leaf whisked round the corner of an orchard-walk by some little wind and wind. In this philosopher I have had many discourses concerning the immortality of the soul and its distinction; when I have run him quite down by reason, he would but laugh at me, and say this is logic, H (calling me by my Christian name,) to which I replied, this is reason, father L. (for so I used and some others to call him;) but it seems you are for the new lights, and infinite inspiration, which confess he was as little for as for the other: but I said so only in the way of drollery to him in those times, but truth is, nothing but palpable experience would move him; and being a bold man, and fearing nothing, he told me he had used all the magical ceremonies of conjuration he could, to raise the devil or a spirit, and had a most earnest desire to meet with one, but never could do it. But this he told me, when he did not so much as think of it, while his servant was pulling off his boots in the hall, some invisible hand gave him such a clap upon the back, that it made all ring again; 'so,' thought he now, 'I am invited to the converse of my
Lay of the Last Minstrel.

A short sword of their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee not counted them a man.
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong,
They shot an arrow drawn but were two yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow, or bat, or prick, or bowing shaft." Poly-Album, Song 26.

To wound an antagonist in the thigh, or leg,
Was reckoned contrary to the law of arms.
In a tilt betwixt Gawain Michael, an English squire,
And Joachim Cathore, a Frenchman,
They met at the spear points rudely; the Frenchman, it seems, pleased pleasantly:
The Englishman ran too low, for he strak the Frenchman depe into the thigh.
Wherewith the Erle of Buckingham was right sore dis pleased,
And so were all the other lords, and sayde how it was shamefully done."—Froissart, vol. i. chap. 366. Upon a similar occasion,
"the two knights came a fote eache against other rudely, with their speares lowe couched, to stroke eche other within the foure quarters.
Johan von Castell-Morante stroke the English squere on the brest in such wyse, that Sir Wylliam Fermetone stumbold and bowed, for his fote a lyttel sayde him. He helde his speare lowe with both his handes, and coude nat amend it, and strake Syr Johan of the Castell-Moraut in the thigh, so that the speare went cleene throughge, that the heed was sene a handfull on the other side. And Syr Johan with the stroke reied, but he fell nat. Than the Englyshe squyters and squyers were ryghte sore displeased, and sayde how it was a foule stroke. Sir Wylliam Fermetone excused himselfe, and sayde how he was sore of that aduenture, and howe that ye he had knowen that it shulde have bene so, he wolde never have begun it; sayenge how he could nat amend it, by cause of glausning of his fote by con strayne of the great stroke that Syr Johan of the Castell-Moraut had given him."—Froissart, vol. i. chap. 373.

Note 2 O.
The running stream dissolved the spell.—P. 24.
It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream.
Nay, if you can interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, spectres, or evil fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns's inimitable Tom o' Shanter turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity. Brompton informs us, that certain Irish wizards could, by spells, convert earthen clods, or stones, into fat pigs, which they sold in the market, but which always reasserted their proper form when driven by the deceived purchaser across a running stream. But Brompton is severe on the Irish for a very good reason. "Gemis ista sparissima non solvunt decimas."—Chronicon Johannis Brompton opus decem Scriptores, p. 1076.

Note 2 P.
He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee. — P. 25.
Imitated from Dryton's account of Robin Hood and his followers:—
"A hundred valiant men had this brave Robill Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good.
All clad in Lincoln green, with espe of red and blue,
His fellow's wined borne set one of them but knew.
When setting to their lives their hinges shrill,
The warbling echoes waxed from every dale and hill;
Their louds set with stude athwart their shoulder cast,
To which under their arms their strafe were buckled fast.

NOTE 2 Q.
She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood.—P. 25.
See several charms for this purpose in Reginald Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft, p. 273.
"Tom Potts was but a serving man,
But yet he was a doctor good;
He bound his handkerchief on the wound,
And with some kinds of words he stanch'd the blood."
Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, Lond. 1791, p. 131.

Note 2 R.
But she has taken the broken lance,
And wash'd it from the clotted gore,
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.—P. 26.
Sir Kenelm Digby, in a discourse upon the cure by sympathy, pronounced at Montpellier before an assembly of nobles and learned men, translated into English by R. White, gentleman, and published in 1658, gives us the following curious surgical case:—
"Mr. James Howel (well known in France for his public works, and particularly for his Dendrologie, translated into French by Mons. Baudouin) coming by chance, as two of his
best friends were fighting in duel, he did his endeavour to part them; and, putting himself between them, seized, with his left hand, upon the hilt of the sword of one of the combatants, while with his right hand, he laid hold of the blade of the other. They, being transported with fury one against the other, struggled to rid themselves of the hinderance their friend had made; but Mr. Howel's sword, his self, and one of them roughly drawing the blade of his sword, cuts to the very bone the nerves and muscles of Mr. Howel's hand; and then the other disengaged his hilt, and gave a crosse blow on his adversary's head, which glanced towards his friend, who hearing up his sore hand to save the blow, he was wounded on the back of his hand as he had been within. It seems some strange constellations reigned then against him, that he should lose so much blood by parting two such dear friends, who, had they been themselves, would have hazarded both their lives to have preserved his; but this involuntary effusion of blood by them, prevented that which they should have drawn one from the other. For they, seeing Mr. Howel's face besmeared with blood, by themselves being both cut, it affected them to embrace him; and, having searched his hurts, they bound up his hand with one of his garters, to close the veins which were cut, and hied abundantly. They brought him home, and sent for a surgeon. But this being heard at court, the King sent one of his own surgeons; for his majesty much affected the said Mr. Howel.

"I asked him then for any thing that had the blood upon it; so he presently sent for his garter, wherewith his hand was first bound: and as I called for a basin of water, as if I would wash my hands, I took a handful of powder of vitrul, which I had in my study, and presently dissolved it. As soon as the bloody garter was brought me, I put it within the basin, observing, in the interim, what Mr. Howel did, who stood talking with a gentleman in a corner of my chamber, not regarding at all what I was doing; but he started sudden, as if he had found some strange alteration in himself. I asked him what he said? "I know not what ailes me; but I finde that I feel no more pain. Methinks that a pleasing kind of freshness, as it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which hath taken away the inflammation that tormented me before."—I replied. "Since then that you feel already so good effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your playsters: only keep the wound clean, and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold." This was presently reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the King, who were both very curious to know the circumstance of the businesse, which was, that after dinner I took the garter out of the water, and put it to dry before a great fire. It was scarce dry, but Mr. Howel's servant came running, that his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more; for the heat was such as if his hand were twixt coales of fire. I answered, although that had happened at present, yet he should find ease in a short time; for I knew the reason of this new accident, and would provide accordingly; for his master should be free from that inflammation, it may be before he could possibly return to him; but in case he found no ease, I wished him to enme presently, as it were, both with his own right for the coming. Thereupon he went; and at the instant I did put again the garter into the water, thereupon he found his master without any pain at all. To be brief, there was no sense of pain afterward; but within five or six days the wounds were cicatrized, and entirely healed."—Page 6.

The King (James VI.) obtained from Sir Kenelm, of the discovery of his secret, which he pretended had been taught him by a Carmelite friar, who had learned it in Armenia, or Persia. Let not the age of animal magnetism and metallic tractors smile at the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby. Reginald Scott mentions the same mode of cure in these terms:—

"And that which is more strange . . . .

they can remedie anie stranger with that vere sword wherewith they are wounded. Ye a, and that which is beyond all admiration, if they stroke the sword upward with their fingers, the partie shall feele no pain; whereas, if they draw their fingers downwards, thereupon the partie wounded shall feel intolerable pain." I presume that the success ascribed to the sympathetic mode of treatment might arise from the pains bestowed in washing the wound, and excluding the air, thus bringing on a cure by the first intention. It is introduced by Dryden in the Enchanted Island, a (very unnecessary) alteration of the Tempest:—

"Ariel. Anoint the sword which pierced him with this Weepoall-salve, and wrap it close from air,

Till I have time to visit him again.—Act v. c. 2.

Again, in scene 4th, Miranda enters with Hippolito's sword wound up:—

"Hip. O my wound pains me!

Mr. I am come to ease you. [She unseals the Sword.

Hip. Also, I feel the cold air come to me.

My wound shoots worse than ever.

Mr. Does it still grieve you? [She wipes and anoints the Scarf.

Hip. Now, methinks, there's some healing laid just upon it.

Mr. Do you had so ease?

Hip. Yes, yes; upon the sudden all this pain is leaving me. Sweet leech, how I am eased!"
Note 2 S.

On Penchrist plays a hale of fire. — P. 26.

Bale, beacon-fog. The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh.

—The act of Parliament 1455, c. 48, directs, that one bale or fogat shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales that they are coming indeed; four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force. "The same taekeings were to be watched and maid at Eggerhope (Eggerstand) Castell, for they se the fire of Humane, that they fire right swa. And in like manner on Sowtra Edge, sull se the fire of Eggerhope Castell, and mak taekeings in like manner: And then may all Lonthaine be warned, and in special the Castell of Edinburgh; and their four fires to be made in like manner, that they in Fife, and fra Strivelng east, and the east part of Lonthaine, and to Dunbar, all may se them, and come to the defence of their land. Thus these beacons (at least in latter times) were a "long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tarbarrel."—Stevenson's History, vol. ii. p. 70L.

Note 2 T.

Our kin, and clan, and friends to raise. — P. 26.

The speed with which the Borderers collected great bodies of horse, may be judged of from the following extract, when the subject of the rising was much less important than that supposed in the romance. It is taken from Carey's Memoirs:—

"Upon the death of the old Lord Sceop, the Queen gave the west wardeneir to his son, that had married my sister. He having received that office, came to me with great earnestness, and desired me to be his deputy, offering me that I should live with him in his house; that he would allow me half a dozen men, and as many horses, to be kept at his charge; and his foe being 1000 merks yearly, he would part it with me, and I should have the half. This his noble offer I accepted of, and went with him to Carlisle; where I was no sooner come, but I entered into my office. We had a stirring time of it; and few days past over my head but I was on horseback, either to prevent mischief, or take malefactors, and to bring the Border in better quiet than it had been in times past. One memorable thing of God's mercy shewed unto me, was such as I have good cause still to remember it.

"I had private intelligence given me, that there were two Scotsliemen that had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Granes relieved. This Grane dwelt within five miles of Carlisle. He had a pretty house, and close by it a strong tower, for his own defence in time of need. — About two o'clock in the morning, I took horse in Carlisle, and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house, the two Scots were gotten in the strong tower, and I could see a boy riding from the house as fast as his horse could carry him; I little suspecting what it meant. But Thomas Carleton came to me presently, and told me, that if I did not presently prevent it, both myself and all my men would be taken. I sent fortnight before a prisoner. It was strange to me to hear this language. He then said to me, 'Do you see that boy that rideth away so fast? He will be in Scotland within this half hour; and he is gone to let them know that you are here, and to what end you are come, and the small number you have with you; and that if they will make haste, on a sudden they may surprise us, and do with us what they please.' We took advice what was best to be done. We sent notice presently to all parts to raise the country, and to come to us with all the speed they could; and within half an hour to Carlisle to raise the townsmen; for without foot we could do no good against the tower. There we staid some hours, expecting more company; and within short time after the country came in, and set on all three sides to that tower. These beacons (at least in latter times) were a "long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tarbarrel."—Stevenson's History, vol. ii. p. 70L.
APPENDIX TO THE

I escaped a great danger; and, by my means, there were a great many men's lives saved that day."

NOTE 2 U.

On many a cairn's grey pyramidal,
Where urns of mighty chiefs be hid. — P. 26.

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are annually found in the belum for a masonic cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one, discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roghiele, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, etched with very rude ornaments; his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase, when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.

NOTE 2 V.

For pathless marsh and mountain cell,
The peasant left has lovely shed. — P. 27.

The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army. — (Minsretiy of the Scottish Border, vol. I. p. 393.) Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Sunlaw's, upon the Ale at Ancram, upon the Jed at Hundalee, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Esk, at Gorton and Hawthornden, are hollowed into similar recesses. But even these dreary dens were not always secure places of concealment.

In the way as we came, not far from this place, (Long Niddry,) George Ferres, a gentleman of my Lord Protector's, happened upon a cave in the grounds, the mouth whereof was so worne with the fresh print of steps, that he seemed to be certayne there wear some folk within; and gone doun to trie, he was ready receyved with a hake-hut or two. He left them not yet, till he had known whethyr thei wolde be content to yeld and come out; which they fondly refusing, he went to my lord's grace, and upon uterance of the thynge, got licence to deal with them as he conde; and so returned to them, with a skore or two of pioners. Three ventes had their cave, that we wear ware of, whereof he first stopt up on; another he full of strawe, and set it a fyer, whereyn they within east water apace; but it was so well mounr-teyned without, that the fyer prevayled, and the occasion was great. Seven belike unto another parler. Then devyseyd we (for I lapt to be with him;) to stop the same up, whereby we should either smoother them, or fynd ont their ventes, if they hadde any moe; as this was done at another issue, about xii score of, we moathe see the fume of their smoke to come out: the which continued with so great a force, and so long a while, that we could not bat thynke they must needs get them out, or showre with them, forasmuch as we saw the fume that they dyd the tone, we thought it for cer-tain their wear sure of the toother." — Patten's Account of Somersett's Expedition into Scotland, and Dalryll's Fragments.

NOTE 2 W.

Show'd southern ravage was begun. — P. 27.

From the following fragment of a letter from the Earl of Northumberland to King Henry VIII., preserved among the Cotton MSS. Calig. B. v. 179, the reader may estimate the nature of the dreadful war which was occasionally waged upon the Borders, sharpened by mutual cruelties, and the personal hatred of the wards, or leaders.

Some Scottish Barons, says the Earl, had threatened to come within three miles of my pure house of Werkworth, where I lye, and gife me light to put on my clothes at mydnight; and also the said Marke Carr said there openly, that, seyng they had a governor in the Marches of Scotland, as well as they had in England, he shulde kepe your highness instructious, fythyn unto your garson, for making of any day-harre; for he and his friends wolde burne enough on the nyght, letynyg your coun-sail here defyne a notable acte at theyre pleasures. Upon whiche, in your highnes name, I commandet dewe watrye to kepe on your Marchyes, for comyng in of any Scotts. — Neuertheless, upon Thursday at night last, came thryty light horsemen into a litle village of myne, called Whitle, having not passe doun the towry, come doun unto the moray, and Seyde Botell More, and there wold have fyred the said houyes, but ther was no fyre to get there, and they forgate to bruyne any wityhe theymyne; and took a wiy being great with chylde, in the said towne, and said to hyr, Wher we can not gyve the lard lyght, yet we shall doo this in spye of hym; and gyve her in mortall woundys upon the heid, and another in the right side, with a dagaer whereupon the said wyf is deede, and the childe in her bely is luste. Beseeeching your most gracios highness to reduce noto your graucious memory this wyful and shamefull munire, done within this your highnes reame, notwithstanding all the inha-bittys therabout rose unto the said fray, and gave warnyng by become into the country afor themyne, and yet the Scottysmen dyde escapeg. And appon certeyne knowledge to my brother Clyfturthe, and me, had by credyte persons of Scocland, this abymynable act not only to be done by dyverse of the Menshe, but also the afore named persons of Tyvidall, and conocuted to, as by apparence, by the Erle of Murrey, upon Friday at night last, let syp C of the best horsemen of Glendail, with a parte of your highnes subjects of Berwyke, together with George Dowelas, who came into Ingland by arte, in the dawning of the day; but afore there ye re retorne, they dyd mar the Earl of Mur-
are now extinct; but the good bull-trout is still famous.

NOTE 2 Z.

Belted Will Howard. — P. 27.

Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of George Lord Dacre, who died without issue male, in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was warden of the Western Marches; and, from the rigour with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions. In the castle of Naworth, his apartments, containing a bedroom, oratory, and library, are still shewn. Thus we meet with an unpleasing idea of the life of a lord warden of the Marches. Three or four strong doors, separating these rooms from the rest of the castle, indicate the apprehensions of treachery from his garrison; and the secret winding passages, through which he could privately descend into the ground storey, or even into the dungeons, imply the necessity of no small degree of secret superintendence on the part of the governor. As the ancient books and furniture have remained undisturbed, the venerable appearance of these apartments, and the armour scattered around the chamber, almost lead us to expect the arrival of the warden in person. Naworth Castle is situated near Brampton, in Cumberland. Lord William Howard is ancestor of the Earls of Carlisle.

NOTE 3 A.

Lord Dacre. — P. 27.

The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, under Richard Cœur de Lion. There were two powerful branches of that name. The first family, called Lord Dacres of the South, held the castle of the same name, and are ancestors to the present Lord Dacre. The other family, descended from the same stock, were called Lord Dacres of the North, and were barons of Gilsland and Graystock. A chiefman of the latter branch was vassal of the Duke of Lancaster, and warden of the Western Marches during the reign of Edward VI. He was a man of a hot and obstinate character, as appears from some particulars of Lord Surrey's letter to Henry VIII., giving an account of his behaviour at the siege and storm of Jedburgh. It is printed in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, Appendix to the Introduction.

NOTE 3 B.

The German handicraf-t-men. — P. 27.

In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII. and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinky, there were in the English army six hundred
mock butters on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners. On the 27th of September, 1549, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, writes to the Lord Dacre, warden of the West Marches:—“The Almain, in number two thousand, very valiant soldiers, shall be sent to you shortly from Newcastle, together with Sir Thomas Holcroft, and with the force of your wardenry, (which we would were advanced to the most strength of horsemen that might be,) shall make the attempt to Loughnan, being of no such strength but that it may be skulled with ladders, whereof, beforehand, we would you caused secretly some number to be provided; or else undermined with the pyke-axe, and so taken: either to be kept for the King’s Majesty, or otherwise to be defaced, and taken from the profits of the enemy. And in like manner the house of Carlaverock to be used.” Repeated mention occurs of the Almain, in the subsequent correspondence; and the enterprise seems finally to have been abandoned, from the difficulty of providing these strangers with the necessary “victuals and carriages in so poor a country as Dumfries-shire.”—History of Cumberland, vol. i. Intro. p. lxi. From the battle-pieces of the ancient Flemish painters, we learn, that the Low Country and German soldiers marched to an assault with their right knees bared. And we may also observe, in such pictures, the extravagance to which they carried the fashion of ornamenting their dress with knots of ribbon. This custom of the Germans is alluded to in the Mirror for Magistrates, p. 121:

“Their pleated garments therewith well accorded, All jade and brownt, with divers colors deck’d.”

Note 3 C.


Sir John Scott of Thirlstane flourished in the reign of James V. and possessed the estates of Thirlstane, Bickley, &c., lying upon the river of Ettrick, and extending to St. Mary’s Loch, at the head of Yarrow. It appears, that when James had assembled his nobility, and their feudal followers, at Pala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the ostinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared himself ready to follow the King wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling them to bear a border of fleurs-de-luce, similar to the tressure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest; motto, Ready, aye ready. The charter itself is printed by Nisbet; but his work being scarce, I insert the following accurate transcript from the original, in the possession of the Right Honourable Lord Napier, the representative of John of Thirlstane.

“JAMES REX.

We James, by the grace of God, King of Scottis, consider the fright and guid servis of of of 1 right trusty friend John Scott of Thirlestane, quha command to our hoste at Sou-

traede, with three score and ten launcieris on horseback of his friends and followers, and beand willing to game with us into England, when all our nobles and others refused, he was ready to stake at all our bidding; for the quhilk cause, it is our will, and we doe straitly command and charge our lioun heraldic and his deputys for the time beand, to give and to grant to the said John Scott, one Border of fleure de lises about his coatte of armes, sik as is on our royal banner, and nonsa ane bundell of lances above his helmet, with thir words, Ready, aye Ready, that he and all his aftercomers may brukk the same as a pledge and takenn of our gud will and kyndnes for his true worthines; and thir our letters seen, ye nae waes failitie to doe. Given at Fenll Muire, under our hand and privy cashet, the xxvi day of July, mccc and xxvu zeires. By the King’s graces speciall ordnance.

“JO. ARSEINE.”

On the back of the charter is written,


Note 3 D.

An aird Knight, to danger steel’d,
With many moss-trooper came on;
And azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murdiesdon. — P. 28.

The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the Laird of Bucleuch, who flourished before the estate of Murgiesdon was acquired by the marriage of one of those chieftains with the heiress, in 1296. Hence they bear the cognizance of the Scotts upon the field; whereas those of the Bucleuch are disposed upon a bend dexter, assumed in commemoration of their marriage. See Gladstane of Whitchelmie’s MSS., and Scott of Stakie’s Pedigree, Newcastle, 1783.

Walter Scott of Harden, who flourished during the reign of Queen Mary, was a renowned Border freebooter, concerning whom tradition has preserved a variety of anecdotes, some of which have been published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border; others in Levien’s Scenes in Infancy; and others, more lately, in The Mountain Bard, a collection of Border ballads by Mr. James Hogg. The bugle-horn, said to have been used by this formidable leader, is preserved by his descendant, the present Mr. Scott of Harden. His castle was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Borthwick. In the recess of this glen he is said to have kept his sheep, which served for the maintenance of his retainers, until the production of a pair of clean spurs, in a covered dish, announced to the hungry hand that they must ride for a supply of provisions. He was married to Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and called in song the flower of Yarrow. He possessed a very extensive estate, which was divided among his five sons. There are nu-
merous descendants of this old marring Baron. The following beautiful passage of Leyden's *Scenes of Infancy* is founded on a tradition respecting an infant captive, whom Walter of Harden carried off in a predatory incursion, and who is said to have become the author of some of our most beautiful pastoral songs:

"Where Botha howv, that leads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Tveton's western strand,
Through daisy hills, whose sides are shag'd with thoro,
Where blazes death, on every corn, the towers wood-girt Harden, far above the vale,
And clouds of varen o'er the turrets sail.
And let us think of Harden, the swift, the proud,
The Scott, to rival realms a mighty bar.
Here have his mountain home:—a wide domain,
And rich the soil, that purple earth been grain;
But what the rugged ground of wealth denied,
From fields more blest his fearless arm supplied.

The waving harvest-moon shone cold and bright;
The wander's horn was heard at dead of night;
And as the maesy portals wide were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.
Where lat a half-red'd, leaves from her lotted ball,
Where red the waving gleams of torchlight fall!
'Tis Yarrow's fairest flower, who, through the gloom,
Looks, wistful, for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the piles of spoil, that strew'd the ground,
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.

"Scared at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;
While beauteous Mary soothed, in accents mild,
His fluttering soul, and cloth'd her foster-child.
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Nor loved the scars that seared his infant view;
In the plaids, plumes, and hoops, he was drawn,
He shou'd the fearful shuddering joy of war;
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string."

"His are the strains, whose wandering echoes thrill
The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill,
When evening brings the merry folding hour,
And several daisies close their winking flowers.
He lived o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
To stove the holy leaves o'er Harden's bier;
But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom;
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, and left his own laying."

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**Note 3 E.**

*Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band.* — P. 28.

In this and the following stanzas, some account is given of the mode in which the property in the valley of Esk was transferred from the Beattisons, its ancient possessors, to the name of Scott. It is needless to repeat the circumstances, which are given in the poem literally as they have been preserved by tradition. Lord Maxwell, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, took upon himself the title of Earl of Morton. The descendants of Beattison of Woodkerrick, who aided the Earl to escape from his disobedient vassals, continued to hold these lands within the memory of man, and were the only Beattisons who had property in the day. The old name give locality to the story, by showing the Galliard's Haugh, the place where Buccleuch's men were concealed, &c.

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**Note 3 F.**

*Their gathering word was Bellenden.* — P. 29.

Bellenden is situated near the head of Borthwick water, and being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word. — *Survey of Selkirkshire, in Maclaran's MSS., Advocates' Library* Hence Satchells calls one part of his genealogical account of the families of that clan, his Bellenden.

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**Note 3 G.**

*The camp their home, their low the sword.*

They knew no country, own'd no lord. — P. 29.

The mercenary adventurers whom, in 1389, the Earl of Cambridge carried to the assistance of the King of Portugal against the Spaniards, mutinied for want of regular pay. At an assembly of their leaders, Sir John Soltier, a natural son of Edward the Black Prince, thus addressed them: "I counsayle, let us be alle of one alliance, and of one accord; and let us among ourselves revise up the banner of St. George, and let us be frendes to God, and enemys to alle the world; for without we make ourselve to be feared, we gete nothyng.'

"By my faith,' quod Sir William Helmon, 'ye saye right well, and so let us do.' They all agreed with one voyce, and so regarded among them who should be their capitayne. Then they advysed in the case how they coul nat have a better capitayne than Sir John Soltier. For they sulde than have good leyser to do yevl, and they thought he was more metal yer thatre than any other. Then they raised up the penon of St. George, and cried, 'A Soltier! A Soltier! the valiant bastard! freules to God, and enemies to all the worlde!'

"— Froissart, vol. i. ch. 393.

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**Note 3 H.**

*That he may suffer march-treason pain.* — P. 30.

Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march-treason. Among others, was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country during the time of truce. Thus in an indenture made at the water of Eske, beside Selcom, on the 29th day of March, 1384, betwixt noble lords and mighty, Sirs Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, a truce is agreed upon until the 1st day of July; and it is expressly accorded, "Gif oun stells autlit on the ta part, or on the tothlit, that lie shall be hanger or heofildit; and gif oun company stells any yudes within the truex beforesave, one of that company sall be hanger or heofildit, and the remnant sall restore the gudys stolen in the duble." — *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, introd.* p. xxxix.
NOTE 3 J.

Delaraine
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain.—P. 30.

In dubius cases, the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath. The form of exacting it, or indictment, by border-oath, ran thus: “You shall swear by heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of Paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself, you are what out sackless of art, part, way, witting, ridd, kennng, having, or recetting of any of the goods and cattle named in this bill. So help you God.”—*History of Cumberland*, Introd. p. xxv.

NOTE 3 K.

Knighthood he took of Douglas’ sword.—P. 30.

The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honour of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights bannerets after or before an engagement. Even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Essex highly offended his jealous sovereign by the indiscriminate exertion of this privilege. Among others, he knighted the witty Sir John Harrington, whose favour at court was by no means enhanced by his new honours. —See the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, edited by Mr. Park. But probably the latest instance of knighthood, conferred by a subject, was in the case of Thomas Ker, knighted by the Earl of Hunsly, after the defeat of the Earl of Argyile in the battle of Belrines. The fact is attested, both by a poetical and prose account of the engagement, contained in an ancient MS. in the Advocates' Library, and edited by Mr. Dalryell, in *Godly Songs and Battles*, Edin. 1592.

NOTE 3 L.

When English blood swell’d Ancram’s ford.—P. 30.

The battle of Ancram Moor, or Penielheuch was fought A. D. 1545. The English, commanded by Sir Ralph Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, were totally routed, and both their leaders slain in the action. The Scottish army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the Laird of Bucceleuch and Norman Lesley.

NOTE 3 M.

For who, in field or foray stack,
Saw the blanche lion e’er fall back?—P. 31.

This was the cognizance of the noble house of Howard in all its branches. The crest, or bearing, of a warrior, was often used as a nomme de guerre. Thus Richard III. acquired his well-known epithet, *The Boar of York*. In the violent satire on Cardinal Wolsey, written by Roy, commonly, but erroneously, imputed to Dr. Bull, the Duke of Buckingham is called the *Beautiful Swan*, and the Duke of Norfolk, or Earl of Surrey, the *White Lion*. As the book is extremely rare, and the whole passage relates to the emblematical interpretation of heraldry, it shall be here given at length.

*The Description of the Armies.*

“Of the proud Cardinal this is the shield,
Borne up between two angels of Battan;[

The six bloody axes in a rose feld,
Sheweth the cruelty of the red man,
Which hath devour’d the Beautiful Swan,
Martial enemy unto the Whyte Lion,
Carter of Yorkes, the wavy butcher’s sonne,

The six bulles bredes in a feld blacke,
Betokkewth his startye fortesness,

Wherefore, the sodie lyght to put abache,
He bringeth in his dryvish darknesse:

The banding in the middle doth express
The maistiff erre bred in Ypwich towne,
Gaunwyere with his teh a kings crowne,

The glosebe signdeth playne his tiranny,
Covered over with a Cardinal’s hat,

Wherein shall be fulfilled the propheczy,
Aryse you up, Jacke, and let your lyghtes swyne.
For the tymre is come of rage and wallat,
The temporall cheryaly thus throwe downe,

Wherefor, prest, takke hede, and beware thy crowne.”

There were two copies of this very scarce satire in the library of the late John, Duke of Roxburgh. See an account of it also in Sir Egerton Brydges’ curious miscellany, the *Censura Literaria*.

NOTE 3 N.

Let Musgrave meet fierce Delaraine
In single fight.—P. 31.

It may easily be supposed, that trial by single combat, so peculiar to the feudal system, was common on the Borders. In 1558, the well-known Kirkaldy of Grange fought a duel with Ralph Evre, brother to the then Lord Evre, in consequence of a dispute about a prisoner said to have been ill treated by the Lord Evre. Pitcscott gives the following account of the affair:—“The Lord of Ivers his brother provoked William Kirkaldy of Grange to fight with him, in singular combat, on horseback, with spears; who, keeping the appointment, accompanied with Monsieur d’Ossel, lieutenant to the French King, and the garrison of Haymouth, and Mr. Ivers, accompanied with the governor and garrison of Berwick, it was discharged, under the pain of treason, that any man should come near the champions within a flight-shot, except one man for either of them, to bear their spears, two trumpets, and two lords to be judges. When they were in readiness, the trumpets sounded, the heralds cried, and the judges, let them go. They then encountered very fiercely; but Grange struck his spear through his adversary’s shoulder, and hale him off his horse, being sore wounded: But whether he died, or not, it is uncertain.”—P. 32.

The following indenture will show at how late a period the trial by combat was resorted
to on the Border, as a proof of guilt or innocence:

"It is agreed between Thomas Musgrave and Lancelot Carleton, for the true trial of such controversies as are betwixt them, to have it openly tried by way of combat, before God and the face of the world, to try it in Canonbyholme, before England and Scotland, upon Thursday in Easter-week, being the eighth day of April next ensuing, A.D. 1602, betwixt nine of the clock, and one of the same day, to fight on foot, to be armed with jack, steel cap, plaited sleeves, plaited breeches, plaited stockings, and buckled doublet to be one yard and half a quarter in length, two Scotch daggers, or dorks, at their girdles, and either of them to provide armour and weapons for themselves, according to this indenture. Two gentlemen to be appointed, on the field, to view both the parties, to see that they both be equal in arms and weapons, according to this indenture; and being so viewed by the gentlemen, the gentlemen to ride to the rest of the company, and to leave them but two boys, viewed by the gentlemen, to be under sixteen years of age, to hold their horses. In testimony of this our agreement, we have both set our hands to this indenture, of intent all matters shall be made so plain, as there shall be no question to stick upon that day. Which indenture, as a witness, shall be delivered to two gentlemen. And for that it is convenient the world should be privy to every particular of the grounds of the quarrel, we have agreed to set it down in this indenture betwixt us, that, knowing the quarrel, their eyes may be witness of the trial.

THE GROUNDS OF THE QUARREL.

"1. Lancelot Carleton did charge Thomas Musgrave before the Lords of her Majesty's Privy Council, that Lancelot Carleton was told by a gentleman, one of her Majesty's sworn servants, that Thomas Musgrave had offered to deliver her Majesty's Castle of Bewcastle to the King of Scots; and to witness the same, Lancelot Carleton had a letter under the gentleman's own hand for his discharge.

"2. He chargeeth him, that whereas her Majesty doth yearly bestow a great fee upon him, as captain of Bewcastle, to aid and defend her Majesty's subjects therein: Thomas Musgrave hath neglected his duty, for that her Majesty's Castle of Bewcastle was by him made a den of thieves, and an harbour and receipt for murderers, felons, and all sorts of misdemeanours. The precedent was Quinlin Whitehead and Runion Blackburne.

"3. He chargeith him, that his office of Bewcastle is open for the Scotch to ride in and through, and small resistance made by him to the country.

"Thomas Musgrave doth deny all this charge; and saith that he will prove that Lancelot Carleton doth falsely bely him, and will prove the same by way of combat, according to this indenture. Lancelot Carleton hath entertained the challenge; and so, by God's permission, will prove it true as before, and hath set his hand to the same.

(Signed)  

"THOMAS MUSGRAVE.

"LANCELOT CARLETON."

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Note 3 O.

He, the jovial harper. — P. 31.

The person here alluded to, is one of our ancient Border minstrels, called Rattling Roaring Willie. This sobriquet was probably derived from his bullying disposition; heing, it would seem, such a roaring boy, as is frequently mentioned in old plays. While drinking at Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, Willie chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished in the orchestra of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule Water so called. They retired to a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air, called "Rattling Roaring Willie." Rattling, which name rests on traditional lore, published a few verses of this song in the Tea-Table Miscellany, carefully suppressing all which had any connexion with the history of the author and origin of the piece. In this case, however, honest Allan is in some degree justified, by the extreme worthlessness of the poetry. A verse or two may be taken, as illustrative of the history of Roaring Willie, alluded to in the text:

"Now Willie's gone to Jeddart,  
And he's for the red kirt o' his  
But Stobs and young Felonash  
They followed him a' the way;  
They followed him a' the way,  
They sought him up and down,  
In the Hills of Ousewater  
They found him sleeping sound.

"Stobs light off his horse,  
And ower a word he spak,  
Till he tied Willie's kirt;  
Fu' fast behind his back;  
Fu' fast behind his back,  
And down beneath his knee,  
And drink will be dear to Willie,  
When sweet milk gare him die.

"Ah wae light on yae, Stobs!  
An ill death met ye die;  
Yer the first and foremost man  
That ever laid hands on me;  
That ever laid hands on me,  
And took my name from me.  
Woo to yee, Sir Gilbert Elliot!  
Ye are my mortal foe.

"The lasseis of Ousewater  
Are rugging and riving their hair,  
And a' for the sake of Willie;  
His beauty was so fair;  
His beauty was so fair,  
And comely for to see,  
And drink will be dear to Willie,  
When sweet milk gare him die."

Note 3 P.

He knew each ordinance and clause  
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,  
In the Old Douglas' day. — P. 31.

The title to the most ancient collection of Border regulations runs thus: — "Be it re-

1 The day of the Food-fair of Jeddart.
2 Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, and Scott of Felonash.
3 A wretched pun on his antagonist's name.
The slogan, or war cry, of this powerful family, was, "A Home! A Home!" It was anciently placed in an escutcheon above the crest. The helmet is adorned with a lion's head erased gules, with a cap of state gules, turned up ermine.

The Hepburns, a powerful family in East Lothian, were usually in close alliance with the Homes. The crest of this clan is: Hepburn, Lord of Hailes; a family which terminated in the too famous Earl of Bothwell.

**NOTE 3 T.**

And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
Pursued the foot-ball play. — P. 33.

The foot-ball was anciently a very favourite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carnmichael, Warden of the Middle Marches, was killed in 1300 by a band of the Armstrongs, returning from a foot-ball match. Sir Robert Carey, in his Memoirs, mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Scotch riders to be held at Kielder for the purpose of playing at foot-ball, but which terminated in an invasion upon England. At present, the foot-ball is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggle.

**NOTE 3 U.**

"Twist truce and war, such sudden change Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border day. — P. 33.

Notwithstanding the constant wars upon the Borders, and the occasional cruelties which marked the mutual inroads, the inhabitants on either side did not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity which might have been expected. On the contrary, the outposts of hostile armies, they often carried on something resembling friendly intercourse, even in the middle of hostilities; and it is evident, from various ordinances against trade and intermarriages, between English and Scottish Borderers, that the governments of both countries were jealous of their cherishing too intimate a connexion. Froissart says of both nations, that "Englishmen on the one party, and Scots on the other, are good men of war; for when they meet, there is a hard fight without sparryng. There is no hoo [truce] between them, as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers will endure, but lay on ech other utter; and when they are well beaten, and that the one party hath obtained the victory, they then glorify so in theyre dedes of armes, and are so joyfull, that such as be taken they shall be rasoned, or that they go out of the felde; so that shortly ech of them is so content with other, that, at their departynge, curtsyly they will say, God thank you."—Berners' Froissart, vol. ii. p. 153.

The Border meetings of truce, which, although places of merchandise and merriment, often witnessed the most bloody scenes, may serve
to illustrate the description in the text. They are vividly portrayed in the old ballad of the Reidsquar. (See Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 15.) Both parties came arrayed to a meeting of the warlike, yet they intermingled fearlessly and peaceably with other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse, until a casual fray arose:

"Then was there sought not bow and spear,  
And every man pulled out a brand."  

In the 29th stanza of this canto, there is an attempt to express some of the mixed feelings with which the Borderers on each side were led to regard their neighbours.

NOTE 3 V.  

on the darkening plain,  
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,  
As bands, their stragglers to regain,  
Give the shrill watchword of their clan.—P. 33

Patten remarks, with bitter censure, the disorderly conduct of the English Borderers, who attended the Protector Somerset on his expedition against Scotland. "As we wear then a setting, and the tents a setting up, among all things else commendable in our hole journey, one thing seemed to me an intolerable disorder and abuse; that whereas both, in all tumults of war, and in all camps of armies, quietness and stillness, without noise, is, principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed, (I need not reason why,) our northern prickers, the Borderers, notwithstanding, with great enormity, (as thought me,) and not unlike (to be played) unto a masteries hounde howling in a hue way when he hath lost him he waited upon, sum hoopyngue, sum whistlyng, and most with crying, A Berwyke, a Berwyke | A Fenwyke, a Fenwyke | A Balmer, a Balmer | or so otherwise as theyr captains names wear, never linde these troublous and dangerous noisyes all the nyghte longe. They said, they did it to find their captain and fellows; but if the soddlers of our other countrys and shores had used the same manner, in that case we should have oft times had the state of our campe more like the outrage of a disolute huyting, than the quiet of a well ordered armye. It is a feat of war, in mine opinion, that might right well be left. I could reherses causes (but yf I take it, they are better unspoken than uttered, unless the faut were sure to be amended) that might shew thei more preual to our arme, but in their one nyghte's so dornyng, than they shew good service (as some say) in a hoole voyage."—Apud Dalziell's Fragments, p. 75.

NOTE 3 W.  

To see how thou the chase couldst still,  
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,  
And with the bugle rouse the fray. — P. 36

The pursuit of Border marauders was followed by the injured party and his friends with blood-hounds and bugle-horn, and was called the hot-trod. He was entitled, if his dog could trace the scent, to follow the invaders into the opposite kingdom; a privilege which often occasioned bloodshed. In addition to what has been said of the blood-hound, I may add, that the breed was kept up by the Buccleuch family on their Border estates till within the 18th century. A person was alive in the memory of man, who remembered a blood-hound kept at Eldinhope, in Ettrick Forest, for whose maintenance the tenant had an allowance of meat. At that time the sheep were always watched at night. Upon one occasion, when the dog had fallen on the narrator, then a lad, he became exhausted with fatigue, and fell asleep upon a bank, near sun-rising. Suddenly he was awakened by the tread of horses, and saw five men, well mounted and armed, ride briskly over the edge of the hill. They stopped and looked at the flock; but the day was too far broken to admit the chance of their carrying any of them off. One of them, in spite, leaped from his horse, and coming to the shepherd, seized him by the belt he wore round his waist; and, setting his foot upon his body, pulled it till it broke, and carried it away with him. They rode off at the gallop; and, the shepherd giving the alarm, the blood-hound was turned loose, and the people in the neighbourhood alarmed. The marauders, however, escaped, notwithstanding a sharp pursuit. This circumstance serves to show how very long the license of the Borderers continued in some degree to manifest itself.

NOTE 3 X.  

She wrought not by forbidden spell.—P. 37

Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the Church, made a favourable distinction between magicians and necromancers, or wizards; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with these enemies of mankind. The arts of subjecting the demons were manifold; sometimes the fiends were actually swindled by the magicians, as in the case of the bargain betwixt one of their number and the poet Virgil. The classical reader will doubtless be curious to peruse this anecdote:

"Virgilius was at scale at Tolenton, where he studied dyligently, for he was of great understandyng. Upon a tyrne, the scoler had lycense to go to play and sprote them in the fyldes, after the usance of the old tyrne. And there was also Virgilius therbye, also walkeynge among the hyllis alle about. It fortuned he spayed a grete hole in the styre of a grete hole, wherein he went so deep, that he could not see no more lyght; and than he went a lyttel farther therein, and than he saw some light egaynye, and than he went fourth stryghte, and within a lyttel wyle after he harde a voys that called 'Virgilius! Virgilius!' and looked aboute, and he culde nat see no body. Than sayd he, (i. e. the voys.) 'Virgilius, see ye not the lyttel borde lying besyde you there marked with this word?' Than answered Virgilius, 'I see that borde well enough.' The voys said, 'Doo away t hat borde, and lette me out there atte.' Than answered Virgilius to the voys that was under the lyttel borde, and sayd, 'Who art thou that
callest me so?" Than answered the devill,  
"I am a devill conjured out of the bodye of a  
certeyne man, and hanystshed here till the day  
of judgment, without that I be delievered by  
the handes of men. Thus, Virgilius, I pray  
you deliver me out of this town, and I shall  
shewe unto the many bokes of negromancye  
and how thou shalt come by it lyghtly, and  
know the practyse therein, that no man in the  
science of negromancye shalle passe the.  
And moreover, I shall shewe and enforce the so,  
thou shalt have alle thy desyre, whereby  
methinke it is a great gyfte for so lyttly a  
doyng. For ye may also thus all your power  
frendys helpe, and make ryche your enemies.  
Thorough that great promyse was Virgilius  
tempted; he badde the fynde show the bokes  
to hym, that he might have and occupye them  
at his wyll; and so the fynde shewed him.  
And than Virgilius pulled open a borde, and  
there was a lyttel hole, and thererat wrang  
the devyll out lyke a yell, and cam and stode  
before Virgilius like a bygge man; whereof  
Virgilius was astonied and marveyled greatly therefore,  
that the devyll was holde, but the devyll a  
lyttle hole. Than sayd Virgilius, 'Shulde  
ye well passe into the hole that ye cam out  
of?' -'Yea, I shall well,' said the devyl. -'I  
holde the best plesee that I have, that ye  
shonld not do it.' -'Well, sayd the devyll,  
'thereto I consent.' And than the devyll wrang  
hanse into the lyttle hole agene; and as he was  
therem, Virgilius kyvered the hole ageyne with  
the borde close, and so was the devyll bygled,  
and myght nat there come out agen, but  
abydeth shylte styll therein. Than called the  
devyll dredufully to Virgilius, and said,  'What  
have ye done. Virgilius?' -Virgilius answered,  'Abye there styll to your day appoynte,  
and fro thens forth abydeth he there. And so  
Virgilius became very cunnyngge in the practyse  
of the black science.'  

This story may remind the reader of the  
American Legend, The Fisherman and the imagi-  
nated Genie; and it is more than probable,  
that many of the marvels narrated in the life  
of Virgil, are of Oriental extraction. Among  
such I am disposed to reckon the following  
whimsical account of the foundation of Naples,  
containing a curious topic concerning the  
origin of the earthquakes with which it is  
afflicted. Virgil, who was a person of gal-  
lantry, had, it seems, carried off the daughter  
of a certain Soldan, and was anxious to secure  
his prize.  

"Then he thought in his mynde how he  
myghte marye hyr, and thought in his mynde  
to founde in the middes of the see a fayer  
towne, with grete landes belonynge to it;  
and so he did by his cunninge, and called it  
Napells. And the fundacyon of it was of egges,  
and in that towne of Napells he made a tower  
with iii corners, and in the toppe he set an  
egg, and myght an egge yrde, and no man calde  
pull away that apell without he brace it; and  
throwe that yren set he a bolte, and in that  
bolte set he a egge. And he henge the apell  
by the stauke upon a cheyne, and so hangeth  
it still. And when the egge styrreth, so shulde  
the towne of Napells quake; and when the  
egg brace, then shulde the towne sinke.  

When he had made an ende, he lette call it  
Napells." This appears to have been an article  
of current belief during the middle ages, as  
appears from the statutes of the order De  
Saint Esprit au droit destr, instituted in 1532.  
A chapter of the knights is appointed to be  
held annually at the Castle of the Enchanted  
Egg, near the grotto of Virgil. — Montaueon,  
vol. ii. p. 329.  

**NOTE 3 Y.**

A merlin sat upon her wrist,  
*Helid by a leesh of silken twist.* — P. 37.

A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was actually  
carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was,  
in time of peace, the constant companion  
of a knight or baron. See Latham on *Fowling*—  
Godsecrey relates, that when Mary of Lorraine  
was regent, she pressed the Earl of Angus to  
admit a royal garrison into his Castle of  
Tantallon. To this he returned no direct answer;  
but, as if apostrophizing a goss-hawk, which  
sat on his wrist, and which he was feeding  
during the Queen's speech, he exclaimed,  
"The devil's in this greedy glide, she will  
never be full." — Hume's *History of the House  
claims of the common and indecent practice  
of bringing hawks and hounds into churches.

**NOTE 3 Z.**

And princely peacock's gilded train,  
*And o'er the boar-head garnished brave.* — P. 37.

The peacock, it is well known, was consid-  
ered, during the times of chivalry, not merely  
as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of pecu-  
liar solemnity. After being roasted, it was  
again decorated with its plumage, and a sponge  
dipped in lighted spirits of wine, was placed  
in its bill. When it was introduced on days  
of grand festival, it was the signal for the ad-  
venturous knight to take upon them vows to  
do some deed of chivalry, "before the peacock  
and the ladies."  

The boar's head was also a usual dish of  
feudal splendour. In Scotland it was some-  
times surrounded with little banners, display-  
ing the colours and achievements of the baron  
at whose board it was served. — Pinkerton's  
*History*, vol. i. p. 432.

**NOTE 4 A.**

*Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Huntsill.* — P. 38.

The Rutherford's of Huntsill were an ancient  
race of Border Lairds, whose names occur in  
history, sometimes as defending the frontier  
against the English, sometimes as disturbing  
the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-  
the-sword was son to the ancient warrior,  
called in tradition the Cock of Huntsill,  
remarkable for leading into battle nine sons,  
gallant warriors, all sons of the aged champi-  
on. Mr. Rutherford, late of New York, in a letter  
to the editor, soon after these songs were first  
published, quoted, when upwards of eighty  
years old, a ballad apparently the same with  
the Raids of the Redstare, but which appa-  
rently is lost, except the following lines :—
"Bold Rutherford he was full stout,
With all his nine sons about,
He brought the haddie of Jedburgh out,
And baithly fought that day."

Note 4 B.
- bit his glove. — P. 38.

To bite the thumb, or the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakespeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, in the course of a hard drinking-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion, with whom he had quarrelled! And, learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting, that though he remembered nothing of the dispute, he was sure he never would have hit his glove unless he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1721.

Note 4 C.
Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cluch the buck was taken. — P. 38.

A tradition preserved by Scott of Satchells, who published, in 1833, A true History of the Right Honourable name of Scott, gives the following romantic origin of that name. Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country for a riot or insurrection, came to Rannkibur, in Ettrick Forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydoue, received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth MacAlpin, then King of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pursued a buck from Ettrick-heugh to the glen now called Buccelech, about two miles above the junction of Rannkibur with the river Ettrick. Here the stag stood at bay; and the King and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the cluse on foot; and, now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burden about a mile up the steep hill, to a place called Cracru-Cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet.1

1 Frazer relates, that a knight of the household of the Comte de Foix exhibited a similar feat of strength. The half-fare had waxed low, and wood was wanted to feed it. The knight went down to the court-yard, where stood an ass laden with faggots, seized on the animal and burden, and, carrying him up to the half on his shoulders, tumbled him into the chiminy with his head uppermost: a humane piousantry, much applauded by the Comte and all the spectators.

2 "Missions of the moon," as Falstaff would have said. The vocation pursued by our ancient Borderers may be justified on the authority of the most polished of the ancient nations. The name of the Teviotdale, and such borders as in the continent lived near unto the sea, or else inhabited the islands, after once they began to cross over one to another in ships, became theirs, and were abroad under the conduct of their more populous men, both to rich themselves, and to fetch in maintenance for the week: and falling upon towns unfortified, or wantonly inhabited, rifled them, and made this the best means of their living: being a matter at that time so far in disgrace, but rather carrying with it something of glory. This is manifest by some that dwell upon the continent, amongst whom, as it be performed nobly, it is still esteemed as an ornament. The same is also proved by some of the ancient poets, who introduced men questioning of such as hold, on all coast alike, whether they be thieves or not; as a thing rather covered by such as were asked, nor upbraided by those that were desirous to know. They also robbed one another, within the main land; and much of Greece as well as that old name, the Etrurians, the Albanians, and those of the continent in that quarter, unto this day. Moreover, the fashion of wearing iron remained yet with the people of that continent, from their old trade of dealing the "Robes Thursday," p. 4. Lond.
on both sides,) 'They were all stark moustroopers, and arrant thieves; Both to England and Scotland outlawed; yet sometimes con
vived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise a host at any
time upon a raid of the English into Scotland.
A saying is recorded of a mother to her son,
(Ride, Rowley, thou'st t' pot: that is, the last piece of
beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high
time for him to go and fetch more.'—Intro
duction to the History of Cumberland.
The residence of the Greaves being chiefly
in the Debateable Land, so called because it
was claimed by both kingdoms, their depreda
tions extended both to England and Scotland,
with impunity; far as both wardens accounted
them the proper subjects of their own prince,
neither inclined to demand reparation for their
excesses from the opposite officers, which
would have been an acknowledgment of his
jurisdiction over them—See a long corre
spondence on this subject betwixt Lord Dacre and the
English Privy Council in an Introduction to
History of Cumberland. The Debateable Land
was finally divided betwixt England and Scot
land, by commissioners appointed by both na
tions.1

**NOTE 4 E.**

_The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall._—P. 38.

This burden is adopted, with some alteration,
from an old Scottish song, beginning thus:—

_She braid'd her back against a thorn,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';
And on her head she has her baby born,
And the lyon shall be lord of it._

**NOTE 4 F.**

_Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?_—P. 38.

The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard,
Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most
accomplished cavalier of his time: and his
sonnets display beauties which would do
honour to a more polished age. He was beheaded
on Tower-hill in 1546; a victim to the mean
jealousy of Henry VIII., who could not bear
so brilliant a character near his throne.
The song of the supposed bard is founded on
an incident said to have happened to the Earl
in his travels Cornelius Agrippa, the cele
brated alchemist, showed him, in a looking
glass, the lovely princess of Mopsina, service
he had devoted his pen and his sword. The
vision represented her as indisposed, and re
clining upon a couch, reading her lover's verses
by the light of a waxen taper.

1 See various notes in the Minstrelsy.

2 The tomb of Sir William St. Clair, on which he appears
sculptured in armour, with a greyhound at his feet, is still
to be seen in Roslin chapel. The person who shows it
always tells the story of his hunting-match, with some
addition, in Mr. Hay'saccount, as that the Knight of
Roslin's fright made him poetical, and that, in the last
emergency, he shouted,

**NOTE 4 G.**

_The storm-swept Orcades;
Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway,
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay._—P. 39.

The St. Clairs are of Norman extraction,
being descended from William de St. Clair,
second son of Walderne Compte de St. Clair,
and Margaret, daughter to Richard Duke of Normandy. He was called, for his fair de
portment, the Seemly St. Clair; and, settling in
Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Can-
ness, obtained large grants of land in Mid
Lothian;—These domains were increased by
the liberality of succeeding monarchs to the
descendants of the family, and comprehended
the baronies of Rosline, Pentland, Cowsland,
Cardaine, and several others. It is said a large
addition was obtained from Robert Bruce,
the following occasion:—The King, in follow
ing the chase upon Pentland-hills, had often
started a "while white deer," which had
always escaped from his hounds; and he asked
the nobles, who were assembled around him,
whether any of them had does, which they
thought might be more successful. No courtier
would affirm that his hounds were fleeter than
those of the king, until Sir William St. Clair of
Rosline unceremoniously said, he would wager
his head that his two favourite dogs, _Help_ and
_Hold_, would kill the deer before she could
escape the March-burn. The King instantly
called at his unwary offer, and betted the forest
of Pentland-moor against the life of Sir
William St. Clair. All the hounds were tied
up, except a few ratchets, or slow-hounds, to
put up the deer; while Sir William St. Clair,
posing himself in the best situation for slip
ning his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ, the
blessed Virgin, and St. Katherine. The deer
was shortly after roused, and the hounds
slipped; Sir William following on a gallant
steed, to cheer his does. The hind, however
reached the middle of the brook; upon which
the hunter threw himself from his horse in
despair. At this critical moment, however,
_Hold_ stopped her in the brook; and _Help,
coming up, turned her back, and killed her
on Sir William's side. The King descended
from the hill, and said, "Sir William, give me
the hounds and the does, and I will bestow
on him the lands of Kirkton, Logan-house,
Earncraig, &c., in free forezeste._ Sir William,
in acknowledgment of St. Katherine's inter
cession, built the chapel of St. Katherine in
the Hopes, the churchyard of which is still to
be seen. The hill, from which Robert Bruce
beheld this memorable chase, is still called the
King's Hill ; and the place where Sir William
hunted, is called the Knight's Field. By
_M.S. History of the Family of St. Clair_, by Richard
Augustin Hay, Canon of St Genwice.

This adventurous huntsman married Eliza
beth, daughter of Malice Spar, Earl of Orkney
and Strathmer, in whose right their son Henry

_Help, Hold, an ye may,
Or Robert will lose his head this day._

If this couplet does him no great honour as a poet, the
consequence of his chivalry is obvious. In his book, he
describes the hound as "_St. Clairs_," from its being a
hunting-hound; the name given to him is "_St. Clair_," from
he set his foot on the dog, says the narrator, and killed him
on the spot, saying, he would never again put his neck in
such a risk. As Mr. Hay does not mention this interme
sion, I hope it is only founded on the conscious posture of
the hound on the monument.
was, in 1379, created Earl of Orkney, by Haco, king of Norway. His title was recognized by the Kings of Scotland, and remained with his successors until it was annexed to the crown, in 1471, by act of Parliament. In exchange for the castle and domain of Ravenscraig, or Ravensheugh, on William Sinclair, Earl of Caithness.

NOTE 4 H.

Still nodes their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall.—P. 39.

The Castle of Kirkwall was built by the St. Clairs, while Earls of Orkney. It was dismantled by the Earl of Caithness about 1615, having been garnished against the government by Robert Stewart, natural son to the Earl of Orkney.

Its ruins afforded a sad subject of contemplation to John, Master of St. Clair, who, flying from his native country, on account of his share in the insurrection of 1715, made some stay at Kirkwall.

I had occasion to entertain myself at Kirkwall with the melancholy prospect of the ruins of an old castle, the seat of the old Earls of Orkney, my ancestors; and of a more melancholy reflection, of so great and noble an estate as the Orkney and Shetland Isles being taken from one of them by James the Third, for faultie, after his brother Alexander, Duke of Albany, had married a daughter of my family, and for protecting and defending the said Alexander against the King, who wished to kill him, as he had done his youngest brother, the Earl of Mar; and for which, after the far-faultie, he gratefully divorced my forfatted ancestor’s sister; though I cannot persuade myself that he had any misalliance to plead against a family in whose veins the blood of Robert Bruce ran as fresh as in his own; for their title to the crown was by a daughter of David Bruce, son to Robert; and our alliance was by marrying a grandchild of the same Robert Bruce, and daughter to the sister of the Earl of the family of the Douglas, which at that time did not much subdue the blood, more than my ancestor’s having not long before had the honour of marrying a daughter of the King of Denmark’s, who was named Florentine, and has left in the town of Kirkwall a noble monument of the grandeur of the times, the finest church ever I saw entire in Scotland. I then had no small reason to pity my sad countrymen, not inconsiderable services rendered since to the royal family, for these many years by one; on all occasions, when they stood most in need of friends, which they have thought themselves very often obliged to acknowledge by letters yet extant, and in a style more like friends than sovereigns; our attachment to them, without any other thanks, having brought upon us considerable losses, and among others, that of our all in Cromwell’s time; and left in that condition without the least relief except what we found in our own virtue. My father was the only man of the Scots nation who had courage enough to protest in Parliament against King William’s title to the throne, which was lost, God knows how; and this at a time when the losses in the cause of the royal family, and their usual gratitude, had scarce left him bread to maintain a numerous family of eleven children, who had soon after sprung up on him, in spite of all which, he had honourably persisted in his principle. I say, these things considered, and after being treated as I was, and in that unlucky state, when objects appear to men in their true light, as at the hour of death, could I be blamed for making some bitter reflections to myself, and laughing at the extravagance and unaccountable human vanity, and the singularity of my own case, (an exile for the cause of the Stuart family,) when I ought to have known that the greatest crime I, or my family, could have committed, was persevering, to my own destruction, in serving the royal family faithfully, though obstinately, after so great a share of depression, and after they had been pleased to doom me and my family to starve.—MS. Memoirs of John, Master of St. Clair.

NOTE 4 I.

Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous cur’d,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world.—P. 39.

The jormungand, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Eddas. It was very nearly caught by the god, Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull’s head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the Ragnarocks, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

NOTE 4 K.

Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell.—P. 39.

These were the Vélarines or Selectors of the Slain, despatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to distribute the contest. They were well known to the English reader as Grey’s Fatal Sisters.

NOTE 4 L.

Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom,
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
Ransack’d the graves of warriors old,
Their solace, wrench’d from corpse’se hold.—P. 40.

The northern warriors were usually entombed with their arms, and their other treasures. Thus, Angantyr, before commencing the duel in which he was slain, stipulated, that if he fell, his sword Tyring should be buried with him. His daughter, Hervor, afterwards took it from his tomb. The dialogue which passed betwixt her and Angantyr’s spirit on this occasion has been often translated. The whole history may be found in the Hervar-Saga. Indeed, the ghosts of the northern warriors were not wont tamely to suffer their tombs to be plundered; and hence
the mortal heroes had an additional temptation to attempt such adventures; for they held nothing more worthy of their valour than to encounter supernatural beings. — Bartholomew De causis contemptu a Dannis mortis, lib. i. cap. 2, 9, 10, 13.

NOTE 4 M.

Castle Ravenheuch. — P. 40.

A large and strong castle, now ruined, situated between Kirkaldy and Dysart, on a steep crag, washed by the Frith of Firth. It was conferred on Sir William St. Clair as a slight compensation for the enfranchisement of Orkney, by a charter of King James III. dated in 1471, and is now the property of Sir James St. Clair Erskine, (now Earl of Rosslyn,) representative of the family. It was long a principal residence of the Barons of Roslin.

NOTE 4 N.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacrity and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.—P. 40.

The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1446, by William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Oldenburg, Earl of Caithness and Strathern, Lord St. Clair, Lord Niddesdale, Lord Admiral of the Scottish Seas, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland. Lord Warden of the three Marches, Baron of Roslin, Pentland, Pentland-moor, &c., Knight of the Cockle, and of the Garter, (as is affirmed,) High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland. This lofty person, whose titles, says Godscroft, might weary a Spaniard, built the castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendour, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and florid style of Gothic architecture. Among the profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to the name, with which, however, the flower has no connection; the etymology being Roslinnae, the promontory of the Linn, or water-fall. The chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants. This superstition, noticed by Slezer, in his Theatrum Scotiae, and alluded to in the text, is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Lothian dominions. The tomb-fires of the north are mentioned in most of the Sagas.

The Barons of Roslin were buried in a vault beneath the chapel floor. The manner of their interment is thus described by Father Hay, in the MS. history already quoted:—

"Sir William Sinclair, the father, was a lewd man. He kept a miller's daughter, with whom, it is alleged, he went to Ireland; yet I think the cause of his retreat was rather occasioned by the Presbyterian, who vexed him sadly, because, of his religion being Roman Catholic. His son, Sir William died during the troubles, and was interred in the chapel of Roslin the very same day that the battle of Dunbar was fought. When my good-father was buried, his (i. e. Sir William's) corpse seemed to be entire at the opening of the cave; but when they came to touch his body, it fell into dust. He was laying in his armour, with a red velvet cap on his head, on a flat stone; nothing was spoiled except a piece of the white furring that went round the cap, and answered to the hinder part of the head. All his predecessors were buried after the same manner. My good-father, the father of Roslin, my good-father, was the first that was buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James the Seventh, who was then in Scotland, and several other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried after that manner. The great expenses she was at in burying her husband, occasioned the sumptuary acts which were made in the following parliament."
but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that the Mauhte Doog would follow him, as it had done the others; for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room. In some time after his departure, a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it. Till the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough; for he was never heard to speak more; and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entertained by all who came near him, either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death.

"The Mauhte Doog was, however, never after seen in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage; for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about three score years since; and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head."—Waldron's Description of the Isle of Man, p. 107.

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**NOTE 4 P.**


This was a favourite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular, as we learn from the following passage:—

"The Queen-regent had proposed to raise a rival noble to the ducal dignity; and discovering of her purpose with Angus, he answered, 'Why not, madam? we are happy that have such a princess, that can know and will acknowledge men's services, and is willing to recompense it; but, by the might of God,' (this was his oath when he was serious and in anger; at other times, it was by St. Bryce of Douglas,) 'if he be a Duke, I will be a Drake!'—So she desisted from prosecuting of that purpose."—Godscroft, vol. ii. p. 131.

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**Marmion:**

**A TALE OF FLOODDEN FIELD.**

**IN SIX CANTOS.**

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**NOTICE TO EDITION 1833.**

Some alterations in the text of the Introduction to Marmion, and of the Poem itself, as well as various additions to the Author's Notes, will be observed in this Edition. We have followed Sir Walter Scott's interleaved copy, as finally revised by him in the summer of 1831.

The preservation of the original MS. of the Poem has enriched this volume with numerous various readings, which will be found curious and interesting.

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**INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1830.**

What I have to say respecting this Poem may be briefly told. In the Introduction to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," I have mentioned the circumstances, so far as my literary life is concerned, which induced me to resign the active pursuit of an honourable profession, for the more precarious resources of literature.

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1 Published, in 4to, 1L. 11s. 6d., February 1808.


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My appointment to the Sheriffdom of Selkirk called for a change of residence. I left, therefore, the pleasant cottage I had upon the side of the Esk, for the "pleasanters banks of the Tweed," in order to comply with the law, which requires that the Sheriff shall reside, at least during a certain number of months, within his jurisdiction. We found a delightful retirement, by my becoming the tenant of my intimate friend and cousin-german, Colonel Russell, in his mansion of Ashestiel, which was unoccupied, during his absence on military service in India. The house was adequate to our accommodation, and the exercise of a limited hospitality. The situation is uncommonly beautiful, by the side of a fine river, whose streams are there very favourable for fishing, surrounded by the remains of natural woods, and by hills abounding in game. In point of society, according to the heartfelt phrase of Scripture, we dwelt "amongst our own people;" and as the distance from the metropolis was only thirty miles, we were not out of reach of our Edin-
brought friends, in which city we spent the terms of the summer and winter Session of the Court, that is five and six months in the year.

An important circumstance had, about the same time, taken place in my life. Hopes had been held out to me from an influential quarter; of a nature to relieve me from the anxiety which I must have otherwise felt, as one upon the precarious tenure of whose own life rested the principal prospects of his family, and especially as one who had necessarily some dependence upon the favour of the public, which is proverbially capricious; though it is but justice to add, that, in my own case, I have not found it so. Mr. Pitt had expressed a wish to my personal friend, the Right Honourable William Dundas, now Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, that some fitting opportunity should be taken to be of service to me; and as my views and wishes pointed to a future rather than an immediate provision, an opportunity of accepting such an offer was eagerly desired. One of the Principal Clerks of Session, as they are called (official persons who occupy an important and responsible situation, and enjoy a considerable income) who had served upwards of thirty years, felt himself, from age, and the infirmity of deafness with which it was accompanied, desirous of retiring from his official situation. As the law stood, such official persons were entitled to bargain with their successors, either for a sum of money, which was usually a considerable one, or for an interest in the emoluments of the office during their life. My predecessor, whose services had been unusually meritorious, stipulated for the emoluments of his office during his life, while I should enjoy the survivorship, on the condition that I discharged the duties of the office in the meantime. Mr. Pitt, however, having died in the interval, his administration was dissolved, and was succeeded by that known by the name of the Fox and Grenville Ministry. My affair was so far completed, that my commission lay in the office subscribed by his Majesty; but, from hurry or mistake, the interest of my predecessor was not expressed in it, as had been usual in such cases. Although, therefore, it only required payment of the fees, I could not in honour take out the commission in the present state, since, in the event of my dying before him, the gentleman whom I succeeded must have lost the vested interest which he had stipulated to retain. I had the honour of an interview with Earl Spencer on the subject, and he, in the most handsome manner, gave directions that the commission should issue as originally intended; adding, that the postponement of my taking it, though not a refusal, he regarded only as a claim of justice, what he would have willingly done as an act of favour. I never saw Mr. Fox on this, or on any other occasion, and never made any application to him, conceiving that in doing so I might have been supposed to express political opinions contrary to those which I had always professed. In his private capacity, there is no man to whom I would have been more proud to owe an obligation, had I been so distinguished.

By this arrangement I obtained the survivorship of an office, the emoluments of which were fully adequate to my wishes; and as the law respecting the mode of providing for superannuated officers was, about five or six years after, altered from that which admitted the arrangement of assistant and successor, my colleagues very handsomely took the opportunity of the alteration, to accept of the retiring annuity provided in such cases, and admitted me to the full benefit of the office.

But although the certainty of succeeding to a considerable income, at the time I obtained it, seemed to assure me of a quiet harbour in my old age, I did not escape my share of inconvenience from the contrary tides and currents by which we are so often encountered in our journey through life. Indeed, the publication of my next poetical attempt was prematurely accelerated, from one of those unpleasant accidents which can neither be foreseen nor avoided.

I had formed the prudent resolution to endeavour to bestow a little more labour than I had yet done on my productions, and to be in no hurry again to announce myself as a candidate for literary fame. Accordingly, particular passages of a poem, which was finally called "Marmion," were laboured with a good deal of care, by one by whom much care was seldom bestowed. Whether the work was worth the labour or not, I am no competent judge; but I may be permitted to say, that the period of its composition was a very happy one, in my life; so much so, that I remember with pleasure, at this moment, some of the spots in which particular passages were composed. It is probably owing to this, that the Introductions to the several Cantos assumed the form of familiar epistles to my intimate friends, in which I alluded, perhaps more than was necessary or graceful, to my domestic occupations and amusements—a taciturnity which may be excused by those who remember, that I was still young, light-headed, and happy, and that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The misfortunes of a near relation and friend, which happened at this time, led me to alter my prudent determination, which had been, to use great precaution in sending this poem into the world; and made it convenient at least, if not absolutely necessary, to hasten its publication. The publishers of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel", finding, in some manner, that poem, willingly offered a thousand pounds for "Marmion." 1 The transaction being no secret, afforded Lord Byron, who was then at general war with all who blackened paper, an apology for including me in his satire, entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." 2 I never could conceive how an arrangement

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1 See Life, vol. iii. p. 4.

2 "Next view to state, proud praising on his brow,
The golden-crowned haughty Marmion,
Now treading in his stroll, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a fellow, yet half a knight,
The gibbet of the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base."
Marmion.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY LORD MONTAGU,
J.C. J.C. J.C.

THIS ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

It is hardly to be expected, that an Author whom the Public have honoured with some degree of applause, should not be again a trespasser on their kindness. Yet the Author of Marmion must be supposed to feel some anxiety concerning its success, since he is sensible that he hazards, by this second intrusion, any reputation which his first Poem may have procured him. The present story

Marmion was first printed in a splendid quarto, price one guinea and a half. The 3000 copies of this edition were all disposed of in less than a month, when a second

of 3000 copies, in 8vo, was sent to press. There followed a third and a fourth edition, each of 3000, in 1809; a fifth of 3000, early in 1810; and a sixth of 3000, in two volumes, 8vo, with twelve engravings by Singleton, before the end of that year; a seventh of 4000, and an eighth of 5000 copies, in 1811; a ninth of 3000 in 1813; a tenth of 500, in 1815; an eleventh of 600, and a twelfth of 2000 copies, in folio, both in 1825. The legitimate sale in this country, therefore, down to the time of its being included in the first collective edition of his poetical works, amounted to 33,000, and the aggregate of that sale, down to the period at which I am writing (May 1830), may be stated at 50,000 copies. I presume it is right for me to facilitate the task of future historians of our literature by preserving these details as often as I can. Such particulars respecting many of the great works even of the last century, are already sought for with vain regret, and I anticipate the day when the student of English civilisation will more without curiosity the contemporary reception of the Tale of Flodden Field. —Lockhart, Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 66.

1 Lord Montagu was the second son of Henry Duke of Buckingham, by the only daughter of John last Duke of Buckingham.
SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

burns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character; but is called a Tale of Flodden Field, because the hero’s fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it. The design of the Author was, if possible, to apprise his readers, at the outset, of the date of his Story, and to prepare them for the manners of the Age in which it is laid. Any Historical Narrative, far more an attempt at Epic composition, exceeded his plan of a Romantic Title; yet he may be permitted to hope, from the popularity of The Lay of the Last Minstrel, that an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story, will not be unacceptable to the Public.

The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the defeat of Flodden, 9th September, 1513. Ashestiel, 1808.

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MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

TO

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, ESQ.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

November’s sky is chill and drear,
November’s leaf is red and sear:
Late, gazimg down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in.
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might see,
So thick the tangled wood grew,
So feebly trick’d the streamlet through:
Now, murrming hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn’s glowing red
Upon our Forest hills is shed;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;
Away hath pass’d the heather-bell.
That bloom’s so rich on Needpath-fell;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yair.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To shelter’d dale and down are driven,
Where yet some fald and hedge pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines:
In meek despondency they eye
The wither’d sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon’s rill:
The shepherd shifts his mantle’s fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold;
His dogs, no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel;
A sorrowing glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best betis the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wait the daisy’s vanished flower:
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask,—Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy’s flower
Again shall paint your summer bower;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round.
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears.
Breathe me my country’s wintry state
Which second spright shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warrior to the side;
The mind that thought for Britain’s weal,
The hand that grasp’d the victor steel?
The vermal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly may he shine,
Where glory weeps o’er Nelson’s shrine;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O Pitt, thy hallowed tomb!

Deep grave’d in every British heart,
O never let those names depart!
Say to your sons—Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave; 2
To him, as to the burning Levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given.
Where’er his country’s foci were found,
Was heard the fated thunders sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Roll’d, blazed, destroy’d,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish’d worth,
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launch’d that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafnia, 3 Trafalgar;
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain’s weal was early wise;
Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain’s sins, an early grave!
His worth, when in his mightiest hour,
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurn’d at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strain’d at subjection’s bursting rein,
O’er their wild mood full conquest gain’d,
The pride, he would not crush, restrain’d.
Show’d their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman’s arm, to aid the free-
mans laws.

1 For the origin and progress of Scott’s acquaintance with Mr. Rose, see Life, vols. ii. iii. iv. vi. Part of Marmion
2 Nelson.
3 Copenhagen.

vol. iii. p. 18.
Hadst thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our peaceful columns kept course upright;
And some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propped the tottering throne:
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warden silent on the hill!

Oh think, how to his latest day,
When Death, just hovering, claim'd his prey,
With Falineur's unalter'd mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;
Each call for needful rest repell'd,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till, in his fall, with fatal sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way!
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He, who preserved them, Pitt, lies here!

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh;
Nor be thy requ特点eal dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb:
For talents mourne, unkindly lost,
When best employ'd, and wanted most,
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below:
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From ruin for him who had his grave,
Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
And sacred be the last long rest;
Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bard, and kings;
Where staff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;

1 In place of this couplet, and the ten lines which follow it, the original Ms. of Marmion has only the following:

"If general high and judgment sound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below:
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From ruin for him who had his grave,
Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
And sacred be the last long rest;
Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bard, and kings;
Where staff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;

While Scott was correcting a second proof of the passage where Pitt and Fox are mentioned together, at Stanmore Priory, in April 1807, Lord Abercorn suggested that the couplet in the margin was what it ought to be still further heightened, and several lines—

"For talents mourne unkindly lost,
When best employed, and wanted most, &c.—"

were added accordingly. I have heard, indeed, that they came from the Marque's own pen. Ballantyne, however, from some inadvertence, had put the sheet to press before the revises, as it is called, arrived in Edinburgh, and some few copies got abroad in which the additional couplets were omitted. A London journal (the Morning Chronicle) was

Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke again,
"All peace on earth, good-will to men;"
If ever from an English heart,
O, here let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside.
Record, that Fox and Briton died!
When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave,
Was bar't by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd,
The sulfured olive-branch return'd,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nail'd her colours to the mast!
Heaven, to reward his firmness gave
A portion in this honour'd grave,
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal power endow'd,
How high they soar'd above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like famed Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms, and down the obelisk's base;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Look'd up the noblest of the land,
'Till through the British world were known
The names of Pitt and Fox alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
Ever framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these
The wine of life is on the lees,
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
Where—taming thought to human pride—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.2
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's hear;
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's the shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,—
"Here let their discord with them die,
Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom Fate made Brothers in the tomb;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like again?"

stupid and malignant enough to incantate that the author had his presentation copies struck off with or without them, according as they were for Why or Tory hands. I mention the circumstance now only because I see by a letter of Heber's that Scott had thought it worthy his while to contradict the absurd charge in the newspapers of the day."—Lockhart, Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 61.

2 "Reader! remember when thouwert a lad,
Then Pitt was all; or, if not all, so much,
His very rival almost deemed him such.
We, who have seen the intellectual race
Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face;
A thought Idle. Whig, with a sabre, ought to be still
Further heightened, and several lines—

Of eloquence between, which flow'd all free,
As the deep billows of the Aegean roar
Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore.
But where are they—the ruins—now a few
Of sulken earth divide each winding she
c
How peaceful and how powerful is the grave
Which, instead of all a calm unuttering awe—
Which overawe the world. The theme is old
Of 'dust to dust,' but half its tale untold;
Time tempests not its terrors."—

Byron's Age of Bronze.
Rest, ardent Spirits! till the cries
Of dyäng Nature bid you rise:
Not even your Britains grounds can pierce
The leaden silence of your ear;
Then, O, how impotent and vain
This grateful tributary strain!
The nightingale, from his northern cline,
Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme:
His Gothic harp has o'er you rung;
The Bard you deign'd to praise, your deathless names has sung.

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,
My wilder'd fancy still beguile.
From this high theme how can I part,
Ere half unloaded is my heart.
For all the tears e'er sorrow drew,
And all the raptures fancy knew,
And all the keeners rush of blood,
That throes through bard in heartlike mood,
Were here a tribute mean and low,
Though all their mingled streams could flow—
Woe, wonder, and sensation high,
In one spring-tide of ecstasy.
It will not be—it may not last—
The vision of enchantment's past;
Like frosty work in the morning ray,
The fancied fabric melts away; 1
Each Gothic arch, memorial stone,
And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone;
And, lingering last, deception dear,
The choir's high sounds die on my ear.
Now slow return the lonely down,
The silent pastures bleak and brown,
The farm-begirt with cowpease wild,
The gambols of each frolic child.
Mixing their shrill cries with the tone
Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,
Thus Nature disciplines her son:
Meeter, she says, for me to stray,
And waste the solitary day.
In pleasant paths and among the reed,
And watch it floating down the Tweed;
Or idly list the shrilling lay,
With which the milkmaid cheers her way,
Marking its cadence rise and fall,
As from the field, beneath her sail,
She trips it down the uneven dale;
Meeter for me, by yonder cairn.
The ancient shepherd's tale to learn,
Though oft he stop in rustic fear,
Lost his old legends tire the ear
Of youth, while in his simple mood,
May boast of book-learn'd taste refined.

But thou, my friend, can'st fithy tell
(For few have read romance so well.)
How still the legendary lay
O'er poet's bosom holds its sway;
How on the ancient minstrel strain
Time lays his palsied hand in vain;
And shipwrights pluck from the woods away,
By warriors wrought in steele weeds,
Still throb for fear and pity's sake;
As when the Champion of the lake
Enters Morgan's fated house,
Or in the Chapel Perilous,
Despising spells and demons' force
Holds converse with the unbtried corpse; 3
Or when, Dame Ganore's grace to move,
(Alas, that lawless was their love!) He sought proud Tarquin in his den,
And freed full sixty knights; or when,
A sinful man, and unconfess'd,
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
And, slumbering, saw the vision high.
He might not view with waking eye.

The mightiest chiefs of British song
Scorn'd not such legends to prolong:
They gleam through Spenser's elyn dream,
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme;
And Dryden, in immortal strain,
Had raised the Table Round again; 4
But that a righful King and Court
Bade him tell on, to make them sport,
Demanded for their nigard pay,
Fit for their souls, a hoarser lay.
Lamentous satire, song, and play;
The world defrauded of the high design,
Profaned the God-given strength, and marr'd
the lofty linc.

Warm'd by such names, well may we then,
Though dwindled sons of little men,
Essay to break a feeble lance
In the fair fields of old romance;
Or seek the noated castle's cell,
Where long through talisman and spell,
While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept,
Thy Genius, Chivalry, bath slept;
There sound the harpings of the North,
Till he awake and saith forth,
On venturous quest to prick again,
In all his arms, with all his train,
Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf,
Fay, giant, dragon, sire, and dwarf,
And wizard with his wand of might,
And errant maid on pensive white
Around the Genius weave their spells.
Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells;
Mystery, half veil'd and half reveal'd;
And Honour, with his spotless shield;
Attention, with fix'd eye; and Fear,
That loves the tale she shrinks to bear;
And gentle Courtesy; and Faith,
Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death;
And Valour, lion-nurtied lord,
Leaning upon his own good sword.

Well has thy fair achievement shown,
A worthy meed may thus be won;
Ytene's 5 oaks—beneath whose shade
Their theme the merry muskets made,
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold; 5
And that Red King, who, while of old,
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
By his own huntsman's sin is bled—
Ytene's oaks have heard again
Renew'd such legendary strain;
For thou hast sung, how he of Gaul,
That Amadis so famed in hall.

1 "If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo! Fancy's fairy frostwork melts away."
Rogers' Pleasures of Memory.
2 See Appendix, Note A.
3 See Appendix, Note B.
4 See Appendix, Note C.
5 The New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.
6 See Appendix, Note D.
7 William Rufus.
For Oriana, soul'd in fight
The Necromancer's frown might;
And well in modern verse last wove
Partenope's mystic love: 1
Hear, then, attentive to my lay,
A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

MARMION.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CASTLE.

I.
Day set on Norham's castled steep, 2
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battled towers, the donjon keep, 3
The loophole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seem'd forms of granite weight;
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flash'd back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

II.
Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon Tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The Castle gates were barr'd;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The Warder kept his guard;
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Burder gathering song.

III.
A distant trampling sound he hears;
He looks abroad, and soon appears,
O'er Hornciff-hill a plump 4 of spears,
Beneath a pennon gay;
A horseman, darting from the crowd,
Like lightning from a summer cloud,
Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
Before the dark array.
Beneath the sable palisade,
That closed the Castle barricade,
His bugle horn he blew;
The warder hasted from the wall,
And warn'd the Captain in the hall,
For well the blast he knew;
And joyfully that knight did call,
To sewer, equire, and seneschal.

IV.

"Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisin,
Bring pastries of the doe,
And quickly make the entrance free,
And bid my heralds ready be,
And every minstrel sound his glee,
And all our trumpets blow,
And, from the platform, spare ye not
To fire a noble salvo-shot;
Lord Marmion waits below!" 4
Then to the Castle's lower ward
Sped forty yeomen tall,
The iron-studded gates unbarr'd,
Ran'd the portcullis' ponderous guard,
The lofty palisade unspar'd
And let the drawbridge fall.

V.
Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-rob charcer trode,
His helm hung at the saddlebow;
Well by his visage you might know
He was a valorous knight, and keen,
And had in many a battle been;
The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd
A token true of Bosworth field;
His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,
Show'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead, by his casque worn bare,
His thick mustache, and curly hair,
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age;
His square-turn'd joints, and strength of limb,
Show'd him no carpet knight so true,
But in close fight a champion grim,
In camps a leader sage.

VI.
Well was he arm'd from head to heel,
In mail and plate of Milan steel; 5
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
Was all about burnish'd gold emboss'd;
Aim'd the plumeage of the crest,
A falcon hover'd on her nest,
With wings outspread, and forward breast;
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
Soar'd sable in an azure field:
The golden legend bore aught,
Who checks at me, to brath ir right. 6
Blue was the charger's broider'd rein;
Blue ribbons deck'd his arched mane;
The knightly housing's ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

VII.
Behind him rode two gallant squires,
Of noble name, and knightly sires;
They burn'd the gilded spurs to claim;
For well could each a war-horse tame,
Could draw the bow, the sword could away,
And lightly bear the ring away;
Nor less with courteous precepts stored,
Could dance in hall, and carve at board,
And frame love-ditties passing rare,
And sing them to a lady fair.

VIII.
Four men-at-arms came at their backs,
With halbert, bill, and battle-axe:

"There is a knight of the North Country,
Which leads a loyal troop of spears.

Fiddon Field."
They bore Lord Marmion’s lance so strong,
And led his sumpter-mules along,
And ambling pairey, when at need
Him listed ease his battle-steed.
The last and trustiest of the four,
On high his forkly pennon bore;
Like swallow’s tail, in shape and hue,
Flutter’d the streamer glossy blue,
Where, blazon’d subtle, as before,
The towering falcon seemed to soar.
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
In hosen black, and jerkins blue,
With falcons broder’d on each breast,
Attended on their lord’s behest.
Each, chosen for an archer good,
Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood;
Each one a six-foot bow could bend,
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send;
Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,
And at their belts their quivers hung.
Their dusty paireys, and array,
Show’d they had march’d a weary way.

X.
’Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly arm’d, and order’d how,
The soldiers of the guard,
With musket, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
Stood in the Castle-yard;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his linstock yare,
For welcome-shot prepared:
Enter’d the train; and such a clang,
As then through all his turrets rang;
Old Norman never heard.

XI.
The guards their morrice pikes advanced,
The trumpets blare’d bravo,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering welcome gave.
A blithe salute, in martial sort,
The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion and noble court,
He scatter’d angels round.
“Welcome to Norham, Marmion!
Stout heart, and open hand!
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
Thou flower of English land!”

They march’d him to the Castle-hall,
Where the guests stood all aside,
And loudly flourish’d the trumpet-call,
And the heralds loudly cried,
—“Room, lordships, room for Lord Marmion,
With the crest and helm of gold!
Full well we know the trophies won
In the lists at Cottiswold:
There, vainly Ralph de Witton strove
To Gauss Marmion’s lance to stand;
To him he lost his lady-love,
And to the King his land.
Ourselves beheld the listed field,
A sight both sad and fair;
We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,
And saw his saddle bare;
We saw the victor win the crest
He wears with worthy pride;
And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,
His foeman’s scutcheon tied.
Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight!
Room, room, ye gentle gars,
For him who conquer’d in the right,
Marmion of Fontenaye!”

XIII.
Then stepp’d to meet that noble Lord,
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,
And Captain of the Holm.
He led Lord Marmion to the seat,
Raised o’er the pavement high,
And placed him in the upper place—
They feasted full and high:
The whiles a Northern harper rude
Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,
“Now the fierce Thrussil, and Riddles all,
Stout Williamstwick,
And Hardrude Dick,
And Hughie of Houndon, and Will o’ the Wall,
Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadman’s-shaw.”
Scantily Lord Marmion’s ear could brook
The harper’s barbarous lay;
Yet much he praised the pains he took,
And well those pains did pay:
For lady’s suit and nation’s string,
By knight should ne’er be heard in vain.

XIV.
“Now, good Lord Marmion,” Heron says,
“Of your fair courtesy,
I pray you bide some little space
In this poor tower with me.
Here may you keep your arms from rust,
May breathe your war-horse well;
Seldom hath pass’d a week but giust
Or feat of arms hefell:
The Scots can rein a mettled steed;
And love to couch a spear:—
Saint George I a stirring life they lead,
That have such neighbours near.
Then stay with us a little space,
Our northern wars to learn;
I pray you, for your lady’s grace!”
Lord Marmion’s brow grew stern.

XV.
The Captain mark’d his alter’d look,
And gave a squire the sign;
A mighty wassail-bowl he took,
And crown’d it high in wine.
“Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion:
But first I pray thee fair,
Where hast thou left that page of thine,  
That used to serve thy cup of wine,  
Whose beauty was so rare?  
When last in thy rival towers we met,  
The boy I closely eyed,  
And often mark'd his cheeks were wet,  
For here he had the blood of the noble gibe:  
His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,  
To burnish shield or sharpen brand,  
Or saddle battle-steed:  
But meeter seem'd for lady fair,  
To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,  
Or through embroidery, rich and rare,  
The slender silk to lead:  
His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,  
His bosom—when he sigh'd,  
The russet doublet's rugged fold  
Could scarce repel its pride!  
Say, hast thou given that lovely youth  
To serve in lady's bower?  
Or was the gentle page, in sooth,  
A gentle paramour?"  

XVI.

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest;  
He roll'd his kindling eye,  
With pain his rising wrath suppress'd,  
Yet made a calm reply:  
"That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair,  
He might not brook the northern air.  
More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,  
I left him sick in Lindisfarne:  
Enough of him.—But, Herm, say,  
Why does thy lovely lady gay  
Disdain to grace the hall to-day?  
Or has that dame, so fair and sage,  
Gone on some pious pilgrimage?"  
He spoke in covert scorn, for fame  
Whisper'd light tales of Heron's dame.  

XVII.

Unmark'd, at least unreck'd, the taunt,  
Careless the Knight replied,  
"No bird, whose feathers gaily flunte,  
Delights in cage to ride:  
Norham is grim and grated close,  
Hemnit in by battlement and fosse,  
And many a darksome tower;  
And better loves my lady bright  
To sit in liberty and light,  
In fair Queen Margaret's bower.  
We hold our greyhound in our hand,  
Our falcon on our glove;  
But where shall we find fash or band,  
For dame that loves to rove?  
Let the wild falcon soar her swing,  
She'll stoop when she has tired her wing."  

XVIII.

"Nay, if with Royal James's bride  
The lovely Lady Heron bide,  
Behold me here a messenger,  
Your tender greetings prompt to bear;  
For, to the Scottish court address'd,  
I journey at our King's behest,  
And pray, of your grace, provide  
For me, and mine, a trusty guide.  
I have not ridden in Scotland since  
James back'd the cause of that mock prince,  
Whose cheek, that Flemish counterfeit,  
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.  

Then did I march with Surrey's power,  
What time we razed old Aytoun tower."—2

XIX.

"For such-like need, my lord, I trow,  
Norham can find you guides enow;  
For here he some have pricked as far,  
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar:  
Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,  
And driven the heaves of Landerdale;  
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,  
And given them light to set their hoods."—1

XX.

"Now, in good sooth," Lord Marmion cried,  
"Were I in warlike wise to ride,  
A better guard I would not lack,  
Than your stout forayes at my lack;  
But, as in form of peace I go,  
A friendly messenger, to know,  
Why through all Scotland, near and far,  
Their King is mustering troops for war,  
The sight of plundering Border spears  
Might justify suspicious fears,  
And deadly bend, or threat of spoil,  
Break out in some unseenly broil:  
A herald were my fitting guide;  
Or friar, sworn in peace to ride;  
Or pardoner, or travelling priest,  
Or strolling pilgrim, at the least."  

XXI.

The Captain mused a little space,  
And pass'd his hand across his face.  
"Fain would I find the guide you want,  
But ill may spare a pursuivant,  
The only men that safe can ride  
Mine errands on the Scottish side;  
And though a bishop built this fort,  
Few holy brethren here resort;  
Even our good chaplain, as I ween,  
Since our last siege, we have not seen:  
The mass he might not sing or say,  
Upon one stinted meal a day.  
So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,  
And pray'd for our success the while.  
Our Norham vicar, woe betide,  
Is all too well in case to ride;  
The priest of Shoreswood—could he reine  
The wildest war-horse in your train;  
But then, no spearmen in the hall  
Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.  
Friar John of Tillothm were the man:  
A bithelmore brother at the can  
A welcome guest in hall and bower,  
He knows each castle, town, and tower,  
In which the wine and ale is good,  
"I wert Newcastle and Holy Rood.  
But that good man, as ill befalls,  
Hath seldom left our castle walls,  
Since, on the vigil of St. Bede,  
In evil hour, he cross'd the Tweed,  
To teach Dame Alison her creed.  
Old Bugtrig found him with his wife;  
And John, an enemy to strife,  
Sang frock and hood, fled for his life.  
The jealous churl hath deeply swore,  
That, if again he venture o'er,  
He shall shrieve penitent no more  
Till he loves such risks, I know;  
Yet, in your guard, perchance will go."  

1 See Note B, can. ii. stanza 1.  
2 See Appendix, Note N.  
3 See Appendix, Note O.  
4 See Appendix, Note P.
SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board,
Carved to his uncle and that lord,
And reverently took up the word.

"Kind uncle, woe were we each one,
If harm should hap to brother John.
He is a man of martial speech,
Can many a game and gambol teach:
Full well at tables can he play,
And sweep at bowls the stake away.
None can a juster Carol bow,
The needfullest among us all,
When time hangs heavy in the hall,
And snow comes thick at Christmas tide,
And we can neither hunt, nor ride,
A foray on the Scottish side.

The vow’d revenge of Buchan’s rite,
May end in worse than loss of hood.
Let Friar John, in safety, still
In chimney-corner score his fill,
Roast hissing crabs, or bransoms swill:
Last night, to Norham there came one,
Will better guide Lord Marmion."—

"Nephew," quoth Heron, "by my say,
Weil hast thou spoken; say forth thy say."—

XXIII.

"Here is a holy Palmer come,
From Salem first, and last from Rome;
One, that hath kis’d the blessed tomb,
And wasted each holy shrine,
In Araby and Palestine:
On hills of Armenia hath been,
Where Noah’s ark may yet be seen:
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
Which parted at the prophet’s rod;
In Sinai’s wilderness he saw
The Mount, where Israel heard the law,
Mad thunder-dint, and flashing levin,
And shadows, mists, and darkness given.
He shows Saint James’ cockle-shell,
Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell;
And of that Grot where Olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily,
Saint Rosalie retired to God."

XXIV.

"To stont Saint George of Norwich merry,
Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,
Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,
For his sins’ pardon hat he pray’d.
He knows the passes of the North,
And seeks far shrines beyond the Firth;
Little he eats, and long will wake,
And drinks but of the stream or lake.
This was a guide o’er moor and dale;
But, when our John hath quaff’d his ale,
As little as the wind that blows,
And warms itself against his nose,
Keus he, or cares, which way he goes."—

XXV.

"Gramercy!" quoth Lord Marmion,
"Full loth were I, that Friar John,
That venerable man, for me,
Were placed in fear or jeopardy
If this same Palmer will me lead
From hence to Holy-Rood.

Like his good saint, I’ll pay his meed,
Instead of cockle-shell, or bead,
With angels fair and good.
I love such holy ramblers; still
They know to charm a weary hill,
With song, romance, or lay:
Some joyous tale, or glee, or jest,
Some lying legend, at the least.
They bring to cheer the way."—

XXVI.

"Ah! noble sir," young Selby said,
And finger on his lip he laid,
"This man knows much, perchance even more
Than he could learn by holy lore.
Still to himself he’s muttering,
And shrinks as at some unseen thing.
Last night we listen’d at his cell:
Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,
He murmure’d on till morn, howe’er
No living mortal could be near.
Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,
As other voices spoke again.
I cannot tell—I like it not—
Friar John hath told us it is wrote,
No conscience clear, and void of wrong,
Can rest awake, and pray so long.
Himself still sleeps before his beads
Have mark’d ten aves, and two creeds."—

XXVII.

"Let pass," quoth Marmion: "by my say,
This man shall guide me on my way.
Although the great arch-fiend and he
Had sworn themselves of company.
So please you, gentle youth, to call
This Palmer 3 to the Castle-hall;
The summon’d Palmer came in place;
His sable cowl o’er-hung his face;
In his black mantle was he clad.
With Peter’s keys, in cloth of red,
On his broad shoulders wrought;
The scallop shell his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought,
His sandals were with travel tore.
Staff, bucket, bottle, scrip, and more;
The faded palm-branch in his hand
Show’d pilgrim from the Holy Land.

XXVIII.

When as the Palmer came in hall,
Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
Or had a statelier step within,
Or look’d more high and keen;
For no sanctity did he wait,
But strode across the hall of state,
And fronted Marmion where he sate,
As he his peer had been.
But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
His cheek was sunk, alas the while!
And when he struggled at a smile,
His eye look’d baggard wild:
Poor wretch! the mother that him bare
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan face, and sun-burn’d hair,
She had not known her child.
Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know—
For deadly fear can time outgo,
And Blanch at once the hair;

1 See Appendix, Note Q.
2 See Appendix, Note R.
3 See Appendix, Note S.
INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

TO THE

REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A. M.

Ashes, Eltrick Forest.

The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourished 'once a forest fair;'
When these waste glens with copese were lined,
And peopled with the bane and bind.
Yon Thorn—perchance whose prickly spears
Have fenc'd him for three hundred years,
Fell round his green compeers.
You lonely Thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so grey and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;
Would he could tell how deep the shade
A thousand mingled branches made;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan to the rock,
And through the foliage show'd his head,
With narrow leaves and berries red;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspen shook,
What alders shaded every brook!

"Here, in my shade," methinks he'd say,
"The mighty stag at noon-tide lay:
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,
(Tis the neighbouring dingle bears his name,)" With birching step around me prowled,
And stop, against the moon to howl;
The mountain-boar, on battle set,
His tusks upon my stem would whet;
While doe, and roe, and red-deer good,
Have bounded by, through gay green-wood.
Then oft, from Newark's riven tower,
Sailed a Scottish monarch's power:
A thousand vassals mustered round
With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound;
And I might see the youth intent,
Guard every pass with crossbow bent;
And through the brake the rangers walk,
And falconers hold the ready hawk;
And foresters, in green-wood trim,
Lead in the leash the gazehounds grim,
Attentive, as the bratlicher's bay
From the dark covert drove the prey,
To slip them as he broke away.
The startled quarry bounds amain,
As fast the gallant greyhounds strain;
Whistles the arrow from the bow,
Answers the harquebus below;
While all the rolling hills reply,
To hoof-clang, hound, and hunters' cry,
And bugles ringing lightly soon."
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Of such proud hunting, many tales
Yet linger in our lonely dales,
Up pathless Etrick and on Yarrow,
Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow.
But not more blithe that silvan court,
Than we have been at humber sport;
Though small our pomp, and mean our game,
Our mirth, dear Marriott, was the same.

Remember'st thou my greyhound true?
O'er hill or hill there never flew,
From slip or leash there never sprang,
More fleet of foot, or sure of fang:
Nor dull, between each merry chase
Passed by the intermitted space;
But as we went along the green
In Classic and in Gothic lore,
We mark'd each memorable scene,
And held poetic talk between;
Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along,
But had its legend or its song.

All silent now—for now are still
Thy bowers, unentangled Bowhill!²
No longer, from thy mountains dan,
The greenman heard in his own gown gun,
And while his honest heart glows warm,
At thought of his paternal faro,
Round to his mates a trimmer fills,
And drinks, "The Chieflain of the Hills!"
No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers,
Trip o'er the walks, or bend the flowers,
Fair as the elves whose Junet saw
By moonlight dance on Catherough;
No youthful Baron's left to grace
The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase,
And ape, in mornv step and tone,
The majesty of Oberon;³
And she is gone, whose lovely face
Is but her least and lowest grace;
Though if to Sylphid Queen 'twere given,
To show our earth the charms of Heaven,
She could not glide along the air,
With form no lighter, or face more fair,
No more the swallow's deaf'nd ear
Grows quick that lady's step to hear:
At noon tide she expects not,
Nor buses her to trim the cot;
Pensive she turns her humming wheel,
Or pensive cooks her orphans' meal;
Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread
The gentle hand by which they're fed.

From Yair,—which hills so closely bind,
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,
Till all his eddying currents boil,—
Her long-descended lord is gone,
And left us by the stream alone,
And much I miss those sportive boys,
Companions of my mountain joys,
Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
Close to my side, with what delight
They press'd to hear of Wallace's flight.

When, pointing to his airy mound,
I cal'd his ramparts holy ground! ⁶
Kindled their brows to hear me speak;
And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,
Despite the difference of our years,
Return again the glow of theirs.
Ah, happy boys! such features pure,
They will not, cannot, long endure;
Condemn'd to stem the world's rude tide,
You may not linger by the side;
For Fate shall thrust you from the shore,
And Passion ply the sail and car.
Yet cherish the remembrance still,
Of the lone mountain, and the rill;
For trust, dear boys, the time will come,
When fierier troopers leap the wave,
And you will think right frequently,
But, well I hope, without a sigh,
On the free hours that we have spent
Together, on the brown hill's bent.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain;
There is a pleasure in sad pain:
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impress'd;
'Tis rapt amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake;
Thou know'st it well,—nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
A abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there,
Save where, of land, you slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing conceal'd might lie;
Nor punt, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they sweep,
The sound but lifts the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near;

1 The Tale of the Outlaw Murray, who held out Newark Castle and Etrick Forest against the King; may be found in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. i. In the Macfarlane MS., among the border songs, of which the writer to the north of Selkirk, is mentioned, that the citizen assisted him to suppress this dangerous outlaw.
2 A seal of the Duke of Buccleuch on the Yarrow, is Etrick Forest. See Notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel.
3 Mr. Marriott was governor to the young ne'er do well alluded to, George Henry, Lord Scott, son to Charles, Earl of Dalkeith, (afterwards Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry,) and who died early in 1686.—See Life of Scott, vol. iii. pp. 59-61.
4 The late Alexander Pringle, Esq., of Whybank,—whose beautiful seat of the Yair stands on the Tweed, about two miles below Ashediel, the then residence of the poet.
5 The sons of Mr. Pringle of Whybank.
6 There is, on a high mountainous ridge above the farm of Ashediel, a cairn called Wallace's Trench.
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still, beneath the hallow'd soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And, dying, bids his bones be laid,
Where erst his simple fathers pray'd.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,
And fate had cut my ties to life,
Here, have I thought, twere sweet to dwell,
And rear again the chaplain's cell,
Like that same peaceful hermitage,
Where Milton longed to spend his age.²
"Twere sweet to mark the setting day,
On Bonhopes lonely top decay;
And, as it faint and feeble died
On the broad lake, and mountain's side,
To say, "Thus pleasures fade away,
Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey."
Then gaze on Dryhope's ruin'd tower,
And Mullion Yarrow's fading tower;
And when that mountain-sound I heard,
Which bids us be for storm prepared,
The distant rustling of his wings,
As up his force the Tempest brings,
"Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
To sit upon the Wizard's grave;
That Wizard Priest's, whose bones are thrust
From company of holy dust;
On which no sunbeam ever shines—
(To superstition's creed divine)—
Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
Heave her broad billows to the shore;
And mark the wild-swans mount the gale,
Spread wide through mist their snowy sail,
And ever stoop again, to love
Their bosoms on the surging wave:
Then, when against the driving hail
No longer might my plaid avail,
Back to my lonely home retire,
And light my lamp, and trim my fire;
There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
Till the wild tale had all its sway,
And, in the bitter's distant shriek,
I heard unearthly voices speak:
And thought the Wizard Priest was come,
To claim again his ancient home!
And bade my busy fancy range,
To frame him fitting shape and strange,
Till from the task my brow I clear'd,
And smiled to think that I had fear'd.

Yet him, whose heart is fill at ease,
Such peaceful solitudes displesse:
He loves to drown his bosom's jar
Amidst the elemental war:

And my black Palmer's choice had been
Some ruder and more savage scene,
Like that which frowns round dark Loch-
skeen.⁴

There eagles scream from rock to shore;
Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
O'er the black waves incessant driven,
Dark mist's infect the summer heaven;
Through the rude barriers of the lake,
Away its hurryng waters break,
Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down you dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving, as if condemned to lave
Some demon's subterranean cave.
Who, prison'd by enchantor's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
And well that Palmer's form and mien
Had suited with the stormy scene,
Just on the edge, straining his ken
To view the bottom of the den,
Where, deep, deep down, and far within,
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Marriott, thy harp, on Isis strung,
To many a Border theme has run:
Then list to me, and thou shalt know
Of this mysterious Man of Woe.

---

**MARMION.**

**CANTO SECOND.**

**THE CONVENT.**

I.
The breeze, which swept away the smoke,
Round Norham Castle roll'd,
When all the loud artillery spoke,
With lightning-flash, and thunder-stroke,
As Marmion left the Hold.
It curl'd not 'weed alone that breeze,
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
It fresly blew, and strong,
Where, from high Whitty's cloistered pile,⁶
Bound to St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle,⁷
It bore a dark along.
Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seamen laughed, to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-fonm.

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain."⁸

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1 See Appendix, Note Y.
2 And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and righteously spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that rises snow;

3 See Appendix, Note Y.
4 Ibid, Note 2.
5 See various ballads by Mr. Marriott, in the 4th vol.
of the Border Minstrelsy.
6 See Appendix, Note 2 A.
7 Ibid, Note 2 B.
8 J. Penson.
Much joy’d they in their honour’d freight;  
For, on the deck, in chair of state,  
The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed,  
With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

II.  
’Twas sweet to see these holy maids,  
Like birds escaped to greene wood shades,  
Their first flight from the cage,  
How timid, and how curious too,  
For all to them was strange and new,  
And all the common sights they view,  
Their wonderment engage.  
One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,  
With many a benediction;  
One at the nipping surge grew pale,  
And would for terror pray;  
Then shrunk’d, because the sea-dog, nigh,  
His round black head, and sparkling eye,  
Rear’d o’er the foaming spray;  
And one would still adjust her veil,  
Disordered by the summer gale,  
Perchance lest some more worldly eye  
Her dedicated charms might spy:  
Perchance, because such action grace’d  
Her fair turn’d arm and slender waist.  
Light was each step she took;  
Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—  
The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.

III.  
The Abbess was of noble blood,  
But early took the veil and hood,  
Ere upon life she cast a look,  
Or knew the world that she forsook.  
Fair too she was, and kind had been  
As she was fair, but ne’er had seen  
For her a timid lover sigh,  
Nor knew the influence of her eye.  
Love, to her ear, was but a name,  
Combined with vanity and shame;  
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all  
Bounded within the cloister wall.  
The deadliest sin her mind could reach,  
Was of monastic rule the breach;  
And her ambition’s highest aim  
To emulate Saint Hilda’s fame.  
For this she gave her ample dolever.  
To raise the convent’s eastern tower;  
For this, with carving rare and quaint.  
She deck’d the chapel of the saint,  
And gave the relic shrine of cost,  
With ivory and gems emboss’d.  
The poor her Covent’s bounty blest,  
The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

IV.  
Black was her garb, her rigid rule  
Reform’d on Benedictine school;  
Her cheek was pale, her form was spare;  
Vigil, and penitence assiim,  
Had early quench’d the light of youth,  
But gentle was the dame, in sooth;  
Though vain of her religious sway,  
She loved to see her maids obey.  
Yet nothing stern was she in cell,  
And the nuns love their Abbess well.  
Sad was this voyage to the dame;  
Summon’d to Lindisfarne, she came,  
There, with Saint Cuthbert’s Abbot old,  
And Tynemouth’s Prior, to hold  
A chapter of Saint Benedict,  
For inquisition stern and strict.

On two apostates from the faith,  
And, if need were, to doom to death.

V.  
Nought say I here of Sister Clare,  
Save this, that she was young and fair;  
As yet a novice unprofess’d,  
Lovely and gentle, but distress’d.  
She was betroth’d to one now dead,  
Or worse, who had dishonour’d fled.  
Her kinsmen bade her give her hand  
To one, who loved her for her land:  
Herself, almost heart-broken now,  
Was bent to take the vestal vow,  
And shroud, within Saint Hilda’s gown,  
Her blasted hopes and wither’d bloom.

VI.  
She sate upon the galley’s prow,  
And seem’d to mark the waves below;  
Nay, seem’d, so fix’d her look and eye,  
To count them as they glided by.  
She saw them not,—’twas seeming all—  
Far other scene her thoughts recall,—  
A sun-scorch’d desert, waste and bare,  
Nor waves, nor breezes, murmur’d there;  
There saw she, where some careless hand  
O’er a dead corpse had heaped the sand,  
To hide it till the jackals come,  
To tear it from the scanty tomb.  
See what a woful look was given,  
As she raised up her eyes to heaven.

VII.  
Lovely, and gentle, and distress’d,—  
These charms might tame the fiercest breast:  
Harpers have sung, and poets told,  
That he, in fury uncontrol’d,  
The shaggy monarch of the wood,  
Before a virgin fair and good,  
Hath pacified his savage mood.  
But passions in the human frame,  
Oft put the lion’s rage to shame:  
And jealousy, by dark intrigue,  
With sordid avarice in league,  
Had practis’d with their bowl and knife,  
Against the mourner’s harmless life.  
This crime was charged against those who lay  
Prison’d in Cuthbert’s islet grey.

VIII.  
And now the vessel skirts the strand  
Of mountaneous Northumberland;  
Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,  
And catch the nuns’ delighted eyes.  
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,  
And Tynemouth’s priory and bay;  
They mark’d, and amid her trees, the hall  
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;  
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods  
Rush to the sea through sounding woods;  
They pass’d the tower of Waddington,  
The mother of a valiant son;  
At Coquet-isle their beads they tell  
To the good Saint who own’d the cell;  
Then did the Aine attention claim,  
And Warkworth proud of Percy’s name;  
And next, they cross’d themselves, to hear  
The whitening breakers sound so near;  
Where, boiling through the rocks they roar,  
On Dunstanburgh’s cavern’d shore;  

See the notes on Chevy Chase.—Percy’s Reliques.
MARMION.

Thy tower, proud Bamborough, mark'd they there,
King Idas castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown:
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reach'd the Holy Island's bay.

IX.
The tide did now its flood-mark gain,
And girdled in the Saint's domain:
For, with the flow and ebb, its style
Varies from continent to isle;
Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
Twice every day, the waves efface
Of staves and sandal'd feet the trace.
As to the port the galley drow,
Higher and higher rose to view
The Castle with its batted walls,
The ancient Monastery's halls,
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile
Placed on the margin of the isle.

X.
In Saxon strength that Abbey crown'd,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alley'd walk
To emulate in stone.
On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
Had pour'd his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas;
Scourged by the wind's eternal sway.
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilt in a later style,
Show'd where the spoiler's hand had been;
Not but the waning sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And moulder'd in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower;
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

XI.
Soon as they near'd his turrets strong,
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,
And with the sea-wave and the wind,
Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
And made harmonious close;
Then, answering from the sandy shore,
Half-drown'd amid the breakers' roar,
According chorus rose:
Down to the haven of the isle,
The monks and nuns in order file,
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim
Banner, and cross, and reliques there,
To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare;
And, as they caught the sounds on air,
They echoed back the hymn.
The islanders, in joyous mood,
Rush'd emulously through the flood,
To hail the bark to land;

Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
Signifying the cross, the Abbess stood,
And bless'd them with her hand.

XII.
Suppose we now the welcome said,
Suppose the Convent banquet made:
All through the holy dome,
Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,
Wherever vestal maid might pry,
Nor risk to meet unhallow'd eye,
The stranger sisters roar:
Till all the evening dimly was awak'd,
And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,
For there, even summer night is chill.
Then, having strayed and gazed their fill,
They closed around the fire;
And all, in turn, essay'd to paint
The rivial merits of their saint,
A theme that ne'er can tire
A holy maid; for, be it known,
That their saint's honour is their own.

XIII.
Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,
How to their house three Barons bold
Must menial service do;¹
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry "Fye upon your name!"
In wrath, for loss of silvan game,
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew.²
"This, on Ascension-day, each year,
While labouring on our harbour pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."³
They told, how in their convent-cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edified;²
And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda pray'd;¹
Themselves, within their holy bound
Their stony folds had often found.
They told, how sea-fowl's pinions fail,
As ever Whitby's towers they sail,"³
And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint.

XIV.
Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughter fail,
To vie with these in holy tale;
His body's resting-place, of old,
How off their patron changed, they told:¹
How, when the rude Dane burn'd their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle:
O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.
They rested them in fair Melrose:
But though, alive, he loved it well,
Not there his relics might repose;
For, wondrous tale to tell:
In his stone-collin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tilmouth cell.
Nor long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair;
Chester-le-Street, and Rippon, saw
His holy corpse, ere Wardlaw
Hail'd him with joy and fear;
And, after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last, 
Where his cathedral, huge and vast, 
Looks down upon the Wear:
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relics are in secret laid;
But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
Who share that wondrous grace.

XV.
Who may his miracles declare! 
E'en Scotland's dauntless king, and heir, 
(Although with them they led 
Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale, 
And London's knights, all sheathed in mail, 
And the bold men of Teviotdale,) 
Before his standard fled; 
'Twas he, to vindicate his reign, 
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane, 
And turn'd the Conqueror back again.
When, with his Norman bowyer band, 
He came to waste Northumberland.

XVI.
But vain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn 
If, on a rock, by Lindisfarne, 
Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame 
The sea-born beads that bear his name; 
Such tales bad Whitby's fishers told, 
And said they might his shape behold, 
And hear his awn sound; 
A deaden'd clang—a huge dim form, 
Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm 
And night were closing round. 
But this, as tale of old fame, 
The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

XVII.
While round the fire such legends go, 
Far different was the scene of woe, 
Where, in a secret aisle beneath, 
Council was held of life and death. 
It was more dark and love that vault, 
Than the worst dungeon cell; 
Old Culwulf's built it, for his fault, 
In penitence to dwell. 
When he, for cowl and beads, laid down 
The Saxen battle-axe and crown. 
This den, which, chilling every sense 
Of feeling, hearing, sight, 
Was call'd the Vault of Penitence, 
Excluding air and light, 
Was, by the prelate Saxhelm, made 
A place of burial for such dead, 
As, having died in mortal sin, 
Might not be laid the church within. 
'Twas now a place of punishment; 
Whence if so loud a shriek were sent, 
As reach'd the upper air, 
The hearers bless'd themselves, and said, 
The spirits of the sinful dead 
Bemoan'd their torments there.

XVIII.
But though, in the monastic pile, 
Dud of this penitential aisle 
Some vague tradition go, 
Few only, save the Abbot, knew 
Where the place lay: and still more few 
Were those, who had from him the clew 
To that dread vault to go. 
Victim and executioner 
Were blindfold when transported there. 
In low dark rounds the arches hung, 
From the rude rock the side-walls sprang; 
The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er, 
Half sunk in earth, by time half wore, 
Were all the pavement of the floor; 
The mildews fell one by one, 
With tinkling plash, upon the stone. 
A cresset, in an iron chain, 
Which served to light this drear domain, 
With damp and darkness seem'd to strive, 
As if it scarce might keep alive; 
And yet it dimly served to show 
The awful conclave met below.

XIX.
There, met to doom in secrecy, 
Were placed the heads of convents three: 
All servants of Saint Benedict, 
The statutes of whose order strict 
On iron table lay; 
In long black dresses, on seats of stone, 
Behind were these three judges shown 
By the pale cresset's ray: 
The Abbeus of Saint Hilda's, there, 
Sat for a space with visage bare, 
Until, to hide her bosom's swell, 
And tear-drops that for pity fell, 
She closely drew her veil: 
You shrouded figure, as I guess, 
By her proud men and flowing dress, 
Is Tyne mouth's haughty Prioress, 
And she with awe looks pale; 
And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight 
Has long been quench'd by age's night, 
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone, 
Nor rath, nor mercy's trace, is shown, 
Whose lock is hard and stern,— 
Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style; 
For sanctity call'd, through the isle, 
The Saint of Lindisfarne.

XX.
Before them stood a guilty pair; 
But, though an equal fate they share, 
Yet one alone deserves our cure. 
Her sex a page's dress belted; 
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied, 
Obscured her charms, but could not hide. 
Her cap down o'er her face she drew; 
And, on her doublet breast, 
She tried to hide the badge of blue, 
Lord Marmon's falcon crest. 
But, at the Prior's command, 
A Monk undid the silken band,
That tied her tresses fair, 
And raised the bonnet from her head, 
And down her slender form they spread, 
In ringlets rich and rare. 
Constance de Beverley they know, 
Sister profess'd of Fontevraud, 
Whom the church number'd with the dead, 
For broken vows, and convent fled.

XXI.
When thus her face was given to view, 
(Although so palid was her hue, 

1 See Appendix, Note 2 G. 
2 See Appendix, Note 2 H. 
3 See Appendix, Note 2 I. 
4 See Appendix, Note 2 K. 
5 Antique chandeleir. 
6 See Appendix, Note 2 L.
MARMION.

It did a glisternly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glistering fair,
Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy:
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That ne'er her sense nor pulse he lacks,
You must have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there;
So still she was, so pale, so fair.

XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a meed;
Who, but of fear, knows no control,
Because his conscience, fear'd and foul,
Feels not the import of his deed;
One, whose brute-feeling never aspires
Beyond his own more brute desires,
Such tools the Tempter ever needs,
To do the savagery of deeds:
For them an vision'd terrors dart,
Their nights no fancied spectres haunt,
One fear with them, of all most base,
The fear of death,—alone finds place.
This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
And shamed not loud to moan and howl,
His body on the floor to dash,
And crouch, like hound beneath the lash;
While his mute partner, standing near,
Waited her doom without a tear.

XXIII.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak!
For there were seen in that dark wall,
Two niches, narrow, deep and tall,—
Who enters at such grisly door,
Shall never, I ween, find exit more.
Each of a lower chamber was bound,
Of roots, of water, and of bread:
By each, in Benedictine dress,
Two hardened monks stood motionless;
Who, holding high a blazing torch,
Show'd the grim entrance of the porch:
Reflecting bade the smoky beam,
The dark-red walls and arches gleam.
Hewn stones and cement were display'd,
And building tools in order laid.

XXIV.

These executioners were chose,
As men who were with mankind foes,
And with despite and envy fired,
Into the cloister had retired:
Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,
Strove, by deep penance, to efface
Of some foul crime the stain;
For, as the vassals of her will,
Such men the Church selected still,
As either joy'd in doing ill,
Or thought more grace to gain.
If, in that throng, they wrestled down
Feelings their nature strove to own.
By strange device were they brought there,
They knew not how, nor knew not where.

XXV.

And now that blind old Abbot rose,
To speak the Chapter’s doom,
On those the wall was to enclose,
Alive, within the tomb:—
But stopp’d, because that woful Maid,
Gathering her powers, to speak essay’d.
Twice she essay’d, and twice in vain;
Her accents might no utterance gain;
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
From her convulsed and quivering lip;
Twixt each attempt all was so still,
You seem’d to hear a distant vial—
’Twas ocean’s swells and falls;
For though this vault of sin and fear
Was to the sounding surge so near,
A tempest here you scarce could hear,
So massive were the walls.

XXVI.

At length, an effort sent apart
The blood that curld to her heart,
And light came to her eye,
And colour dawn’d upon her cheek,
A hectic and a flutter’d streak,
Like that left on the Chrysolite peak,
By Autumn’s stormy sky:
And when her silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke she gather’d strength,
And arm’d herself to bear.
It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy,
In form so soft and fair.

XXVII.

“Tis I speak not to implore your grace,
Well know I, for one minute’s space
Successless might I sue:
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
For if a death of lingering pain,
To cleanse my sins, be penance vain,
Vain are your masses too.
I listen’d to a traitor’s tale,
I left the convent and the veil;
For three long years I bow’d my pride,
A horse-boy in his train to ride;
And well my folly’s meed he gave,
Who forfetted, to be his slave
All here, and all beyond the grave,—
He saw young Clara’s face more fair,
He knew her of broad lands the heir,
Forgot his vows, his faith forsook,
And Constance was beloved no more.—
’Tis an old tale, and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne’er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betray’d for gold,
That loved, or was avenged, like me!

XXVIII.

“The King approved his favourite’s aim;
In vain a rival bade his claim,
Whose fate with Clare’s was plight,
For he attains that rival’s fame
With treason’s charge—and on they came,
In mortal lists to fight
Their oaths are said,
Their praise they say’d.
Their lances in the rest are laid,
They meet in mortal shock:
And, hark! the throng, with thundering cry,
Shout ‘Marmion, Marmion! to the sky,
De Wilton to the block!’

1 See Appendix, Note 2 M.
XXX.
“Still was false Marmion’s bridal seat;
To Whitby’s convent fled the maid,
The hated match to shun.
‘Ho! shifts she thus?’! King Henry cried,
‘Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
If she were sworn a nun.’
One way remain’d—the King’s command
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:
I linger’d here, and rescue plan’d
For Clara and for me:
This scoundrel Monk, for gold, did swear,
He would to Whitby’s siren repair,
And, by his drugs, my rival fair
A saunt in heaven should be.
But ill the dastard kept his oath,
Whose cowardice has undone us both.

XXXI.
“And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse my bosom swells,
But to assure my soul that none
Shall ever wed with Marmion.
Had fortune my last hope betray’d,
This packet, to the King convey’d,
Had given him to the headsman’s stroke,
Although my heart that instant broke.
Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.

XXXII.
“Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!
If Marmion’s late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take,
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again.
Behind, a darker hour ascends,
The altars quake, the censer bends,
The ire of a despot King
Rides forth upon destruction’s wing;
Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep
Burst open to the sea-winds’ sweep;
Some traveller then shall find my bones
Whitening amid disjointed stones,
And, ignorant of priests’ cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be.”

XXXIII.
Fix’d was her look, and stern her air;
Back from her shoulders stream’d her hair;
The locks, that won her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seem’d to rise more high;
Her voice, despairs wild energy
Had given a tone of prophecy.

1 See Note 2 M on Stanza xxv. ante, p. 89.
2 William Erskine, Esq., advocate, Sheriff-depute of the
Orkneys, became a Judge of the Court of Session by the
title of Lord Kinneil, and died at Edinburgh in August
1822. He had been from early youth the most intimate of
the Poet’s friends, and his chief confidant and adviser in
all literary matters. See a notice of his life and character
by the late Mr. Hay Dunsmuir, to which Sir Walter Scott
contributed several paragraphs. — Ed.
MARMION.

91

Lake breezes of the autumn day,
Whose voice inconstant dies away,
And ever swells again as fast;
Then the ear deems its murmur past;
Thus various, my romantic theme
Plits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.
Yet pleased, our eye pursues the truce
Of Light and Shade's inconstant race:
Passed, views the rivulet afar,
Weaving its maze irregular:
And pleased, we listen as the breeze
Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn trees;
Then, wind as cloud, or stream, or gale,
Flow on, flow unconfined, my Tale!

Need I to thee, dear Erskine, tell
I love the license all too well.
In sounds now lowly, and now strong,
To raise the desultory song?
Oft, when 'mid such capricious chime,
Some transient fit of lofty rhyme
To thy kind judgment seem'd excuse
For many an error of the muse,
Oft hast thou said, 'If, still mis-spent,
The noblest topics to poetry are lent,
Go, and make thy wandering course,
Quaff from the fountain at the source;
Approach those mists, o'er whose tomb
Immortal laurels ever bloom;
Instructive of the feeble hard,
Still from the grave their voice is heard:
From them, and from the paths they show'd,
Choose honour'd guide and practised road;
Nor ramble on through brake and maze,
With harpers rude of barbarous days.

"O dearest thou not our later time
Yields topics meet for classic rhyme?
Hast thou no elegiac verse
For Brunswick's venerable bear
What! not a line, a tear, a sigh,
When valor bleeds for liberty?
Oh, hero of that glorious time,
When, with unrival'd light sublime,-
Though martial Austria, and though all
The might of Russia, and the Gaul,
Though banded Europe stood her foes-
The forces of Brandenburg and Brand
Thou couldst not live to see her beam
For ever quench'd in Jena's stream.
Lamented Chief!—it was not given
To thee to change the doom of Heaven,
And crush that dragon in its birth,
Predestined scourge of guilty earth.
Lamented Chief!—not thine the power,
'To save in that presumptuous hour,
When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatch'd the spear, but lost the shield!
Valour and skill 'twas thine to try,
And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die.
Ill had it seem'd thy silver hair
The last, the bitterest pang to share,
For princemoms reft, and scytheons riven,
And birthrights to usurpers given;
Thy land's, thy children's wrongs to feel,
And witness woes thou couldst not heal.
On thee relenting Heaven bestows
For honour'd life an honour'd close;
And when revolues, in time's sure change,
The hour of Germany's revenge;
When, breathing fury for her sake,
Some new Arminius shall awake,
Her champion, ere he strike, shall come
To whet his sword on Brunsvick's tomb,"

"Or of the Red-Cross hero teach,
Dauntless in dungeon as on breach:
Alike to him the sea, the shore,
The brand, the bridle, or the air;
Alike to him the war that calls
Its votaries to the shattered wall;
Which the grim Turk, besmeared with blood,
Against the invincible made good;
Or that, whose thundering voice could wake
The silence of the polar lake,
When stubborn Russ, and metal'd Swede,
On the warp'd wave their death-game play'd;
Or that, where Vengeance and Affright
Howl'd round the father of the light,
Who snatch'd, on Alexandria's sand,
The conqueror's wreath with dying hand.

"Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
Restore the ancient tragic line,
And emulat the notes that wrung
From the wild harp, which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er:
When she, the bold Enchantress, came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame!
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deem'd their own Shakspere lived again.

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging,
With praises not to me belonging,
In task more meet for mighty powers,
Wouldst thou engage my thoughts hours.
But say, my Erskine, hast thou weigh'd
That secret power by all obey'd,
Which warp's not less the passive mind,
Its source conceal'd or undeclared;
Whether an impulse, that has birth
Soon as the infant wakes on earth,
One with our feelings and our powers,
And rather part of us than ours;
Or whether t'other term'd the away
Of habit, form'd in early days?
How'er derived, its force confest
Rules with despotic sway the breast,
And drag's us on by viewless chain,
While taste and reason plead in vain.

1 "Scott seems to have communicated fragments of the poem very freely during the whole of its progress. As early as the 2d February 1807, I and Mrs. Hayman acknowledg'd receipt of a copy of the Introduction to Canto III., in which occurs the tribute to her royal highness's heroic father, mortally wounded the year before at Jena—a tribute so grateful to her feelings that she herself shortly after sent the poet an elegant silver vase as a memorial of her thankfulness. And about the same time the Marchioness of Abercorn expresses the delight with which both she and her lord had read the

generous verses on Pitt and Fox in another of those epistles."—Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 9.

2 Sir Sidney Smith.
3 Sir Ralph Abercromby.
4 Joseph Baillie.
5 "As with the image, the moment of his breath,
Receive the burning principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue of length,
Growth with its growth, and strengthen with his strength.


MARMION.

CANTO THIRD.

THE HOSTEL; OR INN.

The livelong day Lord Marmion rode;
The mountain path the Palmer show'd,

Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour," &c.

1 Smailholm Tower, near Berwickshire, the scene of the Author's infancy, is situated about two miles from Dryburgh Abbey.
2 See notes on The Eve of St. John.
3 Robert Scott of Sandyknowes, the grandfather of the Poet.

And ever, by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers' sighs, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriers' arms;
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away,
While stretch'd I, leasch'd upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er,
Pebbles and shells, in order laid.
The mimic ranks of war display'd,
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
And still the scatter'd Southron fled before.

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace,
Anew, each kind familiar face,
That brighten'd at our evening fire!
From the thrall'd mansion's grey-haired sire,
Wisely without learning, plain and good,
And sprung of Scotland's gentle blood;
Whose eye, in age, quick, clear, and keen,
Show'd what in youth its glance had been;
Whose countenance, among his neighbours sought,
Content with equity unbov'ted;
To him the venerable Priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint;
Alas! whose speech too oft I broke
With gambol rude and timeless joke.
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-will'd upstart, a grandam's child;
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, care'd.

For me, thus nurtured, dest thou ask
The classic poet's well-con'd task?
Nay, Erskine, nay—On the wild hill
Let the wild heath-bell flourish still;
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
But freely let the woodbine twine,
And leave, untrimm'd the eglistane
Nay, my friend, nay—Since oft thy praise
Hath given fresh vigour to my lyres,
Since oft thy Judgement could refine
My flights of thought, or cumbrous line;
Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,
And in the minstrel spare the friend.
Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrain'd, my Tale!

Look east, and ask the Belgian why,
Beneath Batavia's sultry sky,
He seeks not eager to inhale
The freshness of the mountain gale,
Content to rear his whiten'd wall,
Beside the dank and dull canal?
He'll say, from youth he loved to see
The white sail gliding by the tree.
Or see von weather-beaten hind,
Whose slaggish herds before him wind,
Whose tatter'd plaid and rugged cheek
His northern clime and kindred speak;
Through England's laughing meads he goes,
And England's wealth around him flows;
Ask, if it would content him well,
At ease in those gay plains to dwell,
Where hedge-rows spread a verdant screen.
And spires and forests intervene,
And the neat cottage peeps between?
No! not for these will he exchange
His dark Lowther's boundless range
Not for fair Devon's meads forsake
Bennevis grey, and Garry's lake.

Thus while I aye the measure wild
Of tales that charm'd me yet a child,
Rode though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time;
And feelings, raised in life's first day,
Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm'd my fancy's waking hour,
Though broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic sons;
Though maist n'd groves in summer gale,
To prompt the love of softer tales;
Though scarce a pany streamlet's speed
Claim'd homage from a shepherd's reed;
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And with the lonely infant know.
Recesses were the wall-thower grew,
And honey-suckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its round survey'd;
And still I thought that shatter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power;
And marvell'd as the aged mind
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind,
Of foragers who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurr'd their horse,
Their southern spring to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And, home returning, fill'd the hall
With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl.
Methought that still with trump and clang,
The gateway's broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seem'd with scars,
Glared through the window's rusty bars;

So cast and mingled with his very frame.
The Mind's disease, its Ruling Passion came;
Each vital humour with almost the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and soul;
Whoever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mid-opera, and its focescent sound,
Imagination gives her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the percant part.
N Nature its mother, Habit in its core;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;

" " 
By glen and streamlet winded still,
Where stunted birches hid the rill.
They sauntered not whole of thrift road,
For the Merse forayers were abroad,
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
Had scarcely full'd to bar their way.
Oft on the trampling band, from crown
Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd down;
On wing of jet, from his repose
In the deep heath, the black-cock rose;
Sprung from the gorge the timid roe,
Nor waited for the bondsman's bow;
And when the stony path began,
By which the naked peak they wan,
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.
The noon had long been past before
They gain'd the height of Lammermoor;¹
Thence windin' down the northern way,
Before them, at the close of day,
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.²

II.
No summons calls them to the tower,
To spend the hospitable hour.
To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone;
His cautious dame, in bow'rs alone,
Dreaded his return, to uncloose,
So late, to unknown friends or foes.
On through the hamlet as they paced,
Before a porch, whose front was grace'd
With bush and flagon trumly placed,
Lord Marmion drew his rein:
The village Inn seem'd large, though rude;³
Its cheerful fire and hearty food
Might well relieve his toil.
Down from their seats the horsemen sprung,
With jingling spurs the court-yard run;
They bind their horses to the stall,
For forage, food, and firing call,
And various clamour fills the hall;
Weighing the labour with the cost,
Toils everywhere the bustling host.

III.
Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,
Through the rude hostel might you gaze;
Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,
The rafters of the scoto roof
Bore wealth of winter cheer;
Of sea-fowl dried, and solards store,
And garnisons of the tusky boar,
And savoury haunch of deer.
The chimney arch projected wide;
Above, around it, and beside,
Were tools for housewives' hand;
Nor wanted, in that martial day,
The implements of Scottish fray,
The buckler, lance, and brand.
Beneath its shade, the place of state,
On a seat so squirely the squire's sate,
And view'd around the blazing hearth,
His followers mix'd in noisy mirth;
Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,
From ancient vessels ranged aside,
Full actively their host supplied.

IV.
Their's was the glee of martial breast,
And laughter theirs at little jest;⁴
And oft Lord Marmion deign'd to aid,
And mingle in the mirth they made;
For though, with men of high degree,
The proudest of the proud was he,
Yet, trim'd in camp, he knew the art
To win the soldiers' hearty heart.
They love a captain to obey,
Bantisterous as March, yet fresh as May;
With open hand, and brow as free,
Lover of wine and minstrelsy;
Ever the first to scale a tower,
As venturesome in lady's bower:
Such hoarse chief shall lead his host
From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

V.
Resting upon his pilgrim staff,
Right opposite the Palmer stood;
His tun dark visage seen but half,
Half hidden by his hood.
Still fix'd on Marmion was his look,
Which he, who ill such gage could brook,
Strove by a frown to quell;
But not for that, though more than once
Full met their stern encountering glance,
The Palmer's visage fell.

VI.
By fits less frequent from the crowd
Was heard the bust of rubbish loud;
For still, as squire and archer stared
On that dark face and matted beard,
Their glee and game declined.
All gazed at length in silence drear,
Unbroke, save when in comrades ear
Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,
Thus whisper'd forth his mind:
"Saint Mary! saw'st thou e'er such sight?
How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,
Whene'er the firebrand's flicker light
Glances beneath his bowl!
Full on our Lord he sets his eye;
For his best palfrey, would not I
Endure that sullen scowl."

VII.
But Marmion, as to chase the awe
Which thus had quell'd their hearts, who saw
The ever-varying fire-light show,
That figure stern and face of woe,
Now call'd upon a squire:
"Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,
To speed the lingering night away?
We slumber by the fire."—

VIII.
"So please you," thus the youth rejoind,
"Our choicest minstrel's left behind.
I'll may we hope to please your ear,
Accustom'd Constant's strains to hear.
The harp full deftly can he strike,
And wake the lover's lute alike;
To dear Saint Valentine, no thrush
Sings liver from a sparrow hedge bush,
No nightingale her love-lorn tune
More sweetly warbles to the moon.
Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,
Detains from us his melody,
LVash'd on rocks, and billows stern,
Or duller monks of Lindisfarne.

¹ See Notes to "The Bride of Lammermoor." Waverly Novels, vol. xiii. and xiv.
² The village of Gifford lies almost four miles from Hadgion: close to it is Yester House, the seat of the Mar-
³ quis of Tweedside, and a little farther up the stream, which descends from the hills of Lammerwood, see the remains of the old castle of the family.
⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 N.
SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

Now must I venture, as I may,  
To sing his favourite roundelay.”

IX.
A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace heard,  
The air he chose was wild and sad;  
Such have I heard, in Scottish land,  
Rise from the busy harvest band,  
When falls before the mountaineer,  
On Lowland plains, the ripen’d ear.  
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,  
Now a wild chorus swells the song:  
Oft have I listen’d, and stood still,  
As it came soften’d up the hill,  
And deem’d it the lament of men  
Who languish’d for their native glen;  
And thought how sad would be such sound  
On Susquehanna’s swampy ground,  
Kentucky’s wood-encumber’d brake,  
Or wild Ontario’s boundless lake,  
Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,  
Recall’d fair Scotland’s hills again!

X.

SONG.
Where shall the lover rest,  
Whom the fates sever  
From his true maiden’s breast  
Parted for ever!  
Where, through groves deep and high  
Sounds the far hill,  
Where early violets die,  
Under the willow.

CHORUS.
Eleu loro, &c. Sufi shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,  
Cool streams are laving;  
There, while the tempests sway,  
Scarce are boughs waving;  
There, thy rest shalt thou take,  
Parted for ever!  
Never again to wake,  
Never, O never!  

CHORUS.
Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

XI.
Where shall the traitor rest,  
He, the deceiver,  
Who could win maiden’s breast,  
Rum, and leave her?  
In the lost battle,  
Bore down by the flying,  
Where mingles war’s rattle  
With groans of the dying.

CHORUS.
Eleu loro, &c. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle lap  
O’er the false-hearted;  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
Ere life be parted.  
Shame and dishonour sit  
By his grave ever;  
Blessing shall hallow it,—  
Never, O never!  

CHORUS.
Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

XII.
It ceased, the melancholy sound;  
And silence sunk on all around.  
The air was sad; but sadder still  
It fell on Marmion’s ear,  
And plain’d as if disgrace and ill,  
And shameful death, were near.  
He drew his mantle past his face,  
Between it and the hard,  
And rested with his head a space,  
Reclining on his hand.  
His thoughts I can not; but I ween,  
That could their import have been seen,  
The meanest groom in all the hall,  
That e’er tied courser to a stall,  
Would scarce have wish’d to be their prey,  
For Lutterward and Fontenay.

XIII.
High minds, of native pride and force,  
Most deeply feel thy pangs. Remorse!  
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,  
Thou art the torturer of the brave!  
Yet fatal strength they boast to steel  
Their minds to bear the wounds they feel.  
Even while they wipe beneath the smart  
Of civil conflict in the heart.  
For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,  
And, smiling, to Fitz-Eustace said,—  
“Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,  
Seem’d in mine ear a death-peat rung,  
Such as in munneries they toll  
For some departing sister’s soul?  
Say, what may this portent?”—  
Then first the Falmer silence broke,  
(The livelong day he had not spoke,)  
“The death of a dear friend.”

XIV.
Marmion, whose steady heart and eye  
Ne’er changed in worst extremity;  
Marmion, whose soul could scantily brook,  
Even from his King, a haughty look;  
Whose accent of command controll’d,  
In camps, the boldest of the bold—  
Thought, look, and utterance fail’d him now,  
Fall’n was his glance, and flush’d his brow:  
For either in the tone,  
Or something in the Falmer’s look,  
So full upon his conscience strook,  
That answer he found none.  
Thus oft it hap’d, that when within  
They shrink at sense of secret sin,  
A feather daunts the brave;  
A fool’s wild speech confounds the wise,  
And proudest princes veil their eyes  
Before their meanest slave.

XV.
Well might he falter!—By his aid  
Was Constance Beverly betray’d.  
Not that he augur’d of the doom,  
Which on the living closed the tomb:  
But, tired to hear the desperate maid  
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid;  
And wroth, because in wild despair,  
She practis’d on the life of Clare:  
Its fugitive the Church he gave,  
Though not a victim, but a slave;
And deem'd restraint in convent strange
Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge.
Himself, proud Henry's favourite peer,
Held Romish thunders idle fear.
Secure his pardon he might hold,
For some slight mutin of penance-gold.
Thus judging, he gave secret way,
When the stern priests surprised their prey.
His train but deem'd the favourite page
Was left behind, to spare his age;
Or other if they deem'd, none dared
To mutter what he thought and heard:
Woe to the vassal, who durst pry
Into Lord Marmion's privacy!

XVI.

His conscience slept—he deem'd her well,
And safe secured in distant cell;
But, waken'd by her favourite lay,
And that strange Palmer's boding say,
That fell so ominous and dear,
Full on the object of his fear.
To aid remorse's venom'd throns,
Dark tales of convent-vengeance rose;
And Constance, late betray'd and scorn'd,
All lovely on his soul return'd;
Lovely as when, at treacherous call,
She left her convent's peaceful wall.
Crimson'd with shame, with terror mute,
Dreading an escape, pursuit;
Till love, victorious o'er alarms,
Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

XVII.

"Alas!" he thought, "how changed that vision!
How changed these timid looks have been,
Since years of guilt, and of disguise,
Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes!
No more of virgin terror speaks
The blood that mantles in her cheeks;
Fierce, and unfemine, are there, there,
Frenzy for joy, for grief despair;
And I the cause—for whom were given
Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!"
Would," thought he, as the picture grows,
"I too its stalk had left the rose!
Oh, why should man's success remove
The very charms that wake his love!
Her convent's peaceful solitude
Is now a prison harsh and rude;
And, pent within the narrow cell,
How will her spirit chafe and swell?
How brook the stern monastic laws?
The penance how—and I the cause!
Vigil and scourg'e—perchance even worse!"
And twice he rose to cry, "To horse!"
And twice his Sovereign's mandate came,
Like lamp upon a kindling flame;
And twice he thought, "Gave I not charge
She should be safe, though not at large?
They durst not, for their island, shred
One golden ringlet from her head."

XVIII.

While thus in Marmion's bosom strove
Repentance and reviving love,
Lake whirlwinds, whose contending sway
I've seen Loch Yenuchar obey,

Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,
And, talkative, took up the word:
"Ay, reverend Pilgrim, yea, who stray
From Scotland's simple land away,
To visit realms afar,
Full often learn the art to know
Of future weal, or future woe,
By word, or sign, or star;
Yet might a knight his fortune hear,
If, knight-like, he despires fear,
Not far from hence;—if fathers old
Aright our haunter legend told."
These broken words the menials move,
(For marvels still the vulgar love.)
And, Marmion giving license cold,
His tale the host thus gladly told:

XX.

"The King Lord Gifford's castle sought,
Deep labouring with uncertain thought;
Even then he must'd all his host,
To meet upon the western coast:
For Norse and Danish galleys plied
Their oars with the wind of Clyde,
Some floated Hinc's banner trim,
Above Norwegian warriors grim.
Savage of heart, and large of limb;
Threatening both continent and isle.
"Bute, Arran, Cunningham, and Kyle,
Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,
Heard Alexander's bugle sound.
And hurried not his harp to change,
But, in his wizard habit strange
Came forth,—a quaint and fearful sight;
His mantle lined with fox-skins white;
His high and wrinkled forehead bare
A pointed cap, such as of yore
Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore;
His shoes were mark'd with cross and spell,
Upon his breast a pentacle; 4
His zone, of virgin parchment thin,
Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin.
Bore many a planetary sign,
Combust, and retrograde, and trine;
And in his hand he held prepared,
A naked sword without a guard.

XXI.
"Dare dealing with the fiendish race
Had mark'd strange lines upon his face;
Vigil and fast had worn him grim.
His eye dazzled and dim,
As one unused to upper day;
Even his own menials with dismay
Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly Sire,
In his unwonted wild attire;
Unwonted, for traditions ran.
He seldom thus beheld the sun—
'I know,' he said—his voice was hoarse,
And broken seem'd its hollow force,—
'I know the cause, I bless'd mine sight;
Why the King seeks his vassals' hold:
Vainly from me my liege would know
His kingdom's future weal or woe;
But yet, if strong his arm and heart,
His courage may do more than art.

XXII.
"Of middle air the demons proud,
Who ride upon the racking cloud,
Can read, in fix'd or wandering star,
The issue of events afar;
But still their sudden aid withhold,
Save when by mightier force controll'd:
Such late I summon'd to my hall;
And though so potent was the call,
That scarce the deepest mood of hell
I deem'd a refuge from the spell,
Yet, obstinate in silence still,
The haughty demon mocks my skill.
But thou—who little know'st thy might,
As thou, that blessed me with light,
When yawning graves, and dying groan,
Proclaim'd hell's empire overthrown,—
With untaught valour shalt compel
Response denied to magic spell.'—
"Gramercy,' quoth our Monarch free,
'Place him but front to front with me,
And, by this good and honour'd brand,
The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,
Soothly I swear, that, tide w'at tide,
The demon shall a buffet give.'—
His bearing bold the wizard view'd,
And thus, well pleased, his speech renew'd:—
'There spoke the blood of Malcolm!—mark:
Forth pacing hence, at midnight dark,
The rampart seek, whose circling crown
Crests the ascent of yonder down:
A southern entrance shalt thou find;
There halt, and there thy bugle wind,
And trust thine elfin foe to see,
In guise of thy worst enemy:
Couch then thy lance, and spur thy steed—
Upon him! and Saint George to speed!
If he go down, thou soon shalt know
Whate'er these airy sprites can show;—
If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
I am no warrant for thy life.'

XXIII.
"Soon as the midnight bell did ring,
Alone, and arm'd, forth rode the King.
Tu that old camp's deserted round:
Sir Knight, you well might mark the mound,
Left hand the town,—the Pictish race,
The trench, long since, in blood did trace;
The moor around is brown and bare,
The space within is green and fair.
The spot our village children know,
For there the earliest wild-flowers grow;
But woe be to the wandering wight,
That treadeth its circuit in the night!
The breadth across, a bowshot clear,
Gives ample space for full career:
Opposed to the four points of heaven,
By four deep gaps are entrance given.
The southernmost our Monarch past,
Halted, and blew a gallant blast;
And on the north, within the ring,
Appeard the form of England's King,
Who then, a thousand leagues afar,
In Palestine waged holy war:
Yet arms like England's did he wield,
Alas the leopards in the shield,
Alas his Syrian courser's frame,
The rider's length of limb the same:
Long afterwards did Scotland know,
Fell Edward 2 was her deadliest foe.

XXIV.
"The vision made our Monarch start,
But soon he man'd his noble heart,
And in the first career they ran.
The Elfin Knight fell, horse and man;
Yet did a splinter of his lance
Through Alexander's visor glance,
And rased the skin—a poyw wound.
The King, light leaping to the ground,
With naked blade his phantom foe
Compell'd the future war to show.
Of Largs he saw the glorious plain,
Where still gigantic bones remain.
Memorial of the Danish war;
Himself he saw, amid the field.
On high his brandish'd war-axe wield,
And strike round Haco from his car,
While all around the shadowy Kings
Denmark's grim ravens cow'der'd their wings.
'Tis said, that, in that awful night,
Remoteer visions met his sight,
Foreshowing future conquests far,
When our sons' sons wage northern war;
A royal city, tower and spire,
Redden'd the midnight sky with fire;
And shouting crews saw her brave bane,
Triumphant, to the victor shore; 3
Such signs may learned clerks explain,
They pass the wit of simple swain.

XXV.
"The joyful King turn'd home again,
Headed his host, and quell'd the Dane;
But yearly, when return'd the night
Of his strange combat with the sprite,
His wound must bleed and smart;
Lord Gifford then would glibly say,
'Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay
The penance of your start.'
Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,
King Alexander fits his grave,
Our Lady give him rest!"
Yet still the knighthly spear and shield
The Elfin Warrior doth wield,
Upon the brown hill’s breast;
And many a knight hath proved his chance,
In the charmed ring to break a lance,
But all have foully sped;
Save two, as legends tell, and they
Were Wallace Wight, and Gilbert Hay.—
Gentles, my tale is said." 

XXVI.
The quails were deep, the liquor strong,
And on the table the yeoman throng
Had made a comment sage and long,
But Marmion gave a sign:
And, with their lord, the squires retire;
The rest, around the hostel fire,
Their drowsy limbs recline;
For pillow, underneath each head,
The quiet and the targe were laid.
Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,
Oppress’d with toil and care, they snore:
The dying flame, in fitful change,
Throw on the group its shadows strange.

XXVII.
Apart, and nestling in the hay
Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay;
Scarce, by the pale moonlight, were seen
The foldings of his mantle green;
Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
Of sport by thicket, or by stream.
Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove.
Or, lighter yet, of lady’s love.
A cautious tread his slumber broke,
And, close beside him, when he woke,
In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
Stood a tall form, with nodding plume;
But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,
His master Marmion’s voice he knew.

—"Fitz-Eustace! rise, I cannot rest;
Yon churl’s wild legend haunts my breast,
And graver thoughts have chastened my mood:
The air must cool my feverish blood;
And fain would I ride forth, to see
The scene of elfin chivalry.
Arise, and saddle me my steed;
And, gentle Eustace, take good heed
Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves;
I would not, that the prating knives
Had cause for saying, o’er their ale,
That I could credit such a tale.—"
Then softly down the steps they slid,
Eustace the stable door undid,
And, darkling, Marmion’s steed array’d,
While, whispering, thus the Baron said:—

XXIX.
"Did’st never, good my youth, hear tell,
That on the hour when I was born,
Saint George, who graced my sire’s chapelle,
Down from his steed of marble fell,
A weary weight forborn?
The flattering chaplains all agree,
The champion left his steed to me,
I would, the omen’s truth to show,
That I could meet this Elfin Foe!"

Marmion.
INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.

TO

JAMES SKENE, Esq.*

Ashetiel, Ettrick Forest.

An ancient Minstrel sagely said,
"Where is the life which late we led?"

1 See Appendix, Note 3. U.
2 A wooden cup, composed of straws hooped together.
3 Yeot, a fluid old poets for want.
4 James Skene, Esq., of Rubislaw, Aberdeenshire, was Cornet in the Royal Edinburgh Light Horse Volunteers; and Sir Walter Scott was Quarter-master of the same corps.
That motley clown in Arden wood,
Whom humorous Jacques with envy view'd,
Not even that clown could amplify,
On this trite text, so long as I.
Eleven years we now may tell,
Since we have known each other well;
Since, riding side by side, our hand
First drew the voluntary brand;
And sure, through many a varied scene
Unkindness never came between.
Away these winged years have flown,
To join the mass of ages gone;
And though deep mark'd, like all below,
With chequer'd shades of joy and woe;
Though thou o'er realms and seas last ranged,
Mark'd cities lost, and empires changed,
While here, at home, my narrower ken
Somewhat of manner's saw, and men;
Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,
Fever'd the progress of these years,
Yet now, days, weeks, and months, but seem
The recollection of a dream,
So still we glide down to the sea
Of fathomless eternity.

Even now it scarcely seems a day,
Since first I tuned this idle lay;
A task so often thrown aside,
When leisure graver cares denied,
That now, November's dreary gale,
Whose voice inspir'd my opening tale,
That same November gale once more
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore.
Their vex'd boughs streaming to the sky,
Once more our naked birches sigh,
And Blackhouse heights, and Ettrick Pen,
Have don'd their wintry shrouds again:
And mountain dark, and flooded mead,
But us forsake the banks of Tweed.
Earlier than wont along the sky,
Mix'd with the rack, the snow mist's fly;
The shepherd, who in summer sun
Had something of our envy look,
As thou with pencil. I with pen
The features traced of hill and glen:-
He who, outstretched'd the livelong day,
At ease among the heath-flowers lay,
View'd the light clouds with vacant look,
Or slumber'd o'er his tatter'd book,
Or idly busied him to guide
His angle o'er the lessen'd tide:—
At midnight now, the snowy plain
Finds sternier labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dark and dun;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain.
Against the casement's tinkling pane:
The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To save him and his charge from any risk.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Determined drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.

Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the heath his dogs repine:
Whistling and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wretches the plaid.
His flock he gathers, and his guides,
To open down, and mow the wheat,
Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Oft he looks back, while streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,—
Losses its feeble gleam,—and then
Turns patient to the blast again.
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale:
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the cell he sought in vain.
The mor's may find the stiffer's swain:—
The widow sees, at dawning pale.
His orphans raise their weepful wail;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his check to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthly fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by Greenwood tree,
His rustick kirm's loud revelry.
His native hill-notes, tuned on high,
To Marion of the blithesome eye;
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed!

Changes not so with us, my Skene,
Of human life the varying scene!
Our youthful summer oft we see
Dance by on wings of game and glee,
While the dark storm reserves its rage,
Against the winter of our age:
As he, the ancient Chief of Troy,
His manhood spent in peace and joy;
But Grecian fires, and loud alarms,
Call'd ancient Priam forth to arms.
Then happy those, since each must drain
His share of pleasure, share of pain,—
Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
To whom the mingled cup is given;
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
Whose joys are chas'd by their grief.
And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,
When thou of late, wert don'd to twine,—
Just when thy bridal hour was by,—
The Cypress with the myrtle tie.
Just on thy bride her Sire had smiled,
His flock did homage to the task.
Nor did the actions next his end,
Speak more the father than the friend:
Scarce had lamented Forbes paid
The tribute to his Minstrel's shade;
The tale of friendship scarce was told,
Ere the narrator's heart was cold—

1 Various Illustrations of the Poetry and Novels of Sir Walter Scott from designs by Mr. Skene, have since been published.
2 Compare the celebrated description of a man perishing in the snow, in Thomson's Winter.—See Appendix, Note 2 V.
3 The Scottish Harvest-home.
4 See Appendix, Note 2 W.
MARMION.

Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind!
But not around his honour'd arm,
Shall friends alone and kindred mourn;
The thousand eyes his care had dried,
Pour at his name a bitter tide;
And frequent falls the grateful dew,
For benefits the world ne'er knew.

If mortal charity dare claim
The Almighty's unchanging name,
Inscribe above his moundering clay,
"The widow's shield, the orphan's stay."
Nor, though it wake thy sorrow, deem
My verse intrudes on this sad theme;
For sacred was the pen that wrote,
"Thy father's friend forget thou not."
And grateful title may I plead.
For many a kindly word and deed,
To bring my tribute to his grave:—
'Tis little—but 'tis all I have.

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain
Recalls our summer walks again;
When, doing nought,—and, to speak true,
Not anxious to find ought to do,—
The wild unbounded hills we ranged,
While oft our talk its topic changed,
And, desultory as our way,
Ranged, unconfin'd, from grave to gay.
Even when it fad'd, as oft will chance,
No effort made to break its trance,
We could right pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too;
Thou gravely labouring to portray
The bighted oak's fantastic spray;
I speckling o'er, with much delight,
The legend of that antique knight,
"Tirante by name, yclept the White."
At either's feet a trusty squire,
Pandour and Camp,1 with eyes of fire,
Jealous, each other's motions view'd,
And scarce suppress'd their ancient feud.
The laverock whistled from the cloud;
The stream was lively, but not loud;
From the white thorn the May-flower shed
Its dewy fragrance round our head:
Not Merrill lived more ruthful:
Under the blossom'd bough, than we
And blithesome nights, too, have been ours,
When Winter stript the summer's bowers.
Careless we heard, what now I hear,
The wild blast sighing deep and drear,
When fires were bright, and lamps beam'd gay,
And ladies tun'd the lovely lay;
And he was held a laggard soul,
Who shunn'd to quaff the sparkling bowl.
Then, he, whose absence we deplore,2
Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,
The longer miss'd would draw the more;
And thou, and I, and dear-loved R——
And one whose name I may not say,—
For not Mimoso's tender tree
Shrinks sooner from the touch than he,—

In merry chorus well combined,
With laughter drawn'd the whistling wind.
Mirth was within: and care without
Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.
Not but amid the buxom scene
Some grave discourse might intervene—
Of the good horse that bore him best,
His shoulder, hoof, and arming crest;
For, like and loam's, our chieftest care,
Was horse to ride, and weapon wear
Such nights we've had; and, though the game
Of manhood be more sober tame,
And though the field-day, or the drill,
Seem less important now—yet still
Such may we hope to share again.
The sprightly thought inspires my strain
And mark, how, like a horseman true,
Lord Marmion's march I thus renew.

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<th>MARMION.</th>
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THE CAMP.

I.

Eustace, I said, did blithely mark
The first notes of the merry lark.
The lark sang shrill, the cock he crew,
And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,
And with their light and lively calls
Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.
Whistling they came, and free of heart,
But soon their mood was changed;
Complaint was heard on every part,
Of something disarranged.
Some clamour'd loud for armour lost;
Some bawl'd and wrangled with the host;
"By Becket's bones," cried one, "I fear,
That some false Scot has stolen my spear!"—
Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire,
Found his steed wet with sweat and mire;
Although the rated horse-boy sware,
Lost night he dress'd him sleek and fair.
While chauf'd the impatient squire like thunder,
Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,—
"Help, gentle Blount! help, conrudes all!"
Bevis lies dying in his stall:
"Who Marmion who the plight are tell,
Of his good steed he loves so well?"—
Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw
The charger panting on his straw;
Till one, who would seem wisest, cried,—
"What else but evil could betide,
With that cursed Palmer for our guide!
Better we had through mire and bush
Been lantern-led by Friar Rush." 6

1 Camp was a favourite dog of the Poet's, a bull-terrier of extraordinary sagacity. He is introduced in Raeburn's portrait of Sir Walter Scott, now at Dalkeith Palace.—Ed.
2 Colin Mackenzie, of Portmore, one of the Principal Clerks of Session at Edinburgh, and through life an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, died on 10th September, 1820.—Ed.
3 Sir William Roe of St. Catherine's, Bart., subsequently Lord Advocate of Scotland, was a distinguished member of the volunteer corps to which Sir Walter Scott belonged; and he, the Poet, Mr. Skene, Mr. Mackenzie, and a few other friends, had formed themselves into a little semi-military club, the meetings of which were held at their family supper-tables in rotation.—Ed.
4 The gentleman whose name the Poet "might not say," was the late Sir William Forbes of Penpont, Bart., son of the author of the Life of Beattie, and brother-in-law of Mr. Skene, through life an intimate, and latterly a generous friend of Sir Walter Scott—died 24th October, 1820.—Ed.
5 See King Lear.
6 See Appendix, Note 2. |
SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

II.

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guess’d;
Nor wholly understood,
His comrades’ clamorous plaints suppress’d;
He knew Lord Marmion’s mood.

Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,
And found deep plumed in gloomy thought,
And did his tale display
Simply as if he knew of nought.

To cause such disarray,
Lord Marmion gave attention cold,
Nor marvell’d at the wonders told,—
Pass’d them as accidents of course.
And bade his clarions sound to horse.

III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost
Had reckon’d with their Scottish host;
And, as the charge he cast and paid,
”Ill thou desirest thy hire,” he said;

”Dust see, thou knave, my horse’s plight?
Furnas huge ridden him all the night,
And left him in a foul!”

I trust that soon a conjuring band,
With English cross, and blazing brand,
Shall drive the devils from this land,
To their infernal home;

For in this haunted den, I trow,
All night they trample to and fro.”—
The laughing host look’d on the hire,—
”Glamory, gentle southern square,
And if the comest among the rest,
With Scottish broadsword to be blest,
Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,
And short the pang to undergo.”

Here stay’d their talk,—for Marmion
Gave now the signal to set on.
The Palmer showing forth the way
They journey’d all the morning day.

IV.

The green-award way was smooth and good,
Through Humbie’s and through Saltoun’s
A forest glade, which, varying still,
Here gave a view of dale and hull,
There narrower closed, till over head
A vaulted screen the branches made.

”A pleasant path,” Fitz-Eustace said;
”Such as where errant-knights might see
Adventures of high chivalry;
Might meet some damsel flying fast,
With hair unbound, and looks aglist;
And smooth and level course were here,
In her defence to break a spear.
Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells;
And oft, in such, the story tells,
The damsel kind, from danger freed,
Did grateful pay her champion’s need.”
He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion’s mood:
Perchance to show his love design’d;
For Eustace much had pour’d
Upon his soul, that day he knew;
In the hall window of his home,
Imprinted at the antique dome
Of Caxton, or De Worde.

Therefore he spoke,—but spoke in vain,
For Marmion answer’d nought again.

V.

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill,
In notes prolong’d by wood and hill,
Were heard to echo far;
Each ready archer grasp’d his bow,
But by the flourish soon they knew,
They breathed no point of war.
Yet cautious, as in foeman’s land,
Lord Marmion’s order speeded the band,
Some opener ground to gain;
And scarce a furious had they rode,
When thinner trees, receding, show’d
A little woodland plain.
Just in that advantageous glade,
The halting troop a line had made;
As forth from the opposing shade
Issued a gallant train.

VI.

First came the trumpets, at whose clang
So late the forest echoes rang;
On prancing steeds they forward press’d,
With swift martial steps, azure vest;
Each at his trumpet a banner wore,
Which Scotland’s royal scutcheon bore;
Heralds and pursuivants, by name
Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Rothsay, came,
In painted tabards, proudly showing
Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,
Attendant on a King-at-arms,
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held.
That feudal strife had often quell’d,
When wildest its alarms.

VII.

He was a man of middle age;
In aspect manly, grave and sage,
As on King’s errand come;
But in the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen, and sly
Expression found its home;
The flash of that satiric look;
Which, bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age.
And broke the keys of Rome.
On milk white palfrey forth he paced;
His cap of maintenance was graced
With the proud heron-plume.
From his steed’s shoulder, lion, and breast,
Silk housings swept the ground
With Scotland’s arms, device, and crest,
Embroider’d round and round.
The double treasure might you see,
First by Achains bore’e,
The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,
And gallant unicorn.
So bright the King’s armorial coat,
That scarce the dazzled eye could note,
In living colours, blazon’d brave,
The Lion, which his title gave.
A train, whose well beseech’d his state,
But all unarm’d, around him wait.
Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms,
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-at-arms.”

1 William Caxton, the earliest English printer, was born in Kent, A. D. 1422, and died 1491. Wynken de Worde was
his next successor in the production of those

2 See Appendix, Note 2 Y.
MARMION.

VIII.

Down from his horse did Marmion spring,
Soon as he saw the Lion-King;
For well the stately Baron knew
To him such courtesy was due,
Whom royal James himself had crown'd,
And on his temples placed the round
Of Scotland's ancient diadem:
And wet his brow with hallow'd wine,
And on his finger gave to shine
The emblematic gem.

Their mutual greetings duly made,
The Lion thus his message said:—
"Though Scotland's King hath deeply swore
Never to knit faith with Henry more,
And strictly hath forbid resort
From England to his royal court;
Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name,
And honours much his warlike fame.
My liege hath deem'd it shame, and lack
Of courtesy, to turn him back;
And, by his order, I, your guide,
Must lodging fit and fair provide,
Till finds King James meet time to see
The flower of English chivalry."

IX.

Though inly chafed at his delay,
Lord Marmion bears it as he may,
The Palmer, his mysterous guide,
Beholding thus his place supplied,
Sought to take leave in vain:
Strict was the Lion-King's command,
That none, who rode in Marmion's band,
Should sever from the train:
"England has here enow of spies
In Lady Heron's witching eyes;"
To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,
But fair pretext to Marmion made,
The right hand path they now decline,
And trace against the stream the Tyne.

X.

At length up that wild dale they wind,
Where Crichton Castle1 crowns the bank:
There one the Lion's claim assigned
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.
That Castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne:
And far beneath, where slow they creep,
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist, and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.

The towers in different ages rose;
The various architectural show
The builders' various hands;
A mighty mass, that could oppose,
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI.

Crichton! though now thy mazy court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude, and totter'd Keep,
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
Oft have I traced, within thy fort,
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,
Quarter'd in old armorial sort,
Remains of rude magnificence.

Nor wholly yet had time defaced
Thy lordly gallery fair;
Nor yet the stony cord unbraided,
Whose twisted knots, with roses lace'd,
Adorn thy ruin'd stair.
Still rises unimpair'd below,
The court-yard's graceful portico;
Above its cornice, row and row
Of fair hewn facets richly show
Their painted diamond form,
Though there but houseless castle go,
To shelter them from the storm.
And, shuddering, still may we explore,
Where off whilom were captives pent,
The darkness of thy Musky More:2
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
May trace, in undulating line,
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

XII.

Another aspect Crichton show'd,
As through its portal Marmion rode;
But yet 'twas melancholy state
Received him at the outer gate;
For none were in the Castle then,
But women, boys, or aged men.
With eyes scarce dryed, the sorrowing dame,
To welcome noble Marmion came;
Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold:
For each man that could draw a sword
Had march'd that morning with their lord,
Earl Adam Hepburn.—he who died
On Flodden, by his sovereign's side,3
Long may his lady look in vain!
She ne'er shall see his gallant train,
Come sweeping back through Crichton-Den;
'Twas a brave race, before the name
Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame.

XIII.

And here two days did Marmion rest,
With every rite that honour claims,
Attended as the King's own guest:—
Such the command of Royal James,Who promised then his land's array,
Upon the Borough-moor that lay,
Perchance he would not foeman's eye
Upon his gathering host should pry,
Till full prepared was every band
To march against the English land.
Here while they dwelt, did Lindsey's wit
Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit;
And, in his turn, he knew to prize
Lord Marmion's powerful mind and wise,—
Train'd in the lore of Rome and Greece,
And polices of war and peace.

XIV.

It chanced, as fell the second night,
That on the battlements they walk'd,
And, by the slowly falling light,
Of varying topics talked;
And, unaware, the Herald-hard
Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,
In travelling so far;
For that a messenger from heaven
In vain to James had counsel given
Against the English war;4

2 The pit, or prison vault.—See Appendix, Note 22.
3 See Appendix, Note 9.
4 See Appendix, Note 3B.
And, closer questioned, thus he told  
A tale which chronicles of old  
In Scottish story have enroll'd:—

**SIR DAVID LINDESAY'S TALE.**

"Of all the palaces so fair,  
Built for the royal dwelling,  
There was none that inglorious  
Linlithgow is excelling;"  
And in its park in jovial June,  
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,  
How blithe the blackbird's lay!  
The wild-buck-bells* from flyer brake,  
The coat dives merry on the lake,  
The saddest heart might pleasure take  
To see all nature gay.

But June is to our sovereign dear  
The heaviest month in all the year:  
Too well his cause of grief you know,  
June saw his father's overthrow.  
Woe to the traitors, who could bring  
The princely boy against his King!  
Still in his conscience burns the sting:  
In offices as strict as Lent,  
King James's June is ever spent.

"When last this ruthless month was come,  
And in Linlithgow's holy dome  
The King, as wont, was praying;  
While, for his royal father's soul,  
The chanters sung, the bells did toll,  
The Bishop mass was saying—  
For now the year brought round again  
The day the luckless king was slain—  
In Katharine's aisle the Monarch knelt,  
With sackcloth-shirt, and iron belt,  
And eyes with sorrow streaming;  
Around him in their stalls of state,  
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,  
Their banners o'er them beaming:  
T was there, and sooth to tell,  
Bedeasen'd with the jangling knell,  
Was watching where the sunbeams fell  
Through the stain'd casement gleaming;  
But, while I mark'd what next befell,  
It seem'd as I were dreaming.

Stepp'd from the crowd a ghostly wight  
In azure gown, with cincture white;  
His forehead bald, his head was bare,  
Down hung at length his yellow hair.—  
Now, mock me not, when good my Lord,  
I pledge to you my knighthood vow,  
That, when I saw his placid grace,  
His simple majesty of face,  
His solemn bearing, and his pace

So stately gliding on,—  
Seem'd to me ne'er did limner paint  
So just an image of the Saint,  
Who prop'd the Virgin in her saint,  
The loved Apostle John!"

**XVII.**

"He step'd before the Monarch's chair;  
And stood with rustic plumes there;  
And little reverence inward;  
Nor head, nor body, bow'd nor bent,  
But on the desk his arm he leant,  
And words like these he said,  
In a low voice, but never tone,  
So thrill'd through vein, and nerve, and bone:—  
'My mother sent me from afar,  
Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—  
Woe waits on thine array;  
If war thou wilt, of woman fair,  
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,  
James Stuart, doubly warn'd, beware:  
God keep thee as he may!—  
The wondering Monarch seem'd to seek  
For answer, and found none:  
And when he raised his head to speak,  
The monitor was gone.

The Marshal and myself had cast  
To stop him as be outward pass'd:  
But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,  
He vanish'd from our eyes,  
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,  
That glances but, and dies."
The thoughts, which broke his sleep, he seems
to mention but as feverish dreams.

XIX.

"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread My horning limbs, and conch'd my head; Fantastic thoughts return'd; And, by their wild dominion fed, My heart within me burn'd. So sore was the delicious good, I took my steed, and forth I rode, And, as the moon shone bright and cold, Soon reach'd the camp upon the wold. The southern entrance I pass'd through, And halted, and my bridle blew. Methought an answer met my ear,— Yet was the blast as low and drear, So hollow, and so faintly blown, It might be echo of my own.

XX.

"Thus judging, for a little space I listen'd, ere I left the place; But scarce could trust my eyes, Nor yet can think they served me true, When swellen'd in the ring I view, In form distinct of shape and hue, A mounted champion rise.— I've fought, Lord Lion, many a day. In single fight, and war'd affray, And ever, I myself may say, Have borne me as a knight; But when this unexpected he Seem'd starting from the gulf below,— I care not though the truth I show,— I trembled with affright: And as I placed in rest my spear, My hand so shook for very fear, I scarce could couch it right.

XXI.

"Why need my tongue the issue tell?— We ran our course,—my charger fell,— What could he 'gainst the shock of hell!— I roll'd upon the plain. Hugh o'er my head, with threatening hand, The spectre shook his naked brand,— Yet did the worst remain: My dazzled eyes I upward cast,— Not opening hell itself could blast Their sight, like what I saw! Full on his face the moonbeam strook,— A face could never be mistook! I knew the stern vindictive look, And held my breath for awe. I saw the face of one who, red To foreign climes, has long been dead,— I well believe the last: For ne'er, from vizoor raised, did stare A human warrior, with a glare So grimly and so ghast. Thrice o'er his head he shook the blade; But when to good Saint George I pray'd, (The first time ere I ask'd his aid,) He plunged it in the sheath; And, on his courser mounting light, He seem'd to vanish from my sight: The moonbeam droop'd, and deepest night Sunk down upon the heat.—"Twere long to tell what cause I have To know his face, that met me there, Call'd by his hatred from the grave, To cabin upper air:

Dead or alive, good cause had he To be my mortal enemy.

XXII.

Marvell'd I Sir David of the Mount; Then, learn'd in story, 'can recount Such chance had happ'd of old. When once, near Norham, there did fight A spectre fell of fleshless light, In likeness of a Scottish knight, With Brown Bulmer bold. And train'd him nigh to dislodge The aid of his baptismal vow. "And such a phantom, too, 'tis said, With Highland broadsword, targe, and plaid, And fingers, red with gore, Is seen in roildaurne glade, Or where the sable pine-trees shade Dark Tomontoun, and Aschnasland, Drummocthy, or Glenmore. And yet, what'er such legends say, Of warlike demon, ghost, or ray, On mountain, moor, or plain, Spotless in faith, in bosom bold; True son of chivalry should hold, These midnight terrors vain; For seldom have such spirits power To harm, save in the evil hour, When guilt we meditate within, Or harbour unrepented sin."— Lord Marmion turn'd him half aside, And twice to clear his voice he tried. Then press'd Sir David's hand,— But sought, at length, in answer said; And here their farther converse staid, Each ordering that his band Should bower them with the rising day, To Scotland's camp to take their way,— Such was the King's command.

XXIII.

Early they took Dun-Edin's road; And I could trace each step they tro'd; Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rook, nor stone Lies on the path to me unknown. Much might it boast of storied lore; But, passing such digression o'er, Suffice it that the route was laid Across the furry hills of Braid. They pass'd the glen and scanty rill, And climb'd the opposing bank, until They gain'd the top of Blackford Hill.

XXIV.

Blackford! on whose uncultured breast, Among the broom, and thorn, and whin, A truant-boy, I sought the nest, Or list'd, as I lay at rest. While rose, on breezes thin, The murmurs of the city crowd, And, from his steeple jangling loud, Saint Giles's mingling din. Now, from the summit to the plain, Waves all the hill with yellow grain; And o'er the landscape as I look, Nought do I see unchanged remain. Save the rude cliffs and sliming brook. To me they make a heavy moan, Of early friendships past and gone.

1 See the traditions concerning Bulmer, and the spectral called Lambsearse, or Bloody-hand, in a note on canio ili. Appendix, Note 2 U.
XXV.

But different far the change has been,
Since Marmion, from the crown
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene
Upon the bent so brown:
Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Borough-mour below;¹
Upland, and dale, and down:—
A thousand did I say? I ween;
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That chequer’d all the heath between
The streamlet and the town;
In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular;
Oft giving way, where still there stood
Some relics of the old oak wood,
That darkly hase did intervene,
And famed the glaring white with green;
In these extended lines there lay
A martial kingdom’s vast array.

XXVI.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon’s fertile plain,
And from the southern Redswire edge,
To farthest Rosse’s rocky ledge;
From west to east, from south to north,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth;
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myrmaid up the mountain come;
The horses’ tramp, and tingling clank,
Where chiefs review’d their vassal rank,
And charger’s shrilling neigh;
And see the shifting lines advance,
While frequent flash’d, from shield and lance,
The sun’s reflected ray.

XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of failing smoke declare
To embers now the brands decay’d,
Where the night-watch their fires had made.
They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
Fully ransack’d every cart and wain,
And dire artillery’s clumsy car,
By sluggish oxen tug’d to war;
And there were Borthwick’s Sisters Seven,²
And colverins which France had given.
Illomen’d gift! the guns remain
The conqueror’s spoil on Flodden plain.

XXVIII.

Nor mark’d they less, where in the air
A thousand streamers flourish’d fair;
Various in shape, dome, and hone,
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue.
Broad, narrow, swallow-tail’d, and square,
Scroll, pennon, penniel, bandrol,³ there
O’er the pavilions flew.⁴
Highest and midstmost, was descried
The royal banner floating wide;
The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,
Pitch’d deeply in a massive stone,
Which still in memory is shown.
You stand with the standard’s weight
When enter the western wind unrul’d,
With toil, the huge and cumbersome fold,
And gave to view the dazzling field,
Where, in proud Scotland’s royal shield,
The ruddy lion ramp’d in gold.⁵

XXIX.

Lord Marmion view’d the landscape bright,—
He view’d it with a chief’s delight,—
Until within him burn’d his heart,
And lightning from his eye did part,
As on the battle-day:
Such glance did falcon never dart,
When stopping on his prey.
“O! well, Lord-Lion, last thou said,
Thy King from warfare to disuade
Were but a vain essay.⁶
For, by St. George, were that host mine,
Not power infernal nor divine,
Should once to peace my soul incline,
Till I had dimm’d their armour’s shine
In glorious battle-fray!”⁷
Answer’d the Bard, of milder mood:
“Fair is the sight,—and yet ‘twere good,
That kings would think within,
When peace and wealth their land has bless’d,
To better our sit still at rest,
Than rise, perchance to fail.”

XXX.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay’d,
For fairer scene he ne’er survey’d.
When sated with the martial show
That people’d all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o’er it go,
And mark the distant city gleam
With gloomy splendour red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridg’d back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each healthy top they kiss’d,
It gleam’d a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law;
And, broad between them roll’d,
The gallant Firth the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.
Fitz-Eustace’s heart felt closely pent;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spurt he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridled hand.
And, making demi-volte in air,
Cried, “Where’s the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land!”
The Lindesay smil’d his joy to see;
Nor Marmion’s brow repress’d his glee.

XXXI.

Thus while they look’d, a flourish proud,
Where mingled trump, and cimron loud,

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 E.
² Seven culverine so called, east by one Borthwick.
³ Each of these feudal ensigns intimated the different rank of these entitled to display them.
⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 F.
⁵ Ibid. Note 9 G.
⁶ Ibid. Note 9 I.
MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

TO

GEORGE ELLIS, Esq.

Edinburgh.

When dark December glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away;
When short and scant the sunbeam throws,
Upon the weary waste of snows,

And护士, and kettle-drum,
And sackbut, deep, and psalter,
And war-pipe with discordant cry,
And cymbal clattering to the sky,
Making wild music bold and high,

Did up the mountain come;
The whilst the halls, with distant chime,
Merrily tol'd the hour of prime,
And thus the Ludesay spoke:

"Thus toil and still the war-notes when
The king to mass his way has taken,
Or to St. Katharine's of Sienne,
Or Chapel of Saint Rocque.

To you they speak of martial fame;
But me remind of peaceful game,
When blithly was their cheer.
Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,
In signal none his steed should spare,
But strive which foremost might repair
To the downfall of the deer.

XXXII.

"Nor less," he said,—"when looking forth,
I view you Empress of the North

Sit on her hilly throne;
Her palace's imperial bowers,
Her castle, proof to hostile powers,
Her stately halls and holy towers—
Nor less," he said, "I mean,
To think what woe mischance may bring,
And how these merry bells may ring
The death-dirge of our gallant king:
Or with the laurel call
Theburghers forth to watch and ward,
'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard
Dun-Edin's league'd wall.

But not for my pressing thought,
Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought!

Lord Marmion, I say way:
God is the guider of the field,
He breaks the champion's spear and shield,—
But thou thyself shalt say.
When joins you host in deadly stowre,
That England's dames must weep in bower,
Her monks the death mass sing;
For never sawst thou such a power
Led on by such a King.—

And now, down winding to the plain,
The barriers of the camp they gain,
And there they made a stay.—
There stays the Minstrel, till he fling
His hand o'er every Border string,
And fit his harp the pomp to sing,
Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,
In the succeeding lay.

A cold and profitless regard,
Like patron on a needy hard;
When silvau occupation's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,
And hang, in idle trophy, near,
The gaudy bird, the fishing gale and spear;
When wry territer, rough and grim,
And greyhound, with his length of limb,
And pointer, now employ'd no more,
Cumber our parlour's narrow floor:
When in his stall the impatient steed
Is long condemn'd to rest and feed;
When from our snow-encircled home,
Scurse cares the hardest step to roam,
Since path is none, save that to bring
The needful water from the spring:
When wrinkled news-page, thrice conj'd o'er,
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,
And darkling politician, cross'd,
Inveighs against the lingering post,
And answer'se housewife sore complains
Of carriers' snow-impeded waifs;
When such the country cheer I come,
Well pleased, to seek our citty home;
For converse, and for books, to change
The Forest's melancholy range.
And welcome, with renew'd delight,
The busy day and social night.

Not here need my desponding rhyme
Lament the ravages of time,
As erst by Newark's riven towers,
And Ettrick stripp'd of forest bowers. 2
True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed, 3
Since on her dusky summit ranged,
Within its steepy limits pent,
By bulwark, line, and battlement,
And flanking towers, and laky flood,
Guarded and garrison'd she stood,
Denying entrance or resort.
Save at each tall embattled port:
Above whose arch, suspended, hung
Portcullis spik'd with iron prong.

That long is gone,—but not so long,
Since, early closed, and opening late,
Jealous revolved the studded gats,
Whose task, from eve to morning tide,
A wicked, powerfully suprising play,
Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,
Dun-Edin! O, how after'd now,
When safe amid thy mountain court
Thou sit'st, like Empress at her sport,
And liberal, unconfined, and free,
Plunging thy white arms to the sea. 4

For thy dark cloud, withumber'd lower,
That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,
Thou gleurst against the western ray
Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

1 This accomplished gentleman, the well-known conductor of Mr. Canning and Mr. Freer in the "Antiquaries," and editor of "Specimens of Ancient English Romance," &c., died 10th April 1814, aged 70 years; being succeeded in his estates by his brother, Charles Ellis, Esq., created, in 1827, Lord Searcots.—Ed.
2 See introduction to canto III.
3 See Appendix. Note 3 B.

4 Since writing this line, I find I have inadvertently borrowed it almost verbatim, though with somewhat a different meaning, from a chorus in "Coraclea?"—

"Britains heard the descent bold
She flung her white arms o'er the sea,
Proud in her leafy bosom to enfold
The freight of harmony."
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Not she, the Championess of old,
In Spenser's magic tale enroll'd,
She for the charmed spear renown'd,
Which force could each knight to kiss the ground;
Not she more chang'd, when, placed at rest,
What time she was Malbecco's guest,
She scarce to flow her maiden vest;
When from the corslet's grasp relieved,
Free to the sight her bosom heaved:
Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile,
E'en hidden by the aventail;
And down her shoulders graceful roll'd
Her locks profuse, of palgy gold.
They who wish'd, in midnight fight,
Had marvel'd at her matchless worth,
No less her pardon'd charms approved,
But looking lik'd, and liking lov'd
The sight could jealous pangs heurile,
And charm Malbecco's cares a while;
And he, the wandering Squire of Dames,
Forgot his Columella's claims,
And passion, erst unknown, could gain
The breast of blent Sir Satyrane;
Nor burst light Paradell advance,
Blest as he was, a lower grace.
She charm'd, at once, and tamed the heart.
Incomparable Britomarte!

So thou, fair City! disarray'd
Of battell wall, and rampart's aid,
As stately seem'st, but lovelier far
Than in that panoply of war.
Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
Strength and security are flown;
Still, as of yore, Queen of the North!
She causeth send thy children forth.
Ne'er reader at alarm-bell's call
Thy burgheurs rose to man thy wall,
Than now, in danger, shall be thine,
Thy dauntless voluntary line;
For fosse and turrett proud to stand,
Their breasts the bulwarks of the land,
Thy thousands, train'd to mortal toil,
Full red would stain their native soil.
Ere from thy morall crown there fell
The slightest knop, or pumice,
And if it come,—as come it may,
Dun-Edin! that eventful day,—
Renown'd for hospitable deed,
That virtue much with Heaven may plead,
In patriarchal times whose care
Descending angels deign'd to share:
That claim may wrestle blessings down
On those who light for The Good Town,
Destined in every age to be
Refuge of injured royalty:
Since first, when conquering York arose,
To Henry meek she gave repos;
Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,
Great Bourbon's relics, sad she saw.

Truce to these thoughts!—for, as they rise,
How gladly I avert mine eyes,
Bodies, or true or false, to change,
For Fiction's fair romantic range,
Or for tradition's dubious light,
That hovers 'twixt the day and night:
Dazzling alternately and dim,
Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim.
Knights, squires, and lovely dames to see,
Creation of my fantasy,
That gaze abroad on reeky fen,
And make of mists invading men,
Who loves not more the night of June
Than dull December's gloomy noon?
The moonlight than the fog of frost,
And can we say, which cheats the most?

But who shall teach my harp to gain
A sound of the romantic strain,
Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere
Could win the royal Henry's ear?
Famed Beauclerc call'd, for that he loved
The minstrel, and his lay approved?
Who shall these bunging notes redeem,
Decaying on Oblivion's stream;
Such notes as from the Breton tongue
Marie translated, Blondel sung?
O! born, Time's ravage to repair,
And make the dying Muse thy care;
When, when his son by his feeble toe
Was posseing for the final blow,
The weapon from his hand could wring,
And break his glass, and shear his wing,
And bid, reviving in his strain,
The gentle poet live again
Thou, who canst give to lightest lay
An unpedantic moral gay,
Nor less the dullest theme bid fit
On wings of unexpected wit;
In letters as in life approved,
Example honou'd, and beloved,—
Dear Ellis! to the bard impart
A lesson of thy magic art,
To win at once the head and heart,—
At once to charm, instruct and mend,
My guide, my pattern, and my friend!

Such minstrel lesson to bestow
Be long thy pleasiorg task,—but, O!
No more by thy example teach,
—What few can practise, all can preach,—
With even patience to endure
Lingerings disease, and painful cure,
And boast affliction's panes subdued
By mild and manly fortitude.
Enough, the lesson has been given:
Forbid the repetition, Heaven!

Come listen, then! for thou hast known,
And loved the Minstrel's varying tone,
Who, like his Border sires of old,
Waked a wild measure rude and bold,
Till Windsor's oaks, and Ascot plain,
With wonder heard the northern strain

1 See "The Fairy Queen," book II., canto IX.
2 "For every one her liked, and every one her loved," Spenser, as above.
3 See Appendix, Note 31.
4 In January 1796, the exiled Count d'Artela, afterwards Charles X. of France, took up his residence in Haywood, where he remained until August 1799. When exiled from his country by the Revolution of July 1830, the same
5 See Appendix, Note 36.
6 "Come then, my friend, my genius, come along.
Oh! master of the poet and the song!"
7 Pope to Bekingbrooks.
8 At Wapping, Mr. Ellis's seat, near Windsor, part of the first two cantos of Marmion were written.
Come listen! bold in thy applause,
The Bard shall scorn pedantic laws;
And, as the ancient art could stam
Achievements on the storied pane,
Irregularly traced and plumm'd,
But yet so glowing and so grand,—
So shall he strive, in changeful hue,
Field, feast, and combat, to renew,
And loves, and arms, and harpers' gleam,
And all the pomp of chivalry.

MARMION.

CANTO FIFTH.

THE COURT.

I.

The train has left the hills of Braid,
The barrier guard have open made
(So Lindsay bade) the palisade.
That closed the tented ground;
Their men the warders backward drew,
And carried pikes as they rode through,
Into its ample bound.
Past ran the Scottish warriors there,
Upon the Southern band to stare.
And envy with their wonder rose,
To see such well-appointed foes;
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,
So huge, that many simply thought,
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought;
And little deem'd their force to feel.
Through links of mail, and plates of steel,
When rattling upon Flodden vale,
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.1

II.

Nor less did Marmion's skillful view
Glance every line and squadron through;
And much he marvell'd some small land
Could marshal forth such various band:
For men-at-arms were here,
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,
Like iron towers for strength and weight,
On Flemish steeds of bourn and height,
With battle-axe and spear.
Young knights and squires, a lighter train,
Practised their chargers on the plain,
By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,
Each warlike feat to show,
To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,
And high curvett, that not in vain
The sword sway might descend amain.
On foeman's casque below.2
He saw the hardy burghers there
March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare.3
For vizor they wore none,
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight;
But burnish'd were their corslets bright,
Their brigantines, and gaugers light,
Like very silver shine.

Long pikes they had for standing fight,
Two-handed swords they wore,
And many wielded masse of weight,
And bucklers bright they bore.

III.

On foot the yeoman too, but dress'd
In his steel-jack, a swarthy vest,
With iron quilted well;
Each at his back (a slender store)
His forty days' provision bore,
As feudal statutes tell.
His arms were halbert, axe, or spear,4
A crossbow there, a hagbut here,
A dagger-knife, and brand.
Sober he seem'd, and sad of cheer,
As loth to leave his cottage dear,
And march to foreign strand;
Or musing, who would guide his steer,
To till the fallow land.
Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye
Did aught of dastard terror lie;
More dreadful far his ire,
Than theirs, who, scourning danger's name,
In eager mood to battle came,
Their valour like light straw on flame,
A fierce but fading fire.

IV.

Not so the Borderer:—hired to war,
He knew the battle's din afar,
And joy'd to hear it swell.
His peaceable day was slothful ease:
Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please
Like the loud sogan yell.
On active steed, with lance and blade,
The light-arm'd pricker plied his trade,—
Let nobles fight for fame;
Let vassals follow where they lead.
Burghers to guard their townships bleed,
But war's the Borderer's game.
Their gain, their glory, their delight,
To sleep the day, maraud the night.
O'er mountain, moss, and moor:
Joyful to fight they took their way,
Scarce caring who might win the day,
Their booty was secure.
These, as Lord Marmion's train pass'd by,
Look'd on at first with careless eye,
Nor marvell'd aught, well taught to know
The form and force of English bow,
But when they saw the Lord array'd
In splendid arms and rich brocade,
Each Borderer to his kinsman said,—
"Hist, Rinean! see'st thou there?
Canst guess which road they'll homeward ride?—
Of could we but on Border side.
By Euesday glen, or Liddell's tide,
Besse a prize so fair!
That fearless Lion, too, their guide,
Might chance to lose his glistering hide;
Brown Maudlin, of that double pied,
Could make a kirtle rare."

V.

Next, Marmion mark'd the Celtic race,
Of different language, form, and face,
A various race of men;
Just then the Chiefs their tribes array'd,

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1 See Appendix, Note 3 L.
2 See Appendix, Note 2 M.
3 See Appendix, Note 3 N.
4 See Appendix, Note 3 O.
And wild and garish semblance made,
The chequer'd trews, and belted plaid,
And varying notes the war-pipes bray'd,
To every varying clat;
Wild through their red or sable hair
Look'd out their eyes with savage stare,
On Marmon as he pass'd:
Their knee the knee were bare;
Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,
And harden'd to the blast;
Of taller race, the chiefs they own
Were by the eagle's plumage known.
The hunted red-deer's undress'd hide
Their hairy buskins well supplied;
The graceful bonnet deck'd their head;
Back from their shoulders hung the plaid;
A broadsword of unwieldy length,
A dagger prov'd for edge and strength,
A studded targe they wore,
And quivers, bows, and shafts,—but O!
Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,
To that which England bore.
The Isles-men carried on their backs
The ancient Danish battle-ax.
They lou'd a wild and wondering cry,
As with his guide rode Marmon by.
Loud were their clannouring tongues, as when
The clang of sea-fowl leave the fen,
And, with their cries discordant mix't,
Grumbled and yeald'd the pipes betwix't.

VI.
Thus through the Scotch camp they pass'd,
And reach'd the City gate at last,
Where all around, a wakeful guard,
Arm'd burghers kept their watch and ward.
Well had they cause of jealous fear,
When lay encamp'd, in field so near,
The Borderer and the Mountaineer.
As through the bustling streets they go,
All was alive with martial show:
At every turn, with dinning clang,
The armourer's anvil clash'd and rang;
Or toil'd the swartby smith, to wheel
The bar that arms the charger's heel;
Or axe, or falchion, to the side
Of jarring grindstone was applied.
Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,
Through street and lane, and market-place,
Bore lance, or casque, or sword;
While burghers, with important face,
Described each new com'e lord.
Discus'd his lineage, told his name,
His following, and his warlike fame.
The Lion led to lodging meet,
Which high o'erlook'd the crowded street;
There must the Baron rest,
Till past the hour of vespers tide,
And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—
Such was the King's beseath.
Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
A banquet rich, and costly wines,
To Marmon and his train;
And when the appointed hour succeeds,
The Baron dons his peacefull weeds,
And following Linden he leads
The palace-halls they gain.

VII.
Old Holy-Rood rung merrily,
That night, with wassail, mirth, and gloss:

King James within her princely bower,
Feasted the Chiefs of Scotland's power,
Summon'd to spend the parting hour;
For he had charg'd, that his array
Should southward march by break of day.
Well loved that splendid monarch aye
The banquet and the song,
By day the tourney, and by night
The merry dance, traced fast and light,
The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,
The revel loud and long.
This feast outshone his banquets past,
It was his last,—and his last.
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Cast on the Court a dancing ray;
Here to the harp did musstrel sing;
Their ladies touch'd a softer string;
With long-end'd cap, and motley vest,
'The licensed fool retail'd his jest;
His magic tricks the juggler pled;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;
While some, in close recess apart,
Courted the ladies of their heart,
Nor courted them in vain;
Nor oft, in the parting hour,
Victorious Love asserts his power
O'er coldness and disdain;
And fancy is her heart, can view
To battle march a lover true—
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
Nor own her share of pain.

VIII.
Through this mix't crowd of glee and game,
The King to greet Lord Marmon came,
While, reverent, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know.
Although, his courtesy to show,
He dastn't, to Marmon bending low,
His broader cap and plume.
For royal was his garb and mien.
His cloak, of crimson velvet pili'd,
Trimm'd with the fur of martyn wild;
His vest of changeful satn sheen,
The dazlely eye beguil'd;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
The thistle brave, of old renown:
His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a bolder race;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
His bonnet, all of crimson far,
Was button'd with a ruby rare:
And Marmon deen'd he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

IX.
The Monarch's form was middle size:
For feat of strength, or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye.
The buch and of the darkest dye,
His short curl'd beard and hair.
Light was his face, his line of dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue:

1 Following,—Feudal retainers.—This word, by the way, has been, since the Author of Marmon used it, and thought it called for explanation, completely adopted into English, and especially into Parliamentary parlance.—Ed.
2 See Appendix, Note 3 P.
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sick in vain.
I said he joy'd in banquet hour;
But, 'mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,
How suddenly his cheer would change,
His look o'ercast and lower,
If, in a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt.
That bound his breast in pensive pain,
In memory of his father slain.

Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er
Forward he rush'd, with double glee,
Into the stream of revelry:
Thus, dim-seen object of affright
Startles the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside;
But feels the quickening spur applied,
And, straining on the tighten'd rein,
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

X.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway:
To Scotland's Court she came,
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,
And with the King to make accord,
Had sent his lovely dame.
No to that lady free alone
But the gay King K. allegiance own;
For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquois ring and glove.
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance;
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And march three miles on Scourthorn land,
And bid the banners of his band
To English breezes dance.
And thus, for France's Queen he drest
His manly limbs in mailed vest;
And thus admitted English fair
His inmost counsels still to share;
And thus, for both, he madly plann'd
The ruin of himself and land!
And yet, the soothe to tell,
Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,
Were worth one pear-drop, bright and sheen,
From Margaret's eyes that fell,
His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

XL

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
And weeps the weary day,
The war against her native soil,
Her Monarch's risk in battle broil:
And in gay Holy-Rood, the while,
Dame Heron rises with a smile
Upon the harp to play.
Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
The strings her fingers flew:
And as she touch'd and tuned them all,
Ever her bosom's rise and fall
Was plainer given to view:
For, all for heat, was laid aside
Her wimple, and her hood united
And first she pitch'd her voice to sing,
Then glanced her dark eye on the King,
And then around the silent ring:
And laugh'd, and blush'd, and oft did say
Her pretty oath, by Yeav, and Nay.
She could not, would not, durst not play!
At length, upon the harp, with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively, air she sung,
While thus the wily lady sung:

XXII.

LADY HERON'S SONG.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best:
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none.
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none.
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late.
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among brideg-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all,
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar!"—

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied,
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!"—
The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

may be found in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,"
vol. iii.

3 See the novel of Redgauntlet, for a detailed picture of some of the extraordinary phenomena of the spring-tides in the Solway Frith.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.
So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace:
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume.
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the封面 the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Granes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing, on Carnobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

The Monarch o'ers the siren hung
And beat the measure as she sang;
And, pressing closer, and more near,
He whisper'd praise in her ear.
In loud applause the courtiers vied;
And ladies start'd, and spoke aloud.
The witching dame to Marmion threw
A glance, where seem'd to reign
The pride that claims applause due,
And of her royal conquest too.
A real or feign'd disdain:
Familiar was the look, and told,
Marmion and she were friends of old.
The King observed their meeting eyes,
With something like displeased surprise;
For monarchs ill can rivals brook,
Even in a word, or smile, or look.
Straight took he forth the parchment broad,
Which Marmion's high commission shou'd:
"Our Borders suck'd by many a raid,
Our peaceful liege-men rob'd," he said:
"On day of truce our Warden slain,
Stout Barton kill'd, his vassals ta'en—Unworthy were we here to reign.
Should these for vengeance cry in vain;
Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,
Our herald has to Henry borne."

He paused, and led where Douglas stood,
And with stern eye the pageant view'd:
I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore,
Who corset of Angus bore,
And, when his blood and heart were high,
Did the third James in camp defy,
And all his minions led to die.
On Lauder's dreary flat:
Princes and favourites long grew tame
And trembled at the homely name
Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat:
The same who left the dusky vale
Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,
Its dunes, and its towers,
Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,
And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,
'To fix his princely bowers.
Though now, in age, he had laid down
His armour for the peaceful gown,
And for a staff his brand,
Yet often would flash forth the fire
That could, in youth, a monarch's ire
And minion's pride withstand;
And even that day, at council board,
Unapt to soothe his sovereign's mood,
Against the war had Angusstood,
And chafed his royal lord.

His giant form, like ruin'd tower,
Though fall'n its muscles' brawny vaunt,
Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,
Seem'd o'er the gaudy scene to lower;
His locks and beard in silver grew;
His eyebrows kept their sable hue.
Near Douglas when the Monarch stood,
His bitter speech he thus pursued:
"Lord Marmion, since these letters say
That in the North you needs must stay,
While slightest hopes of peace remain,
Uncourteous speech it were, and stern,
To say—Return to Lindsfarne.
Until my herald come again.—
Then rest you in Tantallon Hold;
Your host shall be the Douglas bold,—
A chief unlike his sires of old.
He wears their motto on his blade,
Their blazon o'er his towers display'd;
Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,
More than to face his country's foes.
And, I bent him, by St. Stephen,
But o'en this morn to me was given
A prize, the first fruits of the war,
Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,
A bevy of the naids'n Heaven.
Under your guard, these holy maids
Shall safe return to cluster shades,
And, while they at Tantallon stay,
Requiem for Cathrine's soul may say."
And, with the slaughter'd favourite's name,
Across the Monarch's brow there came
A clound of ire, remorse and shame.

In answer sought could Angus speak;
His proud heart swell'd with indignation to break:
He turn'd aside, and drew his check
A burning tear there stole.
His laud the Monarch sudden took,
That sight his kind heart could not brook:
"Now, by the Bruce's soul,
Angus, my hasty speech forgive!
For sure as doth his spirit live,
As he said of the Douglas old,
I well may say of you,—
That never king did subject hold,
In speech more free, in war more bold,
More tender and more true.

Forgive me, Douglas, once again."—
And, while the King his hand did strain,
The old man's tears fell down like rain.
To seize the moment Marmion tried,
And whisper'd to the King aside:
"Oh! let such tears unwo'ned plead
For respite short from dJBous deed!
A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow play
A stripling for a woman's heart;
But woe awaits a country, when
She sees the tears of bearded men,
Then, oh! what omen, dark and high,
When Douglas wets his maudly eye!"

XVII.

Displeased was James, that stranger view'd
And tamper'd with his changing mood:
"Laugh those that can, weep those that may."
Thus did the fiery Monarch say,
"Southward I march by break of day;
And if within 'Tantallon strong,
The good Lord Marmion tarries long,
Perchance our meeting next may fail
At Tamworth, in his castle-hall."

The haughty Marmion felt the taunt,
And answer'd, grave, the royal vain:
"Much honor'd were my humble home,
If in its halls King James should come;
But Nottingham has archers good,
And Yorkshire men are stern of mood;
Northumbrian pickers wild and rude
On Derby Hills the paths are steep;
In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep;
And many a banner will be torn,
And many a knight to earth be borne,
And many a sheaf of arrows spent,
Fie Scotland's King shall cross the Trent:
Yet pause, brave Prince, while yet you may!"—

The Monarch lightly turn'd away,
And to his nobles loud did call,—
"Lords, to the dance,—a half! a ball!"
Himself his cloak and sword flung by,
And led Dame Heron gallantly;
And mustreis, at the royal order,
Rung out,— "Blue Bonnets o'er the Border!"

XVIII.

Leave we these revels now, to tell
What to Saint Hilda's nuns befall,
Whose galley, as they sail'd again
To Whity, by a Scoif was ta'en.
Now at Dun-Edin did they ride,
Till James should of their fate decide;
And soon, by his command,
Were gently summon'd to prepare
To journey under Marmion's care,
As escort honour'd, safe, and fair,
Again to English land.

The Abbess told her chaplet o'er,
Nor knew which saint she should implore;
For, when she thought of Constance, sore

"O, Douglas! Douglas! Tender and true."

The Hoolies.

The ancient cry to make room for a dance, or pageant.
Wilton was traitor in his heart,
And had made league with Martin Swart, 1
When he came here an Sinmed’s part:
And only cowardice did restrain
His rebel aid on Stokelief’s plain,—
And down he threw his glove:—the thing
Was tried, as wont, before the king;
That frankly did De Wilton own,
That Swart in Gudhres he had known;
And that between them there went
Some scroll of courteous compliment.
For this he to his castle sent;
But when his messenger return’d,
Judge how de Wilton’s fury burn’d!
For in his packet there was laid
Letters that claim’d disposal aid,
And proved King Henry’s cause betray’d.
His fame, thus blighted, in the field
He strove to clear, by spear and shield;—
To clear his fame in vain he strove,
For wondrous are His ways above!
Perchance some form was unobserved;
Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved;
Else how could guiltless champion quail,
Or how the blessed ordeal fail?

XXII.

"His squire, who now de Wilton saw
As recreant doom’d to suffer law,
Repentant, own’d in vain,
That, while he had the scroll in care,
A stranger maiden, passing fair,
Had drench’d him with a beverage rare;
His words no faith could gain.
With Clare alone he credeance won,
Who, rather than wed Marmion,
Dix to Saint Hilda’s shrine repair,
To give our house her livings fair
And die a vestal votress there.
The impulse from the earth was given,
But bent her to the paths of heaven.
A purer heart, a lovelier maid,
Ne’er shelter’d her in Whithby’s shade.
No, not since Saxon Edelfled;
Only one trace of earthly strain,
That for her lover’s loss
She cherishes a sorrow vain.
And murmurs at the cross.—
And then her heritage;—it goes
Along the banks of Tame;
Deep fields of grain the reaper moves,
In meadows rich the heifer lows,
The falconer and huntsman knows
Its woodlands for the game.
Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,
And I, her humble votress here,
Should do a deadly sin,
Her temple spoilt before mine eyes,
If this false Marmion such a prize
By my consent should win;
Yet hath our boastful monarch sworn
That Clare shall from our house be tore;
And grievous cause have I to fear,
Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.

XXIII.

"Now, prisoner, helpless, and betray’d
To evil power, I claim thine aid,
By every step that thou hast trod
To holy shrine and grotto dim.

By every martyr’s tortured limb,
By angel, saint, and seraphim,
And by the Church of God!
For mark:—When Wilton was betray’d,
And with his squire forged letters laid,
She was, alas! that sinful maid
By whom the deed was done.—
O! shame and horror to be said!—
She was a purged nun!
No clerk in all the land, like her.
Traced quaint and varying character.
Perchance you may a marvel deem,
That Marmion’s paramour
For such vile thing she was should scheme
Her lover’s nuptial hour;
But o’er him thus she hoped to gain,
As privy to his honour’s stain,
Ilimitable power:
For this she secretly retain’d
Each proof that might the plot reveal,
Instructions with his hand and seal;
And thus Saint Hilda deign’d,
Through sinner’s perfidy impure,
Her house’s glory to secure,
And Clare’s immortal seal.

XXIV.

"Twere long, and needless, here to tell,
How to my hand these papers fell;
With me they must not stay.
Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true!
Who knows what outrage he might do,
While journeying by the way?—
O, blessed Saint, if e’er again
I venturous leave thy calm domain,
To travel or by land or main,
Deep penance only I pray!—
Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer:
I give this packet to thy care,
For thee to stop they will not dare;
And O! with cautious speed.
To Wolsey’s hand the papers bring,
That he may show them to the King:
And, for thy well-earn’d meed,
Thou holy man, at Whithby’s shrine
A weekly mass shall still be thine,
While priests can sing and read.—
What all’s thou?—Speak!”—For as he took
The charge, a strong emotion shook
His frame; and, ere reply,
They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone,
Like distant clarion feebly blown,
That on the breeze did die;
And loud the Abbess shriek’d in fear.
"Saint Withold, save us!—What is here!
Look on City Cross!
See on its battled tower appear
Phantoms, that scatheous seem to rear,
And blazon’d banners toss!”—

XXV.

Dun-Edin’s Cross, a pillar’d stone,
Rose on a turret octagon;
(But now is razed that monument,
Whence royal edict rang.
And voice of Scotland’s law was sent
In glorious trumpet-clang.
O! be his tomb as lead to lead,
Upon its dull destroyer’s head!—
A munstral’s malison 4 is said.)—

1 See Appendix, Note 3 X.
2 See Appendix, Note 3 Y.
3 J. e. Curne.
4 See Appendix, Note 3 Z.
Then on its battlefields they saw
A vision, passing Nature’s law,
Strange, wild, and dimly seen;
Figures that seem’d to rise and die,
Gibber and sign, advance and fly,
While nought confirm’d could ear or eye
Discern of sound or men.
Yet darkly did it seem, as there
Heralds and Purpur-wearers pare,
With trumpet sound and blazon fair,
A summons to proclaim:
But indistinct the pageant proud,
As fancy forms of midnight cloud,
When rings the moon upon her shroud,
A wavering image of flame:
It fits, expands, and shrinks, till loud
From midmost of the spectre crowd,
This awful summons came:—

XXVI.

"Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,
Whose names I now shall call,
Scottish, or foreigner, give ear:
Subjects of him who sent me here,
At his tribunal to appear,
I summon one and all:
I cite you by each deadly sin,
That e’er defied your earthly dust,—
By wrath, by pride, by fear,
By each o’er-mastering passion’s tone,
By the dark grave, and dying groan!
When forty days are pass’d and gone,
I cite you, at your Monarch’s throne,
To answer and appear.”

Then thunder’d forth a roll of names:
The first was thine, unhumble James!
Then all thy nobles came;
Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,
Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle,—
Why should I tell their separate style;
Each chief of birth and fame,
Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,
Foredumb’d to Flodden’s carnage pile,
Was cited there by name;
And Marmion, Lord of Fontayne,
Of Laterrward, and Scredinlay;
De Wilton, erst of Aberley,
The self same thundering voice did say,—
But then another spoke:
"Thy fatal summons I deny,
And thine infernal Lord defy,
Appealing me to Him on High,
Who burst the sinner’s yoke.”

At that dread accent, with a scream,
Parted the pageant like a dream,
The summoner was gone.
Prone on her face the Abbess fell,
And fast, and fast, her beads did tell;
Her nuns came, startled by the yell,
And found her there alone.
She mark’d not, at the scene aghast,
What time, or how, the Palmer pass’d.

XXVII.

Shift we the scene.—The camp doth move,
Dun-Edin’s streets are empty now,
Save when, for weal of those they love,
To pray the prayer, and vow the vow,

1 See Appendix, Note 4 A.
2 The convent alluded to is a foundation of Cistercians.

The tottering child, the anxious fair,
The grey-hair’d sire, with pious care,
To chapels and to shrines repair—
Where is the Palmer now? and where
The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare?—
Bold Douglas to Tantallon fair.
They journey in thy charge:
Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,
The Palmer still was with the band;
Angus, like Lindesay, did command,
That none should roam at large.
But in that Palmer’s alter’d mien
A wondrous change might now be seen,
Freyly he spoke of war,
Of marvels wrought by single hand,
When lift for a native land;
And still look’d high, as if he plann’d
Some desperate deed afar.
His courseur would be feed and stroke,
And, tucking up his sable f roc’ke,
Would first his mettle bold provoke,
Then soothe or quell his pride.
Old Hubert said, that never one
He saw, except Lord Marmion,
A steed so fairly ride.

XXVIII.

Some half-hour’s march behind, there came,
By Eustace govern’d fair,
A troop escorting Hilda’s Dame,
With all her nuns, and Clare.
No audience had Lord Marmion sought;
Ever he fear’d to aggravate
Clara de Clare’s suspicious hate;
And safer twas, he thought,
To wait till, from the nuns removed,
The influence of kinsmen loved,
And suit by Henry’s self approved,
Her slow consent had wrought.
His was no flickering flame, that dies,
Unless when fann’d by looks and sighs,
And lighted oft at lady’s eyes;
He long’d to stretch his wide command
O’er luckless Clara’s ample land;
Besides, when Wilton with him vied,
Although the pang of humbled pride
The place of jealousy supplied,
Yet conquest by that meanness won
He almost loath’d to think upon,
Led him at times, to hate the cause,
Which made him burst through honour’s laws.
If e’er he lov’d, twas her alone,
Who died within that vault of stone.

XXIX.

And now, when close at hand they saw
North Berwick’s town, and lofty Law,
Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a while,
Before a venerable pile;
Whose turrets view’d afar,
The lofty Bess, the Lamb’s Isle,
The ocean’s peace or war.
At tolling of a bell, forth came
The convent’s venerable Dame,
And pray’d Saint Hilda’s Abbess rest
With her, a loved and honour’d guest,
Till Douglas should a bark prepare
To waft her back to Whithby fair.
SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,
And thank’d the Scottish Prioress;
And tedious were to tell, I ween,
The courteous speech that pass’d between.
O’erjoy’d the nuns their palefrys leave;
But when fair Clara did intend,
Like them, from horseback to descend,
Fitz-Eustace said—’twas his own niece.
Fair lady, grieve e’en from my heart,
Such gentle company to part;—
Think not discourtesy,
But lords’ commands must be obey’d;
And Marmion and the Douglas said,
‘That you must tend with me.
Lord Marmion hath a letter broad.
Which to the Scottish Earl he shou’d,
Commanding, that, beneath his care,
Without delay, you shall repair
To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.’

XXX.

The startled Abbess loud exclam’d;
But she, at whom the blow was aim’d,
Grew pale as death, and cold as lead,—
She deem’d she heard her death-doom read.
‘Cheer thee, my child!’ the Abbess said,
‘They dare not tear thee from my hand,
To ride alone with armed band.’—

‘Nay, holy mother, nay!’
Fitz-Eustace said, ‘This, to annoy Clare
Will be in Lady Angus’ care.
In Scotland while we stay;
And, when we move, an easy ride
Will bring us to the English side,
Female attendance to provide.
Befitting Gloster’s heir:
Nor thinks nor dreams my noble lord.
By slightest look, or act, or word,
‘To harass Lady Clare.
Her faithful guardian he will be,
Nor sue for slightest courtesy
That e’en to stranger falls,
Till he shall place her, safe and free,
Within her kinsman’s halls.’

He spoke, and blush’d with earnest grace;
His faith was painted on his face,
And Clare’s worst fear relieved.
The lady Abbess loud exclam’d.
On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,
Entreated, threaten’d, grieved;
To martyr, saint, and prophet pray’d,
Against Lord Marmion inveigh’d,
And call’d the Plessor to aid,
To curse with candle, bell, and book.
Her head the grave Cisterian shook:
‘The Douglas, and the King,’ she said,
‘In their country must be obey’d;
Grieve not, nor dream that burn can fall
The maiden in Tantallon hall.’

XXXI.

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,
Assumed her woe’d state again,—
For much of state she had,—
Composed her veil, and rais’d her head,
And—‘Ed,’ in solemn voice she said,
‘Thy master, bold and bad.
The records of his house turn o’er,
And, where he shall there written see,
That one of his own ancestry

Drove the Monks forth of Coventry,1
Bid him his fate explore!
Prancing in pride of earthly trust,
His charger hurl’d him to the dust,
And, by a base plebian thrust,
He died his hand before.
God judge the Waird Marmion and me;
He is a man of high degree,
And I a poor recluse:
Yet off, in holy writ, we see
Even such weak minister as me.
May the oppressor bruise:
For thus; inspired, did Judith say
The mighty in his sin,
And Jael thus, and Deborah:—
Here hasty Blount broke in:
‘Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band;
St. Anton’ fire thee! will thou stand
All day, with bonnet in thy hand,
To hear the Lady preach?
By this good light! if thus we stay,
Lord Marmion, for our foul delay,
Will sharper sermon teach.
Come, d’on thy cap, and mount thy horse;
The Dame must patience take perseverance.—’

XXXII.

‘Submit we then to force,’ said Clare,
‘But let this barbarous lord despair
His purpose, for I come to thee
Let him take living, land, and life;
But to be Marmion’s wedded wife
In me were deadly sin:
And if it be the King’s decree,
That I must find no sanctuary,
In that inviolable donor,
Whereaen even a homicide might come,
And safely rest his head,
Though at its open portals stood,
Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,
The kissmen of the dead;
Yet one asylum is my own
Against the dreaded hour;
A low, a silent, and a lone,
Where kings have little power.
One victim is before me there—
Mother, your blessing, and in prayer
I remember your unhappy Clare!’
Lord weeps the Abbess, and bestows
Kind blessings many a one:
Weeping and wailing loud arose,
Round patient Clare, the clamorous woes
Of every simple nun.
His eyes the gentle Eustace dried,
And scarce rude Blount the sight could hide.
Then took the square her rain,
And sent away her steel,
And, by each courteous word and deed,
To cheer her strove in vain.

XXXIII.

But scent three miles the band had rode
When o’er a height they pass’d.
And, sudden, close before them shou’d
His towers, Tantallon vast:—
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.
On a projecting rock they rose.
And round three sails the ocean flows,
The fourth did battle walls enclose.

1 See Appendix, Note 4 B.

2 For the origin of Marmion’s visit to Tantallon Castle,
in the poem, see Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 17.
And double mound and fosse. By narrow drawbridge, antworks strong, Through studded gates, an entrance long, To the main court they cross. It was a wide and stately square: Around were lodgings, fit and fair, And towers of various form. Which on the court projected far, And broke with rauhouns in their career. Here was square keep, there turret high, Or pinnacle that sought the sky, Whence oft the Warder could descry The gathering ocean-storm.

XXXIV.

Here did they rest. — The princely care Of Douglas, why should I declare, Or say they met reception fair? Or why the tidings say, Which, varying, to Tantallon came, By hurried posts or seerer fame, With ever varying day? And, first they heard King James had won Etal, and Wark, and Ford; and then, That Norham Castle strong was ta'en, At that sure marvellous Marmion; — And Douglas hoped his Monarch’s hand Would soon subdue Northumberland: But whisper’d news there came, That, while his host inactive lay, And melted by degrees away, King James was dallying off the day With Heron’s witty dame. — Such acts to chronicles I yield; Go seek them there, and see: Mine is a tale of Fiolden Field, And not a history. — At length they heard the Scottish host On that high ridge had made their post, Which frowns o’er Millfield Plain: And that brave Surrey many a band Had gather’d in the Southern land, And march’d into Northumberland, And camp at Wooler ta’en. Marmion, like charger in the stall, That hears, without, the trumpet-call, Begun to chafe, and threep: "A sorry thing to hide my head In castle, like a fearful maid, When such a field is near! Needs must I see this battle-day: Death to my fame if such a fray Were fought, and Marmion awa! The Douglas, too, I wot not why, Hath bated of his courtesy: No longer in his halls I’ll stay," Then bade his hand they should array For march against the dawning day.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

TO

RICHARD HEBER, Esq.

Mertoun-House, Christmas.

Heap on more wood! — the wind is chill; But let it whistle as it will, We’ll keep our Christmas merrily still. Each age has deem’d the new-born year The fittest time for festal cheer; Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane At Isl more deep the mead did drain; High on the beach his galleys drew, And feasted all his pirate crew; Then in his low and pine-built hall, Where shields and azes deck’d the wall; They gorged upon the half-dress’d steer; Caroused in seas of sable beer; While round, in brutal jest, were thrown The half-gnaw’d rib, and marrow-bone: Or listen’d all, in grim delight, While Scolds yell’d out the joys of fight, Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie, While wildly-loose their red locks fly, And dancing round the blazing pile, They make such barbarous mirth the while, As best might to the muse recall; The boisterous joys of Odin’s hall.

And well our Christian sires of old Loved when the year its course had roll’d, And brought blithe Christmas back again, With all his hospitable train. Domestic and religious rite Gave honour to the holy night; On Christmas eve the bells were rung; On Christmas eve the mass was sung: That only might in all the year, Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear. The damsel don’d her kirtle sheen; The hall was dress’d with holy green; Forth to the wood did merry-men go, To gather in the misletoe. Then open’d wide the Baron’s hall To vassal, tenant, serf, and all; Power laid his rod of rule aside, And Ceremony dropt his pride. The heir, with roses in his shoes, That night might village partner choose; The Lord, underogating, share The vulgar game of “post and pair.”

1 "During the regency (subsequent to the death of James V) the Dowager Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, became desirous of putting a French garrison into Tantallon, as she had done at Linlithgow. In haste, in order the better to bride the lords and barons, and inclose them to the reformed faith, and to secure by cedulas the sea-coast of the Firth of Forth. For this purpose, the Regent, to use the phrase of the time, dealt with the (then) Earl of Angus for his consent to the proposed measure. He occupied himself, while she was speaking, in feeding a falcon which sat upon his wrist, and only replied by addressing the bud, but leaving the Queen to make the application. "The devil is in this greedy glove—she will never be foes.' But when the Queen, without appearing to notice this hint, continued to press her anxious

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2 Mertoun-House, the seat of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden, is beautifully situated on the Tweed, about two miles below Dryburgh Abbey.

3 See Appendix, Note 4 G.

4 See Appendix, Note 4 D.
All hail’d, with uncontroul’d delight,  
And general voice, the happy night,  
That to the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
Went roaring up the chimney wide;  
The huge half-table’s oaken face.  
Scrubb’d all it shone, the dews to grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the square and lord.  
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,  
By old blue-coated serving-man;  
Then the grim boar’s head crowned on high,  
Crested with hays and rosemary.  
Well can the green-gar’d ranger tell,  
How, when, and where, the monster fell;  
What dogs before his death he tore,  
And all the bating of the boar.  
The wassell runnd, in good brown bowls,  
Garnish’d with ribbons, blithely trowls.  
There the huge sirlon reek’d; hard by  
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;  
Nor fail’d old Scotland to produce,  
At such high tide, her savoury goose.  
Then came the merry maskers in,  
And carols roar’d with blithesome din;  
If unmelodious was the song,  
It was a hearty note, and strong.  
Who lists may in their mummimg see  
Traces of ancient mystery;  
White shirts supplied the masquerade,  
And smirr’d cheeks the visors made;  
But, Of I what maskers, richly dight,  
Cant boast of bosoms half so light!  
England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
’Twas Christmas branch’d the mightiest ale;  
’Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man’s heart through half the year.

Still linger, in our northern clime,  
Some remnants of the good old time;  
And still, within our valleys here,  
We hold the kindred title dear.  
Even when, perchance, its far-fetch’d claim  
To Southron ears sounds empty name;  
For course of blood, our proverbs deem,  
Is warmer than the mountain-stream,  
And thus, my Christmas still I hold  
Where my great-grand sire came of old,  
With amber beard, and flaxen hair,  
And reverend apostolic air—  
The feast and holy-tide to share,  
And mix sobriety with wine,  
And honest nirth with thoughts divine:  
Small thought was his, in after time  
E’er to be hich’d into a rhyne.

The simple sire could only boast,  
That he was loyal to his cost;  
The banish’d race of kings revered,  
And lost his land,—but kept his beard.

In these dear halls, where welcome kind  
Is with fair liberty combined;  
Where cordial friendship gives the hand,  
And flies constraint the magic wand  
Of the fair dame that rules the land;  
Little we heed the tempest drear,  
While music, mirth, and social cheer,  
Speed on their wines the passing year.  
And Merton’s halls are fair e’en now,  
When not a leaf is on the bough.  
Tweed loves them well, and turns again,  
As loath to leave the sweet domain,  
And holds his mirror to her face,  
And clips her with a close embrace:—  
Gladsly as he, we seek the done,  
And as reluctant turn us home.

How just that, at this time of glee,  
My thoughts should, Heber, turn to thee!  
For many a merry hour we’ve known,  
And heard the chimes of midnight’s tone.  
Cease, then, my friend! a moment cease,  
And leave these classic tomes in peace!  
Of Roman and of Grecian lore,  
Sure mortal brain can hold no more.  
These ancients, as Noll Bluff might say,  
‘Were pretty fellows in their day;’  
But time and tide o’er all prevail—  
On Christmas eve a Christmas tale—  
Of wonder and of war—Profane!  
What! leave the lofty Latian strain,  
Her stately prose, her verse’s charms,  
To hear the clash of rusty arms;  
In Fairy Land or Limbo lost,  
To jostle conjurer and ghost,  
Goblin and witch! Nay, Heber, dear,  
Before you touch my charter, hear:  
Though Leyden aids, alas! it’s more,  
My cause with many-languaged lore,  
This may I say—in realms of death  
Ulysses meets Alcides’ wraith;  
Aeneas, upon Thracia’s shore,  
The ghost of murderer Polydore;  
For omens, we in livy cross,  
At every turn, locatus Bos.  
As grave and duly speaks that ox,  
As if he told the price of stocks;  
Or held, in Rome republican,  
The place of common-councilman.

All nations have their omens drear,  
Their legends wild of woe and fear.  
To Cambria look—the peasant see,  
Bethink him of Glendowerly,  
And shun the spirit’s Blasted Tree!”

1 See Appendix, Note 4 E.  
2 “Blood is warmer than water”—a proverb meant to vindicate our family predilections.  
3 See Appendix, Note 4 F  
4 “A lady of noble German descent, born Countess Harriet Frieda of Marliinskichen, married to H. Scott, Esq. of Harden, (now Lord Polwarth), the author’s relative and much valued friend almost from infancy.”—Border Minstrels, vol. iv. p. 69.
5 “Hannibal was a pretty fellow, air—a very pretty fellow in his day.”—Old Bachelors.
6 John Leyden, M. D., who had been of great service to Sir Walter Scott in the preparation of the Border Minstrels, sailed for India in April 1803, and died at Java in August 1811, before completing his 25th year.
7 See Appendix, Note 4 G.
MARMION.

The Highlander, whose red claymore
The battle turn’d on Maidia’s shie,
Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,
If ask’d to tell a fairy tale:—
He fears the venerable Elfin King,
Who leaves that day his grassy ring:
Invisible to human ken.
He walks among the sons of men.

Did’st e’er, dear Heber, pass along
Beneath the towers of Franchéumont,
Which, like an eagle’s nest in air,
Hang o’er the streams and hamlet fair!
Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
A mighty treasure buried lay,
Amass’d through rapine and through wrong
By the last Lord of Franchéumont. 2
The iron chest is bolted hard,
A huntsman sits, its constant guard;
Around his neck his horn is hung,
His hanger in his belt is slung;
Before his feet his bloodhounds lie:
An ’twere not for his gloomy eye,
Whose withering glance no heart can brook,
As true a huntsman doth he look,
As bugle e’er in brake did sound,
Or ever hollow’d to a hound.
To chase the feend, and win the prize,
In that same dungeon ever tries
An aged necromantic priest;
It is an hundred years at least,
Since ’twixt them first the strife begun,
And neither yet has lost nor won.
And oft the Conjurer’s words will make
The stubborn Demon groan and quake;
And oft the bands of iron break;
Or bursts one lock, that still again,
Fast as his open’d, shuts again.
That magic strife within the tomb
May last until the day of doom,
Unless the adept shall learn to tell
The very words that clenched’d the spell,
When Franchéumont lock’d the treasure cell.
An hundred years are pass’d and gone,
And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may
Excuse for old Pitscottie say;
Whose gossip history has given
My song the messenger from Heaven, 3
That warn’d, in Lighthow, Scotland’s King,
Nor less the infernal summoning; 4
May pass the Monk of Durnath’s tale,
Whose demon fought in Gothic mail;
May pardon plead for Foydon grave,
Who told of Gibbath’s Gothic Cave.
But why such instances to you,
Who, in an instant, can renew
Your treasured hoards of various lore,
And furnish twenty thousand more? 5
Hours, not like theirs whose volumes rest
Like treasures in the Franchéumont chest,
While grapple owners still refuse
To offer what they cannot use;
Give them the priest’s last century,
They shall not spell you letters three;
Their pleasure in the books the same
The magpie takes in pilfer’d gem.
Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
Delight, amusement, science, art,
To every ear and eye impart;
Yet who of all who thus employ them,
Can like the owner’s self enjoy them?—
But, bark! I hear the distant drum!
The day of Flodden Field is come.—
Adieu, dear Heber! life and health,
And store of literary wealth.

MARMION.

CANTO SIXTH.

THE BATTLE.

I.

While great events were on the gale,
And each hour brought a varying tale,
And the demeanour, changed and cold,
Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold;
And, like the impatient steed of war,
He snuff’d the battle from afar;
And hopes were none, that back again
Herald should come from Terouanne,
Where England’s King in lenguer lay,
Before decisive battle-day:
Whilst these things were, the mournful Clare
Died in the Dame’s devotions share;
For the good Countess ceaseless pray’d
To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,
And, with short interval, did pass
From prayer to book, from book to mass,
And all in high Barouan pride,—
A life both dull and dignified;—
Yet as Lord Marmion nothing press’d
Upon her intervals of rest,
Dejected Clara well could bear
The formal state, the lengthen’d prayer,
Though dearest to her wounded heart
The hours that she might spend apart.

II.

I said, Talanton’s dizzy steep
Hung o’er the margin of the deep.
Many a rude tower and rampart there
Repell’d the insult of the air,
Which, when the tempest vex’d the sky,
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.
Above the rest, a turret square
Did o’er its Gothic entrance bear;
Of sculpture rude, a stony shield:
The Bloody Heart was in the Field,
And in the chief three mallets stood,
The cognizance of Douglas blood.
The turret held a narrow stair,
Which, mounted, gave you access where
A parapet’s embattled row
Did seaward round the castle go.
Sometimes in dizzy steeps descending,
Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,
Sometimes in platform broad extending,
Its varying circle did combine
Bulwark, and hartizan, and line,
And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign;
Above the booming ocean leant
The far-projecting element;

1 See Appendix, Note 4 I.
2 See Appendix, Note 4 L.
3 See Appendix, Note 3 B.
4 See Appendix, Note 4 A.
Or lie my warm affections low,
With him, that taught them first to glow?
Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew
'To pay thy kindness grateful dues,
And well could brook the mild command,
That ruled thy simple maiden band.
How different now I could not hide
My doom from this dark tyrant's pride.
But Marmon has to learn, ere long,
That constant mind, and hate of wrong,
Descended to a feeble girl.
From Red De Clare, stout Gisler's Earl:
Of such a stem, a sapling weak,
He ne'er shall bend, although he break.

V.
"But see!—what makes this armour here?"
For in her path there lay
Targe, corselet, helm;—she view'd them near
'The breast-plate pierced!—Ay, much I fear,
Weak force were not 'gainst foeman's spear.
That hall made fatal entrance here,
As these dark blood-gouts say.
Thas Wilton!—Oh! not corselet's ward,
Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,
Could be thy manly bosom's guard,
On you disastrous day!"
She raised her eyes in mournful mood—
Wilton himself before she stood;
It might have seem'd his passing ghost,
For every youthful grace was lost;
And joy unwonted, and surprise,
Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.
Expect not, noble dames and lords,
That I can tell such scene in words:
What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given.
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?
Far less can my weak line declare
Each changing passion's shade;
Brightening to rapture from despair,
Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,
And joy, with her angelic air,
And hope, that paints the future fair,
Their varying hues display'd:
Each o'er its rival's ground extending,
Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,
Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,
And mighty Love retains the field.
Shortly I tell what then he said,
By many a tender word delay'd,
And modest blush, and bursting sigh,
And question kind, and fond reply:

VI.

DE WILTON'S HISTORY.

"Forget we that disastrous day,
When senseless in the lists I lay.
Thence dragg'd,—but how I cannot know,
For sense and recollection fled,
I found me on a pallet low,
Within my ancient beassman's shed.
Austin,—remember'st thou, my Clare,
How thou didst blush, when the old man,
When first our infant love began,
Said we would make a matchless pair?—
Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled,
From the degraded traitor's bed,—
He only held my burning head,
And tended me for many a day,
While wounds and fever held their sway
But far more needful was his care,
When sense return'd to wake despair;
For I did bear the closing wound,
And dash me frantic on the ground,
If e'er I heard the name of Clare,
At length, to calmer reason brought,
Much by his kind assistance wrought,
With him I left my native strand,
And, in a palmer's weeds array'd,
My hated name and form to shade,
I journey'd many a land;
No more a lord of rank and birth,
But mingled with the dregs of earth.
Of Austin for my reason fear'd,
When I would sit, and deeply brood
On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,
Or wild mad schemes appear'd,
My friend at length fell sick, and said,
God would remove him soon:
And, while upon his dying bed,
He bode of me a boon—
If e'er my deadliest enemy
Beneath my brand should conquer'd lie,
Even then my mercy should awake,
And spare his life for Austin's sake.

VII.

"Still restless as a second Cain,
To Scotland next my route was ta'en,
Foil well the paths I knew.
Fame of my fate made various sound,
That death in pilgrimage I found,
That I had perished of my wound,—
None cared which tale was true:
And living eye could never guess
De Wilton in his Palmer's dress;
For now that sable slough is shed,
And trimm'd my shaggy beard and head,
I scarcely know me in the glass.
A chance most wondrous did provide,
That I should be that Baron's guide—
I will not name his name!—
Vengeance to God alone belongs;
But when I think on all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame!
And ne'er the time shall I forget,
When, in a Scottish hostel set,
Dark looks we did exchange;
What were his thoughts I cannot tell;
But in my bosom muster'd Hell,
Its plans of dark revenge.

VIII.

"A word of vulgar auryce,
That broke from me, I scarce knew why,
Brought on a village tale;
Which wrought upon my moody sprite,
And sent him armed forth by night.
I borrow'd steel and mail,
And weapons, from his sleeping band;
And, passing from a western door,
We met, and 'counter'd hand to hand,—
He fell on Gifford moor
For the death-stroke my brand I drew,
(0 then my helmed head he knew,
The Palmer's cowl was gone.)
Then had three inches of my blade
The heavy debt of vengeance paid,—
My hand the thought of Austin said;
I left him there alone.—
O good old man! even from the grave
Thy spirit could thy master save:
If it had shun my foeman, ne'er
Had Whitty's Abbess, in her fear,
Given to my hand this packet dear
Of power to clear my injured fame,
And vindicate De Wilton's name.—
Perchance you heard the Abbess tell
Of the strange pageantry of Hell,
That broke our secret speech—
It rose from the infernal shade,
Or fealty was some juggle play'd,
A tale of peace to teach.
Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,
When my name came among the rest.

IX.

"Now here, within Tantallon Hold,
To Douglas late my kinsman I told,
To whom my house was known of old.
Worn by my proofs, his faithfu shines bright
This eve anew shall dub me knight.
These were the arms that once did turn
The tide of fight on Otterburne,
And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,
When the Dead Douglas won the field:—
These Angus gave—his armourer's care,
Ere morn shall every breach repair;
For nought, he said, was in his halls,
But ancient armour on the walls,
And aged chargers in the stalls,
And women, priests, and grey-hair'd men;
The rest were all in Twisel glen:—
And now I watch my armour here,
By law of arms, till midnight's near;
Then, once again a belted knight,
Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light.

X.

"There soon again we meet, my Clare!
This Baron means to guide thee there:
Douglas reverses his King's command,
Else would he take thee from his band.
And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too
Will give De Wilton justice due.
Now meet for martial bridle,
Form my bridle, and strung by toil,
Once more"—"O Wilton! must we then
Risk new-found happiness again,
Trust fate of arms once more?—
And is there not an humble glen,
Where we, content and poor,
Might build a cottage in the shade,
A shepherds thou, and I to aid
Thy task on dale and moor?—
That reddening bow!—too well I know,
Not even thy Clare can peace bestow,
While falsehood stains thy name:
Go then to fight! Clare bids thee go!
Clare can a warrior's feelings show,
And weep a warrior's shame:
Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,
Buckling the spur on thy heel,
And belt thee with thy brand of steel,
And send thee forth to fame!"

1 See the ballad of Otterburne, in the Border Minstrels, vol. i. p. 345.
2 Where James encamped before taking post on Flodden.
XI.

That night, upon the rocks and bay,
The midnight moonbeam slumbering lay,
And pour'd its silver light, and pure,
Through loop-hole, and through embrasure,
Upon Tantallon tower and hall;

Bot chief where arched windows wide
Blue Wade to the chapel's pride,
The sober glanced fall.

Much was there need; though seem'd with

Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,
Though two grey priests were there,
And each a blazing torch held high,
You could not by their blaze descry
The chapel's carving fine.

Amid that dim and smoky light,
Chequeuring the silver moon-shine bright,
A bishop by the altar stood;
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.

Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy;
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld
Beside him ancient Angus stood,
Duff'd his fur'd gown, and sable hood:
O'er his huge form and visage pale,
He wore a cap and shirt of mail;
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand
Which won't of yore, in battle fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.

He seem'd as, from the tombs around
Rising at judgment-day.

Some giant Douglas may he found
In all his old array;
So pale his face, so huge his limb,
So old his arms, his look so grim.

XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,
And Claus the spur bound on his heels;
And think what next he must have felt,
At buckling of the falchion hilt!

And judge how Clara changed her hue,
While fastening to her lover's side
A friend, which, though in danger tried,
He once had found untrue!

Then Douglas struck him with his blade:

"Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid
I dube thee knight.

Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir!
For King, for Church, for Lady fair,
See that thou fight!"—

And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,
Said—"Wilton! grieve not for thy woes,
Disgrace, and trouble;
For He, who honour best bestows,
May give thee double."

Do not complain, for so he must—

"Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust
That Douglas is my brother!"—

"Nay, nay," old Angus said, "not so;
To Surrey's camp thou now must go,
Thy wrongs no longer smoother.many other poetical pieces of great merit. He had not at

And if thou meet'st them under shield,
Upon them bravely—do thy worst;
And foul him that bleaches first!"

XIII.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride:
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper'd in an under tone.

"Let the hawk stoop, its prey is flown."

The train attains the castle drew,
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu:

"Though something I mightplain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I said;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And noble Earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:

"My munitions halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, how'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Maronion clasp."—

XIV.

Burd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,

And—"This to me!" he said.

"An 't were not for thy hoary heard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,) I
tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the Earl's cheek the blush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—"And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hast thou hence unsalted to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up, drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!
Let the vulture fall?"—

Lord Marmion turn'd.—well was his need,
And dash'd the rowels in his stead,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung:

1 The well-known Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, son of Archibald Beld-the-Cat, Earl of Angus. He was author of a Scottish metrical version of the Eneid, and of many other poetical pieces of great merit. He had not at this period attained the mitre. 2 See Appendix, Note 1. 3 Ibid. Note 4 M.
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

XV.
The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brink:
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his hand,
He halted, and tuned with clench'd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.—
A letter forged! St. Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed?
At first in heart it liked me still,
When the king praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bohan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.
So swore I, and I swore still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—
Saint Mary need my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
"Tis pity of him too," he cried:
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

XVI.
The day in Marmion's journey wore;
Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,
They crossed the heights of Staungr-moor.
His horse more closely there he scav'd,
And miss'd the Palmer from the hand.—
"Palmer or not," young Blount did say,
"He parted at the peep of day:
Good sooth, it was in strange array."—
"In what array?" said Marmion, quick.
"My lord, I tell can spell the trick:
But all night long, with clink and bang,
Close to my couch did hammers clang;
At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,
And from a loophole while I peep,
Old Bell the Cat came from the Keep,
Wrapped in a gown of sabres fair,
As fearful of the morning air;
Beneath, when that was blown aside,
A rusty shirt of mail I spied,
By Archibald won in bloody work,
Against the Saracen and Turk;
Last night it hung not in the hall;
I thought some marvel would befall.
And next I saw them saddled head.
Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best steed;
A matchless horse, though something old,
Prompt in his pace, cool and bold.
I heard the Sheriff Shalto say,
The Earl did much the Master 2 pray,
To use him on the battle-day;
But he preferr'd — "Nay, Henry, cease!
Though sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.
Eustace, thou bear'st a brain — I pray,
What did Blount see at break of day?" —

XVII.
"In brief, my lord, we both descried
(For then I stood by Henry's side)
The palmer mount, and outwards ride,
Upon the Earl's own favourite steed:
All sheathed he was in armour bright,
And much resembled that same knight,
Subdued by you in Cotswold fight:
Lord Angus wish'd him speed." —
The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,
A sudden light on Marmion broke:—
"Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!"
He mutter'd; — "This was nor war nor ghost
I met upon the moonlight road,
But living man of earthly mould.—
O digestion blind and gross!"
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust
Had laid De Wilton in the dust,
My path no more to cross.—
How stand we now? — he told his tale
To Douglais; and with some avail;
"I was therefore gloom'd his rugged brow.—
Will Surrey dare to entertain,
Against Marmion's chariot disproved and vain?
Small risk of that, I trod.
Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun:
Must separate Constance from the Nun—
O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!—
A Palmer too! — no wonder why
I felt rehued beneath his eye:
I might have known there was but one,
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."

XVIII.
Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed
His troop, and reach'd, at eve, the Tweed,
Where Lennel's convent 3 closed their march;
(There now is left but one frail arch,
Yet morn thou not its cells;
Our time a fair exchange has made;
Hard by, in hospitable shade;
A revered pilgrim dwells;
Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,
That ere wore sandal, frock, or hood.)
Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there
Give Marmion entertainment fair,
And lodging for his train and Clare.
Next morn the Baron climb'd the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power,
Encamp'd on Flodden edge.
The white pavilions made a show,
Like remnants of the winter snow,
Along the dusky ridge.
Long Marmion look'd — at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry
Amid the shifting lines:
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the hedge of spears
The eastern sunbeam shines.
Their front now deepening, now extending;
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending.
Now drawing back, and now descending;
The skilful Marmion well could know,
They watched the motions of some foe,
Who traversed on the plain below.

XIX.
Even so it was. From Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host

1 See Appendix, Note 4 N.
2 His eldest son, the Master of Angus.
3 See Appendix, Note 4 O.
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd.
The Till by Twisel Bridge!
High steep it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the cavern's cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,
'Troop after troop are disappearing:
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
"To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet clang,
'Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching column room.

XX.
And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and 'tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead!
What vails the vain knight-errant's brand?
C. Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skil'd Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Flete's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockburne!
—The precious hour has pass'd in vain,
And England's host has gain'd the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden Hill.

XXI.
 Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high.
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!"
And see ascending squadrons come
Between Tweed's river and the hill.
Foot, horse, and cannon—hark what hap,
My hasten to a prentice cap.
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till—
Yet more! yet more!—how far array'd
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And sweep so gallant by!
With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their arrows, rising high,
Saint George might awaken from the dead,
To see fair England's standards fly."—

"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount, "thou'dst best,
And listen to our Lord's behest."—
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—
"This instant be our hand array'd;
The river must be quickly cross'd,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
If fight King James,—as well I trust,
That fight he will, and fight he must,—
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

XXII.
Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu;
For less would listen to his prayer,
To leave behind the helpless Clare.
Down to the Tweed his band he drew,
And muttered as the flood they view,
"The pensive in the falcon's claw,
He scarce will yield to please a daw:
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,
So Clare shall hide with me."
Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Lent's eddies creep,
He ventured desperately,
And not a moment will he bide.
Till squire, or groom, before him ride;
Headmost of all he stems the tide,
And stems it gallantly.
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,
Old Marmion led her rem.
Stoutly they braved the current's course,
And, though for downward driven per force,
The southern bank they gain;
Behind them struggling, came to shore,
As best they might, the train:
Each o'er his head his yew-bow hore,
A caution not in vain:
Deep need that day that every string,
By wet unlarn'd, should sharply ring.
A moment then Lord Marmion staik,
And breathed his steed, his men array'd,
Then forward and moved his band.
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
He halted by a Cross of Stone,
That, on a hillock standing lour,
Did all the field command.

XXIII.
Hence might they see the full array
Of either host, for deadly fray; 2
Their marshall'd lines stretch'd east and west,
And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation pass'd
From the loud cannon mouth ;
Not in the close successive rattle,
That breathes the voice of modern battle,
But slow and far between
The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion said:
"Here by this Cross," he gently said,
"You well may view the scene.
Here shall thou tarry, lovely Clare:
O! think of Marmion in thy prayer!—
Thou wilt not!—well, no less my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten pick'd archers of my train;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed again.——
MARMION.

“—The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
Welcome to danger’s hour!—
Short greeting serves in time of strife:—
Thus have I ranged my power:
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My kins command the vaward post,
With Brian Tumstall, stainless knight;
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rear-ward of the fight,
And succour those that need it most.
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go;
Edmund, the Admiral, Tancred there,
With thee their charge will hitherto share:
There fight thine own retainers too,
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true.—”
“Thanks, noble Surrey!” Marmion said,
Nor farther greeting there he paid;
But, parting like a thunderbolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of “Marmion! Marmion!” that the cry,
Up Fledden mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill
On which, (for the day was spent.)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view:
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
“Upworthy office here to stay!
No hope of gilded release—
But see! a look-up—on Fledden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.”
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in smoky smoke.
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland’s war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor musketry tone,
Announced their march; their trend alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled shout.
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come,—
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close, in cloud of smoke and dust,
With sword-swaying, and with lance’s thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and desperation.
Long looked the anxious squire’s; their eye
Could in the darkness sought descry.

XXVI.
At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mangled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then mark’d they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chevaliers brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But sought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flash’d amain;
Fell England’s arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stoop’d, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly
And amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion’s falcon fly;
And stainless Tumstall’s banner white,
And Edmund Howard’s lion bright;
Still beat them bravely in the fight:
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border man,
With Hulty, and with Home.

XXVII.
Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyile;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rush’d with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied.
*Twas vain:—but Fortune, on the right,
With tinkle smile encro’d Scotland’s fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard’s lion fell:
Yet still Lord Marmion’s falcon flew
With waving flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell
The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon was the cry:
Loud were the clanging blows:
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark’s mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
At waver’d find the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:
“By Heaven, and all its saints! I swear
I will not see it lost!”
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your heads, and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host;”
And to the fray he rode amain,
Follow’d by all the archer train.
The fierce yeoman’s charge charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—
The resched banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from th’ ground,
It sunk among the foes.

1 See Appendix, Note 4 E.
2 In all former editions, Highlandman. Badenoch is the
Then Eustace mounted too:—yet staid
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose reins dangling from his head,
Hawking and saddling bloody red.
Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast.
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

XXVIII.
Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
The scatter'd van of England wheels:—
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton there?"
They fly, or, madd'en'd by despair,
Fright but to die,—"Is Wilton there?"
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drench'd with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strain'd the broken brand;
His arms were smear'd with blood and sand:
Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion!... Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazng on his ghastly face,
"By Saint George, he's gone!"
That spear-wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head!
"Good-night to Marmion."—
"Invariable Blount! thy brawling cease!
He opes his eyes," said Eustace: "peace!"

XXIX.
When, duff'd his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?"
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hate!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry,—"Marmion to the rescue!"—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my last thought is England's fly—
To Acre bear my signet-ring:—
Tell him his squadrons up to bring—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey heis;
'Gainst the gale, he flings his sail:
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spear of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's last.—
Must I bid twice farewell, ye valiant! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
They parted, and alone he lay:
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmur'd,—"Is there none,
Of all my hales have naist,
Pace, square, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"

XXX.
O, Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarcely were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Barou's casque, the maid
To the high streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, cozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn—behold her mark
A little fountain cell.
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink, weep, pilgrim, drink, and pray.
For the kind, soul of Sybil.

Grep.
Who built this, cross, and well.
She fill'd the helm, and back she slid,
And with surprise and joy espied
A Monk supporting Marmion's head:
A pinus man, whom she brought
To dubious verge of battle fought.
To slirve the dying, bless the dead.

XXXI.
Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stoo'd his brow to heave—
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance rose—
"Speak not to me of grief or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short spires of low words, are mine to spare:
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"—
"Alas!" she said, "the while:—
Q, think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She—died at Holy Isle."—
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound:
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth," he said—"I knew
That the dark presage must be true—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might brieve him for delay.
It may not be—this dizzy trance—
Curse on whom base the marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

XXXII.
With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
MARMION.

The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church’s prayers.
Ever, he said, that close and near,
A lady’s voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear;
For that she ever sang.

*In the last battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingled war’s rattle with groans of the dying*.

So the notes rung:—

Avoid thee, Fiend! — with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying warden’s hand! —
O, look, my son, upon my sign
Of the Redeemer’s grace divine;
O, think on faith and bliss! —
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner’s parting seen,
But never taught like this.

The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell’d the gale,
And—Stanley! was the cry:
A light on Marmion’s visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye;
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted: “Victory"
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!”

Were the last words of Marmion.

XXXIII.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle’s deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where’s now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntly, and where Home? —
O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Pontarana echoes borne.

That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every valiant and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!

Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side.

Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish—for far away,
While spoil and havock mark their way,
Near Sybil’s Cross the plunderers stray.—

“O, Lady,” cried the Monk, “away!”
And placed her on her steed,
And led her to the chapel fair,
Of Timuth upon Tweed.

There all the night they spent in prayer,
And at the dawning of the morrow, there
She met her kinman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

XXXIV.

But as they left the dark’ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volley’s hail’d,
In headlong charge their horse assail’d:
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish ranks deep,
That fought around their King.

But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,

Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.

No thought was there of dastard flight;
Lank’d in the saddled phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O’er their dust host and wounded King.

Then skilful Surrey’s wise commands
Led back from strife his shattered band;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoll’n and south winds blow,

Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed’s echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disorder’d, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To towa, and tower, to town and dale,
To tell red Flodden’s dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.

Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden’s fatal field;
Where shiver’d was fair Scotland’s spear,
And broken was her shield!

XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain’s side: —
There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride,
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one:
The sad survivors all are gone.

View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be;
Nor to you Border castle high,
Look northward with upbraiding eye;
Nor cherish hope in vain,
That, journeying far on foreign strand,
The Royal Pilgrim to his land.

May yet return again
He saw the wreck his rashness wrought:
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain:
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clench’d within his manly hand,
Beseech’d the monarch slain.2

But, O! how changed since you blithe night! —
Gladi I turn me from the sight,
Unto my tale again.

XXXVI.

Short is my tale: — Fitz-Eustace’ care
A pierced and mangled body bare
To moated Lichfield’s lofty pile;
And there, beneath the southern aisle,
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,
Did lie Lord Marmion’s remains bare.

(Now vainly for its sight you look:"
Twas level’d when fanatic Brook
The fair cathedral storm’d and took;

1 See Appendix, Note 4 S.
But, thanks to Heaven and good Saint Chad,
A gueidon meet the spoiler had!
There erst was martial Marmon found,
His feet upon a couchant hound;
His hands to heaven upraised;
And all around, on scotchman rich,
And tablet carved, and fretted niche,
His arms and feats were blazed.
And yet, though all was carved so fair,
And priest for Marmon breathed the prayer,
The last Lord Marmon lay not there.
From Ettick woods a peasant swain
Follow'd his lord to Flodden plain.—
One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay
In Scotland mourns as "wede away:"
Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he sped,
And drag'd him to its foot, and died,
Close by the noble Marmon's side.
The spoilers stripp'd and rashed the slain,
And thus their corpses were mistis'ne;
And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb,
The lowly woodsman took the room.

XXXVII.

Less easy task it were to show
Lord Marmon's nameless grave, and low.
They dug his grave e'en where he lay,
But every mark is gone;
Time's wasting hand has done away
The simple Cross of Sybil Grey,
And broke her font of stone:
But yet from out the little hill
Oozes the tender springlet still.
Oft 'tis said the stranger there,
For thence may best his curious eye
The memorable field descry;
And shepherd boys repair
To seek the water-flag and rush,
And rest them by the hazel bush,
And plant their garlands fair;
Nor dream they sit upon the grave,
That holds the bones of Marmon brave.—
When thou shalt find the little hill,
With thy heart commune, and be still.
If ever, in temptation strong,
Thou left'st the right path for the wrong;
If every devious step, thus trod,
Still led thee farther from the road;
Dread then to speak presumptuous doom
On noble Marmon's lowly tomb;
But say, "He died a gallant knight,
With sword in hand, for England's right."

XXXVIII.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf,
Who cannot image to himself.

That all through Flodden's dismal night,
Wilton was foremost in the fight;
That, when brave Surrey's steed was slain,
'Twas Wilton mounted him again;
'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest Hew'd,
Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood:
Unnamed by Hullished or Hall,
He was the living soul of all:
That, after fight, his faith make plain,
He won his rank and lands again;
And charged his old paternal shield
With bearings won on Flodden Field.
Nor sang I to that simple maid,
To whom it must in terms be said,
That King and kinsmen did agree,
To bless fair Clara's constancy;
Who cannot, unless I relate,
Pain to her mind the bridal state;
That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,
More, Sandis, and Denny, pass'd the joke:
That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,
And Catherine's hand the stocking threw;
And afterwards, for many a day,
That it was held enough to say,
In blessing to a wedded pair,
"Love they like Wilton and like Clare!"

L'ENVOY.

TO THE READER.

Why then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song,
Unless to bid the gentle speed,
Who long have listed to my tale?
To Statesmen grave, if such may design
To read the Minstrel's idle strain,
Sound head, clean hand, and piercing wit,
And patriotic heart—as Pitt!
A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her he loves the best;
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight!
To every faithful lover true,
What can I wish but lady true?
And knowledge to the studious sage
And pillow to the head of age.
To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay,
Has cheated of thy hour of play,
Light task, and merry holiday!
To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

1 See Appendix, Note 37.
2 Used generally for talk or discourse.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

As when the Champion of the Lake
Enters Morgana's parted house,
Or in the Chapel Perilous.
Despising spells and demons' force,
Holds converse with the unburied corpse.—P. 78.

The romance of the Morte Arthur contains
a sort of abridgement of the most celebrated
adventures of the Round Table: and, being
written in comparatively modern language,
gives the general reader an excellent idea of
what romances of chivalry actually were. It
has also the merit of being written in pure old
English; and many of the wild adventures which it contains are told with a simplicity bordering upon the sublime. Several of these are referred to in the text; and I would have illustrated them by more full extracts, but as this curious work is about to be republished, I confine myself to the tale of the Chapel Perilous, and of the quest of Sir Launcelot after the Sgraneal.

"Right so Sir Launcelot departed, and when he came to the Chapel Perilous, he alighted downe, and tied his horse to a little gate. And as soon as he was within the church-yard, he saw, on the front of the chapel, many faire rich shields turned upside downe; and many of the shields Sir Launcelot had seene knights have before; with that he saw stand by him that thirtie great knights, more, by a yard, than any man that ever he had seen, and all those grinned and gnashed at Sir Launcelot; and when he saw their countenance, hee dared them sore, and so put his shield afore him, and tooke his sword in his hand, ready to doe bat-tale; and they were all armed in black hues, ready, with their shields and swords drawn. And when Sir Launcelot would have gone closer, they were bare, and gave out every side of him, and gave him the way; and therewith he waxed all bold, and entered into the chapel, and then hee saw no light but a dimm lamp burning, and then was he ware of a corps covered with a cloath of silke; then Sir Launcelot stooped downe, and cut a piece of that cloath away, and then it fared under him as the earth had quaked a little, whereof he was sore afraid. Hee saw at him there were sword lyie by the dead knight, and that he rat in his hand, and lead him out of the chappell. As soon as he was in the chappell-yard, all the knights spoke to him with a grunny voice, and said, 'Knight, Sir Launcelot, lay that sword from thee, or else thou shalt die.'—Whether I live or die, said Sir Launcelot, 'with no great woe: I goe and come againe, therefore fight and they all killed.' Then forthwith he entered through them; and, beyond the chappell-yard, there met him a faire damosell, and said, 'Sir Launcelot, leave that sword behind thee, or thou wilt die for it.'—'I will not leave it,' said Sir Launcelot, 'for no threats.'—'No,' said she: 'ye and ye did leave that sword, Queen Guenever should ye never see.'—Then were I a fool and a great knight,' said the damosell, 'I require thee to kiss me once.'—'Nay,' said Sir Launcelot, 'that God forbid!'—'Well, sir,' said she, 'and thon haddest kissed me thy life days had been done; but now, alas! I said she, 'I have lost all my labour; for I ordered this chappell for thy sake, and for Sir Gauaine; and once I had Sir Gauaine within it; and at that time he fought with that knight which there hath dead in yonder chappell. Sir Gilbert the bastard, and at that time hee smote off Sir Gilbert the bastard's left hand. And so, Sir Launcelot, now I tell thee, that I have loved thee this seven yeare: but there may no woman have thy love but Queen Guenever; but stiten I may not rejoice thee to have thy holy alive, I had kept no more joy in this world but to have had thy dead body; and I would have balmed it and served, and so have kept it in my life days, and daily I should have clippd thee, and kissd thee, in the desipte of Queen Guenever.'—'Yee say well,' said Sir Launcelot: 'Jesus preserve me from thy subtill craft.' And therewith he took his horse, and departed from her.

Note B.

A sullen man, and unconfess'd,
He took the Sgraneal's holy quest,
And, slumbering, saw the vision high,
He might not view with waking eye.—P. 78.

One day, when Arthur was holding a high feast with his Knights of the Round Table, the Sangreal, or vessel out of which the last pas-sion over was eaten, (a precious relic, which had long remained concealed from human eyes, because of the sins of the land,) suddenly appeared to him and all his chivalry. The consequence of this vision was, that all the knights took on them a solemn vow to seek the Sangreal. But, alas! it could only he revealed to a knight at once accomplished to earthly chivalry, and pure and guileless of evil conversa-tion. All Sir Launcelot's noble accomplish-ments were therefore rendered vain by his guilty intrigue with Queen Guenever, or Ga-noire; and in his holy quest he encountered only such disgraceful disasters as that which follows:

"But Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and endingill in a wild forest, and held no path but as wild adventure led him; and at the last, he came into a stone crosse, which departed two wayes, in wast land; and, by the crosse, was a stone that was of marbie; but it was so dark, that Sir Launcelot might not well know what it was. Then Sir Launcelot looked by him, and saw an old chappell, and there he wend to have found people. And so Sir Lau-ncelot tied his horse to a tree, and there he put off his shield, and sat upon a tree, and then hee went unto the chappell doors, and found it wasted and broken. And within he found a faire altar, fully richly arrayed with cloth of silke, and there stood a faire candle-stick, which beare six great candles, and the candlesticke was of silver. And when Sir Launcelot saw this light, hee had a great wit for to enter into the chappell, but he could find no place where hee might enter. Then was he passing heave and dismayed. Then he returned, and came againe to his horse, and took of his saddle and his bridle, and let him pasture, and unlaced his helme, and uncirded his sword, and laid him downe to sleepe upon his shield, before the crosse.

"And so hee fell on sleepe: and, halfe waking and halfe sleepeing, he saw come by in two paireys, both faire and white, which beare a litter, therein lying a sickne knight. And when he was nigh the crosse, he there abode still. All this Sir Launcelot saw and beheld, for hee slept not verily, and hee heard him say, 'O sweete Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me, and when shall the holy vessell come by me, where through I shall be blessed, for I have endured thus long for little tress-pass.' And thus a great while complained the knight, and allwaies Sir Launcelot heard it. With that Sir Launcelot saw the candle-sticke, with the fire tapers, come before the
crosse; but he could see nobody that brought it. Also there came a table of silver, and the holy vesseill of the Sancgreall, the which Sir Launcelot had seen before that time in King Petchour's house. And therewithall the sick knight set him upright, and held up both his hands, and said, "Faire sweete Lord, which is here within the holy vesseill, take heede to mee, that I may bee bole of this great maiadly! And therewith upon his hands, and upon his knees, he went so nigh, that he touched the holy vesseill, and kissed it: And anon he was bale, and then he said, 'Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed of this maladly.' So when the holy vesseill had been there a great while, it went into the cappelle againe, with the candelestick and the light, so that Sir Laun-
celot wist not where it became, for he was over-
taken with sinne, that he had no power to arise against the holy vesseill, wherefore afterward many men said of him shame. But he tooke repentance afterward. 'Then the sick knight dressed him upright, and kissed the crosse. Then anon his squere brought him his armes, and asked his lord bow he did. 'Certai-
ly,' said hee, 'I thanke God right heartily, for through the holy vesseill I am healed: But I have right great merueille of this sleeping knight, which hath had neither grace nor power to awake during the time that this holy vesseill hath beene here present.'—"I dare it right well say,' said the squere, 'that this same knight is defouled with manner of deadly sinne, whereas he hath never confessed.'—"By my faith,' said the knight, 'whatsoever he be, he is unhappe: for, as I deeme, he is of the fellowship of the Round Table, the which is entered into the quest of the Sancgreall'— "Sir,' said the squere, 'here I have brought you all your armes, save your helme and your sword; and, therefore, by mine assent, now may ye take this knight's helme and his sword;' and so he did. And when he was clean armed, he took Sir Launcelot's horse, for he was mounte, and of his owne, and so they departed from the crosse.

"Then anon Sir Launcelot awaked, and set himselfe upright, and he thought him what hee had there seen, and whether it were dreams or not; right so he heard a voice that said, 'Sir Launcelot, more hardy than is the stone, and more better than is the wood, and more naked and bare than is the hefe of the fig-tree, therefore goe thon from hence, and withdraw thee from this holy place;' and when Sir Launcelot heard this, he was passing heavy, and wist not what to doe. And so he departed sore weeping, and cursed the time that he was borne; for then he deemed never to have had more worship; for the words went unto his heart, till that he knew wherefore that hee was so called."

**NOTE D.**

*Their theme the merry minstrels made,
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold.* —P. 78.

The "History of Bevis of Hampton" is abridged by my friend Mr. George Ellis, with that liveliness which extracts amusement even out of the most rude and unpromising of our old tales of chivalry. Ascapart, a most important personage in the romance, is thus described by an extract:

"This geant was mighty and strong,
And full thirty feet was long,
He was breasted like a sow,
A foot he had between each braw.
His lips were great, and hung aside,
His eyes were hollow, his mouth was wide;
Lethly he was to look on him,
And like a devil than a man.

**NOTE C.**

*And Dryden, in immortal strain,
Had raised the Table Round again.* —P. 78.

Dryden's melancholy account of his projected Epic Poem, blasted by the selfish and sordid patronage of his patrons, is contained in an "Essay on Satire," addressed to the Earl of Dorset, and prefixed to the *Translation of Juvenal.* After mentioning a plan of supplying machinery from the guardian angels of kingdoms, mentioned in the *Book of Daniel,* he adds.—

"Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could,
given your lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice; (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem;) and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged. Of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful whether I should choose that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, through a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel; which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year, for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event, for the manunamity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored, and for the many beautiful episodes which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons, (wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages in the succession of our imperial line.)—With these helps, and those of the machines which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors, or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design; but being encouraged only with fair words by King Charles II., my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future subsis-
tence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly disabled me."
NOTE E.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep, &c.—

P. 79.

The ruinous castle of Norham (anciently called Urbanford) is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well as its historical importance, shows it to have been a place of magnificent, as well as strength. Edward I. resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland; and, indeed, scarce any happened, in which it had not a principal share. Norham Castle is situated on a steep bank, which overhangs the river. The repeated sieges which the castle had sustained, rendered frequent repairs necessary. In 1164, it was almost rebuilt by Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, who added a huge keep, or donjon; notwithstanding which, King Henry II., in 1174, took the castle from the bishop, and committed the keeping of it to William de Neville. After this period it seems to have been chiefly garrisoned by the King, and considered as a royal fortress. The Gospels of Chillingham Castle were frequently the castellans, or captains of the garrison: yet, as the castle was situated in the patrimony of St. Cuthbert, the property was in the sea of Durham till the Reformation. After that period, it passed through various hands. At the union of the crowns, it was in the possession of Sir Robert Carey, (afterwards Earl of Monmouth) for his own life, and that of two of his sons. After King James's accession, Carey sold Norham Castle to George Home, Earl of Dunbar, for 6000l. See his curious Memoirs, published by Mr. Constable of Edinburgh.

According to Mr. Pinkerton, there is, in the British Museum, Cal. B. 6. 216, a curious memoir of the Dacres on the state of Norham Castle in 1532, not long after the battle of Flodden. The inner ward, or keep, is represented as impregnable:—"The provisions are three great vats of salt eels, forty-four kine, three hogheads of salted salmon, forty quarters of grain, besides many cows and four hundred sheep, lying under the castle-wall nightly; but a number of the arrows wanted feathers, and a good Fletcher (i.e. maker of arrows) was required."—History of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 201, note.

The ruins of the castle are at present considerable, as well as picturesque. They consist of a large shattered tower, with many vaults, and fragments of other edifices, enclosed within an outward wall of great circuit.

NOTE F.

The batted towers, the donjon keep.—P. 79.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remind my readers, that the donjon, in its proper significance, means the strongest part of a feudal castle; a high square tower, with walls of tremendous thickness, situated in the centre of the other buildings, from which, however, it was usually detached. Here, in case of the outward defences being gained, the garrison retreated to make their last stand. The donjon contained the great hall, and principal rooms of state for solemn occasions, and also the prison of the fortress; from which last circumstance we derive the modern and restricted use of the word dungeon. Ducange (vocc Dunjo) conjectures plausibly, that the name is derived from these keeps being usually built upon a hill, which in Celtic is called Dun. Burlase supposes the word came from the darkness of the apartments in these towers, which were thence figuratively called Dungeons: thus deriving the ancient word from the modern application of it.

NOTE G.

Well was he arm'd from head to heel,
In mail and plate of Milan steel.—P. 79.

The artists of Milan were famous in the middle ages for their skill in armoury, as appears from the following passage, in which Froissart gives an account of the preparations made by Henry, Earl of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV., and Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marischal, for their proposed combat in the lists at Coventry:—"These two lords made ample provision of all things necessary for the combat; and the Earl of Derby sent off messengers to Lombardy, to have armour from Sir Gaucis, Duke of Milan. The Duke complied with his joy, and gave the knight, called Sir Francis, who had brought the message, the choice of all his armour for the Earl of Derby. When he had selected what he wished for in platted and mail armour, the Lord of Milan, out of his abundant love for the Earl, ordered four of the best armourers of Milan to accompany the knight to England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed."—Johnes' Froissart, vol. iv. p. 597.

NOTE II.

Who checks at me, to death is nigh.—P. 79.

The crest and motto of Marmion are borrowed from the following story:—Sir David De Lindsay, first Earl of Crauford, was, among other gentlemen of quality, attended, during a visit to London, in 1300, by Sir William Dalzel, who was, according to my authority, Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chaucer to be at the court, he there saw Sir Peter Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting, and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, ar-
The Scottish knight, being a wag, appeared next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a magpie instead of the falcon, with a motto ingeniously contrived to rhyme to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers:

"I hear a magpie picking at a piece, Whose picks at her, I shall pick at his next." 3

In faith.

This affront could only be expiated by a jest with sharp lancets. In the course, Dalzell left his helmet unalaced, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist’s lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice;—in the third encounter, the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell’s fraud in not fastening his helmet, the Scottishman agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking in the hand of the King two hundred pounds, to be forfeited, if, on entering the lists, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the wily Scot demanded that Sir Piers, in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn. As Courtenay demurred to this equalization of optical powers, Dalzell demanded the forfeit; which, after much altercation, the King appointed to be paid to him, saying, he surpassed the English both in wit and valour. This must appear to the reader a singular specimen of the humour of that time. I suspect the Jockey Club would have given a different decision from Henry IV.

Note I.

They had’d Lord Marmion; They had’d him Lord of Fontenay, Of Lutterwards, and Scrivellbye, Of Tamworth tower and town.---P. 80.

Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay, in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire. One, or both, of these noble possessions, was held by the honourable service of being the royal champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Duke of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in 28th Edward I. without issue male. He was succeeded in his castle of Tamworth, by Alexan-

der de Freville, who married Mazera, his grand-daughter. Baldwin de Freville, Alexander’s descendant, in the reign of Richard I., by the supposed tenure of his castle of Tamworth, claimed the office of royal champion, and to do the service appertaining; namely, on the day of coronation, to ride, completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would essay the King’s title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scrivelby had descended by another of the co-heiresses of Robert de Marmion; and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day. The family and possessions of Freville have merged into the Earls of Ferrars. I have not, therefore, created a new family, but only revived the titles of an old one in an imaginary personage.

It was one of the Marmion family, who, in the reign of Edward II., performed that chivalrous feat before the very castle of Norham, which Bishop Percy has woven into his beautiful ballad, "The Hermit of Warkworth."—The story is thus told by Leland:—

"The Scottes cam to the marches of England, and destroyed the castles of Wark and Herbolte, and overran much of Northumberland marches. 4 At this tyme, Thomas Gray and his friends defended Norham from the Scottes. 5 It were a wonderful processe to declare, what mischafes cam by hunger and assesse by the space of xi yeres in Northumberland; for the Scottes became so proude, after they had got Berwick, that they nothing esteemed the Englishmen. 6 About this tyme there was a greate feste made yn Lincolnshire, to which came many gentlemen and ladies; and amongst them one lady brought a heanmil for a man of wryte, with a very riche creste of gold, to William Marmion, knight, with a letter of commandement of her lady, that he sholde go into the daungerest place in England, and ther to take the heanmil borne and knou of famous. 7 So he went to Norham; whither, within 4 days of comming, cam Philip Moutbray, guardian of Berwicke, having yn his bande 40 men of armes, the very flour of men of the Scottishe marches. 8 Thomas Gray, capifayne of Norham, seynge this, brought his garrison afore the barri rys of the castell, behind whom cam William, richly arrayed, as al glittering in gold, and weyng the heanmil, his lady’s present. 9 Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, ‘Sir Knight, ye be cum lither to fame your helmet: mount up on your horse, and ride lyke a valiant man to your foes even here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body deade or aluye, or I myself wyly dye for it.’ 10 Whereupon he took his cursere, and rode among the throng of enemies, in the which layed sore stripes on him, and pulled him at the last out of his sadel to the gronde. 11 Then Thomas Gray, with al the hole garrison, lette prick yn among the Scottes, and so wondred them and their horses, that they were overtrown; and Marmion, sore beten, was horsed agayn, and, with Gray, perswe the
APPENDIX TO MARMION.

Scottes yn chase. There were taken 50 horse of price; and the women of Norham brought them to the foote men to follow the chase.

NOTE K.

Largesse, largesse. — P. 82.

This was the cry with which heralds and pursuivants were wont to acknowledge the bounty received from the knights. Stewart of Lorn distinguishes a ballad, in which he satirizes the narrowness of James V. and his courtiers, by the ironical burden —

"Larges, larges, larges, hau,
Larges of this new-year day,
First larges of the King, my chief,
Quhilk come als quiet as a thief,
And in my hand shilligins tway;
To put his larges to the preff,
For larges of this new-year day."

The heralds, like the minstrels, were a race allowed to have great claims upon the liberality of the knights, of whose tents they kept a record, and proclaimed them aloud, as in the text, upon suitable occasions.

At Berwick, Norham, and other Border fortresses of importance, pursuivants usually resided, whose inviolable character rendered them the only persons that could, with perfect assurance of safety, be sent on necessary embassies into Scotland. This is alluded to in stanza xxi. p. 81.

NOTE L.

Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Tvistell and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold.

Were accuracy of any consequence in a fictitious narrative, this castellan's name ought to have been William; for William Heron of Ford was husband to the famous Lady Ford, whose siren charms are said to have cost our James IV. so dear. Moreover, the said William Heron was, at the time supposed, a prisoner in Scotland, being surrendered by Henry VIII., on account of his share in the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford. His wife, represented in the text as residing at the Court of Scotland, was, in fact, living in her own Castle at Ford. — See Sir Richard Heron's curious Genealogy of the Heron Family.

NOTE M.

The whiles a Northern harper rude
Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud —
"How the fierce Thriv's, and Ridleys all",
&c. — P. 80.

This old Northumbrian ballad was taken down from the recitation of a woman eighty years of age, mother of one of the inners of Alston-moor, by an agent for the lead mines there, who communicated it to my friend and correspondent, R. Surtees, Esquire, of Mainsforth. She had not, she said, heard it for many years, but, when she was a girl, it used to be sung at the merry-making "till the roof rung again." To preserve this curious, though rude rhyme, it is here inserted. The ludicrous turn given to the slaughter, marks that wild and disorderly state of society, in which a murderer was not merely a casual circumstance, but, in some cases, an exceedingly good jest. The structure of the ballad resembles the "Fray of Suport," 3 having the same irregular stanzas and wild chorus.

I.

Hoo swa', lad, hoo swa',
Ha' ye heard how the Ridleys, and Thrivs, and a'
Ha' set upon Albany 4 Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadman-haugh? —
There was Wilmot of Whick, 5
And Harriding Dead,
And Haggie of Hawden, 6 and Will of the Waw,
I cannot tell a', I cannot tell a',
And mont a maid that the devil may know.

II.

The said man went down, but Nicol, his son,
Ran away afore the sight was begun;
And he ran, and he ran,
And afore they were done,
There was many a Fair horseton got sin a steed,
As never was seen since the world begun.

III.

I cannot tell a', I cannot tell a';
Some got a sheep, and some got a calf;
But they yard the Featherstones hand their jaw. —
Nicol, and Allie, and a',
Some got a hart, and some got tame;
Some had harness, and some got sixteen.

IV.

Ane got a twist o' the craig; 8
Ane got a bunch o' the wame; 10
Symy Haw got hamed of a leg,
And synge ran wathering 11 bame.

V.

Hoo, hoo, the old man's slain outright!
Lay him now wi' his face down — he's a sorrowful sight.
Janeit, thou doonot, 12
I'll lay my best bonet,
Thou gets a new guide-man afore it be night.

VI.

Hoo away, lad, hoo away,
We're a' be hanged if we stay.
Tack up the dead man, and lay him ahint the biggin.
Here's the Bailey o' Haltwhistle, 13
Wi' his great bull's paze.
That sup'd up the broow — and syne — in the piggin. 14

In explanation of this ancient ditty, Mr. Surtees has furnished me with the following local memorandum: — Wilmotweswick, the chief seat of the ancient family of Ridley, is situated two miles above the confluence of the Allen and Tyne. It was a house of strength, as ap-

12 Silly ait. The border hard calls her so, because she was weeping for her slain husband; a term which he seems to think more proper for a female. — Bannister.

13 The Bailiff of Haltwhistle seems to have arrived when the fray was over. This supporter of social order is treated with characteristic irreverence by the most trooping peat.

14 An iron pot with two ears.
SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

pears from one oblong tower, still in tolerable preservation. It has been long in possession of the Blacket family. Hardriding Dick is not an epithet referring to horsemanship, but means Richard Ridley of Hardriding, the seat of another family of that name, which, in the time of Charles I., was sold on account of expenses incurred by the loss of the proprietor, the immediate ancestor of Sir Matthew Ridley. Will of the Wa’ seems to be William Ridley of Walltown, so called from its situation on the great Roman wall. Thirwall Castle, whence the clan of Thirwalls derived its name, is situated on the small river of Tippel, near the western boundary of Northumberland. It is near the wall, and takes its name from the rampart having been thrashed, i.e. pierced, or breached, in its vicinity. Featherston Castle lies south of the Tyne, towards Alston-moor. Allany Featherstonhaugh, the chief of that ancient family, made a figure in the reign of Edward VI. A feud did certainly exist between the Ridleys and Feathersons, productive of such consequences as the ballad narrates. 22 Oct. 23 Edw. Henrici scit. Inquisition made by Justice Baron Thirwell, supvisum coronas Alexander Featherston, Gen. apud Greystanhough felo- mine interfeci, 22 Oct. per Nicolauem Ridley de Unthunke, Gen. Hugion Rilde, Nicolaum Rilde, et alias ejusdem nominis. Nor were the Featherstons without their revenge; for 3650 Henrici 8vi, we have—Ubiagatho Nicolai Fetherston, ac Thomas Nyason, &c. &c. pro homicidio Will. Rilde de Morute.

NOTE N.

James back’d the cause of that mock prince, Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit, Who on the gibbet paid the cheat. Then did I march with Surrey’s power, What time we razed old Aytoun tower.—P. 81.

The story of Perkin Warbeck, or Richard, Duke of York, is well known. In 1496, he was received honourably in Scotland; and James IV., after conferring upon him in marriage his own relation, the Lady Catherine Gordon, made war on England in behalf of his pretensions. To retaliate an invasion of England, Surrey advanced into Berwickshire at the head of considerable forces, but retreated, after taking the inconsiderable fortress of Aytoun. Ford, in his Dramatic Chronicle of Perkin Warbeck, makes the most of this incident:

"SURREY."

Are all our braving enemies shrunk back, Rid in the foigns of their distemper’d climate, Not daring to behold our colours wave In spite of this infected air? Can they Look on the strength of Cumberland’s defeat; The glory of Holyrood presented; that Of Edington cast down; the pile of Fotherby Overthrown; And thus, the strongest of their forts, Olde Aytoun Castle, reddied and demolished, And yet not peesie abroad? The Scots are bold,

1 Williamstoweck was, in prior editions, confounded with Ridley Hall, situated two miles lower, on the same side of the Tyne, the hereditary seat of William C. Lowes, Esq.
2 Ridley, the bishop and martyr, was, according to some authorities, born at Hardride, where a chair was preserved, called the Bishop’s Chair. Others, and particularly his biographer and amanuensis, Dr. Glover-Ridley, assign the honour of the martyr’s birth to Williamstoweck.

NOTE O.

I true, Norham can find you guides enow; For here be some have pricked as far, On Scottish ground, as to Dunham Have drank the monks of St. Bethan’s ale, And driven the beves of Launderdale; Harried the wives of Greenlane’s goods, And given them light to set their hoods.—P. 81.

The garrisons of the English castles of Wark, Norham, and Berwick, were, as may be easily supposed, very troublesome neighbours to Scotland. Sir Richard Maitland of Ledington wrote a poem, called “The Blind Baron’s Comfort;” when his barony of Blythe, in Lauderdale, was harried by Rowland Foster, the English captain of Wark, with his company, to the number of 300 men. They spoiled the poetical knight of 5000 sheep, 200 noit, 30 horses and mares; the whole furniture of his house of Blythe, 100 pounds Scots, (St. 65 &c.), and every thing else that was portable. “This spoil was committed the 16th day of May 1570, (and the said Sir Richard was threescore and fourteen years of age, and growing blind), in time of peace; when none of that country happened [expected] such a thing.”—“The Blind Baron’s Comfort” consists in a string of puns on the word Blythe the name of the lands thus despoiled. Like John Littlewit, he had “a conceit left in his misery—a miserable conceit.”

The last line of the text contains a phrase, by which the Borderers jocularly intimated the burning a house. When the Maxwell, in 1683, burned the Castle of Lochwood, they said they did so to give the Lady Johnstone “light to set her hood.” Nor was the phrase inapplicable; for, in a letter, to which I have noaid the reference, the Earl of Northumberland writes to the King and Council, that he dressed himself at midnight, at Warkworth, by the blaze of the neighbouring villages burned by the Scottish marauders.

NOTE P.

The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein The wildest war-horse in your train.—P. 81.

This churchman seems to have been akin to Welsh, the vicar of St. Thomas of Exeter, a leader among the Cornish insurgents in 1499. “This man,” says Hollandish, “had many good things in him. He was of no great stature, but well set, and nightlike compact; He was a very good wrestler; shot well, both in the long-bow and also in the cross-bow; he handled his hand-gun and peecye very well; he
was a very good woodman, and a hardy, and such a one as would not give his head for the polling or his beard for the washing. He was a companion in any exercise of activite, and of a courteous and gentle behaviour. He descended of a good honest parentage, being born at Penervin in Cornwall; and yet, in this rebellion, an arch captain and a principal doer." — Vol. iv. p. 553, 4to. edition. This model of clerical talents had the misfortune to be hanged upon the steeple of his own church.  

NOTE Q.  

—that Grot where Olives nod,  
Where, darling of each heart and eye,  
From all the youth of Sicily,  
Saint Rosalie retired to God.—P. 82.  

"Saint Rosalie was of Palermo, and born of a very noble family, and, when very young, abhorred so much the vanities of this world, and avoided the converse of mankind, resolving to dedicate herself wholly to God Almighty, that she, by divine inspiration, forsook her father's house, and never was more heard of till her body was found in that cleft of a rock, on that almost inaccessible mountain, where now the chapel is built; and they affirm she was carried up there by the hands of angels; for that place was not formerly so accessible (as now it is) in the days of the Saint, and even now it is a very bad, and steeply, and breakneck way. In this frightful place, this holy woman lived a great many years, feeding only on what she found growing on that barren mountain, and creeping into a narrow and dreadful cleft in a rock, which was always dropping wet, and was her place of retirement as well as prayer; having worn out even the rock with her knees in a certain place, which I have opened on purpose to show it to those who come here. This chamber is very richly adorn'd; and on the spot where the Saint's dead body was discover'd, which is just beneath the hole in the rock, which is open'd on purpose, as I said, there is a very fine statue of marble, representing her in a lying posture, railed in all about with fine iron and brass work: and the altar, on which they say mass, is built just over it." — Voyage to Sicily and Malta, by Mr. John Dryden (son to the poet), p. 107.  

The conceit pleased Garzantua very well; and beginning the first of these psalms, as soon as they came to Beati quorum, they fell asleep, both the one and the other."  

NOTE R.  

Friar John—  
Himself still sleeps before his beads  
Have mark'd ten aves and two creeds.—P. 82.  

Friar John understood the soporific virtue of his beads and brevity, as well as his namesake in Rabehalis. "But Gargantua could not sleep by any means, on which side soever he himself turned. Whereupon the monk said to him, 'I never sleep soundly but when I am at sermon or prayers: Let us therefore begin, you and I, the seven penitential psalms, to try whether you shall not quickly fall asleep.'"  

NOTE S.  

The summon'd Palmer came in place.—P. 82.  

A Palmer, opposed to a Pilgrim, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines; travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity; whereas the Pilgrim retired to his usual home and occupations, when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage. The Palms seem to have been the Questionari of the ancient Scottish canons 1212 and 1266. There is in the Bannatyne MS a burlesque account of two such persons, entitled, "Symmy and his brother." Their accoutrements are thus ludicrously described, (I discard the ancient spelling)—  

"Symy shaped them up, to keep on less,  
Two tabards of the tamar;  
They counted nothing their coasts were  
When new'd them on, in certain.  
Symm clapt up St. Peter's keys;  
Made of an old red gartan;  
St. James's sheles, on t'other side, shows  
As pretty as a partane  
To,  
On Symmys, and his brother."  

NOTE T.  

To fair St. Andrews bound,  
Within the ocean-cove to pray,  
Where good St. Rule his holy lay,  
From midnight to the dawns day,  
Sung to the billets sound.—P. 83.  

St. Regulus (Scotius, St. Rule), a monk of Patres, in Achall, warned by a vision, is said, A. D. 370, to have sailed westward, until he landed at St. Andrews in Scotland, where he founded a chapel and tower. The latter is still standing; and, though we may doubt the precise date of its foundation, it is certainly one of the most ancient edifices in Scotland. A cave, nearly from the summit of the ruinous cell of the Archbishops of St. Andrews, bears the name of this religious person. It is difficult of access; and the rock in which it is hewed is washed by the German Ocean. It is nearly round, about ten feet in diameter, and the same in height. On one side is a sort of stone altar; on the other an aperture into an inner den, where the miserable ascetic, who inhabited this dwelling, probably slept. At full tide, egress and regress are hardly practicable. As Regulus first colonized the metropolitan see of Scotland, and converted the inhabitants in the vicinity, he has some reason to complain, that the ancient name of Killrule (Celia Regut) should have been superseded, even in favour of the tutelar saint of Scotland. The reason of the change was, that St. Rule is said to have brought to Scotland the relics of St. Andrew.
NOTE U.

Saint Fillan's blessed well,
Where spring can frenzyed dreams dispel,
And crazed brain restore.—P. 83.

Saint Fillan was a Scottish saint of some reputation. Although Popery is, with us, matter of abomination, yet the common people still retain some of the superstitions connected with it. There are in Perthshire several wells and springs dedicated to St. Fillan, which are still places of pilgrimage and offerings, even among the Protestants. They are held powerful in cases of madness; and, in some very late occurrence, lunatics have been left all night bound to the holy stone, in confidence that the saint would cure and unloose them before morning. —[See various notes to the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.]

NOTE V.

The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourish'd once a forest fair.—P. 83.

Ettreick Forest, now a range of mountainous sheep-walks, was anciently reserved for the pleasure of the royal chase. Since it was dispaired, the wood has been, by degrees, almost totally destroyed, although, wherever protected from the sheep, copes soon arise without any planting. When the king hunted there, he often summoned the array of the country to meet and assist his sport. Thus, in 1528, James V. "made proclamation to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landward-men, and freeholders, that they should come to Edinburgh, with a month's victuals, to pass with the King where he pleased, to dantón the thieves of Tyndale, Annandale, Liddisdale, and other parts of that country, and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country as he pleased: The while the Earl of Argyle, the Earl of Huntley, the Earl of Athole, and so all the rest of the gentlemen of the Highl. did, and brought their hounds with them in like manner, to hunt with the King, as he pleased.

The second day of June the King past out of Edinburgh to the hunting, with many of the nobles and gentlemen of Scotland with him, to the number of twelve thousand men; and then past to Meggittian, and hounded and hawked all the country and bounds; that is to say, Crannach, Pappert-law, St. Mary-laws, Carlavick, Chapel, Ewindoores, and Longhope. I heard say, he slew, in these bounds, eighteen score of harts."

These hunting had, of course, a military character, and attendance upon them was a part of the duty of a vassal. The act for abolishing ward or military tenures in Scotland, enumerates the services of hunting, boisting, watching, and warding, as those which were in future to be illegal.

Taylor, the water-poet, has given an account of the mode in which these hunting were conducted in the Highlands of Scotland, in the seventeenth century, having been present at Bremar upon such an occasion:—

"There did I find the truly noble and right honourable lords, John Erskine, Earl of Mar; James Stewart, Earl of Murray: George Gordon, Earl of Enlyn, son and heir to the marquis of Huntley; James Erskine, Earl of Buchan; and John Lord Erskine, son and heir to the Earl of Mar, and their Countesses, with my much honoured, and my last assured and approved friend, Sir William Murray, knight of Abercarney, and hundreds of others, knights, esquires, and their followers; all and every man, in general, in one habit, as if Lycurgus had been there, and made laws of equality; for once in the year, which is the whole month of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom (for their pleasure) do come into these Highland countries to hunt: where they do conform themselves to the habit of the Highlanders, who, for the most part, speak nothing but Irish; and, in former time, were those people which were called the Red-shanks. Their habit is—shoes, with but one sole apiece; caps (which they wore) made of a warm stuff of diverse colours, which they call tartan; as for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of; their garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw; with a plaid about their shoulders; which is a mantle of diverse colours, much finer and lighter stuff than their hose; with blue flat caps on their heads: a handkerchief, chief, knit with two knots, about their necks; and thus are they attired. Now their weapons are—long bowes and forked arrows, swords and targetts, harquebusses, muskets, darts, and Lochaber axes. With these arms I found many of them armed for the hunting. As for their attire, any man, of what degree soever, that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear it; when they do not, they disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring in their dogs; but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habit, then are they conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful. This was the reason that I found so many noblemen and gentlemen in those shapes. But to proceed to the hunting:—

My good Lord of Marr having put me into that shape, I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle, called the Castle of Kindroghit. It was built by King Malcolm Canmore (for a hunting-house,) who reigned in Scotland, when Edward the Confessor, Harold, and Norman William, reigned in England. I speak of it, because it was the last house I saw in those parts; for I was the space of twelve days after, before I saw either house, corn-field, or habitation for any creature, but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such like creatures,—which made me doubt that I should never have seen a house again.

"Thus, the first day, we travelled eight miles, where there were small cottages, built on purpose to lodge in, which they call Lonquhards. I thank my good Lord Erskine, he commanded that I should always lodge in the same house the kitchen being a little alcove in the side of a barn: many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with great variety of cheer,—as venison baked;
sudden, rost, and stewed beef; mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridges, musk-cocks, ha'penny kail, caper-kellies, and termagants; good ale, snuick, white and claret, teut (or allegrent), with most potent aquavitae.

“'All these, and more than these, we had continually in superfluous abundance, caught by falconers, bowmen, fowlers, fishers, and brought by my lord's tenants and purveyors to victual our camp, which consisteth of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this: Five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight, or ten miles compass, they do bring, or chase in, the deer in many herds (two, three, or four hundred in a herd,) to such or such a place, as the noblemen shall appoint them; then, when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to the middles, through burns and rivers; and then, they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts, which are called the Tinkhell, do bring down the deer; but, as the proverb says of the bad cook, so these tinkhell men do lich their own fingers: for, besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can hear, now and then, a harquebuss or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain. Then, after we had staid there three hours, or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us (their heads making a show like a wood,) which, being followed close by the tinkhell, are chased down into the valley where we lay; then all the valley, on each side, being way-laid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are all let loose, as occasion serves, upon the herd of deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, darts, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer wounded, which were disposed of, some one way, and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us, to make merry withal, at our rendezvous.”

NOTE W.

By lone Saint Mary's silent lake.—P. 84.

This beautiful sheet of water forms the reservoir from which the Yarrow takes its source. It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of Lowes, and surrounded by mountains. In the winter, it is still frequented by flights of wild swans; hence my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines:

"The swan so sweet St. Mary's lake
Finds double, and to watch you.
"

Near the lower extremity of the lake, are the ruins of Dryhope tower, the birth-place of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his deprivations, than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in later days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lillas Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. The author well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air of "Tweedside," beginning, "What beauties does Flora disclose," were composed in her honour.

NOTE X.

—in feudal strife, a foe,
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low.—P. 85.

The chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes (de lacuus) was situated on the eastern side of the lake, to which it gives name. It was injured by the clan of Scott, in a feud with the Clan-stouns; but continued to be a place of worship during the seventeenth century. The vestiges of the building can now scarcely be traced; but the burial ground is still used as a cemetery. A funeral, in a spot so very retired, has an uncommonly striking effect. The vestiges of the chaplain's house are yet visible. Being in a high situation, it commanded a full view of the lake, with the opposite mountain of Bouthope, belonging, with the lake itself, to Lord Napier. On the left hand is the tower of Dryhope, mentioned in a preceding note.

NOTE Y.

—the Wizard's grave;
That Wizard Priest's, whose bones are thrust From company of holy dust.—P. 85.

At one corner of the burial ground of the demolished chapel, but without its precincts, is a small mound, called Bishram's Corse, where tradition deposits the remains of a neoromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplaincy. His story much resembles that of Ambrosio in "The Monk," and has been made the theme of a ballad, by my friend Mr. James Hogg, more poetically designed the Eltrick Shepherd. To his volume, entitled "The Mountain Bard," which contains this, and many other legendary stories and ballads of great merit, I refer the curious reader.

NOTE Z.

Some ruder and more savage scene,
Like that which proves round dark Loch skene.—P. 85.

Loch-skene is a mountain lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage; and the eagle, or Scottish eagle, has, for many ages, built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch-skene discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls from a cataract of immense height, and glistening grandeur, called, from its appearance, the "Grey Mare's Tail." The "Giant's Grave," afterwards mentioned, is a sort of trench, which bears that name, a little way...
from the foot of the cataract. It has the appearance of a battery, designed to command the pass.

**Note 2 A.**

*high Whitby’s cloister’d pile.—P. 85.*

The Abbey of Whitby, in the Archdeaconry of Cleaveland, on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A.D. 657, in consequence of a vow of Oswy, King of Northumberland. It contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order; but, contrary to what was usual in such establishments, the abbess was superior to the abbot. The monastery was afterwards ruined by the Danes, and rebuilt by William Percy, in the reign of the Conqueror. There were no nuns there in Henry the Eighth’s time, nor before it. The ruins of Whitby Abbey are very magnificent.

**Note 2 B.**

*St. Cuthbert’s Holy Isle.—P. 85.*

Lindisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumberland, was called Holy Island, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity. A succession of holy men held that office; but their merits were awashulled up in the superior fame of St. Cuthbert, who was sixth Bishop of Durham, and who bestowed the name of his “patrimony” upon the extensive property of the see. The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity. The arches are, in general, strictly Saxon; and the pillars which support them, short, strong, and massive. In some places, however, there are pointed windows, which indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation. The exterior ornaments of the building, being of a light sandy stone, have been wasted, as described in the text. Lindisfarne is not properly an island, but rather, as the venerable Bede has termed it, a semi-isle; for, although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about three miles distant.

**Note 2 C.**

*Then Whitby’s nuns exulting told
How to their house three Barons bold
Must martial service do.—P. 87.*

The popular account of this curious service, which was probably considerably exaggerated, is thus given in “A True Account,” printed and circulated at Whitby: “In the fifth year of the reign of Henry II., after the conquest of England by William, Duke of Normandy, the Lord of Ugleburny, then called William de Bruce; the Lord of Smeetown, called Ralph de Percy; with a gentleman and freeholder called Allatson, did, on the 16th of October, 1159, appoint to meet and hunt the wild-boar, in a certain wood, or desert place, belonging to the Abbot of Whitby; the place’s name was Eskdale-side; and the abbot’s name was Sedman. Then, these young gentlemen being met, with their hounds and boar-staves, in the place before mentioned, and there having found a great wild-boar, the hounds ran him full near about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-side, where was a monk of Whitby, who was an hermit. The boar, being very sorely pursued, and dead-run, took in at the chapel-door, there laid him down, and presently died. The hermit shut the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himself within at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. The gentlemen, in the thick of the wood, being just behind their game, followed the cry of their hounds, and so came to the hermitage, calling on the hermit, who opened the door and came forth; and within they found the boar lying dead: for which, the gentlemen, in a very great fury, because the hounds were put from their game, did most violently and cruelly run at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereby he soon after died. Thereupon the gentlemen, perceiving and knowing that they were in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough: But at that time the abbot being in very great favour with the King, removed them out of the sanctuary; whereby they came in danger of the law, and not to be privileged, but likely to have the severity of the law, which was death for death. But the hermit, being a holy and devout man, and at the point of death, sent for the abbot, and desired him to send for the gentlemen who had wounded him. The abbot so doing, the gentlemen came; and the hermit, being very sick and weak, said unto them, ‘I am sure to die of those wounds you have given me.’—The hermit answered, ‘They shall as surely die for the same.’—But the hermit answered, ‘Not so, for I will freely forgive them my death, if they will be content to enjoin the penance I shall lay on them for the safeguard of their souls.’ The gentlemen being present, bade him save their lives. Then said the hermit, ‘I will to all the lands of the Abbot of Whitby, and his successors, in this manner: That, upon Ascension-day, you, or some of you, shall come to the wood of the Stray-heads, which is in Eskdale-side, the same day at sun-rising, and there shall the abbot’s officer blow his horn, to the intent that you may know where to find him; and he shall deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten stowers, eleven stout showerers, and eleven yethers, to be cut by you, or some of you, with a knife of one penny price: and you, Ralph de Percy, shall take twenty-one of each sort, to be cut in the same manner; and you, Allatson, shall take nine of each sort, to be cut as aforesaid, and to be taken on your backs and carried to the town of Whitby, and to be there before the coming of the gentlemen before mentioned. At the same hour of nine of the clock, if it be full sea, your labour and service shall cease; and if low water, each of you shall set your stakes to the brim, each stake one yard from the other, and so yetther them on each side with your yethers; and so stake on each side with your stout shower,
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that they may stand three tides without removing by the force thereof. Each of you shall do, make, and execute the said service, at that very hour, every year, except it be full sea at that hour; but when it shall so fall out, this service shall cease. You shall faithfully do this, in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me; and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works. The officer of Eskdale side shall blow, Out on you! Out on you! Out on you! for this heinous crime. If you, or your successors, shall refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea at the aforesaid hour, you or yours, shall forfeit your lands to the Abbot of Whitby, or his successors. This I entreat, and earnestly beg, that you may have lives and goods preserved for this service: and I request of you to promise, by your parts in Heaven, that it shall be done by you and your successors, as is aforesaid requested, and I will confirm it by the faith of an honest man.—Then the hermit said, 'My soul longeth for the Lord: and I do as freely forgive these men my death as Christ forgave the thieves on the cross.' And, in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said moreover these words:  

"In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, a vinculis ceas mortis redemisti me, Domine veritatis. Amen.' —So he yielded up the ghost the eighth day of December, anno Domini 1159, whose soul God have mercy upon. Amen.

"This service," it is added, "still continues to be performed with the prescribed ceremonies, though not by the proprietors in person. Part of the lands charged therewith are now held by a gentleman of the name of Herbert."

Note 2 D.

—in their convent cell

A Saxon princess once did dwell,

The lovely Edelfied.—P. 57.

She was the daughter of King Oswy, who, in gratitude to Heaven for the great victory which he won in 655, against Penda, the Pagan King of Mercia, dedicated Edelfieda, then but a year old, to the service of God, in the monastery of Whitby, of which St. Hilda was then abbess. She afterwards adorned the place of her education with great magnificence.

Note 2 E.

—of thousand snakes, each one

Was changed into a coil of stone,

When holy Hilda prayed;—

They told, how see-foul's pinions fail,

As over Whitby's towers they sail.—P. 57.

These two miracles are much insisted upon by all ancient writers who have occasion to mention either Whitby or St. Hilda. The relics of the snakes which infested the precincts of the convent, and were, at the abbess's prayer, not only beheaded, but petrified, are still found about the rocks, and are termed by Protestant fossilists, Ammonites.

The other miracle is thus mentioned by Camden: "It is also ascribed to the power of her sanctity, that these wild geese, which, in the winter, fly in great flocks to the lakes and rivers unfrozen in the southern parts, to the great amazement of every one, fall down suddenly upon the ground, when they are in their flight over certain neighbouring fields hereabouts: a relation I should not have made, if I had not received it from several credible men. But those who are less inclined to heed superstition, attribute it to some occult quality in the ground, and to somewhat of antipathy between it and the geese, such as they say is betwixt wolves and scylliaroots: For that such hidden tendencies and aversions, as we call sympathies and antipathies, are implanted in many things by provident Nature for the preservation of them, is a thing so evident that every body grants it." Mr. Charlton, in his History of Whitby, points out the true origin of the fable, from the number of sea-gulls that, when flying from a storm, often alight near Whitby; and from the woodcocks, and other birds of passage, who do the same upon their arrival on shore, after a long flight.

Note 2 F.

His body's resting-place, of old,

How of't their Patron changed, they told.—P. 57.

St. Cuthbert was, in the choice of his sepulchre, one of the most mutable and unreasonable saints in the Calendar. He died A. D. 688, in a hermitage upon the Farne Islands, having resigned the bishopric of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, about two years before. His body was removed to Lindisfarne, where it remained until a descent of the Danes, about 783, when the monastery was nearly destroyed. The monks fled to Scotland with what they deemed their chief treasure, the relics of St. Cuthbert. The Saint was, however, a most capricious fellow-traveller; which was the more intolerable, as, like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, he journeyed upon the shoulders of his companions. They paraded him through Scotland for several years, and came as far west as Whithern, in Galloway, whence they attempted to sail for Ireland, but were driven back by tempests. He at length made a halt at Norham; from thence he went to Melrose, where he remained stationary for a short time, and then caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed in a stone coffin, which he sued him at Tilmouth, in Northumberland. This boat is finely shaped, ten feet long, three feet and a half in diameter, and only four inches thick; so that, with very little assistance, it might certainly have swam: it still lies, or at least did, so a few years ago, in two pieces, beside the ruined chapel of Tilmouth. From Tilmouth, Cuthbert wandered into Yorkshire; and at length made a long stay at Chester-le-Street, to which his bishop's see was transferred. At length, the Danes,

1 He resumed the bishopric of Lindisfarne, which, owing to bad health, he again relinquished within less than three months before his death. —Raine's St. Cuthbert.
continuing to infest the country, the monks removed to Ripon for a season; and it was in return from thence to Chester-le-street, that passing through a forest called Dunholme, the Saxon and his carriages became immovable at a place called Wardlaw, or Wardlaw. Here the Saint chose his place of residence; and all who have seen Durham must admit, that, if difficult in his choice, he evinced taste in its length fixing it. It is said that the Northumbrian Catholics still keep secret the precise spot of the Saint’s sepulture, which is only entrusted to three persons at a time. When one dies, the survivors associate to them, in his last room, a person judged fit to be the depositary of so valuable a secret. [The resting-place of the remains of this Saint is not now matter of uncertainty. So recently as 17th May 1827, 1139 years after his death, their discovery and disinterment were effected. Under a blue stone, in the middle of the shrine of St. Cuthbert, at the eastern extremity of Durham Cathedral, there was then found a walled grave, containing the coffins of the Saint. The first, or outer one, was ascertained to be that of 1541, the second of 1041; the third, or inner one, answering in every particular to the description of that of 685, was found to contain, not indeed, as had been averred then, and even until 1539, the incorrupt body, but the entire skeleton of the Saint; the bottom of the grave being perfectly dry, free from offensive smell, and without the slightest symptom that a human body had ever undergone decomposition within its walls. The skeleton was found swathed in five silk robes of emblematical embroidery, the ornamental parts laid with gold leaf, and these again covered with a robe of linen. Beside the skeleton were also deposited several gold and silver insignia, and other relics of the Saint. The Roman Catholics now allow that the coffin was that of St. Cuthbert. The bones of the Saint were again restored to the grave in a new coffin, amid the fragments of the former ones. Those portions of the inner coffin which could be preserved, including the silver vases with the silver altar, golden cross, stole, ciborium, two maniples, bracelets, girdle, gold wire of the skeleton, and fragments of the five silk robes, and some of the rings of the outer coffin made in 1541, were deposited in the library of the Dean and Chapter, where they are now preserved. For ample details of the life of St. Cuthbert,—his coffin-journeys,—an account of the opening of his tomb, and a description of the silver robes and other relics found in it, the reader interested in such matters is referred to a work entitled “Saint Cuthbert, by James Raine, M.A.” (4to, Durham, 1828) where he will find much of antiquarian history, ceremonies, and superstitions, to gratify his curiosity.]—Ed.

**Note 2 II.**

'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dome,
And turn the Conqueror back again.—P. 88.

Cuthbert, we have seen, had no great reason to spare the Danes, when opportunity offered. Accordingly, I find, in Simeon of Durham, that the Saint appeared in a vision to Alfred, when lurking in the marshes of Glastonbury, and promised him assistance and victory over his heathen enemies; a consolation, which, as was reasonable, Alfred, after the victory of Ashendown, rewarded, by a royal offering at the shrine of the Saint. As to William the Conqueror, the terror spread before his army, when he marched to punish the revolt of the Northumbrians, in 1066, had forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the Saint. It was, however, replaced before William left the north; and, to balance accounts, the Conqueror having intimated an indiscreet curiosity to view the Saint’s body, he was, while in the act of commanding the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness; and, when he opened with such a panic terror, that, notwithstanding there was a sumptuous dinner prepared for him, he fled without eating a morsel, (which the monkish historian seems to have thought no small part both of the miracle and the penance), and never drew his bridle till he got to the river Tees.

**Note 2 I.**

Saint Cuthbert sits, and boasts to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name.—P. 88.

Although we do not learn that Cuthbert was, during his life, such an artificer as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet, since his death, he has acquired the reputation of forging those Entrochi which are found among the rocks of Holy Island, and pass there by the name of St. Cuthbert’s Beads. While at this task, he is supposed to sit during the night upon a certain rock, and use another as his anvil. This story was perhaps credited in former days; at least the Saint’s legend contains some not more probable.
NOTE 2 K.
Old Colwulf.—P. 88.

Colwulf, or Colwulf, King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century. He was a man of some learning: for the venerable Bede dedicates to him his "Ecclesiastical History." He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired to Holy Island, where he died in the odour of sanctity. Saint as Colwulf was, however, I fear the foundation of the penance vault does not correspond with his character: for it is recorded among his memorabilia, that, finding the air of the island raw and cold, he indulged the monks, whose rule had hitherto confined them to milk or water, with the comfortable privilege of using wine or ale. If any rigid antiquity insists on this objection, he is welcome to suppose the penance-vault was intended, by the founder, for the more genial purposes of a cellair.

These penitential vaults were the Geisselgebolde of German convents. In the earlier and more rigid times of monastic discipline, they were sometimes used as a cemetery for the lay beneficiaries of the convent, whose unsanctified corpses were then seldom permitted to pollute the choir. They also served as places of meeting for the chapter, when measures of uncommon severity were to be adopted. But their most frequent use, as implied by the name, was as places for performing penances, or undergoing punishment.

NOTE 2 L.

Tynemouth's haughty Princess.—P. 88.

That there was an ancient priory at Tynemouth is certain. Its ruins are situated on a high rocky point; and, doubtless, many a vow was made to the shrine by the distressed mariners who drove towards the iron-bound coast of Northumberland in stormy weather. It was anciently a nunnery; for Virca, abbess of Tynemouth, presented St. Cuthbert (yet alive) with a rare winding-sheet, in emulation of a holy lady called Tuda, who had sent him a coffin: But, as in the case of Whitby, and of Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth in the reign of Henry VIII. is an anachronism. The nunnery at Holy Island is altogether fictitious. Indeed, St. Cuthbert was unlikely to permit such an establishment; for, notwithstanding his accepting the mortuary gifts above-mentioned, and his carrying on a visiting acquaintance with the Abbess of Coldingham, he certainly hated the whole female sex; and, in revenge of a slippery trick played to him by an Irish princess, he, after death, inflicted severe penances on such as presumed to approach within a certain distance of his shrine.

NOTE 2 M.

On those the wall was to enclose.
Alive, within the tomb.—P. 89.

It is well known, that the religious, who broke their vows of chastity, were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, Vade in Pacem, were the simul for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that, in latter times, this punishment was often resorted to; but, among the ruins of the Abbey of Coldingham, were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which, from the shape of the niche, and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun.

[The Edinburgh Reviewer, on st. xxxii. post, suggests that the proper reading of the sentence is vade in pacem—not part in pace, but go into peace, or into eternal rest, a pretty intelligible mittimus to another world.]

NOTE 2 N.
The village inn.—P. 93.

The accommodations of a Scottish hostelrie, or inn, in the sixteenth century, may be collected from Dunbar's admirable tale of "The Friars of Berwick." Simon Lawder, "the gay ostler," seems to have lived very comfortably; and his wife decorated her person with a scarlet kirtle, and a belt of silk and silver, and rings upon her fingers; and feathered her Paramount with rabbits, capons, partridges, and Bordeaux wine. At least, if the Scottish nuns were not good, it was not for want of encouragement from the legislature; who, so early as the reign of James I., not only enacted, that in all boroughs and fairs there be hostellaries, having stables and chambers, and provision for man and horse, but by another statute, ordained that no man, travelling on horse or foot, should presume to lodge any where except in these hostellaries; and that no person, save innkeepers, should receive such travellers, under the penalty of forty shillings, for exercising such hospitality. But, in spite of these provident enactments, the Scottish hostellars are but indifferent, and strangers continue to find reception in the houses of individuals.

NOTE 2 O.
The death of a dear friend.—P. 94.

Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the Scottish peasantry, is that which is called the "dead-bell," explained by my friend James Hogg, to be that tinkling in the ears which the country people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease. He tells a story to the purpose in the "Mountain Bard," p. 28.

"O lady, 'tis dark, an' I heard the dead-bell!
An' I darena gae yonder for gowd nor fee.

"By the dead-bell is meant a tinkling in the ears, which our peasantry in the country regard as a secret intelligence of some friend's decease. Thus this natural occurrence strikes

1 James I. Parliament I. cap. 94; Parliament III. cap. 50.
Many with a superstitious awe. This reminds me of a trifling anecdote, which I will here relate as an instance:—Our two servant-girls agreed to go an errand of their own, one night after supper, to a considerable distance, from which I strove to persuade them, but could not prevail. So, after going to the apartment where I slept, I took a drinking-glass, and, coming close to the back of the door, made two or three sweeps round the lips of the glass with my finger, which caused a loud shrill sound. I then overheard the following dialogue:—"Ah, mercy! the dead-bell went through my head just now with such a knoll as I never heard."—"I heard it too."—"B. Did you indeed? That is remarkable. I never knew of two hearing it at the same time before."—"I. We will not go to Middlehope tonight."—"B. I would not go for all the world! I shall warrant it is my poor brother Wat; who knows what these wild Irishes may have done to him!"—Hogg’s Mountain Bard, 3d Ed. p. 31-2.

Note 2 P.
The Goblin-Hall.—P. 95.
A vaulted hall under the ancient castle of Gifford or Yester, (for it bears either name indiscriminately,) the construction of which has from a very remote period been ascribed to magic. The statistical Account of the Parish of Garvald and Baro gives the following account of the present state of this castle and apartment:—"Upon a peninsula, formed by the water of Hopes on the east, and a large rivulet on the west, stands the ancient castle of Yester. Sir David Dalrymple, in his Annals, relates, that ‘Hugh Gifford de Yester died in 1267; that in his castle there was a capacious cavern, formed by magical art, and called in the country Bo-Hall, i. e. Hobrobin Hall.’ A stair of twenty-four steps led down to this apartment, which is a large and spacious hall, with an arched roof; and though it hath stood for so many centuries, and been exposed to the external air for a period of fifty or sixty years, it is still as firm and entire as if it had only stood a few years. From the floor of this hall, another stair of thirty-six steps leads down to a pit which hath a communication with Hopeswater. A great part of the walls of this large and ancient castle are still standing. There is a tradition, that the castle of Yester was the last fortification, in this country, that surrendered to General Gray, sent into Scotland by Prince Charles. Statistical Account, vol. xiii.—I have only to add, that in 1777, the Goblin Hall was tenanted by the Marquis of Tweeddale’s falconer, as I learn from a poem by Boyce, entitled “Retirement,” written upon visiting Yester. It is now rendered inaccessible by the fall of the stair.
Sir David Dalrymple’s authority for the anecdote is in Somerset, whose words are,—"A. D. MCLXVII. Hugo Gifford de Yester moriit; cujus cas trium, vel saltem, coream, et donum proponevit: arte daemonic anteque relations femur fabricat: num inimicum habetur mirabilis specus subterraneus, operc murifico contrastructus, magno terrorum spatia prolatulus, qui communiter Bo-Hall appellatus est." Lab. X. cap. 21.—Sir David cont.
APPENDIX TO MARMION.

NOTE 2 U.

Yet still the knightly spear and shield,
The Elfin warrior doth afield
Upon the brown hill's breast.—P. 97.

The following extract from the Essay upon the fairy Superstitions, in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," vol. i., will show whence many of the particulars of the combat between Alexander III. and the Gohin Kinght are derived:—

Gervase of Tilbury Otia Imperial ap. Script. rer. Brunsvc. (vol. i. p. 797) relates the following popular story concerning a fairy knight:—

"Osbert, a bold and powerful baron, visited a noble family in the vicinity of Wandlebury, in the bishopric of Ely. Among other stories related in the social circle of his friends, who, according to custom, amused each other by repeating ancient tales and traditions, he was informed, that if any knight, unattended, entered an adjacent plain by moonlight, and challenged an adversary to appear, he would be immediately encountered by a spirit in the form of a nightshade. Osbert resolved to make the experiment, and set out, attended by a single square, whom he ordered to remain without the limits of the plain, which was surrounded by an ancient intrenchment. On repeating the challenge, he was instantly assailed by an adversary, whom he quickly unhorsed, and seized the reins of his steed. During this operation, his ghostly opponent sprang up, and darting his spear, like a javelin, at Osbert, wounded him in the thigh. Osbert returned in triumph with the horse, which he committed to the care of his servants. The horse was of a sable colour, as well as his whole accoutrements, and apparently of great beauty and vigour. He remained with his keeper till cock-crowing, when, with eyes flashing fire, he reared, spurred the ground, and vanished. On disarming himself Osbert perceived that he was wounded, and that one of his steel boots was full of blood." Gervase adds, that, "as long as he lived, the scar of his wound opened afresh on the anniversary of the eve on which he encountered the spirit." Less fortunate was the gallant Bohemian knight, who, traveling by night with a single companion, "came in sight of a fairy host, arrayed under displayed banners, and attended by the remonstrances of his friend, the knight pressed forward to break a lance with a champion, who advanced from the ranks apparently in defiance. His companion beheld the Bohemian overthrown, horse and man, by his aerial adversary; and returning to the spot next morning, he found the mangled corpses of the knight and steed." —History of Blessed Angels, p. 554.

Besides these instances of Elfin chivalry above quoted, many others might be alleged in support of employing fairy machinery in this manner. The forest of Glenmore, in the North Highlands, is believed to be haunted by a spirit called Dham-deary, in the army of an ancient warrior, having a bloody hand, from which he takes his name. He haunts upon those with whom he meets, doing battle with him; and the clergyman, who makes up an account of the district, extant in the Macfar-
maxima prae rei inaudita novitate formidine perculsus. Mi Jesu! exclamat, vel quid simile; ac subito respiciens nec hostem nec uibum absum conspici, eumque solvam suavissimo super casso afflictim, per summum pacem in tuo flavi postemem. Ad castra tuae mirabilia reverentia, radii dubius, rem primo acceituli, dein, confecit bella. Confessors suos totum asservit. Delusoria precord dubio res tala, ac mata veterisioria illius aperitur frua, qua hominem Christianum ad victimu tale auxilium pelliceret. Nomen unicunque illius (nobiscum abscis clarcum) reticendum duco, cum haud dubium sit quin Diabolus, Deo permittente, formam quam libuerit, inmo angelius lucus, sacro oculo, Dei teste, posse assumeri." The MS. chapters, from which Mr. Cradocke took the curious extract, cannot now be found in the Chapter Library of Durham, or, at least, has hitherto escaped the researches of my friendly correspondent.

Lindesay is made to allude to this adventure of Ralph Bulmer, as a well-known story, in the 4th Canto, Stanza xxii. p. 103.

The northern champions of old were accustomed peculiarly to search for, and delight in, encounters with such military spectres. See a whole chapter on the subject, in Bartholomus, De Causis contemplo Morsis a Danis, p. 253.

NOTE 2 V.

Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffer swarm.—P. 98.

I cannot help here mentioning, that, on the night in which these lines were written, suggested, as they were, by a sudden fall of snow, beginning after sunset, an unfortunate man perished exactly in the manner here described, and his body was next morning found close to his own house. The accident happened within five miles of the farm of Ashestiel.

NOTE 2 W.

—Forbes. — P. 98.

Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronet; unequalled, perhaps, in the degree of individual affection entertained for him by his friends, as well as in the general respect and esteem of Scotland at large. His "Life of Beatie," whom he befriended and patronised in life, as well as celebrated after his decease, was not long published, before the benevolent and affectionate biographer was called to follow the subject of his narrative. This melanchooly event very shortly succeeded the marriage of the friend, to whom this introduction is addressed, with one of Sir William's daughters.

NOTE 2 X.


Abas, "Will o' the Wisp." This personage is a strolling demon, or esprit follet, who, once upon a time, got admittance into a monastery as a scaveth, and played the monks many pranks. He was also a sort of Robin Good-fellow, and Jack o' Lantern. It is in allusion to this mischievous demon that Milton's clown speaks,—

"She was pinched, and pulled, she said, And be by Friar's lantern led."

"The History of Friar Rush" is of extreme rarity, and, for some time, even the existence of such a book was doubted, although it is expressly alluded to by Reginald Scott, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft." I have perused a copy in the valuable library of my friend Mr. Heber; and I observe, from Mr. Beloe's "Anecdotes of Literature," that there is one in the excellent collection of the Marquis of Stafford.

NOTE 2 Y.

Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Lord Lion King-at-arms. — P. 100.

The late elaborate edition of Sir David Lindsay's works, by Mr. George Chalmers, has probably introduced him to many of my readers. It is perhaps to be regretted, that the learned Editor had not bestowed more pains in elucidating his author, even although he should have omitted, or at least reserved, his disquisitions on the origin of the language used by the poet; 1 But, with all its faults, his work is an acceptable present to Scottish antiquaries. Sir David Lindsay was well known for his early efforts in favour of the Reformed doctrines; and, indeed, his play, coarse as it now seems, must have had a powerful effect upon the people of his age. I am uncertain if I abuse poetical licence, by introducing Sir David Lindsay in the character of Lion-Herald, sixteen years before he obtained that office. At any rate, I am not the first who has been guilty of the anachronism; for the author of "Flodden Field" despatches Dallomount, which can mean nobody but Sir David de la Mont, to France, on the message of defiance from James IV. to Henry VIII. It was often

1 I beg leave to quote a single instance from a very interesting passage. Sir David, reconcurring his attention to King James V. in his infancy, is made, by the learned editor's punctuation, to say,—

"The first allias, that thou didst note, Was pa, da, lyn, upon the late; Then played I twenty springis perqueir, Qahilk was great pleasure for to hear." Vol. i. p. 7. 257.

Mr. Chalmers does not inform us, by note or glossary, what is meant by the King "mairn pa, da, lyn, open the late," but any old woman in Scotland will bear witness that pa, da, lyn are the first efforts of a child to say,

"Where's David Lindsay?" 2 and that the subsequent words begin another sentence—

"Upon the late
Then played I twenty springis perqueir," &c. In another place, "jesting lunois," 4. a. homas, or implements of tilting, is fancifully interpreted "playful limbs." Many such minute errors could be pointed out; but these are only mentioned incidentally, and not as diminishing the real merit of the edition.

2 It is suggested by an ingenious correspondent, that Pa, da, lyn ought rather to be interpreted, say, Dauy Tanday.
by seducing his sister Margaret, in revenge, it is said, for the Monarch having dishonoured his bed. From the Crichton family the castle passed to that of the Hepburns, Earls Bothwell; and when the forfeitures of Stewart, the last Earl Bothwell, were divided, the barony and castle of Crichton fell to the share of the Earl of Baccleue. They were afterwards the property of the Pringles of Clifton, and are now that of Sir John Callender, Baronet. It were to be wished the proprietor would take a little pains to preserve these splendid remains of antiquity, which are at present used as a fold for sheep, and wintering cattle; although, perhaps, there are very few ruins in Scotland which display so well the style and beauty of ancient castle-architecture. The castle of Crichton has a dungeon vault, called the Massy More. The epitaph, which is not uncommonly applied to the prisons of other old castles in Scotland, is of Saracen origin. It occurs twice in the "Epistolae Itinerares" of Tolius. "Cacerer subterraneos, sive, ut Mauri appellant, Mazmorras," p. 117; and again, "Cognitor omnes Captivis sub locem in ergostula subterrana, qua Three Algerani vocant Mazmorras," p. 243. The same word applies to the dungeons of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and serves to show from what nation the Gothic style of castle-building was originally derived.

**Note 2 Z.**

**Crichtoun Castle. — P. 101.**

A large ruinous castle on the banks of the Tyne, about ten miles from Edinburgh. As indicated in the text, it was built in different times, and with a very different regard to splendour and accommodation. The oldest part of the building is a narrow keep, or tower, such as formed the mansion of a lesser Scottish baron; but so many additions have been made to it, that there is now a large court-yard, surrounded by buildings of different ages. The eastern front of the court is raised above a portico, and decorated with entablatures, bearing entwined roses. The whole of this front are cut into diamond facets, the angular projections of which have an uncommonly rich appearance. The inside of this part of the building appears to have contained a gallery of great length, and uncommon elegance. Access was given to it by a magnificent staircase, now quite destroyed. The soffits are ornamented with twinning cordage and rosesets; and the whole seems to have been far more splendid than was usual in Scottish castles. The castle belonged originally to the Chancellor, Sir William Crichton, and probably owed to him its first enlargement, as well as its being taken by the Earl of Douglas, who imputed to Crichton's counsels the death of his predecessor, Earl William, beheaded in Edinburgh Castle, with his brother, in 1410. It is said to have been totally demolished on that occasion; but the present state of the ruin shows the contrary. In 1483, it was garrisoned by Lord Crichton, then his proprietor, against King James III., whose displeasure he had incurred.

1. The record expresses, or rather is said to have expressed, the cause of forfeiture in that occasion; — Es quod Lesam armorum Regem pnego violatus dum cum decepitis suis adversum Regem Regem puendo violatus dum cum decepitis suis.
firm land, to all manner of men between sixty
and sixteen years, that they should be ready,
within twenty days, to pass with him, with
forty days victual, and to meet at the Burrow-
muir of Edinburgh, and there to pass forward
where he pleased. His proclamations were
hastily obeyed, contrary the Council of Scot-
land’s will; but every man loved his prince so
well that they would on no ways disobey him;
but every man caused make his proclamation
so hastily, conform to the charge of the King’s
proclamation.

"The King came to Lithgow, where he hap-
pened to be for the time at the Council, very
sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God,
to send him good chance and fortune in his
voyage. In this meantime there came a man,
clad in a blue gown, in at the kirk door, and
bent about him in a roll of linen cloth; a
pair of brokings\footnote{1} on his feet, to the great
of his legs; with all other hose and clothes con-
form thereto; but he had nothing on his head,
but sylde\footnote{2} red yellow hair behind, and on his
haffets,\footnote{3} which wan down to his shoulders;
but his forehead was bald and bare. He
seemed to be a man of two-and-fifty years,
with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came
first forward among the lords, crying and
spearig\footnote{4} for the King, saying, he desired to
speak with him. While, at the last, he came
where the King was sitting in the desk at his
prayers; but when he saw the King, he made
him little reverence or salutation, but leaned
down groffling on the desk before him, and
said to him in this manner, as after follows:
‘Sir King, my mother hath sent me to you,
desiring you not to pass, at this time, where
thou art purposed; for if thou dost, thou wilt
not fare well in thy journey, nor none that
passeth with thee. Further, she bade thee
mell\footnote{5} with no woman, nor use their caunsel,
nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs;
for if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and
brought to shame.‘

By this man had spoken thir words unto the
King’s grace, the evening-song was near done,
and the King paused on thir words, studying
to give him an answer; but, in the meantime,
before the King’s eyes, and in the presence
of all the lords that were about him for the
time, this man vanished away, and could no
ways be seen or comprehended, but vanished
away as he had been a blink of the sun, or a whip
of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen.
I heard say, Sir David Lindesay Lyon-herald,
and John Inglis the marshal, who were, at
that time, young men, and special servants to
the King’s grace, were standing presently be-
side the King, who thought to have laid hands
on this man, that they might have spiered fur-
ther tidings of him. But all for nought; they
could not touch him; for he vanished away betwixt
them, and was no more seen.‘

Buchanan, in more elegant, though not more
impressive language, tells the same story, and
quotes the personal information of our Sir Da-
vul Lindesay: \textit{"In his, (i.e. quaprospus astile-
rent) fuit David Lindesius, Montanus, homo
spectabilis, facie et probabilis, nec a literarum studiis atten
te, tur in multis et tempora longique
o mentiendo aberrat; a quo nisi ego hanc tra-
did, pro certis acceptissim, ut vulgation vanis
rumoribus fabulatum, omiissurus erat."}\footnote{6}
The King’s throne, in St. Catherine’s aisle,
which he had constructed for himself, with
twelve stalls for the Knights Companions of
the Order of the Thistle, is still shown as the
place where the apparition was seen. I know
not by what means St. Andrew got the credit
of having been the celebrated monitor of
James IV.; for the expression in Lindesay’s
narrative, ‘My mother has sent me,’ could
only be used by St. John, the adopted son of
the Virgin Mary. The whole story is so well
attested, that we have only the choice between
a miracle or an imposture. Mr. Pinkerton
plausibly argues, from the caution against in-
convenience, that the Queen was privy to the
scheme of those who had recourse to this ex-
pedit to deter King James from his impolitic
war.\footnote{7}

\section*{Note 3 C.}
\begin{center}
\textit{The wild-buck bells. — P. 102.}
\end{center}

I am glad of an opportunity to describe the
cry of the deer by another word than \textit{broyne},
although the latter has been sanctified by the
use of the Scottish metrical translation of the
Psalms. \textit{Bell seems} to be an abbreviation of
bellow. This sylvan sound conveyed great
delight to our ancestors, chiefly, I suppose,
from association. A gentle knight in the reign
of Henry \textit{VIII.}, Sir Thomas Worley, built
Wanstley Lodge in Walsingham Forest, for his
pleasure (as an ancient inscription testifies) of
"listening to the hart’s bell.”

\section*{Note 3 D.}
\begin{center}
\textit{June saw his father’s overthrow. — P. 102.}
\end{center}

The rebellion against James III. was sig-
nalized by the cruel circumstance of his son’s
presence in the hostile army. When the King
saw his own banner displayed against him,
and his son in the faction of his enemies, he
lost the little courage he had ever possessed,
flung out of the field, fell from his horse as it
started at a woman and water-pitcher, and
was slain, it is not well understood by whom.
James IV., after the battle, passed to Stirling,
and hearing the monks of the chapel-royal de-
spiring the death of his father, their founder,
he was seized with deep remorse, which mani-
ested itself in severe penances. Here is a
following Note on stanza \textit{ix.} of \textit{canto \textit{v.}}
The battle of Sauchie-burn, in which James III.
fell, was fought 18th June, 1483.

\section*{Note 3 E.}
\begin{center}
\textit{The Borough moor. — P. 104.}
\end{center}

The Borough, or Common Moor of Edin-
burgh, was of very great extent, reaching
from the southern wall of the city to the bot-
tom of Braid Hills. It was anciently a forest;
and, in that state, was so great a nuisance,
that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries, projecting over the street, in order to encourage them to consume the timber, which they seem to have done very effectually. When James IV. mustered the array of the kingdom there, in 1513, the Borough-moore was, according to Hawthornden, "a field spacious, and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks." Upon that, and similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Hare-Stane, a high stone, now built into the wall on the left hand of the high-way leading towards Braid, not far from the head of Burntfield Links. The Hare-Stane probably derives its name from the British word Har, signifying an army.

**NOTE 3 F.**

Pavilions. — P. 104

I do not exactly know the Scottish mode of encampment in 1513, but Paten gives a curious description of that which he saw after the battle of Pinkie, in 1547: — "Here now, to say somewhat of the order of their camp. As they had no pavilions, or round houses, of any commendable compass, so wear there few other tents with posts, as the used manner of making is; and of these few also, none of above twenty foot length, but most far under; for the most part all very sumptuously beset, (after their fashion,) for the love of France, with fleur-de-lys, some of blue buckram, some of black, and some of some other colours. These white ridges, as I call them, that, as we stood on Faulsyde Bray, did make so great muster toward us, which I did take then to be a number of tents, when we came we found it a thin drapery, of the coarser canvas, of the tents, and other canvas and coverings of their soldiers; the which (much after the common building of their country beside) had they framed of four sticks, about an ell long a piece, with two fastened together at one end aloft, and the ends beneath stuck in the ground, an ell asunder, standing in fashion like the bowes of a sawes yoke; over two such bowes (one, as it were, at their head, the other at their feet,) they stretched a sheet down on both sides, whereby their cabin became roofed like a ridge, but skant slit at both ends, and not very close beneath on the sides, unless their sticks were the shorter, or their wives the more liberal to lend them larger nappy; howbeit, when they had lined them, and stuff'd them so thick with straw, with the weather as it was not very cold, when they went ones covered, they were as warm as they had been wrap't in horses dung." — Paten's Account of Somerset's Expedition.

**NOTE 3 G.**

In proud Scotland's royal shield,
The ruddy lion rampant's gold. — P. 104

The well-known arms of Scotland. If you will believe Boethius and Buchanan, the dou-

bie treassure round the shield, mentioned,
counter fleur-de-lys'd or lined and armed
azure, was first assumed by Echatus, King of
Scotland, contemporary of Charlemagne, and
founder of the celebrated League with France;
but later antiquaries make poor Eochy, or
Achy, little better than a sort of King of Brent-
ford, whom old Grig (who has also swelled
into Gregorius Magnus) associated with him-
self in the important duty of governing some
part of the north-eastern coast of Scotland.

**NOTE 3 H.**

Caledonia's Queen is changed. — P. 105

The Old Town of Edinburgh was secured
on the north side by a lake, now drained, and
on the south by a wall, which there was some
attempt to make defensible even so late as
1745. The gates, and the greater part of
the wall, have been pulled down, in the course
of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement
of the city. My ingenious and valued friend,
Mr. Thomas Campbell, proposed to celebrate
Edinburgh under its new borrowed
But the "Queen of the North" has not been
so fortunate as to receive from so eminent a
peu the proposed distinction.

**NOTE 3 I.**

Since first, when conquering York arose,
To Henry meek she gave repose. — P. 106

Henry VI., with his Queen, his heir, and the
chiefs of his family, fled to Scotland after the
fatal battle of Towton. In this note a doubt
was formerly expressed, whether Henry VI.
came to Edinburgh, though his Queen cer-
tainly did; Mr. Pinkerton inclining to believe
that he remained at Kirkcudbright. But my
able friend, Lord Napier, has pointed out to
me a grant by Henry, of an annuity of forty
marks to his Lordship's ancestor, John Napier,
subscribed by the King himself, at Edinburgh,
the 23th day of August, in the thirty-ninth
year of his reign, which corresponds to the
year of God, 1461. This grant, Douglas, with
his usual neglect of accuracy, dates in 1368.
But this error being corrected from the copy
in Macfarlane's MSS., 119, 23, removes all
scepticism on the subject of Henry VI. being
really at Edinburgh. John Napier was son
and heir of Sir Alexander Napier, and about
this time was Provost of Edinburgh. The
hospitalable reception of the distressed monarch
and his family, called forth on Scotland the
encomium of Molinet, a contemporary poet.
The English people, he says,—

"The nouveau roy croissant,
Par despieux suocours,
Le viel en deboutier,
Et son berithe leur,
Qui fusset alta prens,
D'Escoce le garand,
De tuns stiches le maens,
Et il plus tolerant."
Recollection des Avantures.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Note 3 K.

The romantic strain, Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere Could win the royal Henry's ear. — P. 106.

Mr. Ellis, in his valuable Introduction to the "Specimens of Romance," has proved, by the concurring testimony of La Ravuillère, Tressan, but especially the Abbé de la Rue, that the courts of our Anglo Norman Kings, rather than those of the French monarch, produced the birth of Romance literature. Marie, soon after mentioned, compiled from Armoricans originals, and translated into Norman-French, or romance language, the twelve curious Lays, of which Mr. Ellis has given us a precurs in the Appendix to his Introduction. The story of Blondel, the famous and faithful minstrel of Richard I., needs no commentary.

Note 3 L.

The cloth-yard arrows. — P. 107.

This is no poetical exaggeration. In some of the counties of England, distinguished for archery, shafts of this extraordinary length were actually used. Thus, at the battle of Birket, between the troops of Henry VI., and the Cornish insurgents, in 1496, the bridge of Dartford was defended by a picked band of archers from the rebel army, "whose arrows," says Hollinshed, "were in length a full cloth yard." The Scottish, according to Ascham, had a proverb, that every English archer carried under his belt twenty-four Scots, in allusion to his bundle of unerring shafts.

Note 3 M.

To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain, And high curvet, that not in vain The sword sway might descend again On foeman's casque below. — P. 107.

"The most useful air, as the Frenchmen term it, is territer; the courbettes, cabsoles, or un pas et un saut, being fitter for horses of parede and triumph than for soldiers; yet I cannot deny but a demivolta with courbettes, so that they be not too high, may be useful in a fight or meres; for, as Labrono hath it in his Book of Horsemanship, Mousier de Montmorency having a horse that was excellent in performing the demivolta, did, with his sword, strike down two adversaries from their horses in a tenner, where divers of the prime gallants of France did meet; for, taking his time, when the horse was in the height of courbette, and discharging a blow then, his sword fell with such weight and force upon the two cavaliers, one after another, that he struck them from their horses to the ground." — Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Life, p. 48.

Note 3 N.

He saw the hardyburghers there March arm'd on foot with faces bare.— P. 107.

The Scottish burgesses were, like yeomen, appointed to be armed with bows and sheaves, sword, buckler, knife, spear, or a good axe instead of a bow, it worth 100l. : their armour to be of white or bright harness. They wore white hats, i.e. bright steel caps, without crest or visor. By an act of James IV. their weapon-clovenings are appointed to be held four times a-year, under the aldermen or bailiffs.

Note 3 O.

On foot the yeoman too Each at his back (a slender store) His forty days' provision bore, His arms were haubert, axe, or spear. — P. 107.

Bows and quivers were in vain recommended to the peasantry of Scotland, by repeated statutes; spears and axes seem universally to have been used instead of them. Their defensive armour was the plate-jack, hauberk, or brigantine; and their missile weapons crossbows and culverins. All wore swords of excellent temper, according to Patrox: and a voluminous handkerchief round their necks, "not for cold, but for cutting." The mace also was much used in the Scottish army. The old poem on the battle of Flodden mentions a band —

"Who manfully did meet their foes, With leaden mail, and lances long."

When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provision. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away of course. Almost all the Scottish forces, except a few knights, men-at-arms, and the Border-prickers, who formed excellent light-cavalry, acted upon foot.

Note 3 P.

A banquet rich, and costly wines. — P. 108.

In all transactions of great or petty importance, and among whomsoever taking place, it would seem that a present of wine was a uniform and indispensable preliminary. It was not to Sir John Falstaff alone that such an introductory preface was necessary, however well judged and acceptable on the part of Mr. Brook; for Sir Ralph Sadler, while on an embassy to Scotland in 1539-40, mentions, with complacency, "the same night came Roxethy (the herald so called) to me again, and brought me wine from the King, both white and red." — Clifford's Edition, p. 59.

Note 3 Q.

his iron-belt That bound his breast in penance pain In memory of his father slain. — P. 109.

Few readers need to be reminded of this belt, to the weight of which James added certain onces every year that he lived. Pitt-
cottie founds his belief, that James was not slain in the battle of Flodden, because the English never had this token of the iron-belt to show to any Scottishman. The person and character of James are delineated according to our best historians. His romantic disposition, which led him highly to witch-gaiety, approaching to licentiousness, was, at the same time, tinged with enthusiastic devotion. These propensities sometimes formed a strange contrast. He was wont, during his fits of devotion, to assume the dress, and conform to the rules, of the order of Franciscans; and when he had thus done penance for some time in Stirling, to plunge again into the tide of pleasure. Probably, too, with no unusual inconsistence, he sometimes laughed at the superstitious observances to which he at other times subjected himself. There is a very singular poem by Dunbar, seemingly addressed to James IV., on one of these occasions of monastic seclusion. It is a most daring and profane parody on the services of the Church of Rome, entitled,——

"Dunbar's Dirige to the King,
Bying over lang in Stirling."

We that are here, in heaven's glory,
To you that are in Purgatory,
Commend us on our hearty wise;
I mean we found, in Paradise,
In Edinburgh, with all merrines,
To you in Stirling, with distress,
Where neither pleasant nor delight is,
For pity this epistle writes." &c.

See the whole in Sibbald's Collection, vol. i. p. 234.

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NOTE 3 R.

Sir Hugh the Heron's wife.—P. 109.

It has been already noticed, [see note to stanza xiii. of canto i.] that King James's acquaintance with Lady Heron of Ford did not commence until he marched into England. Our historians inquit to the King's infatuated passion the disasters which led to the fatal defeat of Flodden. The author of "The Genealogy of the Heron Family" endeavours, with laudable anxiety, to clear the Lady Ford from this scandal: that she came and went, however, between the armies of James and Surrey, is certain. See Pinkerton's History, and the authorities he refers to, vol. ii. p. 99. Heron of Ford had been, in 1511, in some sort accessory to the slaughter of Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches. It was committed by his brother the bastard, Liburn, and Starked, three Borderers. Liburn and Heron of Ford were delivered up by Henry to James, and were imprisoned in the fortress of Fastcastle, where the former died. Part of the pretence of Lady Ford's negotiations with James was the liberty of her husband.

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NOTE 3 S.

The fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquois ring and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance.—P. 109.

"Also the Queen of France wrote a love-letter to the King of Scotland, calling him her love, showing him that she suffered much rebuke in France for the defending of his honour. She believed fully that he would recompense her again, with some of his kingly support in her necessity; that is to say, that he would raise her an army, and come three foot of ground on English ground, for her sake. To that effect she sent him a ring off her finger, with fourteen thousand French crowns to pay his expenses." Pittscottie, p. 110.—A turquois ring; probably this fatal gift is, with James's sword and dagger, preserved in the College of Heralds, London.

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NOTE 3 T.

Archibald Bell-the-Cat.—P. 110.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body and mind, acquired the popular name of Bell-the-Cat, upon the following remarkable occasion: James the Third, of whom Pittscottie complains, that he delighted more in music, and "policies of building," than in hunting, hawking, and other noble exercises, was so ill advised, as to make favourites of his architects and musicians, whom the same historian irrevocably terms masons and fiddlers. His nobility, who did not sympathize in the King's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honours conferred on those persons, particularly on Cochran, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar; and, seizing the opportunity, when, in 1482, the King had convoked the whole array of the country to march against the English, they held a midnight council in the church of Lander, for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the King's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of this measure, Lord Gray told the assembly the apologue of the Mice, who had formed a resolution, that it would be highly advantageous to their community to tie a bell round the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance; but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell. "I understand the moral," said Angus, "and, that what we propose may not lack execution, I will bell-the-cat." The rest of the strange scene is thus told by Pittscottie:—

"By this was advised and spoken by their lords foresaid, Cochran, the Earl of Mar, came from the King to the council, (which council was held in the kirk of Lander for the time,) who was well accompanied with a band of men of war, to the number of three hundred light axes, all clad in winter livery, and black bands thereon, that they might be known for Cochran the Earl of Mar's men. Himself was clad in a riding-pie of black velvet, with a great chain of gold about his neck, to the value of five hundred crowns, and four blowing horns, with both ends of gold and silk, set with a large stone, called a beryl, hanging in the midst. This Cochran had his heumont borne before him. Overlitt with gold, and so were all the rest of his horns, and all his pallsions were of fine canvas of silk, and the cords thereof of twined silk; and the chains
upon his pallions were double overgirt with gold.

"This Cochran was so proud in his conceit, that he counted no lords to be Narwos to him, therefore he rushed rudely at the kirk-door. The council inquired who it was that perturbed them at that time. Sir Robert Douglas, Laird of Lochieven, was keeper of the kirk-door at that time, who inquired who that was that knocked so loud and Cochran answered, 'This I, the Earl of Mar.' The which news pleased well the lords, because they were ready boun to cause take him, as is before rehearsed. Then the Earl of Angus passed hastily to the door, and with him Sir Robert Douglas, of Lochieven, there to receive in the Earl of Mar, and so many of his complices who were there, as they thought good. And the Earl of Angus met with the Earl of Mar, as he came in at the door, and pulled the golden chain from his eraig, and said to him, a tow 1 would set him better. Sir Robert Douglas syne pulled the blowing horn in him in like manner, and said, 'He had been the hunter of mischief over long.' This Cochran asked, 'My lords, is it mows, or earnest?' They answered, and said, 'It is good earnest, and so thou shalt find: for thou and thy complices have abused our prince this long time; of whom thou shalt have no more credence, but shalt have thy reward according to thy good service, as thou hast deserved in times bypast; right so the rest of thy followers.'

"Notwithstanding, the lords held them quiet till they caused certain armed men to pass into the King's pallion, and two or three wise men to pass with them, and give the King fair pleasant words, till they laid hands on all the King's servants, and took them and hanged them before his eyes over the bridge of Lawder. Incontinent they brought forth Cochran, and his hands bound with a tow, who desired them to take one of his own pallion toaws and bind his hands, for he thought them to have his hands bound with such tow of hemp, like a thief. The lords answered, he was a traitor, he deserved no better; and, for desight, they took a hair-tether, 3 and hanged him over the bridge of Lawder, above the rest of his complices." —Pitcshott, p. 78, folio edit.

NOTE 3 U.

Against the war had Angus stood,
And chafed his royal lord.—P. 110.

Angus was an old man when the war against England was resolved upon. He earnestly spoke against that measure from its commencement; and, on the eve of the battle of Flodden, remonstrated so freely upon the impolicy of fighting, that the King said to him, with scorn and indignation, "If thou art so afraid, thou mayst go home." The Earl burst into tears at this insipid insult, and retired accordingly, leaving his sons George, Master of Angus, and Sir William of Glenhervie, to command his followers. They were both slain in the battle, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. The aged Earl, broken-hearted at the calamities of his house and his country, retired into a religious house, where he died about a year after the field of Flodden.

NOTE 3 V.

Tantallon held.—P. 110.

The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock projecting into the Marian Ocean, about two miles east of North Berwick. The building is not seen till a close approach, as there is rising ground betwixt it and the land. The circuit is of large extent, fenced upon three sides by the precipice which overhangs the sea, and on the fourth by a double ditch and very strong outworks. Tantallon was a principal castle of the Douglas family, and when the Earl of Angus was banished, in 1527, it continued to hold out against James V. The King went in person against it, and for its reduction, borrowed from the Castle of Dunbar, then belonging to the Duke of Albany, two great cannons, whose names, as Pitcshott inform us with laudable minuteness, were "Thrawn-mound Meg and her Marrow;" also, "two great batards, and two moyan, two double falcons," for the safe guarding and re-delivery of which, three lords were laid in pawn at Dunbar. Yet, notwithstanding all this apparatus, James was forced to raise the siege, and only afterwards obtained possession of Tantallon by treaty with the governor, Simon Panango. When the Earl of Angus returned from banishment, upon the death of James, he again obtained possession of Tantallon, and it actually afforded refuge to an English ambassador, under circumstances similar to those described in the text. This was no other than the celebrated Sir Ralph Sadler, who resided there for some time under Angus's protection, after the failure of his negotiation for matching the infant Mary with Edward VI. He says, that though this place was poorly furnished, it was of such strength as might warrant him against the malice of his enemies, and that he now thought himself out of danger.

There is a military tradition, that the old Scottish March was meant to express the words,

Ding down Tantallon,
Mak a Brig o the Bass.

Tantallon was at length "dung down" and ruined by the Covenanters; its lord, the Marquis of Douglas, being a favourer of the royal cause. The castle and barony were sold in the beginning of the eighteenth century to President Dalrymple of North Berwick, by the then Marquis of Douglas.

NOTE 3 W.

Their motto on his blade.—P. 110.

A very ancient sword, in possession of Lord Douglas, bears, among a great deal of flourishes, a band gules, blazoned in pale argent, pierced through with a large yellow flower, the carets of which are blazoned in fess gules. The crest is a rampant horse with a plume of feathers argent over the head. This sword was made for Lord George Douglas, in 1683, by Mr. Clifford, with some notes by the Author of Marmon.
ishing, two hands pointing to a heart, which is placed between them, and the date 1328, being the year in which Bruce charged the Good Lord Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land. The following lines (the first couplet of which is quoted by Godcrost as a popular saying in his time) are inscribed around the emblem:

"So many guid as of ye Dougal bliege,
Of ane warname was never in Scoitish seine.
I will ye charge, after yat I depart,
To holy grawe, and ther i' my hart;
Let it remeber evet boke tym and hour,
To ye last day I see my Saviour.
I do protest in tyme of at my riage,
Ye lyk subject had never my kine."  

This curious and valuable relic was nearly lost during the civil war of 1745-6, being carried away from Douglas-Castle by some of those in arms for Prince Charles. But great interest having been made by the Duke of Douglas among the chief partisans of the Stuart, it was at length restored. It resembles a Highland claymore, of the usual size, of an excellent temper, and admirably poised.

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Note 3 X.

Martin Swart. — P. 112.

A German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Sinel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield. The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swart-moor. — There were songs about him long current in England. — See Dissertation prefixed to Ritson's Ancient Songs, 1792, p. 1x.

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Note 3 Y.

Perchance some form was unobserved;
Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved. — P. 112.

It was early necessary for those who felt themselves obliged to believe in the divine judgment being enunciated in the trial by duel, to find solace for the strange and obviously preternatural chances of the combat. Various curious evasive shifts, used by those who took up an unrighteous quarrel, were supposed sufficient to convert it into a just one. Thus, in the romance of "Amys and Amelion," the one brother-in-arms, fighting for the other, disguised in his armour, swears that he did not commit the crime of which the Steward, his antagonist, truly, though maliciously, accused him whom he represented. Brantome tells a story of an Italian, who entered the lists upon an unjust quarrel but, to make his cause good, fled from his enemy at the first onset. "Turn, coward!" exclaimed his antagonist. "Thou liest," said the Italian, "coward am I none; and in this quarrel will I fight to the death, but my first cause of combat was unjust, and I abandon it." "Je vous laisse a penser," adds Brantome, "il n'y a pas de l'abus la." Elsewhere he says, very sensibly, upon the confidence which those who had a righteous cause entertained of victory: "Un autre abus avoit-il que ceux qui avoient un juste sujet de querelle, et qu'on les faisoit jurer avant entrer au champ, pensaient estre assiust de vanite; voire s'en assuraient t-ils du tout, mesmes que leurs confessieurs parraient et confidant leurs en repordonrent tout a fait, comme si Dieu leur en eust donne une patente; et ne regardant point a d'autres fautes passées, et que Dieu en garde la punition a ce coup la pour plus grande, despiseuse, et exemplaire." Discours sur les Duels.

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Note 3 Z.

The Cross. — P. 112.

The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch, of the Grecian shape. Above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner, and medallions, of rude but curious workmanship, between them. Above this rose the proper Cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with a unicorn. This pillar is preserved in the grounds of the property of Drum, near Edinburgh. The Magistrates of Edinburgh, in 1756, with consent of the Lords of Session (proh pudor) destroyed this curious monument, under a warrant pretext that it encumbered the street; while, on the one hand, they left an ugly mass called the Luckenbooths, and, on the other, an awkward, long, and low guard-house, which were fifty times more encumberance than the venerable and inoffensive Cross.

From the tower of the Cross, so long as it remained, the heralds published the acts of Edinburgh; and its site, marked by radii diverging from a stone centre, in the High Street, is still the place where proclamations are made.

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Note 4 A.

This awful summons came. — P. 113.

This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was, probably, like the apparition at Linlithgow, an attempt, by those averse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV. The following account from Pitscottie is characteristic minute, and furnishes, besides, some curious particulars of the equipment of the army of James IV. I need only add to it, that Plotcock, or Plotcoek, is no other than Pluto. The Parisians of the middle ages by no means misbelieved in the existence of the heathen deities; they only considered them as devils: 1 and Plotcock, so far from implying anything fabulous, was a synonyme of the grand enemy of mankind. "Yet all their warnings, and un-

1 See, on this curious subject, the Essay on Fairies, in the "Border Minstrelsy," vol. ii. under the fourth head; also Jackson on Unbelief, p. 175. Chaucer calls Pluto the "King of Fairies," and Dunbar names him, "Pluto, that drigh incrahis." If he was not actually the devil, he
couth tidings, nor no good counsel, might stop
the King, at this present, from his vain purpose,
and wicked enterprise, but hasted him fast to
Edinburgh, and there to make his provision
and furnishing, in having forth his army against
the day appointed; that he should go into the Bur-
row-muir of Edinburgh: That is to say, seven
cannons that he had forth of the Castle of
Edinburgh, which were called the Seven Si-
sisters, casten by Robert Borthwick, the master-
gunner, with other small artillery, hullet, pow-
der, and all manner of order, as the master-
gunner could devise.

In this meantime, when they were taking
forth their artillery, the King being in the
Abbey for the time, there was a cry heard at
the Market-cross of Edinburgh, at the hour of
midnight, proclaiming as it had been a sum-
mons, which was named and called by the
proclaimer thereof, The Summons of Plot-
cock: which desired all men to come, both
Earl, and Lord, and Baron, and all honest gen-
tlemen within the town, (every man specified
by his own name,) to come, within the space of
forty days, before his master, where it
should happen he to appoint, and be for
the time, under the pain of disobedience. But
whether this summons was proclaimed by vain
persons, night-walkers, or drunken men, for
their pastime, or if it was a spirit, I cannot
tell truly; but it was shewn to me, that an in-
dweller of the town, Mr. Richard Lawson,
being evil-disposed, ganging in his gallery-stair
foremost the Cross, bearing this voice pro-
claiming this summons, thought marvel what
it should be, cried on his servant to bring him
his purse; and when he had brought him it,
took out a crown, and cast over the stair,
saying, 'I appeal from that summons, judg-
ment, and sentence thereof, and takes me all
whole in the mercy of God, and Christ Jesus
his son.' Verily, the author of this, that
came to me, wrote the manner of this summons,
was a landed gentleman, who was at that
time twenty years of age, and was in the town
the time of the said summons: and thereafter,
when the field was stricken, he swore to me,
there was no man escaped that was called in
this summons, but that one man alone which
made his protest, and his drum beating before the
said summons; but all the lave were perished
in the field with the king.

One of his own ancestry,
Drove the Monks forth of Coventry.—P. 114.

This relates to the catastrophe of a real
Robert de Marmion, in the reign of King Ste-
phen, whom William Newbury describes with
some attributes of his fictitious hero: "Homo
bellocosus, ferocia, et astucia, nonnulla suo tem-
more in pace." This Baron, having expelled
the Monks from the church of Coventry, was not
long of experiencing the divine judgment, as
the same Monks, no doubt, termed his disas-
ter. Having waged a feudal war with the
Earl of Chester, Marmion's horse fell, as he
charged in the van of his troop, against a body
of the Earl's followers: the rider's thigh being
broken by the fall, his head was cut off by a
common foot-soldier, ere he could receive any
succour. The whole story is told by William
of Newbury.

NOTE 4 C.

At io! more deep the mead did drain.—P. 115.

The lol of the heathen Danes (a word still
applied to Christmas in Scotland) was solemn-
ized with great festivity. The humour of the
Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each
other with bones; and Torment tells a long
and curious story, in the History of Horolfe
Krafa, of one Hottus, an inmate of the Court
of Denmark, who was so generally assailed
with these missiles, that he constructed, out
of the bones with which he was overwhelmed,
a very respectable interment, against those
who continued the railly. The dances of the
northern warriors round the great fires of
pine-trees, are commemorated by Olans Mag-
us, who says, they danced with such fury
holding each other by the hands, that, if the
grasp of any failed, he was pitched into the
fire with the velocity of a sling. The sufferer.
on such occasions, was instantly plucked out,
and obliged to quaff a certain measure of ale,
as a penalty for "spoil the king's fire."

NOTE 4 D.

On Christmas eve.—P. 115.

In Roman Catholic countries, mass is never
said at night, except on Christmas eve. Each
of the frolies with which that holiday used to
be celebrated, might admit of a long and curi-
ous note; but I shall content myself with the
following description of Christmas, and his at-
tributes, as personified in one of Ben Jonson's
Masques for the Court.

"Enter Christmas, with two or three of the
Guard. He is attired in round hose, long
stocking, a close doublet, a high-crowned hat,
with a brooch, a long thin beard, a truncheon,
little ruffles, white shoes, his scarfs and garters
tied crosswise, and as round his drum beaten before him.

The names of his children, with their attires:
Miss-Rule, in a velvet cap, with a sprig, a short
cloak, great yellow ruff, like a reveller: his
torch-bearer bearing a rope, a cheese, and a
basket; Ceroll, a long tawny coat, with a
red cap, and a flute at his girdle; his torch-
bearer carrying a song-book open;—Minell
pie, like a fine cook's wife, drest neat, her man
wearing a pipe, dish, and spoons;—Gamoll,
lke a tumbler, with a hoop and bells; his
torch-bearer arm'd with cole-stuff, and blind-
ing cloth;—Post and Pair, with a pair-royal
of aces in his hat, his garment all done over
with pairs and purs; his squire carrying a box,
cards, and counters;—New-year's Gift, in a
blue coat, serving-man like, with an orange,
and a sprig of rosemary gilt on his head, his hat full of brooches, with a collar of gingerbread; his torch-bearer carrying a march-pain, with a bottle of wine on either arm; — *Mumming*, in a masquing pied suit, with a visor; his torch-bearer carrying the box, and ringing it; — *Wassail*, like a neat sempster and songster, great, that he might not shave his head till they were restored: a mark of attachment, which, I suppose, had been common during Cromwell's usurpation; for, in Cowley's "Cutter of Coleman Street," one drunken cavalier upbraideth another, that, when he was not able to afford to pay a barber, he affected to "wear a beard for the King." I sincerely hope this was not absolutely the original reason of Mr. Scott's beard; which, as appears from a portrait in the possession of Sir Henry Hay Macdonagel, Bart., and another painted for the famous Dr. Pitcairn, was a beard of a most dignified and venerable appearance.

**NOTE 4 G.**

*The Spirit's Blasted Tree.* — P. 116.

I am permitted to illustrate this passage, by inserting: — *Ceubren yr Eilyll*, or the Spirit's Blasted Tree, a legendary tale, by the Reverend George Warrington:

"The event, on which this tale is founded, is preserved by tradition in the family of the Vaughns of Hengwyr; nor is it entirely lost, even among the common people, who still point out this oak to the passenger. The enmity between the two Welsh chiefains, Howel Sese, and Oweno Glendwr, was extreme, and marked by vile treachery on the one, and ferocious cruelty in the other. The story is somewhat changed and softened, as more favourable to the character of the two chiefs, and as better answering the purpose of poetry, by admitting the passion of pity, and a greater degree of sentiment in the description. Some

1. Now Lord Polwarth.
2. The old gentlemen was an intimate of this celebrated genius. By the favour of the late Earl of Kellie, descended on the matronal side from Dr. Pitcairn, my father became possessed of it, without a stain in question.
3. The history of their feud may be found in Peonant's Tour in Wales.
SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

trace of Howel Sele’s mansion was to be seen a few years ago, and may perhaps be still visible, in the park of Nannau, now belonging to Sir Robert Vaughan, Baronet, in the wild and romantic tracts of Merionethshire. The abbey mentioned passes under two names, Vener and Cymer. The former is retained, as more generally used.

THE SPIRIT’S BLASTED TREE.

Cynimer yn Efllig.

“Through Nannau’s Chase, as Howel pass’d,
A chief east-ward both brave and kind,
Far distant borne, the stag-hounds’ cry
Came murmuring on the hollow wind.

“Sterling, he bent an eager ear,—
How should the sound return again?
His bounds lay wept from the chase,
And all at home his hunter train.

“Then sudden anger flash’d his eye,
And deep revenge he vow’d to take,
On that bold man who dared to force
His red-deer from the forest brake.

“Unhappy Chief! would sought avail,
No aegis impress thy heart with fear,
The lady’s dark mysteriously
Try warning from the hoary sea?

“Three ravens gave the note of death,
As through mid air they wing’d their way;
Then o’er his head, in rapid flight,
They crook, — they scent their destined prey.

“Ill-omen’d bird! as legends say,
Who hant the wondrous power to know,
While health fills the throbbing veins,
The fated hour when bland must flow.

“Blinded by rage, alone he pass’d,
Nor sought his ready vassals’ aid;
But what his fate lay long unknown,
For many an anxious year delay’d.

“A peasant mark’d his angry eye,
He saw him reach the lake’s dark bourn,
He saw him near a Blasted Oak,
But never from that hour return.

“Three days pass’d o’er, no tidings came;—
Where should the Chief, his arrow delay’d?
With wild alarm the servants ran,
Yet knew not where to point their way.

“His vassals ranged the mountain’s height,
The covert close, the wide-spread plain;
But all in vain their eager search,
Thev’er must see their lord again.

“Yet fancy, in a thousand shapes,
Bore to his home the Chief once more;
Some saw him on high Mona’s top,
Some saw him on the wounding shore.

“With wonder fraught the tale went round,
Amusement chain’d the heart’s tongue;—
Each peasant felt his own end lose,
Yet fondly o’er the story hung.

“Oft by the moon’s pale shadowy light,
His aged nurse and steward gone,
Would lean to catch the storied sounds,
Or mark the fluttering spirit stray.

“Pale lights on Cadger’s rocks were seen,
And midnight voices heard to moan;
These even the Blasted Oak,
Convulsive, heave a hollow groan:

“And to this day the peasant stall,
With cautious fear, avoids the ground;
In each wild branch a spectre seen,
And trembles at each rising sound.

“Ten annual suns had held their course,
In summer’s smile, or winter storm;
The lady shed the widow’s tear,
As oft she traced her maud’ly form.

“Yet still to hope her heart would cling,
As o’er the mind illusion play’d—
Of travel food, perhaps her lord
To distant lands had steer’d his way.

“Twaas now November’s cheerful hour,
Which drenching rain, and sudden deface,
Drearly break Robell’s tract appeared,
And dull and dank each valley’s space.

“Loud o’er the weir the horsemen fell,
And dash’d the foaming spray so high;
The west wind beat the forest top,
And angry brown’d the evening sky.

“A stranger pass’d Llanelltid’s bourns,
His dark-grey steel with sweat besprent,
Which, wearied with the lengthen’d way,
Could scarcely gain the hill’s ascent.

“The portal reach’d,— the iron bell
Long sounded round the outland wall;
Quick sprang the warden to the gate,
To know what meant the clam’rous call.

“O! lead me to your lady soon;
Say,— it is my sad lot to tell,
To cleer the fate of that brave knight,
She long has proved she loved so well.

“Then, as he cross’d the spacious hall,
The menials took surprise and fear;
Still o’er his harp old Mistrel play’d,
And touch’d the notes for grief’s worn ear.

“The lady sat amidst her train;
A mellown’r sorrow mark’d her look;
Then, asking what his mission meant,
The graceful stranger sigh’d and spoke:—

“O could I spread one ray of hope,
One moment raise thy soul from woe,
Glady my tongue would tell its tale,
My words at ease unfetter’d flow;

“Now, lady, give attention due,
The story claims thy fall belief;
Even in the worst events of life,
Suspence removed is some relief.

“Though worn by care, see Madoc here,
Great Glyndwr’s friend, thy kindred’s foe;
Ah, let his name no anger raise,
For now that mighty Chief lies low.

“E’en from the day, when, chaln’d by fate,
By wizard’s dream, or potent spell,
Linger’d from end Salopian’s field,
Beft of his aid the Percy fell;

“E’en from that day misfortune still,
As if for violated faith,
Pardoned him with unwearied step;
Vindicitive still for Hesketh’s death.

“Vanquish’d at length, the Glyndwr fled,
Where winds the Wye her devious flood;
To find a casual shelter there,
In some lone cot, or desert wood.

“Clothed in a shepherd’s humble guise,
He gaz’d by toil his scanty bread;
He who had Cambria’s sceptre borne,
And her brave sons to glory led;

“To penury extreme, and grief,
The Chiefstain fell a lingering prey;
I heard his last few softer words,
Such as with pain I now convey.

“To Sole’s sad widow bear the tale,
Nor let our horrid secret rest;
Give him even the Blasted Oak,
Then may my parting soul be blest.”

“Dim wax’d the eye that fiercely shone,
And faint the tongue that proudly spoke,
And weak that arm, still raised to me,
Which oft had dealt the mortal stroke.

“How could I then his mandate bear?
Or how his last behest obey?
A rebel deem’d, with him I lied;
With him I shou’d the light of day.
APPENDIX TO MARMION. 153

Proscribed by Henry's hostile rage,
My country lost, despoin'd my land,
Drowned, I fed my native soil,
And fought on Syria's distant strand.

Oh, had thy long-lamented land
The holy cross and banner view'd,
Died in the sacred cause! who felt
Sad victim of a private feud?

Led by the ardour of the chase,
Far distant from his own domain,
From where Garthmacsin spread her shades,
The Glydwr sought the opening plain.

With head aloft and antlers wide,
A red hind roared then crowd in view.
Stun'd with the sight, and wild with rage,
Swift from the wood fierce Howell flew.

With bitter moan and keepr reproach,
He, all impetuous, pour'd his rage;
Rivell the Chief, as weak in arms,
And bade him loud the battle wage.

Glydwr for once restrait'd his sword,
And, still averse, the fight delay'd;
But soften'd words,- like oil to fire,
Made anger more intensely blaze.

They fought; and doubtful long the fray
The Glydwr gave the fatal wound:
Still mournful most my tale proceed,
And its last act all dreadful sound.

How could we hope for wish'd retreat,
His eager vassals ranging wide,
His blood-bounds' keen avaricious seat,
O'er many a trackless mountain tried.

I mark'd a bread and Blasted Oak,
Search'd by the lightnings' livid glare;
Hollow its stem from branch to root,
And all its shrivell'd arms were bare.

I hear this, I cried, his proper grave!
(The thought in me was deadly sin,) Amen we raised the hapless Chief,
And dropp'd his bleeding corpus within.

A shriek from all the damsel's mouth,
That perch'd the vantail'd roofs below;
While horror-struck the Lady stood,
A living form on sculptured wo.

With stupid stare and vacant gaze,
Full on his face he saw a spot,
Absor'd! - she lost her present grief,
And faintly thought of things long past.

Like wild-fire o'er a mossy heath,
The rumour through the hamlet ran;
The peasants crowd at morning down,
To hear the tale — beheld the man.

He led them near the Blasted Oak,
Then, conscious, from the scene withdrew;
The peasants work with trembling haste,
And lay the with'rn'd bones to view:—

Back they recolld. — the right hand still,
Contracted, grasp'd a rusty sword;
Which erst in many a battle plac'd,
And proudly deck'd their slaughter'd lord.

They bore the corpse to Vauria's shrine,
With holy rites and prayers address'd;
Nine white-robe'd monks the last dirge sang,
And gave the angry spirit rest.

Notwithstanding their name, they are, if not absolutely malevolent, at least peevish, discontented, and apt to do mischief on slight provocation. The belief of their existence is deeply impressed on the Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended at mortals who talk of them, who wear their favourite colour green, or in any respect interfere with their affairs. This is especially to be avoided on Friday, when, whether as dedicated to Venus, with whom, in Germany, this subterraneous people are held nearly connected, or for a more solemn reason, they are more active, and possessed of greater power. Some curious particulars concerning the peculiar superstitions of the Highlanders may be found in Dr. Graham's Picturesque Sketches of Perthshire.

NOTE 4 I.

The towers of Franchmont. — P. 117.

The journal of the friend to whom the Fourth Canto of the Poem is inscribed, furnished me with the following account of a striking superstition.

"Passed through this pretty little village of Franchesmont, (near Spaw), with the romantic ruins of the old castle of the Counts of that name. The road leads through many delightful vales on a rising ground; at the extremity of one of them stands the ancient castle, now the subject of many superstitious legends. It is firmly believed by the neighbouring peasantry, that the last Baron of Franchesmont deposited, in one of the vaults of the castle, a ponderous chest, containing an immense treasure in gold and silver, which, by some magic spell, was intrusted to the care of the Devil, who is constantly found sitting on the chest in the shape of a huntsman. Any one adventurous enough to touch the chest is instantly seized with the palsy. Upon one occasion, a priest of noted piety was brought to the vault; he used all the arts of exorcism to persuade his infernal majesty to vacate his seat, but in vain; the huntsman remained immovable. At last, moved by the earnestness of the priest, he told him that he would agree to resign the chest, if the exorciser would sign his name with blood. But the priest understood his meaning, and refused, as by that act he would have delivered over his soul to the Devil. Yet if any body can discover the mystic words used by the person who deposited the treasure, and pronounce them, the fiend must instantly decamp. I had many stories of a similar nature from a peasant, who had himself seen the Devil in the shape of a great cat."

NOTE 4 H.

The Highlanders. — P. 117.

The Daoini shi', or Men of Peace, of the Scottish Highlanders, rather resemble the Scandinavian Duergar than the English Fairies.

The very form of Hilda fair,
Hovering upon the sunny air,
And smiling on her votaries' prayer.—P. 118.

"I shall only produce one instance more of the great veneration paid to Lady Hilda, which still prevails even in these our days; and that is, the constant opinion that she rendered, and still renders, herself visible, on some occa-
sions, in the Abbey of Stranshall or Whitby, where she so long resided. At a particular time of the year (viz. in the summer months), at ten or eleven in the forenoon, the sunbeams fall in the inside of the northern part of the choir; and 'tis then that the spectators, who stand on the west side of Whitby churchyard, so as just to see the most northerly part of the abbey pass the north end of Whitby church, imagine they perceive, in one of the highest windows there, the resemblance of a woman arrayed in a shroud. Thus we are certain this is only a reflection caused by the splendour of the sunbeams, yet fame reports it, and it is constantly believed among the vulgar, to be an appearance of Lady Hilda in her shroud, or rather in a glorified state; before which, I make no doubt, the Papists, even in these our days, offer up their prayers with as much zeal and devotion as before any other image of their most venerated saint."—Charlton's History of Whitby, p. 33.

Note 4 L.

The huge and sweeping brand
Which went of yore, in battle fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.—P. 120.

The Earl of Angus had strength and personal activity corresponding to his courage. Spens of Kilspindle, a favourite of James IV., having spoken of him lightly, the Earl met him while hawking, and, compelling him to single combat, at one blow cut asunder his thighbone, and killed him on the spot. But ere he could obtain James's pardon for this slaughter, Angus was obliged to yield his castle in exchange for that of Bothwell, which was some diminution to the family greatness. The sword with which he struck so remarkable a blow, was presented by his descendant James, Earl of Morton, afterwards Regent of Scotland, to Lord Lindsay of the Byres, when he defied Bothwell to single combat on Carberry Hill. See Introduction to the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

Note 4 M.

And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
No! by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms!—What, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall.—P. 120.

This ebullition of violence in the potent Earl of Angus is not without its example in the real history of the house of Douglas, whose chieftains possessed the ferocity, with the heroic virtues of a savage state. The most curious instance occurred in the case of MacLellan, Tutor of Bombay, who, having refused to acknowledge the pre-eminence claimed by Douglas over the gentlemen and Barons of Galloway, was seized and imprisoned by the Earl, in his castle of the Thriive, on the borders of Kirkcudbrightshire. Sir Patrick Gray, commander of King James the Second's guard, was uncle to the Tutor of Bombay, and obtained from the King a "sweet letter of supplication," praying the Earl to deliver his prisoner into Gray's hand. When Sir Patrick arrived at the castle, he was received with all the honour due to a favourite servant of the King's household; but while he was at dinner, the Earl, who suspected his errand, caused his prisoner to be led forth and beheaded. After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the King's letter to the Earl, who received it with great affectation of reverence: "and took him by the hand, and led him forth to the green, where the gentleman was lying dead, and showed him the manner, and said, 'Sir Patrick, you are come a little too late; yonder is your sister's son lying, but he wants the head; take his body, and do with it as you will.'—Sir Patrick answered again, with a sore heart, and said, 'My lord, if I have taken from him his head, dispone upon the body as ye please; and with that called for his horse, and, leaped thereon; and when he was on horseback, he said to the Earl on this manner, 'My lord, if I live you shall be rewarded for your labours that you have used at this time, according to your demeanour.'

At this saying the Earl was highly offended, and cried for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the Earl's fury, spurred his horse, but he was chased near Edinburgh ere they left him; and had it not been his led horse was so tried and good, he had been taken."—Pisctt's History, p. 39.

Note 4 N.

A letter forged!—Saint Jude to speed!
Dul ever knight so foul a deed!—P. 121.

Lest the reader should partake of the Earl's astonishment, and consider the crime as inconsistent with the manners of the period, I have to remind him of the numerous forgeries (partly executed by a female assistant) devised by Robert of Artois, to forward his suit against the Countess Matilda; which, being detected, occasioned his flight into England, and proved the remote cause of Edward the Third's memorable wars in France. John Harding, also, was expressly hired by Edward VI. to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs.

Note 4 O.

Lennel's convent.—P. 121.

This was a Cisterian house of religion, now almost entirely demolished. Lennel House is now the residence of my venerable friend, Patrick Brydone, Esquire, so well known in the literary world. It is situated near Coldstream, almost opposite to Cornhill, and consequently very near to Fliodden Field.

1 First Edition.—Mr. Brydone has been many years dead. 1529.
APPENDIX TO MARMION.

NOTE 4 P.

Twisel bridge. — P. 123.

On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's head-quarters were at Barmoor Wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hill, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, wended between the armies. On the morning of the 9th September 1513, Surrey marched in a north-westerly direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twisel-bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have reeled on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage while struggling with these natural obstacles. I know not if we are to impute James's forbearance to want of military skill, or to the romantic declaration which Pitscottie puts in his mouth, "that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field," and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river.

The ancient bridge of Twisel, by which the English crossed the Till, is still standing heath Twisel Castle, a splendid pile of Gothic architecture, as now rebuilt by Sir Francis Blake, Bart., whose extensive plantations have so much improved the country around. The glen is romantic and delightful, with steep banks on each side, covered with copse, particularly with hawthorn. Beneath a tall rock, near the bridge, is a plentiful fountain, called St. Helen's Well.

NOTE 4 Q.

Hence might they see the full array,
Of either host, for deadly fray. — P. 122.

The reader cannot here expect a full account of the battle of Flodden; but, so far as is necessary to understand the romance, I beg to remind him, that, when the English army, by their skilful countermarch, were fairly placed between King James and his own country, the Scottish monarch resolved to fight; and, setting fire to his tents, descended from the ridge of Flodden to secure the immediate eminence of Brankestone, on which that village is built. Thus the two armies met, almost without seeing each other, when, according to the old poem of "Flodden Field,"

"The English fine stretch'd east and west,
And southward were their faces set;
The Scottish northward proudly stood,
And manfully their foes they met."

1 "Lequels Ecossais descendent la montagne en bonne ordre, en la mesure que marchent les Allemands sans parler, ne faire aucun bruit." — Gazette of the battle, Pinkerton's History, Appendix, vol. ii. p. 446.

The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right, which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey, namely, Thomas Howard, the Admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the Knight Marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other; but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's battalion was drawn very near to his own. The centre was commanded by Surrey in person; the left wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire, and of the palatinate of Chester. Lord Dacre, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve. When the smoke, which the wind had driven between the armies, was somewhat dispersed, they perceived the Scots, who had moved down the hill in a similar order of battle, and in deep silence. The Earls of Huntley and of Home commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success as entirely to defeat his part of the English right wing. Sir Edmund's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's division. The Admiral, however, stood firm; and Dacre advancing his support with the reserve of cavalry, probable it was between the two divisions commanded by the brothers Howard, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check. Home's men, chiefly Borderers, began to pillage the bagage of both armies; and their leader is branded by the Scottish historians with negligence or treachery. On the other hand, Huntley, on whom they beheld many enemisms, is said by the English historians to have left the field after the first charge. Meanwhile the Admiral, whose flank these chiefs ought to have attacked, availed himself of their inactivity, and pushed forward against another large division of the Scottish army in his front, headed by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, both of whom were slain, and their forces routed. The last success of the English was yet more decisive; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lanca-shire archers. The King and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dashing action. James, surrounded by the flower of his kingdom, and impatient of the galling discharge of arrows, supported also by his reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury, that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley, who had routed the left wing of the Scottish, pursued his career of victory, and arrived on the right flank, and in the rear of James's division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces; for the Scottish centre not having been broken, and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field of battle in disorder, before dawn. They lost, perhaps, eight or ten thousand men; but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarcely a family of eminence but
has an ancestor killed at Flodden; and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow. The English lost also a great number of men, perhaps within one-third of the vanquished, but they were of inferior note. — See the only distinct detail of the Field of Flodden in Pinkerton's History, Book xi.; all former accounts being full of blunders and inconsistency.

The spot from which Clara views the battle must be supposed to have been on a hillock commanding a view of the English right wing, which was defeated, and in which conflict Marnion is supposed to have fallen.¹

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**Note 4 R.**

*Brian Tunstall, stainless knight.—* P. 123.

Sir Brian Tunstall, called in the romantic language of the time, Tunstall the Undeiled, was one of the few Englishmen of rank slain at Flodden. He figures in the ancient English poem, to which I may safely refer my readers; as an edition, with full and explanatory notes, has been published by my friend, Mr. Henry Weber. Tunstall, perhaps, derived his epiteth of undeiled from his white armour and banner, the latter bearing a white cock, about to crow, as well as from his unstoied loyalty and knightly faith. His place of residence was Thurland Castle.

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**Note 4 S.**

*Reckless of life, he desperate fought, And fell on Flodden plain; And well in death his trusty brand, Firm clenched'd within his manly hand, Beseech'd the monarch slain.—* P. 125.

There can be no doubt that King James fell in the battle of Flodden. He was killed, says the curious French Gazette, within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey; and the same account adds, that none of his division were made prisoners, though many were killed; a circumstance that testifies the desperation of their resistance. The Scottish historians record many of the idle reports which passed among the vulgar of their day. Home was accused, by the popular voice, not only of failing to support the King, but even of having carried him out of the field, and murdered him. And this tale was revived in my remembrance, by an unauthentic story of a skeleton, wrapped in a hair's hide, and surrounded with an iron chain, said to have been found in the well of Houses Castle; for which, on inquiry, I could never find any better authority than the sexton of the parish having said, that, if the well were cleaned out, he would not be surprised at such a discovery. Home was the chamberlain of the King, and his prime favourite; he had much to lose (in fact did lose all) in consequence of James's death, and nothing earthly to gain by that event; but the retreat, or inactivity of the left wing which he commanded, after defeating Sir Edmund Howard, and even the circumstance of his returning unhurt, and loaded with spoil, from so fatal a conflict, rendered the propagation of any calumny against him easy and acceptable. Other reports gave a still more romantic turn to the King's fate, and averred that James, weary of greatness after the carriage among his nobles, had gone on a pilgrimage, to merit absolution for the death of his father, and the breach of his oath of unity to Henry. In particular, it was objected to the English, that they could never show the token of the iron belt; which, however, he was likely enough to have laid aside on the day of battle, as encumbering his personal exertions. They procured a better evidence, the monarch's sword and dagger, which are still preserved in the Herald's College in London. Stone has recorded a degrading story of the disgrace with which the remains of the unfortunate monarch were treated in his time. An unheown column marks the spot where James fell, still called the King's Stone.

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**Note 4 T.**

*The fair cathedral storm'd and took.—* P. 126.

This storm of Lichfield cathedral, which had been garrisoned on the part of the King, took place in the Great Civil War. Lord Brook, who, with Sir John Gill, commanded the assailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the vizor of his helmet. The royalists remarked, that he was killed by a shot fired from St. Chad's cathedral, and upon St. Chad's Day, and received his death-wound in the very eye with which, he had said, he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England. The magnificent church in question suffered cruelly upon this, and other occasions; the principal spire being burned by the fire of the besiegers.

¹ "In 1810, as Sir Carnwy Haggaron's workmen were digging at Flodden Field, they came to a pit filled with human bones, and which seemed of great extent; but, alarmed at the sight, they immediately filled up the excavation, and proceeded no farther.

"In 1817, Mr. Gray of Millfield Hill found, near the trace of an ancient encampment, a short distance from Flodden Hill, a tumulus, which, on removing, exhibited a very singular sepulchra. In the centre, a large urn was found, but in a thousand pieces. It had either been broken to pieces by the stones falling upon it when digging, or had gone to pieces on the admission of the air. This urn was surrounded by a number of cells formed of flat stones, in the shape of gravestones, but not equal to hold the body in its natural state. These sepulchral recesses contained nothing except ashes, or dust of the same kind as that in the urn."

INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1839.

After the success of "Marmion," I felt inclined to exclaim with Ulysses in the "Odyssey":—

\[ \text{Odys} \text{se} \text{y.} \]

"One venturous game my hand has won to-day—

Another, gallants, yet remains to play."

The ancient manners, the habits and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry. The change in their manners, too, had taken place almost within my own time, or at least I had learned many particulars concerning the ancient state of the Highlanders from the old men of the last generation. I had always thought the old Scottish Gael highly adapted for poetical composition. The feuds, and political dissensions, which, half a century earlier, would have rendered the richer and wealthier part of the kingdom indisposed to countenance a poem, the scene of which was laid in the Highlands, were now sunk in the generous compassion which the English, more than any other nation, feel for the misfortunes of an honourable foe. The Poems of Ossian had, by their popularity, sufficiently shown, that if writings on Highland subjects were qualified to interest the reader, mere national prejudices were, in the present day, very unlikely to interfere with their success.

I had also read a great deal, seen much, and heard more, of that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. This poem, the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful, and so deeply impressed on my recollection, was a labour of love; and it was no less so to recall the manners and incidents introduced. The frequent custom of James IV., and particularly of James V., to walk through their kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident, which never fails to be interesting, if managed with the slightest address or dexterity.

I may now confess, however, that the employment, though attended with great pleasure, was not without its labours and anxieties. A lady, to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived, during her whole life, on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me at the time when the work was in progress, and used to ask me, what I could possibly do to rise so early in the morning (that happening to be the most convenient time to me for composition.) At last I told her the subject of my meditations; and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. "Do not be so rash," she said, "my dearest cousin. You are already popular—more so, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or than even I, or other partial friends, can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high—do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for, depend upon it, a favourite will not be permitted even to stumble with impunity." I replied to this affectionate expostulation in the words of Montrose—

"He either bears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or love it all!"

"If I fail," I said, "for the dialogue is strong in my recollection, "it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life: you shall see no change in my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed,

'Up with the bonnie blue bouquet,
The dirk, and the feather, and a!'"

Afterwards, I showed my affectionate and anxious critic the first canto of the poem, which reconciled her to my impudence. Nevertheless, although I answered thus confidently, with the obstinacy often said to be proper to those who bear my surname, I acknowledge that my confidence was considerably shaken by the warning of her excellent taste and unhusbanded friendship. Nor was I much comforted by her retraction of the unfavourable judgment, when I recollected how likely a natural partiality was to effect that change of opinion. In such cases, affection rises like a light on the canvass, improves any favourable tints which it formerly exhibited, and throws its defects into the shade. I remember that about the same time a friend started in to "heze up my hope," like the "sportsman with his cutty gun," in the old song. He was bred a farmer, but a man of powerful understanding, natural good taste, and warm poetical feeling, perfectly competent to supply the wants of an imperfect or irregular education. He was a passionate admirer of field-sports, which we often pursued together.

As this friend happened to dine with me at Ashestiel one day, I took the opportunity of

reading to him the first canto of "The Lady of the Lake," in order to ascertain the effect the poem was likely to produce upon a person who was but too favourable a representative of readers at large. It is, of course, to be supposed that I determined rather to guide my opinion by what my friend might appear to feel, than by what he might think fit to say. His reception of my recitation, or prelection, was rather singular. He placed his hand across his brow, and listened with great attention to the whole account of the stag-hunt, till the dogs threw themselves into the lake to follow their master, who embarks with Ellen Douglas. He then started up with a sudden exclamation, struck his hand on the table, and declared, in a voice of censure, calculated for the occasion, that the dogs must have been totally ruined by being permitted to take the water after such a severe chase. I own I was much encouraged by the species of reverence which had possessed so zealous a follower of the sports of the ancient Nimrod, who had been completely surprised out of all doubts of the reality of the tale. Another of his remarks gave me less pleasure. He detected the identity of the real Peel Fortune, whose situation, I thought, was completely unexpected out of all doubts of the reality of the tale. Another of his remarks gave me less pleasure. He detected the identity of the real Peel Fortune, whose situation, I thought, was completely unexpected out of all doubts of the reality of the tale.

This discovery, as Mr. Pepys says of the rent in his canolet cloak, was but a trifle, yet it troubled me; and I was at a good deal of pains to efface any marks by which I thought my secret could be traced before the conclusion of the canto; and it was with the same hope of producing effect, with which the Irish post-boy is said to reserve a "trot for the avenue." I took uncommon pains to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of this story. I recollect, in particular, that to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale, I went into Perthshire, to see whether King James could actually have ridden from the banks of Loch Vemrock to Stirling Castle within the time supposed in the Poem, and had the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite practicable.

After a considerable delay, "The Lady of the Lake" appeared in May 1810; and its success was certainly so extraordinary as to induce me for the moment to conclude that I had fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune, whose stability I believe was nothing less than that of an individual who had so boldly courted her favours for three successive times, had not as yet been shaken. I had attained, perhaps, that degree of public reputation at which prudence, or certainly timidity, would have made a halt, and discontinued efforts by which I was far more likely to diminish my fame than to increase it. But, as the celebrated John Wilkes is said to have explained to his late Majesty, that he himself, amid his full tide of popularity, was never a Wilkes, so I can, with honest truth, exculpate myself from having been at any time a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the highest fashion with the million. It must not be supposed, that I was either so ungrateful, or so superabundantly candid, as to despise or scorn the value of those whose voice had elevated me so much higher than my own opinion told me I deserved. I felt, on the contrary, the more grateful to the public, as receiving that from partiality to me, which I could not have claimed from merit; and I endeavoured to deserve the partiality, by continuing such exertions as I was capable of for their amusement.

It may be that I did not, in this continued course of scribbling, consult either the interest of the public or my own. But the former had effectual means of defending themselves, and could, by their coldness, sufficiently check any approach to intrusion; and for myself, I now felt all the gratitude I could feel for so much to literary labour, that I should have felt difficulty in employing myself otherwise; and so, like Dogberry, I generously bestowed all my tediousness on the public, comforting myself with the reflection, that if posterity should think me undeserving of the favour with which I was regarded by my contemporaries, "they could not but say I had the crown," and had enjoyed for the time that popularity which is so much coveted.

I conceived, however, that I held the distinguished situation I had obtained, however unworthy, rather like the champion of pugilism, on the condition of being always ready to show proofs of my skill, than in the manner of the champion of chivalry, who performs his exercises only for show and solemn occasions. I was in any case conscious that I could not long hold a situation which the caprice, rather than the judgment, of the public, had bestowed upon me, and preferred being deprived of my precedence by some more worthy rival, to sinking into contempt for my indolence, and losing my reputation by what Scottish lawyers call the negative prescription. Accordingly, those who have the misfortune to look at the introduction to Rokeby, in the present edition, will be able to trace the steps by which I declined as a poet to figure as a novelist; as the ballad says, Queen Eleanor sunk at Charing-Cross to rise again at Queenhithe.

It only remains for me to say, that, during my short pre-eminence of popularity, I faithfully observed the rules of moderation which I had resolved to follow before I began my course as a man of letters. If a man is determined to make a noise in the world, he is as sure to encounter abuse and ridicule, as he who gallops furiously through a village, must reckon on being followed by the curs in full cry. Experienced persons know, that in
stretches to fling the latter, the rider is very apt to catch a bad fall; nor is an attempt to chastise a malignant critic attended with less danger to the author. On this principle, I let parody, burlesque, and squibs, find their own level; and while the latter hissed most fiercely, I was cautious never to catch them up, as school-boys do, to throw them back against the naughty boy who fired them off, wisely remembering that they are, in such cases, apt to explode in the handling. Let me add, that my reign (since Byron has so called it) was marked by some instances of good-nature as well as patience. I never refused a literary person of merit such services in smoothing his way to the public as were in my power; and I had the advantage, rather than one with our irritable race, to enjoy general favour, without incurring permanent ill-will, so far as is known to me, among any of my contemporaries. W. S. Abbotsford, April 1830.

The Lady of the Lake:

TO THE MOST NOBLE JOHN JAMES MARQUIS OF ABERCORN, 
&c. &c. &c.

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR.

ARGUMENT.
The Scene of the following Poem is laid chiefly in the Vicinity of Loch-Katrine, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire. The time of Action includes Six Days, and the transactions of each Day occupy a Canto.

The Lady of the Lake.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CHASE.

Harp of the North! that moulder long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
O minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won.
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
At each according pause, was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd,
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

1 "Sir Walter reigned before me," &c. Don Juan, canto xi. s. 57.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That venturers o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain.
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

I.
The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvorlich's head,
The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

II.
As Chief, who hears his warder call,
"To arms! the foe men storm the wall,"
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathy couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;

2 Published by John Ballantyne & Co. in 4to, with engraved frontispiece of Saxon's portrait of Scott, May 1810.
Like crested leader proud and high,
Toss'd his bearded frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,
And stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uaun-Var.

III.
Yell'd on the view the opening pack;
Rock, Glen, and cavern, paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,
Clatter'd a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices join'd the shout;
With hack, and whoop, and wild hallow,
No rest Benvorlich's echoes knew. 1

Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cower'd the doe,
The falcon, from her carn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
That far off beyond the piecing scan
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint and more faint, its failing din
Return'd from cavern, cliff, and hill,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV.
Less loud the sounds of silvan war
Distrurb'd the heights of Uaun-Var,
And roused the cavern, where 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old. 2

For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stay'd his form,
Was fun to breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain side
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

V.
The noble stag was passing new;
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fur Mentelt.
With anxious eye he wander'd o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And ponder'd refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard 3 or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copsewood grey,
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenne.
Fresh vigour with the hope return'd,
With flying foot the heath he spurr'd,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

VI.
'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus more; 4
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Beulie's ridge in air;
Who flagg'd upon Bochastle's height,
Who should to stem the flooded Teith,—6
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reach'd the lake of Venunchair; 7
And when the Brig of Turk was won, 8
The headmost horseman rode alone.

1 Benvorlich, a mountain comprehended in the cloister of the Grampians, at the head of the valley of the Garry, a river which springs from its base. It rises to an elevation of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

2 See Appendix, Note A.

3 "About a mile to the westward of the inn of Aberfoyle, Lochard opens to the view. A few hundred yards to the west of it, the Avenmore, which had just issued from the lake, tumbles its waters over a ragged precipice of more than thirty feet in height, forming, in the rainy season, a most grand cascade."—Graham's Sketches of Scotland, p. 182, 4th ed.

4 Cambus-mora, within about two miles of Callender, on the wooded banks of the Keltie, a tributary of the Teith, is the seat of a family of the name of Buchanan, whom the poet frequently visited in his younger days.

5 Beulie is a magnificent mountain, 3,900 feet in height, which bounds the horizon on the north-west from Callender. The name, according to the Celtic etymology, signifies the Mountain of God.

6 Two mountain streams—the one flowing from Loch Voil, by the pass of Luss; the other from Loch Katrine, by Loch Awe, and Loch Venunchair, at Callender; and the river thus formed thenceforth takes the name of Teith. Hence the denomination of the territory of Mentelt.

7 "Loch Venunchair, a beautiful expansion of water, of about five miles in length, by a mile and a half in breadth."—Graham.

8 "About a mile above Loch Venunchair, the approach (from the south) is over the upper stream of the River Bres, or Bridge of Turk (the scene of the death of a wild-boar famous in Celtic tradition), leads to the summit of an eminence, where there bursts upon the view the finest view of the whole prospect of the windings of the river that issues from Loch Achray, with that sweet lake itself in front; the gently rolling river pursues its serpentine course through an extensive meadow; at the west end of the lake, on the side of Aberfoyle, is situated the delightful farm of Achray, the level field, a denomination lastly due to it, when considered in contrast with the rugged rocks and mountains which surround it. From this eminence are to be seen also, on the right hand, the entrance to Glenfeshie, and in the distance Benvenue."—Graham.
VII.

Alone, but with unbounded zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Embosed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gash with sobs he drew,
The labouring stag strain'd full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came
And all but won that desperate game:
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds stanch;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

VIII.

The Hunter mark'd that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barr'd the way:
Already glowing in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound and death-halloo,
Muster'd his breath, his winyard drew; - 2
But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,
And turn'd him from the opposing rock;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosachs's 3 wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There, while close couched, the thick shed
Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,
He heard the baffle dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

IX.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanish'd game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretch'd his stiff limbs, to rise no more;
Then, touch'd with pity and remorse,
He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse.
"A little thought, when first thy rein
I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant grey!"

X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds
Back limp'd, with slow and crippled pace,
The silken leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they press'd,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolong'd the swelling bugle-note.

The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answer'd with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seem'd an answering blast;
And on the hunter hied his way,
To join some comrades of the day;
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

XI.

The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bath'd in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-halter'd pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower 4 which builders vaita
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain. 4
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

XII.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow hollow;
Foul-glowing, nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with ever stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
Alow, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent fling,
Where seem'd the cliffs to hang on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow's sky,
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

XIII

Onward, amid the copse 7can peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarcely such breadth of brim,
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.

1 See Appendix, Note B.
2 See Appendix, Note C.
3 "The term Trosachs signifies the rough or bristled territory." Grah. 
4 The Tower of Babel.—Genesis, xi. 1-9.
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
And farther as the hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood.
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.

The boughs tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won.

Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.

High on the south, huge Benvenue 3
Down on the lake in masses threw
Craggs, knolls and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world
A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruin'd sides and summit soar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an 4 heaved high his forehead bare.

XV.

From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger, raptured and amazed.

And, "What a scene were here," he cried,
"For princely pomp, or chivalron's pride!

On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister grey;
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute
And, when the midnight moon should have
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matins' distant hum,
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bend with every knell
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewilder'd stranger call
To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

XVI.

"Bithle were it then to wander here!
But now, — beshrew you nimble deer,—

Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The cope must give my evening fare;
Some mossy bank my couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy.
Yet pass we that; the war and chase
Give little choice of resting-place:
A summer night, in Greenwood spent,
Were but to-morrow's extremity;
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better miss'd than found;
To meet with Highland plunderers here,
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—
I am alone; — my bugle-strain
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fail the worst that may betide,
Ere now this faction has been tried."

XVII.

But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guiader of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddyng, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow-twig to have,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks hung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seem'd to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

XVIII.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel chase
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovely face!
What though the sun, with ardent brow,
Had slantingly her cheek with brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her garment hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had train'd her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight harebell rais'd its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear!

XIX.

A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;
Her satin smock, her silken plaid,
Her golden braid, such birth betray'd.
And seldom was a snood amid
Soch wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
Or tale of injury call'd forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unrev'd,
With maiden pride the muid conceal'd,
Yet not less fully felt the flame:—
O need I tell that passion's name?

XX.
Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne:—
"Father!" she cried; the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
A while she paused, no answer came,—
"Malcolm, was thine the blast!" the name
Less resolutely utter'd fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.
"A stranger!" the Hunter said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid, alarm'd, with hasty oar,
Push'd her light shallop from the shore,
And when a space was gain'd between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen;
(For forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to prune his ruffled wing)
Then safe, though flatter'd and amazed,
She paused, and on the shore gaz'd.
Not his the form, nor his the eye
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

XXI.
On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press'd its signet sage,
Yet had not quench'd the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth;
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.
His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports or contest bold;
And though in peaceful garb array'd,
And weaponless, except his blade,
His stately mien as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a Baron's crest he wore,
And sheathed in armour trode the shore.
Slighting the petty need he show'd,
He told of his heightned road;
His ready speech flow'd fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seem'd that tone, and gesture bland,
Less usel to sue than to command.

XXII.
A while the maid the stranger eyed,
And, reassured, at length replied,
That Highland halls were open still
To wilder'rd wanderers of the hill.
"Nor think you unexpected come
To you lone isle, our desert home;
Before the heath had lost the dew,
This morn, a couch was prepar'd for you;
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,
And our broad nets have sweep'd one more,
To furnish forth your drinking cheer."—
"Now, by the road, my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has err'd," he said;
"No right have I to claim, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune lost,
My way, my friends my course lost,
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake's romantic strand,
I found a ray in fairy land!"—

XXIII.
"I well believe," the maid replied,
As her light skiff approach'd the side,—
"I well believe, that ne'er before
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;
But yet, as far as yesternight,
Old Allan-bane foretold your plight,—
A grey-hair'd sires, whose eye intent
Was on the vision'd future bent,
He saw your steed, a dappled grey,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,
That tassell'd horn so gaily girt,
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron plumage trim,
And you two hounds so dark and grim.
He bade that all should ready be,
To grace a quest of fair degree;
But light I held his prophecies,
And deem'd it was my father's horn,
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne.

XXIV.
The stranger smiled:— "Since to your home
A destined errant-knight I come,
Announced by prophet sooth and old.
Doom'd, doubtless, for achievement bold,
I'll lightly front each high emprise,
For one kind glance of those bright eyes
Permit me, first, the task to guide
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide.
The maid, with smile suppress'd and sly,
The toil unsolved saw him try;
For seldom sure, if e'er before,
His noble hand had grasp'd an oar;
Yet with main strength he flour'd the oar,
And o'er the lake the shallop flew;
With heads erect, and whisperingcry,
The hounds behind their passage ply.
Nor frequent does the bright oar break
The dark'ning mirror of the lake,
Until the rocky isle they reach,
And moor their shallop on the beach.

XXV.
The stranger view'd the shore around;
'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain maiden show'd
A clambering unsuspected road;
That winded through the tangled screen,  
And open'd on a narrow green,  
Where weeping birch and willow round  
With their long fibres swept the ground.  
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,  
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.  

XXVI.  
It was a lodge of ample size,  
But strange of structure and device;  
Of such materials, as around  
The workman's hand had readiest found,  
Lopp'd off their boughs, their horn trunks bared,  
And by the hatchet rudely squared,  
To give the walls their destined height,  
The sturdy oak and ash unite;  
While moss and clay and leaves combined  
To fence each crevice from the wind.  
The lighter pine-trees, over-hand,  
Their slender length for rafters spread,  
And wither'd heath and rushes dry  
Supplied a russet canopy.  
Due westward, fronting to the green,  
A rural portico was seen,  
Aloft on native pillars borne,  
Of mountain fir, with bark unshorn,  
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine  
The ivy and ilex vine,  
The cricket, and the favour'd flower  
Which boasts the mine of virgin-bower,  
And every hardy plant could bear  
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.  
An instant in this porch she stay'd,  
And easily to the stranger said,  
"Oh heaven and on thy lady call,  
And enter the enchanted hall!"

XXVII.  
"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,  
My gentle guide, in following thee."  
He crossed the threshold— and a clang  
Of angry steel that instant rang,  
To his bold brow his spirit rush'd,  
But soon for vain alarm he blush'd,  
When on the floor he saw display'd,  
Cause of the din, a naked blade  
Drop'd from the sheath, that care'less flung  
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;  
For all around, the walks to grace,  
Fram'd trophies of the fight or chase:  
A target there, a huggle here,  
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear.  
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,  
With the tusk'd trophies of the boar.  
Here grins the wolf as when he died,  
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide  
The frontlet of the elk adorn'd,  
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;  
Penonns and flags defaced and stain'd,  
That blackening streams of blood retain'd,  
And deer-skis, dappled, don, and white,  
With otter's fur and seal's unite.  
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,  
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

XXVIII.  
The wondering stranger round him gazed,  
And met the fallen weapon raised:  
Few were the arms of those snowy strength  
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length,  
And as the brand he poised and sway'd,  
"I never knew but one," he said.  
"Whose stalwart arm might break to wield  
A blade like this in battle-field."

She sigh'd, then smiled and took the word;  
"You see the guardian champion's sword:  
As light it trembles in his hand,  
As in my grasp a hazel wand;  
My sires tall form might grace the part  
Of Perrans or Aesebar:  
But in the absent giant's hold  
Are women now, and mementos old."

XXIX.  
The mistress of the mansion came,  
Mature of age, a graceful dame;  
Whose easy step and stately port  
Had well become a princely court,  
To whom, though more than kindred knew,  
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.  
Meet welcome to her guest she made,  
And every courteous rite was paid,  
That hospitality could claim,  
Though all unmask'd his birth and name.  
Such then the reverence to a guest,  
That fellest foe might join the feast,  
And from his deadliest foe's door  
Unquestion'd turn, the banquet o'er.  
At length his rank the stranger names,  
"The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James;  
Lord of a barren heritage,  
Which his brave sires, from age to age,  
By their good swords had held with tood;  
His sire had fallen in such turmoil,  
And he, God wot, was forced to stand  
Off for of battle with blade and hand.  
This morning, with Lord Moray's train,  
He chased a stalwart stag in vain.  
Outstiripp'd his comrades, miss'd the deer,  
Lost his good steed, and wander'd here."

XXX.  
Fain would the Knight in turn require  
The name and state of Ellen's sire.  
Well show'd the elder lady's men,  
That courts and cities she had seen;  
Ellen, though more her looks display'd  
The simple grace of silvan maid,  
In speech and gesture, form and face  
Show'd she was come of gentle race.  
"Twere strange, in ruder rank to find  
Such looks, such manners, and such mind  
Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,  
Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;  
Or Ellen, innocently gay,  
Turn'd all inquiry light away:  
"Weird women we! by dale and down  
We dwell, afar from tower and town.  
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,  
On wandering knights our spells we cast;  
While peaceless ministers touch the string.  
"Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing."  
She sung, and still a harp unseen  
Fill'd up the symphony between."

XXXI.  
"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er;  
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;  
Dream of battle fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking."

1 See Appendix, Note O.  2 Ibid, Note H.  3 See Appendix, Note I.  4 Ibid, Note K.
In our isle’s enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o’er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of wakening.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour’s clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mastering clar, or squadron trumping.
Yet mark the lark’s shrill flute may be one
At the day-break from the follow,
And the billter sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallows.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guard nor warders challenge here.
Here’s no war-steed’s neigh and champing,
Shouting clar, or squadrons stamping."

XXXII.
She paused—then, blushing, led the lay
To grace the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

SONG CONTINUED.

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumberous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bogies here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the stag is in his den
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé."

XXXIII.
The hall was clear’d—the stranger’s bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And dreen’d their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heather-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen’s spell had lull’d it to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes:
His steed now bounds in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honour’s lost.
Then,—from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the might!—
Again return’d the scenes of youth,
Of confident undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchange’d
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.

They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view,
O were his senses false or true!
Dream’d he of death, or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now?"

XXXIV.
At length, with Ellen in a grove
He seem’d to walk, and speak of love;
She listen’d with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
He sought her yield’d hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp;
The phantom’s sex was changed and gone,
Upon its head a helmet shone;
Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darken’d cheek and threatening eyes,
The ghastly visage, stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore.
He woke and, panting with thoughtfright,
Recall’d the vision of the night.
The heath’s decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half showing, half concealing, all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
Mid those the stranger fix’d his eye,
Where that huge falchion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rush’d, chancing countless thoughts along;
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

XXXV.
The wild-rose, eglandine, and broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume;
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspen slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Play’d on the water’s still expanse,—
Wild were the heart whose passions’ sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his breast:—
Why is it, at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race?
Can I not mountain maiden spy,
But she must hear the Douglas eye?
Can I not view a Highland brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
Can I not frame a fever’d dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme?
I’ll dream no more,—by myself mood
Not even in sleep is will resign’d;
My midnight orisons said o’er,
I’ll turn to rest, and dream no more.”
His midnight orisons he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold.
Consign’d to heaven his cares and woes,
And sunk in undisturb’d repose:
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawnd on Devenant.”

"Or are you sportive?—bid the mom of youth
Rise to a new light, and beam anew the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
To cares estranged, and manhood’s thorny ways.
What transport, to retrieve our boyish plays,
Our easy hours, when each thing joy supplied;
The winding, the mountains, and the winding maze
Of the wild brooks!"—Curtis of Indulgence, Canto I.
THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO SECOND.

THE ISLAND.

I.

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day;
And while you little bark glides down the bay,
Waiting the stranger on his way again,
Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel grey,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
Mix'd with the sounding harp, O white-hair'd Allan-Bane! 1

II.

SONG.

"Not faster yonder rowers' might
Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallows' course in light,
Melts in the lake away;
Th'an men from memory erase
The benefits of former days;
Then, stranger, go! good speed the while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle."

"High place to thee in royal court,
High place in battle line.
Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport,
Where beauty sees the brave resort,
The honour'd meed be thine!
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,
And last in love and friendship's smile
Be memory of the lonely isle.

SONG CONTINUED.

"But if beneath you southern sky
A plaided stranger roam,
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
And sun-eu cheek and heavy eye,
Pine for his Highland home;
Then, warrior, then be time to show
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe;
Remember then thy hap ere while,
A stranger in the lonely isle."

"Or if on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle."

IV.

As died the sounds upon the tide,
The shallows reach'd the mainland side,
And e'er his onward way he took,
The stranger cast a lingering look,
Where e'ry his eye might reach
The Harper on the islet beach,
Reclined against a blithed tree,
As wasted, grey, and worn as he.
To minstrel meditation given,
His reverend brow was raised to heaven,
As from the rising sun to claim
A sparkle of inspiring flame.
His hand, reclined upon the wire,
Seem'd watching the awakening fire;
So still he was, as those who wait
'Till judgment speak the doom of fate;
So still, as if no breeze might dare
To lift one lock of hoary hair;
So still, as life itself were fled,
In the last sound his harp had sped.

VI.

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
Beside him Ellen sat and smiled—
Smiled she to see the stately drake
Lead forth his fleet upon the lake.
While her vex'd spaniel, from the beach,
Bay'd at the prize beyond his reach?
Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows,
Why deepen'd on her cheek the rose?
—Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!
Perchance the maiden smiled to see
You parting hither wave adieu,
And stop and turn to wave anew;
And, lovely ladies, ere you cease
Condemn the heroine of my lyre,
Show me the fair would scorn to spy,
And prize such conquest of her eye.

VI.

While yet he loiter'd on the spot,
It seem'd as Ellen mark'd him not;
But when he turn'd him to the glade,
One courteous parting sigh she made;
And after, of the knight would say,
That not when prize of festal day
Was dealt him by the brightest fair,
Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,
So highly did his bosom swell,
As at that simple mute farewell,
Now with a trusty mountain-guide,
And his dark star-hounds by his side,
He parts— the maid, unconscious still,
Watch'd him wind slowly round the hill;
But when his stately form was hid,
The guardian in her bosom cried—
"Thy Malcolm! vain and selfish maid!"
"I was thus upbraiding conscience said,—
"Not so had Malcolm idly hung
On the smooth prance of southern tongue,
Not so had Malcolm strain'd his eye,
Another step than thine to spy.
Wake, Allan-Bane," alond she cried,
To the old Minstrel by her side,—
"Arouse thee from thy moody dream,
I'll give thy harp heroic theme,
And warn thee with a noble name:
Pour forth the glory of the Graeme!"

1 See Appendix, Note L.
2 See Appendix, Note M.
Scarse from her lip the word had rush'd,
When deep the conscious maiden blush'd;
For of his clan, in hall and bower,
Young Malcolm Graeme was held the flower.

VII.
The Minstrel waked his harp—three times
Arose the well-known martial chimes,
And thrice their high heroic pride
In melancholy murmurours didst thou arise.
"Vainly thou bid'st, O noble maid,"
Clasping his wither'd hands, he said,
"Vainly thou bid'st me wake the strain,
Though all unwont to bid in vain.
Alas! than mine a mightier hand
Has tuned my harp, my strings has spann'd! I
I touch the chords of joy, but low
And mournful answer notes of woe;
And the proud march which victors tread,
Sinks in the wailing for the dead.
O well for me, if mine alone
That dirge's deep prophetic tone!
If, as my tuneful fathers said,
This harp, which erst Saint Modan sway'd,1
Can thus its master's fate foretell,
Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

VIII.
"But ah! dear lady, thus it sicken'd
The eye thy sainted mother died on;
And such the sounds which, while I strove
To wake a lay of war or love,
Came marring all the festal mirth,
Appalling me who gave them birth,
And, disobedient to my call,
Wail'd loudly through Bothwell's hanner'd hall.
Ere Douglases, to ruin driven,2
Were exiled from their native heaven.—
Oh! if yet worse mischapp and woe,
My master's house must undergo,
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,
Broad in these accents of despair,
No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling
Their banes or rapture from the strain;
One short, one final strain shall flow,
Fraught with unutterable woe,
Then shiver'd shall thy fragments lie,
Thy master cast him down and die!"1

IX.
Soothing she answer'd him, "Assuage,
Mine honour'd friend, the fears of age;
All melodious thee are known,
That harp has rung, or pipe has blown,
In Lowland vale or Highland glen.
From Tweed to Spey—what marvel, then,
At times, unhurried notes should rise,
Confusedly bound in memory's ties,
Entangling, as they rush along,
The war-march with its funeral song1—
Small ground is now for mourning fear;
Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.
My sire, in native virtues great,
Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
Not then to fortune more resign'd,
Than yonder oak might give the wind;
The graceful foliage storms may reave,
The noble stem they cannot grave.
For me,"—she stoop'd, and, looking round,
Pluck'd a blue hare-bell from the ground,—

"For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea,
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the king's own garden grows;
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair."
Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreath'd in her dark locks, and smiled.

X.
Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,
Wielded the old harper's mood away.
With such a look as hermits throw,
When angels stoop to soothe their woe,
He gazed, till fond regret and pride
Thrill'd to a tear, then thus replied:
"Loveliest and best! Thou little know'st
The rank, the honours, thou hast lost.
O might I live to see thee grace,
In Scotland's court, thy birth-right place,
To see my favourite's step advance,
The lightest in the courtly dance,
The cause of every gallant's sigh,
And leading star of every eye,
And theme of every minstrel's art,
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!"2

XI.
"Fair dreams are these," the maiden cried
(Light was her accent, yet she sigh'd:)
"Yet is this merry rock to me
Worth splendid chair and canopy;
Nor would my footsteps spring more gay
In courtly dance than hittle strathspey,
Nor half so pleased mine ear incline
To royal minstrel's lay as thine.
And then for suitors proud and high,
To bend before my conquering eye,—
Thou, flattering hard I myself will say,
That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
The terror of Loch Lomond's side,
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay
A Lennox foray—for a day."3

XII.
The ancient bard his glee repress'd:
"Hast thou chosen theme for jest?
For who, through all this western wild,
Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled!
In Holy-Roold a knight he slew;4
I saw, when hack the dirk he drew,
Courtiers give place before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide;
And since, though outlaw'd, hath his hand
Full sternly kept his mountain land.
Who else despotic—as I woe the day,
That such hated truth should say—
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Disown'd by every noble peer;5
Even the rude refuge we have here!
Alas, this wild marauding Chief
Alone might hazard our relief,
And now thy maiden charms expand,
Looks for his guardion in thy hand;
Fall soon may dispensation sought,
To back his suit, from Rome be brought."

1 See Appendix, Note N.
2 Ibid, Note O.
3 The well-known cognizance of the Douglas family.
4 See Appendix, Note P.
5 See Appendix, Note Q.
Then, though an exile on the hill,
Thy father, as the Douglases still
Be held in reverence and fear.
And though to Roderick thou'ret so dear,
That thou might'st guide with silken thread,
Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread;
Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain!
Thy hand is on a lion's mane."—

XIII.

"Mistrel," the maid replied, and high
Her father's soul glanced from her eye,
"My debts to Roderick's house I know;
All that a mother could bestow,
To Lady Margaret's care I owe,
Since first an orphan in the wild
She sorrow'd o'er her sister's child;
To her brave chieftain son, from ire
Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire,
A deeper, holier debt is owed:
And, could I pay it with my blood,
Allan! Sir Roderick should command
My blood, my life,—but not my hand.
Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
A votessa in Marmann's cell!—
Rather through realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity.
While never was spoke a Scottish word,
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
An outcast pilgrim will she rove,
Than wed the man she cannot love.

XIV.

"Thou shakest, good friend, thy tresses grey,—
That pleasing look, what can it say
But what I own?—I grant him brave,
But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave;—
And now the winds, sure vindictive reigned,
Or jealous transport, chafe his blood:
I grant him true to friendly band,
As his claymore is to his hand;
But O! that very blade of steel
More mercy for a foe would feel:
I grant him liberal, to fling
Among his clan the wealth they bring.
With lake and glen they wind,
And in the Lowland leave behind,
Where once so pleasant hamlet stood,
A mass of ashes slaked with blood.
The hand that for my father fought,
I honour, as his daughter ought;
But can I clasp it reeking red,
From peasants slaughtered in their shed?—
No! wildly while his virtues gleam,
The waves make his passions dar'er seem,
And flash along his spirit high.
Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.
While yet a child, — and children know,
Indoctrined, the friend and foe,—
I shuddered at his brow of gloom,
His shadowy plaid, and sable plume;
A maiden grown, I'll could bear
His mightily advancing chariot:
But, if the joint's the suitor's claim,
In serious mood, to Roderick's name,
I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er
A Douglas knew the word, with fear.
To change such odious theme were best,—
What think'st thou of our stranger guest?"—

XV.

"What think I of him? — we're the while
That brought such wanderer to our isle
Thy father's battle-brand, of yore.
For Tire-man forged by fairy lore,
What time he leagued, no longer foes,
His Bordier spears with Hotspur's bows
Did, self-unscabbard'd, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe. 5
If courteously spake harvest'd here,
What may we for the Douglases fear?
What for this island, deem'd of old
Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?
If neither spy nor foe, I pray
What yet may jealous Roderick say?
—Nay, wave not thy disdained head,
Bethink thee of the discord sound.
That kindled, when at Beltane game
Thou leis't the dance with Malcolm Grame;—
Still, though thy sire the peace renew'd,
Now our shields at Roderick's breast the feud;
Beware! — But hark, what sounds are these?
My dull ears catch no failing breeze,
No weeping birch, nor aspen wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,
Still is the canna's 6 honey beard,
Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard —
And hark again! some pipe of war
Sends the bold pibroch from afar.

XVI.

Far up the lengthen'd lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide,
That, slow enlarging on the view,
Four mann'd and masted barges grew,
And, bearing downwards from Glenogle,
Steer'd full upon the lonely isle:
The point of Branchy hill they pass'd,
And, to the windward as they cast,
Against the sun they gave to shine
The bold Sir Roderick's hanner'd Pine.
Nearer and nearer as they bear,
Speur, pikes, and axes flash in air.
Now might you see the tartans brave,
And plaids and plumage dance and wave:
Now see the bonnies sink and rise,
As his tough oar the rower plies;
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
The wave ascending into smoke;
See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gaudy streamers flow
From their loud chanters down, and sweep
The furrow'd bosom of the deep,
As, rushing through the lake amain,
They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the pibroch proud,
At first the sound, by distance tame
Mellow'd along the waters calm,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Wail'd every harsh'er note away;
Then bursting holier on the ear,
The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear;
Those thrilling sounds, that call the might
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.

1 See Appendix, Note R
2 "Ellen is most exquisitely drawn, and could not have been improved by contrast. She is beautiful, frank, affectionate, rational, and playful, combining the lovetone
3 See Appendix, Note B.
4 Ibid, Note T.
5 Ibid, Note U.
6 Colten-gramn.
7 The pipes of the bagpipe.
8 See Appendix, Note V.
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear again,
"Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"
Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlanders,
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
O! that the rose-bud that graces von islands,
Were wrenched in a garland around him to twine!
O that same seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
 Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from the deepmost glen,
"Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

XXI.

With all her joyful female band,
Had Lady Margaret sought the strand,
Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,
And high their snowy arms they threw,
As echoing hack with shrill acclaim,
And chorus wild, the Chief-tain's name;
While, prompt to please, with mother's art,
The darling passion of his heart,
The Dame call'd Ellen to the strand,
To greet her kinsman ere he land:
"Come, loderter, come! a Douglas thou,
And slum to wrestle a victor's brow?"
Reluctant and slow, in the mid
The unwelcome summonsing obey'd,
And, when a distant bugle rung,
In the mid-path aside she sprang:
"List, Allan-Bane! From mainland cast,
I hear my father's signal blast.
Be ours," she cried, "the skiff to guide,
And wait him from the mountain side."
Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
She darted to her shallip light,
And, eagerly while Roderick scann'd,
For her dear form, his mother's band,
The islet far behind her lay,
And she had landed in the bay.

XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven:
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dress refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a dutiful daughter's head.
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely press'd,
Such holy drops her tresses steep'd,
Though 'twas an hero's eye that weep'd.
Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
Her filial welcomees crowded hung,
Mark'd she, that fear (affection's proof)
Still held a graceful youth aloof.
No not till Douglas named his name,
Although the youth was Malcolm Graeme.

XXIII.

Allan, with wistful look the while,
Mark'd Roderick landing on the isle;
His master piteously he eyed,
Then gazed upon the Chief-tain's pride.

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1 See Appendix, Note W.
2 See Appendix, Note X.
Then dash'd, with hasty hand, away 
From his dimm'd eye the gathering spray; 
And Douglas, as his hand he laid 
On Malcolm's tabler, kindly said, 
"Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy 
In my poor follower's glistening eye? 
I'll tell thee: — he recalls the day, 
When in my praise he led the lay 
O'er the arch'd gate of Bothwell proud, 
While many a minstrel answer'd loud, 
When Percy's Norman pennon, won 
In bloody field, before the shadowed land, 
And twice ten knights, the least a name 
As mighty as you Chief may claim, 
Gracing my pomp, behind me came. 
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud 
Was I of all that marshall'd crowd, 
Though the wan'd crested own'd my might, 
And in my train troop'd lord and knight, 
Though Blantyre hymn'd her honest lays, 
And Bothwell's bars flung back my praise, 
And mac's sold war, 
And this poor maid's affection dear, 
A welcome give more kind and true, 
Than aught my better fortunes knew. 
Forgive, my friend, a father's boast, 
O'it out-beggars all I lost!"

XXIV.
Delightful praise! — Like summer rose, 
That brighter in the dew-drop glows, 
The bashful maiden's cheek appeareth, 
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard. 
The flush of shame-faced joy to hide. 
The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide; 
The loved caresses of the maid 
The dogs with crouch and whimpler paid; 
And, at her whistle, on her hand 
The falcon took her favourite stand, 
Closed his dark wing, relax'd his eye, 
Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly. 
And grace that doth, though wing'd she stood, 
Like fabled Goddess of the wood, 
That if a father's partial thought 
O'erweigh'd her worth and beauty aught, 
Well might the lover's judgment fail 
To balance with a juster scale; 
For with each secret glance he stole, 
The fond enthusiasm sent his soul.

XXV.
Of stature tall, and slender frame, 
But firmly knit, was Malcolm Graeme, 
The belted plaid and tartan hose 
Did ne'er more gracefulness disclose; 
His flaxen hair of sunny hue, 
Curl'd closely round his bonnet blue. 
Train'd to the chase, his eagle eye 
The piarmian in snow could spy: 
Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath, 
He knew, through Lennox and Menteith; 
Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe, 
When Malcolm bent his sounding bow, 
And scarce that doth, though wing'd he fear, 
Outstripp'd in speed the mountaineer: 
Right up Ben-Lomond could he press, 
And not a sob his toil confess. 
His form accorded with a mind 
Lively and ardent, frank and kind; 
A blither heart, till Ellen came, 
Did never love nor sorrow tame; 
It danced as lightsome in his breast, 
As play'd the feather on his crest.

Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth, 
His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth, 
And bands, who saw his features bold, 
When kindled by the tales of old, 
Said, were that youth to manhood grown, 
Not long should Rodrick Dhu's renown 
Be foremost voiced by mountain fame, 
But qual to that of Malcolm Graeme.

XXVI.
Now back they wend their watery way, 
And, "O my sire!" did Ellen say, 
"Why urge thy chase so far astray? 
And why so late return'd? And why?" 
The rest was in her speaking eye. 
"My child, the chase I follow far, 
'Tis ministry of noble war; 
And with that gallant pastime reft 
Were all of Douglas I have left. 
I met young Malcolm as I strayed, 
Far eastward, in Glenlinlas' shade, 
Nor stray'd I safe; for, all around, 
Hunters and horsemen scourd the ground. 
This youth, though still a royal ward, 
Risk'd life and land to be my guard, 
And through the passes of the wood 
Guided my steps, not unpursued; 
And Rodrick shall his welcome make, 
Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake. 
Then most he seek Strath-Endrick glen, 
Nor peril sought for me again."

XXVII.
Sir Rodrick, who to them the came, 
Redden'd at sight of Malcolm Graeme, 
Yet, not in action, word or eye, 
Fai'd aught in hospitality. 
In talk and sport they whiled away 
The morning of that summer day; 
But at high noon a courier light 
Held secret parley with the knight, 
Whose moody aspect soon declared, 
That evil were the news he heard. 
Deep thoughts seem'd to tortil his head; 
Yet was the evening banquet made, 
Ere he assembled round the flame, 
His mother, Douglas, and the Graeme, 
And Ellen, too; then cast around 
His eyes, then fix'd them on the ground, 
As studying phrase that might avail 
Best to convey unpleasant tale. 
Long with his dagger's hilt he play'd, 
Then raised his haughty brow, and said: —

XXVIII. 
"Short be my speech; — nor time affords, 
Nor my plain temper, glozing words 
Kinsman and father,— if such name 
Douglas vouchsafe to Rodrick's claim; 
Mine honour'd mother,— Ellen — why, 
My cousin, turn away thine eye? — 
And Graeme; in whom I hope to know 
Full soon a noble friend or foe, 
When age shall give thee thy command, 
And leading in thy native land,— 
Last all!—The King's vindictive pride 
Boasts to have tamed the Border-side, 
1 Where chiefs, with bound and hawk who came 
To share their monarch's solatious game, 
Themselves in bloody toils were snared; 
And when the banquet they prepared, 
And wide their loyal portals flung, 
O'er their own gateway struggling hung."

1 See Appendix, Note Y.
Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead,
From Yarrow braes, and banks of Tweed,
Where the lone streams of Ettick glide,
And from the silver Teviot's side;
The dales, where martial clans did ride,
Are now one shee-pwalk, waste and wide.
This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
So faithless and so ruthless known,
Now hither comes; his end the same,
The same pretext of silvan game.
What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye.
By fate of Border chivalry.
Yet more: amid Glenfinlas green,
Douglas, thy stately form was seen.
This by espial sure I know;
Your counsel in the strength I show.”

XXIX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully
Sought comfort in each other's eye,
Then turn'd their ghastly look, each one,
This to her sire — that to her son.
The hasty colour went and came
In the bold cheek of Malcolm Grame;
But from his glance it well appear'd,
"Twas but for Ellen that he fear'd;
What force, what power, but woman's?
The Douglas thus his counsel said:
"Brave Roderick, though the tempest roars,
It may but thunder and pass o'er;
Nor will I here remain an hour,
To draw the lightning on thy bower;
For well thou know'st, at this grey head
The royal bane were fiercest sped.
For thee, who, at thy King's command,
Commanded him with a great and band,
Submission, homage, humbled pride,
Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.
Poor remnant's of the Bleeding Heart,
Ellen and I will seek apart,
The refuge of some forest cell,
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
Till on the mountain and the moor,
The stern pursuit be pass'd and o'er.”

XXX.

"No, by mine honour," Roderick said,
"So help me, heaven, and my good blade!"
No, never! Blasted be ye, Fine,
My fathers' ancient crest and mine,
If from its shade in danger part
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart!
Hear my blunt speech: Grant me this maid
To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;
To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
Will friends and allies flock now;
Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,
Will bind to us each Western Chief.
When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
The Lanks of Forth shall hear the knell,
The guards shall a sail in Stirling's porch;
And, when I light the nuptial torch,
A thousand villages in flames.
Shall scare the slumberers of King James I
— Nay, Ellen, bleach not thus away,
And, mother, cease these signs, I pray;
I meant not all my heart might say.—
Small need of armed, or of flight,
When the ware Doublas may unite,
Each mountain clan in friendly band,
To guard the passes of their land,
Till the faitl'd king, from pathless glen,
Shall bootless turn him home agen.”

XXXI.

There are who have, at midnight hour,
In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,
And, on the verge that beetled o'er,
The ocean-tide's incessant roar.
Dream'd deep, deep out their dangerous dream,
Till waken'd by the morning beam;
When, dazzled by the eastern glow,
Such stalwart cast his glance below,
And saw unmeasured depth around,
And heard unuttered sound,
And thought the battling fence so frail,
It waved like cokeweb in the gale;—
Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
Did he not desperate impulse feel,
Headlong to plunge himself below,
And meet the worst his fears foresaw? —
Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound'd,
As sudden rum yawn'd around,
By crossing terrors wildly toss'd,
Still for the Douglas fearing most,
Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,
To buy his safety with her hand.

XXXII.

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,
And eager rose to speak—but ere
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
Had Douglas mark'd the hectic strife,
Where death seem'd combating with life;
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,
One instant rush'd the throbbing blood,
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,
Left its domain as wanton play.
"Roderick! enough! enough!" he cried,
"My daughter cannot be thy bride;
Not that the blush to wooer dear,
Nor paleness that of maiden fear.
It may not be—for her, Chief,
Nor hazard sought for our relief.
Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er
Will level a rebellious spear.
"Twas I that taught thy youthful hand
To rein a steed and wield a brand;
I see him yet, the princely boy!
Not Ellen more my pride and joy;
I love him still, despite my wroges,
By hasty wrath, and slanderous tongues.
O seek the grace you well may find,
Without a cause to mine combined.”

XXXIII.

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode;
The waving of his tartans broad.
And darken'd brow, where wounded pride
With ire and disappointment vied.
Seem'd, by the torch's gloomy light,
Like the ill Demon of the night,
Stooping his pinion's shadowy way.
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:
But, unrequited Love! thy dart
Plagued almost out his envious heart,
And Roderick, with thee unguish stung.
At length the hand of Douglas wrung,
While eyes, that mock'd at tears before,
With bitter drops were running o'er.
The death pangs of long-cherished hope
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,
But, struggling with his spirit proud,
Convulsive heaved its chequ'rl'd shroud,
While every sob — so mute were all—
Was heard distinctly through the hall.
The son's despair, the mother's look, 
Ill might the gentle Ellen brook; 
She rose, and to her side there came, 
To aid her parting steps, the Grame.

XXXIV.

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke—
As flashes flame through sable smoke,
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,
The brief touch of road-blaze of sword, 
So the deep anguish of despair
Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.
With stalwart grasp his hand he laid
On Malcolm's breast and belt belted plain:
"Back, beardless boy!" he sternly said,
"Back, minion! ' Giámst thou at naught
The lesson I so lately taught?
This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,
Thank thou for punishment delay'd."

Eager as greyhound on his game,
Fiercely with Roderick grappled Grame.
"Perish my name, if aught affend
Its Chieftain safety save his sword!
Thus as they strove, their desperate hand
Gripped to the dagger or the brand,
And death had been—had Douglas rose,
As trust be trod by the struggling foes
His giant strength:—"Chieftains, forget!
I hold the first who strikes, my foe."

Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!
What! is the Douglas fallen so far,
His daughter's hand is doomed the spoil
Of such dishonourable broil?"
Sullen and slowly they unclasp,
As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,
And each upon his rival glared.
With foot advanced, and blade half bared.

XXXV.

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,
Margarson on Roderick's mantle hung,
And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,
As, falter'd through terrific dread.
Then Roderick plucked in hand his sword,
And veil'd his wrath in onlook'rm word.
"Rest safe till morning: pity 'twere
Such cheek should feel the midnight air!"
Then mayest thou to James Stuart tell,
Roderick will keep the lake and fell,
Nor lackey, with his freeborn clan,
The pageant pomp of earthly man.
More would he of Clan-Alpine know,
Thou canst our strength and prowess show—
Maise, what ho!"—his henchman came;—
"Give our safe-conduct to the Grame;"
Young Malcolm answer'd, calm and bold,
"Fear nothing for thy favourite hold;
The spot, an angel deign'd to grace,
Is bless'd, though robbers haunt the place.
Thy clarion courtesy for those
Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.
As safe I bow me the mountain way
At midnight as in blaze of day.
Though with his boldest at his back
Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.—

Brave Douglas.—lovely Ellen,—nay,
Nought here of parting will I say.
Earth does not hold a lonesome glein,
So secret, but we meet agen.—

1 The Author has to apologize for the inadvertent appropriation of a whole line from the tragedy of Douglas.
"I hold the first who strikes, my foe."—

XXXVI.

Old Allan follow'd to the strand,
(Such was the Douglas's command,) And anxious told, how, on the morn,
The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn.
The Fiery Cross should circle o'er
Dale, glen, and valley, down, and moor.
Much were the peril to the Grame,
From those who to the signal came;
Far up the lake 'twere safest land,
Himself would row him to the strand.
He gave his counsel to the wind.
While Malcolm did, unheeding, bend,
Round dirk and pouch and broadsword roll'd,
His ample plead in tighten'd fold,
And strap'd his limbs to such array,
As best might suit the watery way."

XXXVII.

Then spoke abrupt: "Farewell to thee,
Pattern of old fidelity!"
The Minstrel's hand he kindly press'd,
"O! could I point a place of rest!
My sovereign holds in ward my land,
My uncle lends my vassal band:
To tame his foes, his friends to aid.
Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.
Yet, if there be one faithful Grame,
Who loves the Chieftain of his name,
Not long shall honour'd Douglas dwell
Like hunted stag in mountain cell;
Nor, ere ye guide-swell'n a robber dare,—
I may not give the rest to air.
Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought,
Not the poor service of a boat,
To waft me to your mountain-side."
Then plunged he in the flashing tide.
Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,
And stoutly steer'd him from the shore;
And Allan strain'd his anxious eye,
Far 'mid the lake his form to spy.
Darkest across each murky wave,
To which the moon her silver gave,
Fast as the cormorant could skim,
The swimmer plied each active limb;
Then landing in the moonlight dell,
Lou'd shouted of his weal to tell.
The Minstrel heard the far hallloo,
And joyful from the shore withdrew.

The Lady of the Lake.

CANTO THIRD.

THE GATHERING.

I.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee;
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store.
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blot't from the things that be!
THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

How few, all weak and wither'd of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who can remember well,
How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew:
And first the faithful clan around him drew,
What time the warning note was keenly wound.
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
While clamorous war-pipes yell'd the gathering sound,
And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round,

II.
The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western bronze
Just kissed the lake, just stirr'd the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dumpled not for joy;
The mountain-shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice rear'd of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn
Begann'd with dew-drops, led her fawn;
The grey mist left the mountain side,
The torrent show'd its glistening pride;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cou'd the cushion dove
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

III.
No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
Assured the storm in Roderick's breast.
With breathed broadsword in his hand,
A布鲁 played the islet strand,
And eyed the rising sun, and laid
His hand on his impatient blade.
Beneath a rock, his vassals' care
Was prompt the ritual to prepare,
With deep and deathful meaning fraught;
For such Antiquity had taught.
Was preface meet, ere yet abroad
The Cross of Fire should take its road.
The shrinking hand stood o'er aghast
At the impatient glance he cast:
Such glance the mountain eagle threw,
As, from the cliffs of Beuvenne,
She spread her dark sails on the wind,
And, high in middle heaven, reclin'd,
With her broad shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

IV.
A heap of wither'd bouquets was piled,
Of juniper and rowan wild,
Mingled with shivers from the oak,
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.

Brian, the Hermit, by it stood,
Barefooted, in his frock and hood,
His grised beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, seem'd o'er,
The scars of frantic penance bore.
That monk, of savage form and face,
The impending danger of his race
Had drawn from deepest solitude,
Far in Benharrow's bosom locked.
Not his the mien of Christ's purest,
But Druid's, from the grave released,
Whose harden'd heart and eye might brook
On human sacrifice to look:
And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore
Mix'd in the charms he mutter'd o'er.
The hallow'd creed gave only worse
And deadlier emphasis of curse;
No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,
His cave the pilgrim shunn'd with care,
The eager huntsman knew his bound,
And in mid chase call'd o' the hound;
Or if, in lonely glen or strath,
The desert-dweller met his path,
He pray'd, and sign'd the cross between
While terror took devotion's mien.

V.
Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.
His mother watch'd a midnight fold.
Built deep within a dreary glen,
Where scatter'd lay the bones of men,
In some forgotten battle slain,
And bleach'd by drifting wind and rain.
It might have taun't a warrior's heart,
To view such mockery of his art!
The knot-grass fetter'd there the hand,
Which once could burst an iron band;
Beneath the broad and ample bone.
That buckler'd heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The field-fare framed her lonely nest;
The slow blind-worm left his slime
On the fleet limbs that mock'd at time;
And there, too, lay the leader's skull,
Still wither'd with chaplet, flus'd and full,
For heath-knell with her purple bloom,
Suppled the bonnet and the plume.
All night, in this sad glen, the maid
Sate, shrouded in her mantle's shade;
—She said, no shepherd sought her side,
No hunter's hand her snood untied,
Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
The virgn snood did Alice wear;
Gone was her maiden glee and sport,
Her maiden girdle all too short.
Nor sought she, from that fatal night,
Or holy church or blessed rite,
But lock'd her secret in her breast,
And died in travail, unconfess'd.

VI.
Alone, among his young compeereas,
Was Brian from his infant years,
A moody and heart-broken boy.
Strang'er from sympathy and joy,
Bearing each taunt which careless tongue
On his mysterious lineare flung.
Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,
To wood and stream his hap to wait,
Till, frantic, he as truth received
What of his birth the crowd believed,

1 See Appendix, Note 2 C. 2 Ibid, Note 2 D. 3 See Appendix, Note 2 E. 4 Ibid, Note 2 F.
And sought, in mist and meteor fire,  
To meet and know his Phantom Sire!  

In vain, to soothe his wayward fate,  
The cloister o'er her pitying grave;  
In vain, the learning of the age  
Unclasp'd the sable-letter'd page;  
Even in its treasures he could find  
Food for the fever of his mind.  
Eager he read whatever tells  
Of magic, cabala, and spells,  
And every dark pursuit allied  
To curious and presumption pride;  
'Till, with fire'd brain and nerves o'erstrung,  
And heart with mystic horrors wrung,  
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,  
And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII.

The desert gave him visions wild,  
Such might the spectre's child.  
Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,  
He watch'd the wheeling eddies boil,  
Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes  
Beheld the River Demon rise;  
The mountain mist took form and limb,  
Of noonside hag, or goblin grim;  
The midnight wind came wild and dread,  
Swell'd with the voices of the dead;  
Far on the future battle-heath  
His eye beheld the ranks of death;  
Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurl'd,  
Shaped forth a disembodied world.  
One lingering sympathy of mind  
Still bound him to the mortal kind;  
The only parent he could claim  
Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.  
Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,  
The fatal Ben-Shie's burning scream;  
Seams, too, had come in midnight blast,  
Of charging steeds, careering fast  
Along Benharrow's shingly side,  
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride;  
The thunderbolt had split the pine,—  
Ali augur'd ill to Alpine's line.  
He girt his loins, and came to show  
The signals of impending woe,  
And now stood prompt to bless or ban,  
As bade the Cheiflain of his clan.

VIII.

'Twas all prepared,—and from the rock,  
A goat, the patriarch of the flock,  
Before the kindling pile was laid  
And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.  
Patient the sickening victim eyed  
The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,  
Down his clogg'd beard and shaggy limb,  
Till darkness glazed his eyelids dim.  
The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,  
A slender crosslet-form'd with care,  
A cubit's length in measure due;  
The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,  
Whose parents in Luch-Caillach wave  
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,  
And answearing Lounnd's breezes deep,  
Soothed many a Cheiflain's endless sleep.  
The Cross, thus form'd, he held on high,  
With wasted hand, and haggard eye,  
And strange and mangled feelings woke,  
While his anatomy he spoke.

IX.

"Woe to the clansman, who shall view  
This symbol of sepulchral yew,  
Forceful that its branches grew  
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew  
On Alpine's dwelling low!  
Deserter of his Cheiflain's trust,  
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,  
But, from his sire's and kindred thrust,  
Each clansman's execration just.  
Shall doom him wrath and woe."  
He paused;—the word the vassals took,  
With forward step and fiery look,  
On high their naked brands they shook,  
Their clattering targets wildly strook;  
And first in murmur low,  
Then, like the hillow in his course,  
That far to seaward finds its source,  
And flings to shore his muster'd force,  
Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,  
"Woe to the traitor, woe!"  
Ben-an's grey scalp the accents knew,  
The joyous wolf from covert drew,  
The exulting eagle scream'd afar,—  
They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

X.

The shout was hush'd on lake and fell,  
The monk resumed his mutter'd spell;  
Dismal and low its accents came,  
The while he scathed the Cross with flame;  
And the few words that reached the air,  
Although the holiest name was there,  
Had more of blasphemy than prayer.  
But when he shook above the crowd  
Its kindled points, he spoke aloud:—  
"Woe to the wretch who fails to rear  
At this dread sign the ready spear!  
For, as the flames this symbol sear,  
Her home, the refuge of his fear,  
A kindred fate shall know;  
Far o'er its roof the volumed flame  
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,  
While maids and matrons on his name  
Shall call dawn wretchedness and shame,  
And infamy and woe."  
Then rose the cry of females, shrill  
As gross-hawk's whistle on the hill,  
Denouncing misery and ill,  
Mingled with childhood's babbling trill  
Of curses stammer'd slow;  
Answering, with imprecation dread,  
"Sunk be his home in embers red!  
And cursed be the meanest shed  
That e'er shall hide the houseless head,  
We doom to want and woe!"  
A sharp and shrill echo gave,  
Cor-Unskin, thy goblin cave!  
And the grey pass where birches wave,  
On Beala-nam-bo.

XI.

Then deeper paused the priest anew,  
And hard his labouring breath he drew,  
While, with set teeth and clenched hand,  
And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,  
He meditated curse more dread,  
And deadlier, on the clansman's head,  
Who, summon'd to his Cheiflain's aid,  
The signal saw and disobey'd.
The crosslet's points of sparkling wood,
The lass who quenched among the bubbling blood,
And, as again the sign he remind'd,
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:
"When fits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine's summons to his chin,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed!
Palsied the foot that shudders to speed!
May ravens tear the careless eyes,
Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
As sinks that blood stream in the earth.
So may his heart's-blood drench his heart!
As dies in hissing gore the spark.
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark,
And be the grace to him denied,
Bought by this sign to all beside!"
He ceased; no echo gave again
The murmur of the deep Anea.

XII.
Then Roderick, with impatient look,
From Brian's hand the symbol took:
"Speed, Malaise, speed!" he said, and gave
The crosslet to his huntsman brave.
"The muster-place be Larwick mead—
Instant the time—speed, Malaise, speed!"
Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
A buzzar across Loch Katrine flew;
High stood the henchman on the prow;
So rapidly the harse-men row.
The bubbles, where they launch'd the boat,
Were all unbroken and aloft,
Dancing in foam and ripple still,
When it had neared the mainhead hill;
And from the silver beach's side,
Still was the prow three fathom wide,
When lightly bounded to the land
The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII.
Speed, Malaise, speed! the dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied.
Speed, Malaise, speed! such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never braced.
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
Burst down like torrent from its crest;
With short and springing footstep pass
The trembling box and false morass.
Across the brook like roebuck bound,
And thread the brake like questing hound;
The crag is high, the sear is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap:
Parch'd are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now;
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying race,
With rivals in the mountain race;
But danger, death, and warrior deed,
Are in thy course—speed, Malaise, speed!

XIV.
Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They pour'd each hardy tenant down.
Nor slack'd the messenger his pace;
He show'd the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left glamour and surprise behind.

The fisherman forsok the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With changed cheer, the mower bit him long;
Left in the half-cut swath the scythe;
The herds without a keeper stray'd,
The plough was in mid-furrow staid,
The falcon toss'd his hawk away,
The hunter left the stag at bay;
Prompt at the signal of a horn
Each son of Alpine rush'd to arms;
So swept the tumult and affray
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
The rocks, thehosky thickets, sleep
So stilly on thy bosom deep,
The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud,
Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

XV.
Speed, Malaise, speed! the lake is past,
Duncairn's nuts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
Half hidden in the copse so green;
There mayest thou rest, thy labour done,
Their Lord shall speed the signal on—
As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
The henchman shot him down the way,
—What woful accounts load the gale!
The funeral veil, the female veil!
A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
A valiant warrior fights no more.
Who, in the battle or the chase,
At Roderick's side shall fill his place?
—Within the hall, where torches' ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
His stripping son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
The village maids and matrons round
The dismal coronach resound.

XVI.
CORONACH.
He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!
The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are rarest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.
Fleet foot on the corri; 3
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

1 See Appendix, Note 2 L.
2 See Appendix, Note 2 M.
3 Or corri. The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.
XVII.

See Stumh, who, the bier beside,
His master's corpse with wonder eyed,
Poor Stumh! whom his least hallow
Could send like lightning o'er the dew,
Bristles his crest, and points his ears,
As if some stranger step he hears,
Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead;
But headlong haste, or deadly fear,
Urge the precipitate career.

All stand aghast—unheeding all,
The henchman bursts into the hall;
Before the dead man's bier he stood;
Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood;
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!"

XVIII.

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,
Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.
In haste the stripping to his side
His father's dirk and broadsword tied;
But when he saw his mother's eye
Watch him in speechless agony.
Back to her ope'd arms he flew,
Press'd on her lips a fond adieu—
"Alas!" she sobb'd,—"and yet, be gone,
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!"

One look he cast upon the bier,
Dash'd from his eye the gathering tear,
Breathed deep to clear his labouring breast,
And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest.
Then, like the high-bred colt, when freed,
First he essays his fire and speed.
He vanish'd, and o'er moor and moss
Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.

Suspended was the widow's tear,
While yet his footsteps she could hear;
And when she mark'd the henchman's eye
Wet with unwonted sympathy,
"Kinsman," she said, "his race is run,
That should have sped thine errand on;"
The oak has fall'n,—the sapling bough
Is all Duncan's shadow now.
Yet trust I well, his duty done,
The orphan's God will guard my son,—
And you, in many a danger true.
At Duncan's brest your blades that drew,
To arms, and guard that orphan's head!
Let babes and women wait the dead."

Then weapon-clang, and martial call,
Resounded through the funeral hall.
While from the walls the attendant hand
Snatch'd sword and targe, with hurried hand;
And short and flitting energy
Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
As if the sounds to warrior dear,
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.
But faded soon that borrow'd force;
Grief claim'd his right, and tears their course.

XIX.

Benelid saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.
O'er hail and hill the summons flew,
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;
The tear that gather'd in his eye
He left the mountain breeze to dry;
Until, where Teith's young waters roll,
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll.

XX.

A blithesome rout that morning tide,
Had sought the chapel of St. Bride.
Her troth Tombes's Mary gave
To Norman, heir of Armandave.
And, issuing from the Gothic arch
The bridal now resumed their march.
In rude, but glad procession, came
Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame;
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
Which snooded maiden would not hear;
And children, that, unawiting why,
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry;
And minstrels, that in measures vied
Before the young and bonny bride.
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
The tear and blush of morning rose.
With virgin step, and bashful hand,
She held the kermisch's snowy band;
The gallant bridegroom by her side,
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI.

Who meets them at the churchyard gate?
The messenger of fear and fate!
Haste in his hurried accent lies.
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soil'd he stood,
The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word:
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!"
And must he change so soon the hand,
Just link'd to his by holy hand.
For the fell Cross of blood and brand
And must the day, so blithe that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its settling hour, over
The bridegroom from the plighted bride?
O fatal doom!—it must! it must!
Clan-Alpme's cause, her Chieftain's trust,
Her summons dread, brook no delay;
Stretcher to the race—away! away!

XXII.

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside.
And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,
Until he saw the starting tear
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer;
Then, trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook.

1 Faithful. The name of a dog.
2 See Appendix, Note 2 N.
Nor backward glanced, till on the heath
Where Lomond's lake supplies the Teith.  
—What is the racer's bow sinist'rd?
The sickening pang of hope deferred,
And memory, with a torturing train
Of all his morning visions vain.
Mingled with love's impatience, came
The炎热 thirst for martial fame;
The story that of mountain men
Ere yet they rush upon the spears:
And zeal for Clann and Chieftain burning,
And hope, from well-fought field returning,
With war's red honours on his crest,
To clasp his Mary to his breast.
Sung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,
Like fire from flint he glanced away,
While high resolve, and feeling strong,
Burst into voluntary song.

XXIII.
SONG.
The heath this night must be my bed,
The breaken' curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!
I more, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow;
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know:
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.
A time will come with feeling fraught,
Far, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary,
And if return'd from conquer'd foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linden song repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary!

XXIV.
Not faster o'er thy heathen braes,
Balquidder, speedes the midnight blaze;
Rushing, in conflagration strong,
Thy deep ravines and dells along,
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
And reddening the dark lakes below;
Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.
The signal roused to martial coil
The sullen margin of Loch Voil,
Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source
Alarm'd, Balvaig, thy swampy course;
Thence southward turn'd its rapid road
Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
Till rose in arms each man might claim
A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,
From the grey side, where trembling hand
Could hardly huckle on his brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow.
Each valley, each sequester'd glen,
Muster'd its little horde of men,
That met as torrents from the height
In Highland dales their streams unite,
Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tune more strong,
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds prompt for blows and blood;
Each train'd to arms since life began,
Owning not tie but to his clan;
No oath, but by his chief's hand,
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.  

XXV.
That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
Survey'd the skirts of Benvenue,
And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,
To view the frontiers of Menteith.
All backward came with news of truce;
Still lay each martial Grene and Bruce,
In Rednoch courts no horsemen wait,
No banner waved on Cardross gate,
On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,
Nor scared the herons from Loch Con;
All seemed at peace.—Now, not ye whose
The Chieftain, with such anxions eye,
Ere to the mister he repair,
This western frontier scann'd with care—
In Benvenue's most darksome clift,
A fair, though cruel, pledge was left;
For Douglas, to his promises alone
That morning from the isle withdrew,
And in a deep sequester'd dell
Had sought a low and lonely cell.
By many a hard, in Celtic tongue,
Has Corr-nan-Uriskin heen sung;
A softer name the Saxons gave,
And call'd the grot the Goblin-cave.

XXVI.
It was a wild and strange retreat,
As o'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
Yawn'd like a gash on warrior's breast;
Its trench had stand full many a man,
Hurtl'd by primeval earthquake shock
From Benvenue's grey summit wild,
And here, in random ruin piled,
They frown'd incipient o'er the spot,
And form'd the rugged silvan grot.
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
At noonshade there a twilight made,
Unless when short and sudden shine
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a gimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity,
No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tunking of a fountain rill;
But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow vugh, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock,
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seem'd nodding o'er the cavern grey.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wild-cat leaves her young;
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
Sought for a space their safety there.
Grey Superstition's whisper dread
Debar'd the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs hold their silvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rush beholder's gaze.

1 Bracken.—Pera.
2 See Appendix, Note 2 O.
3 See Appendix, Note 2 P.
4 Ibid, Note 2 Q.
5 The Urish, or Highland saytr. See Note on the previous Canto.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

XXVII.

Now eve, with western shadows long,
Floated on Katrine light and strong,
When Roderick, with a chosen few,
Repeal'd the helms of Benvenue.
Above the Goblin-cave they go,
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo: ¹
The prompt retainers speed before,
To launch the shalloop from the shore,
For, cross Loch Katrine lies his way
To view the passes of Acharny,
And place his clansmen in array.
Yet lags the chief in musing mind,
Unwonted sight, his men behind.
A single page, to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his lord; ²
The rest their way through thickets break,
And soon await him by the lake.
It was a fair and gallant sight,
To view them from the neighbouring height,
By the low-level'd sunbeams light!
For strength and spirit from him the clan
Each warrior was a chosen man,
As even afar might well be seen,
By their proud step and martial mien.
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
Their targets gleam, as by the boat.
A wild and warlike group they stand,
That well became such mountain-strand.

XXVIII.

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still
Was lingering on the craggy hill,
Hard by where turn'd apart the road
To Douglas's obscure abode.
It was but with that dawning morn,
That Roderick Din had proudly sworn
To drown his love in war's wild roar,
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more:
But he who steams a stream with sand,
And flutters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove —
By firm resolve to conquer love!
Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,
Still hovering near his treasure lost;
For though his haughty heart deny
A parting meeting to his eye,
Still fondly strains his anxious ear,
The accents of her voice to hear,
And only did he curse the breeze
That waked to sound the rustling trees,
But bark! what mingles in the strain!
It is the hurl of Allan-Bane.
That wakes its measure slow and high,
Attuned to sacred minstrelsy,
What melting voice attends the strings?
'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

XXIX.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

Ave Maria! maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear through all the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banish'd, outcast, and reviled —
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, list a supplicant child!

Ave Maria! ¹

The flinty couch we now must share

1 See Appendix, Note 2 E. ² Ibid, Note 2 S.
THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

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The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
Of wilding rose, whom fancy thus endeavours,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!

Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandeau,
What time the sun arose on Vennechar's broad wave.

II.

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,
Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.
All while he stripp'd the wild-rose spray,
His axe and bow beside him lay,
For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood,
A wakeful sentinel he stood.

Hark! on the rock a footstep rung,
And instant to his arms he sprung.
"Still, or thou diest — What, Malise? —
seen
Art thou turn'd from Bras of Doune.
By thy keen step and glance I know,
Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe."

(For while the Fiery Cross hied on,
On distant scout had Malise gone.)

"Where sleeps the Chief?" "The henchman said,—
"Apart, in yonder misty glade;
To his lone couch I'll be your guide."—

Then call'd a slumberer by his side,
And stirr'd him with his slacken'd bow—
"Up, up, Glentariken! rouse thee, hol;
We seek the Chieftain; on the track,
Keep eagle watch till I come back."

III.

Together up the pass they sped:
"What of the women?" Norman said,—
"Varying reports from near and far;
This certain, — that a band of war
Has for two days been ready houne,
At prompt command, to march from Doune;
King James, the while, with princely powers,
Holds revelry in Stirling towers.
Soon will this dark and gathering cloud
Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
In haste to hide such abode
The warrior's plaid may bear it out;
But, Norman, how wilt thou provide
A shelter for thy bonny bride?"—

"What! know ye not that Roderick's care
To the lone isle hath caused repair
Each maid and matron of the clan,
And every child and aged man
Unfit for arms; and given his charge,
Nor skiff nor shallop, that not barge,
Upon these lakes shall float at large,
But all beside the islet murr.
That such dear pledge may rest secure?"—

IV.

"Tis well advised — the Chieftain's plan
Bespeaks the father of his clan.
But therefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu
Apart from all his followers true? —

"It is, because last evening-tide
Brian an augury hath tried,
Of that dread kind which must not be
Unless in dread extremity,
The Tashuiru call'd; by which, afar,
Our sires foresaw the events of war.1
Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew.

MALISE.

"Ah! well the gallant brute I knew!
The choiceest of the prey we had,
When swept our merry-men Gallangad.2
His hue, his horn, his horns were dark;
His red eye glow'd like fiery spark;
So fierce, so timeless, and so fleet,
Sore did he cumber our retreat,
And kept our stoutest kerns in awe,
Even at the pass of Beal 'na hra.3
But steep and fity was the road,
And sharp the hurrying pikemen's goad,
And when we came to Denan's Row,
A child might scathless stroke his brow."—

V.

NORMAN.

"That bull was slain: his reeking hide
They stretch'd the cataract beside,
Whose waters their wild tumult toss
Adown the black and craggy boss
Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge
Tradition calls the Herds' Targe.3
Couch'd on a shelf beneath its brink,
Close where the thundering torrents sink,
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
Midst green of rock, and roar of stream.
The wizard waits prophetic dream.
Nor distant rests the Chief; — but hush! See,
Gliding slow through mist and bush,
The hermit gains your rock, and stands
To gaze upon our slumbering bands.
Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,
That hovers o'er a slaughter'd host?4
Or raven on the blasted oak,
That, watching while the deer is broke,5
His morsel claims with sullen crook!"

MALISE.

"— Peace! peace! to other than to me,
Thy words were evil augury;
But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
Cian-Alpine's omen and her aid,
Not aught that, glean'd from heaven or hell,
Yon fiend-begotten monk can tell.
The Chieftain joins him, see — and now,
Together they descend the brow."—

VI.

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord
The Hermit Monk held solemn word:—

"Roderick! it is a fearful strife,
For man endow'd with mortal life,
Whose shroud of sentient clay can still
Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,
Whose eye can stare in stony trance,
Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance,—
'Tis hard for such to view, unfurl'd,
The curtain of the future world.
Yet, witness every quaking limb,
My sunken pulse, my eyeballs dim,
My soul with barrowing anguish torn,—
This for my Chieftain have I borne! —
The shapes that sought my fearful couch,
An human tongue may never avouch;
No mortal man; — save he, who, bred
Between the living and the dead,
Is gifted beyond nature's law,—
Had e'er survived to say he saw.
At length the fatal answer came,
In characters of living flame!

1 See Appendix, Note 2 T.  2 Ibid, Note 2 U.
3 See Appendix, Note 2 V.  4 Ibid, Note 2 W.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
But borne and branded on my soul;
Which spills the foremost seaman's life,
That party conquerors in the strife."—

VII.
"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!
Good is thine augury, and fair.
Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood,
But first our broadswords tasted blood.
A surer victim still I know,
Self-offer'd to the auspicious blow:
A spy has sought my land this morn,—
No eye shall witness his return!
My followers guard each pass's mouth,
To east, to westward, and to south;
Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,
Has charge to keep his steps aside,
Till, in deep path or dingle brown,
He light on those shall bring him down.
—But see, who comes his news to show!
Malise! what tidings of the foe?"

VIII.
"At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive
Two Barons proud their banners wave.
I saw the Moray's silver star,
And mark'd the sable pales of Mar.
"By Alpine's soul, high tidings those!
I love to hear of worthy foes.
When move they on?—"—To-morrow's noon
Will see them here for battle done."—
"Then shall it see a meeting stern—
But, for the place—say, couldst thou learn
Counsel of the friendly clans of Earl?
Strengthen'd by them, we might ride
The battle on Benledi's side.
Thou couldst not?—Well! Clan-Alpine's men
Shall man the Trossach's shaggy glen;
Within Loch Katrine's gorse we'll fight,
All in our maids' and matrons' sight,
Each for his heart and household fire,
Father, and son for sure,
Lover for maid beloved!—But why—
Is it the breeze affects mine eye
Or dost thou come, ill-omen'd tear!
A messenger of doubt or fear!
No! sooner may the Saxon lance
Unfix Benledi from his stance,
Than doubt or terror can pierce through
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu!
"This stubborn as his trusty targe,—
Each to his post—all kings aside,
The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
The broadswords gleam, the banners dance,
Obedient to the Cheftain's lance.
—I turn me from the martial roar,
And seek Coir-Urskin once more.

IX.
Where is the Douglas?—he is gone;
And Ellen sits on the grey stone
Fast by the cave, and makes her moan;
While vainly Allan's words of cheer
Are pour'd on her unheeding ear.
"The first our broadswords shall trust!"
With joy return;—be will—be must.
Well was it time to seek, nay,
Some refuge from impending war,
When o'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm
Are cow'd by the approaching storm.
I saw their boats, with many a light,
Floating the live-long yesterday,
Shifting like flashes darted forth
By the red streamers of the north;
I mark'd at morn how close they ride,
Thick moo'ed by the lone islet's side,
Like wild-ducks cooing in the fen,
When stoops the hawk upon the glen.
Since this rude race dare not abide
The peril on the mainland side.
Shall not thy noble father's care
Some safe retreat for thee prepare?"

X.
ELLEN.
"No, Allan, no!—pretend so kind
My wakeful terrors could not blind.
When in such tender lone, yet grave,
Douglas a parting blessing gave.
The tear that glisten'd in his eye
Drown'd not his purpose fix'd on high.
My soul, though feminine and weak,
Can imaze his; e'en as the lake,
Itself disturbance by slightest stroke,
Reflects the invulnerable rock.
He hears report of battle ripe,
He deigns himself the cause of strife.
I saw him reddene, when the theme
Turn'd, Allan, on thine idle dream,
Of Malcolm Greme, in fetters bound,
Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.
Think'st thou he'd tro'd thine omen aught?
Oh no!—twas apprehensive thought
For the kind youth,—for Roderick too—
(Let me be just) that friend so true;
In danger both, and in our cause!
Menstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.
Why else that solemn warning given,
'If not on earth, we meet in heaven?'
Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,
If eve return him not again,
Am I to lie, and make me known?
Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,
Buys his friend's safety with his own;—
He goes to do—what I had done,
Had Douglas' daughter been his son?"

XI.
"Nay, lovely Ellen!—dearest, nay!
If aught should his return delay,
He only named you holy fane
As fitting place to meet again.
Be sure he's safe: and for the Greme,
Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!—
My vision'd sight may yet prove true,
Nor bode of ill to him or you.
When did my gifted dream beguile?
Think of the stranger at the isle,
And think upon the harpings slow,
That presaged this approaching woe!
Sooth was my prophecy of fear;
Believe it when it augurs cheer.
Would we had left this dismal spot!
Ill luck still haunt's a fairy grove.
Of such a wondrous tale I know—
Dear lady, change that look of woe,
My harp was wont thy grief to cheer."

ELLEN.
"Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear,
But cannot stop the bursting tear."
The Minstrel tried his simple art,
But distant far was Ellen's heart.
XII.

BALLAD. 1

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis 2 and merle 3 are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold, As outlaws want to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight,
Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That won on harp to stray.
A cloak must sheen from the slaughter'd deer
To keep the cold away."—

"O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet grey,
As gay the forest green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand."

XIII.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

"Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who won'd within the hill.——
Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds ye stroke on heech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to ye mortal hie,
For thou wert christen'd man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For matter'd word or ban.

"Lay on him the curse of the wither'd heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die."

1 See Appendix, Note 2 X. 2 Thrush. 3 Blackbird.
4 See Appendix, Note 2 Z. 6 ibid, Note 3 A.

XIV.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

"Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have still'd their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he cross'd and bless'd himself,
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
"That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman, void of fear.—
"And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer."

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward step'd she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign.—
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee. Demon elf,
By Him whom Demons fear,
To show us whencest thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?"—

XV.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

"Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land—
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing:

"And gaily shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

"It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatch'd away
To the joyless Elfin bower."

"But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mold,
As fair a form as thine."

She cross'd him once—she cross'd him twice—
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

8 See Appendix, Note 3 B. 7 Ibid, Note 3 C.
8 See Appendix, Note 3 D. 9 Ibid, Note 3 E.
Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunsanbrine grey,
When all the bells were ringing.

XVI.

Just as the minstrel sounds were staid,
A stranger climb’d the steepy glade:
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—
'Tis Snowdoun’s Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James.
Ellen beheld as in a dream,
Then, starting, scarce suppress’d a scream:
"O stranger! in such hour of fear,
What evil hap has brought thee here?"—
"An evil hap how can it be,
That bids me look again on thee?
By promise bound, my former guide
Met me betimes this morning tide,
And marshall’d, over bank and bourne,
The happy path of my return."—
"The happy path—what! said he nought
Of war’s battle to be fought?
Of guarded pass?"—"No, by my faith!
Nor saw I ought could augur bate."—
"O haste thee, Allan, to the kern
—Yonder his tartsins I discern;
Learn thou his purpose, and conjure
That he will guide the stranger sure!—
What prompted thee, unhappy man?
The meanest serf in Roderick’s clan
Had not been bribed by love or fear,
Unknown to him to guide thee here."—

XVII.

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
Since it is worthy care from thee;
Yet life I hold but idle breath,
When love or honour’s weight with death.
Then let me profit by my chance,
And speak my purpose bold at once.
I come to bear thee from a wild,
Where ne’er before such blossom smiled;
By this soft hand to lead thee far
From frantic scenes of feud and war.
Near Bochastle my horses wait;
They hear as soon to Stirling gate.
I’ll place thee in a lovely hower,
I’ll guard thee like a tender flower."—
"O hush, Sir Knight! t’were female art,
To say I do not read thy heart;
Too much, before, my selfish ear
Was idly soothed my praise to hear.
That fatal bane hath lured thee back,
In deathful hour, o’er dangerous track;
And how, O how, can I tone
The wreck my vanity brought on!—
One way remains—I’ll tell him all—
Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall!
Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!
But first—my father is a man
Outw’d and exulted, mad and ban;
The price of blood is on his head,
With me ’twere infancy to wed.
Still wouldst thou speak?—then hear the truth!—
Fitz-James, there is a noble youth,—
If yet he is!—exposed for me
And mine to dread extremity—
Thou hast the secret of my heart;
Forgive, be generous, and depart!"—
When lo! a wasted female form,
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
In tatter'd weeds and wild array,
Stood on the cliff beside the way,
And glancing round her restless eye
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky.
Seem'd nought to mark, yet all to spy.
Her brow was wreath'd with gaudy bower;
With gesture wild she waved a plume
Of feathers, which the eagles fling;
To craf and cliff from dusky wing:
Such spoils her despair'd hand sought,
Where scarce was footing for the goat.
The tartan plaid she first descried.
And shriek'd till all the rocks replies;
As loud she laugh'd when near they drew,
For, through the Lowland gars she knew;
And then her hands she wildly wrung,
And then she wept, and then she sung—
She sung—the voice, in better time,
Perchance to harp or lute might chime;—
And now, though strain'd and roughen'd, still
Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

XXII.
SONG.
They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warp'd and wrung—
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
But were I now where Allan 1 glides,
Or heard my native Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest, and pray
That Heaven would close my wintry day!

"Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
They made me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn they said,
And my true love would meet me there.
But woe betide the cruel guile,
That drown'd in blood the morning smile!
And woe betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII.
"Who is this maid? what means her lay?
She hovers o'er the hollow way,
And flutters wide her mantle grey,
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight, o'er a haunted spring.—"
"Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,
"A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
T'en on the morn she was a bride,
When Roderick foray'd Devan-side:
The gay beguilement was made,
And fell our Chief's unconquer'd blade.
I marvel she is now at large,
But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.—
Hence, brain-sick fool!"—He raised his bow:
"Now, if thou striketh her but one blow,
I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
As ever peasant pitch'd a bar!"
"Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Maniac cried
And press'd her to Fitz-James's side.
"Seek the grey peunons I prepare,
To seek my true-love through the air!
I will not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!"

No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
The wolves shall batter on his bones,
And then shall his deadly plain
By bush and brier in mid air stand,
Wave forth a banner fair and free,
Meet signal for their revelry."—

XXIV.
"Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"
"O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.—
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln green:
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

"For O my sweet William was forester true,
He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
His coat it was all of the woodland hue,
And so blithely he trail'd the Lowland lay!"

"It was not that I meant to tell . . .
But thou art wise and guessest well.
Then, in a low and broken tone,
And hurried note, the song went on.
Still on the Clansman, fearfully
She fix'd her apprehensive eye;
Then turn'd it on the Knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

XXV.
"The toils are pitch'd, and the stakes are set,
Ever sing merrily, merrily;
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet.
Hunters live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten, 2
Bearing its branches sturdily;
He came stately down the glen,
Ever sung hardily, hardily.

"It was there he met with a wounded doe,
She was bleeding deathfully;
She warn'd him of the toils below,
O, so faithfully, faithfully!

"He had an eye, and he could heed,
Ever sing warily, warily;
He had a foot, and he could speed—
Hunters watch so narrowly."—

XXVI.
Fitz-James's mind was passion-toss'd,
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost;
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
And Blanche's song conviction brought.

Not like a stag that spies the snare,
But hie of the hunt aware,
He waver'd at once his blade on high,
"Disclose thy treachery, or die!"—
Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,
But in his race his bow he drew.
The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
And thrill'd in Blanche's faded breast,—
Murdock of Alpine! prove thy speed,
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need!—
With heart of fire, and fire of wind,
The fierce avenger is behind!
Fate judges of the rapid strife—
The forfeit death—the prize is life!
Thy kindred ambusc e lies before,
Close couch'd upon the heathery moor;

1 The Allan and Devan are two beautiful streams, the latter celebrated in the poetry of Burns, which descend
from the hills of Perthshire into the great carese or plain of Strirling
2 Having ten branches on his sides.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

They couldst thou reach!—it may not be—
Theiramb'dh'kin thou ne'er shalt see,
The fiery Saxon gains on thee!—
—Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
As lightning strikes the pine to dust;
With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain,
Ere he can win his blade again.
Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye,
He calmly smiled and bade him die;
Then slower wended back his way,
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

XXVII.

She sate beneath the hirchen-tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee;
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
And gazed on it, and feebly laugh'd;
Her wreath of broom and feathers grey,
Dagg'd with blood, beside her lay.
The Knight to staunch the life-stream tried,—
"Stranger, it is in vain!" she cried.
"This hour of death has given me more
Of reason's power than years before:
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine eye,
That thou wert mine avenger born.—
Seest thou this tress?—O! still I've worn
This little tress of yellow hair,
Through danger, frenzy, and despair!
It once was bright and clear as thine,
But blood and tears have dimm'd its shine.
I will not tell thee when 'twas shed,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head—
My brain would turn!—but it shall wave
Like plumage on thy head hard brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
And thou wilt bring it me again.—
I waver still.—O God! more bright
Let reason beam her parting light!—
O! by thy knighthood's honour'd sign,
And for thy life preserved by mine,
When thou shalt see a darksome man,
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's Clan,
With tartan's brown and shadowy plume,
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!
They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .
Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell.

XXXII.

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James;
Fast pour'd his eyes at pity's claims,
And now with mingled grief and ire,
He saw the murder'd maid expire.
"O spare her life, my king!—
As I wrenched this on yonder Chief!"
A lock from Blanche's tresses fair
He blend'd with her bridgroom's hair;
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
And placed it on his bonnet-side:
"By Him whose word is truth I swear,
No other favour will I wear,
Till the dead token I impair.
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!
—But hark! what means yon faint hallow?
The chase is up,—but they shall know,
The stag at bay's a dangerous foe."
Barr'd from the known but guarded way,
Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray.
XXXI.

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The harden'd flesh of mountain deer; 1
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his food.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his farther speech address'd,
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honour spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more,— upon thy fate,'tis said,
A mighty Augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,—
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honour's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coillantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."—
"I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"—
"Well, rest thee; for the byssur's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gather'd heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreathe;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

The Lady of the Lake.

CANTO FIFTH.

THE COMBAT.

I.

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewilderd's pilgrim spyed,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side;—
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud
the brow of War.

II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rusing as at its simmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,

1 See Appendix, Note S O.

Look'd out upon the dappled sky,
Mutter'd their soldier maxims by,
And then awakened their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael 2 around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain grey,
A wildering path!—they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the forth and Teith,
And all the vales beneath that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gain'd not the length of horseman's lance.
"Twas oft so steep, the foot was faint
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled o'er, that, bursting through,
Each Hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear."

III.

At length they came where stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows.
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path turn'd on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty snow
Was dwelt upon the paths of heath and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the cope in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrents down and bore,
And hea'd upon the cumber'd land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause
He sought these wilds! traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

IV.

"Brave Gael, my pass in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
Yet, south to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewilderd in pursuit of game,
All seem'd as peaceful and as still,
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
Though, perchance, the villain hid."—
"Yet why a second venture try?"—
"A warrior thou, and ask me why!—
Moves nur free course by such fix'd cause,
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,—

2 The Scottish Highlander calls himself Gael, or Gaul,
and terms the Lowlanders, Sassenach, or Saxons.
A falcon flown, a greyhound stray’d,  
The merry glance of mountain maid:  
Or, if a path be dangerous known,  
’Tis not the siren’s call alone."

V.

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;  
Yet ere again ye sought this spot,  
Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,  
Against Clan-Alpine’s raised array?" —  
Nor joy nor harm; — of lands prepared  
To guard King James’s sports I heard:  
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear  
This muster of the mountaineer,  
Their penions will abroad be flung,  
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung." —  
"Free be they flung! — for we were loth  
Their sicken folds should feast the moth.  
Free be they flung! — as free shall wave  
Clan-Alpine’s pine in banner brave.  
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,  
Bewilder’d in the mountain game,  
Whence the bold boast by which you show  
Vich-Alpine’s vow’d and mortal foe?" —  
"Warrior, but yester morn, I knew  
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
Save as an outlaw’d desperate man,  
The very soul of a rebellious man.  
Who, in the Regent’s court and sight,  
With russian dagger stabb’d a knight;  
Yet this alone might from his part  
Sever each true and loyal heart." —

VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,  
Dark lower’d the clansman’s sable scowl,  
A space he paused, then sternly said,  
"And heard’st thou why he drew his blade?  
Heard’st thou that shameful word and blow  
Brought Roderick’s vengeance on his foe?  
What reck’d the Chieftain if he stood  
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?  
He rights such wrong where it is given,  
If it were in the court of heaven." —  
"Still was it an outrage; yet true,  
Not then claim’d sovereignty his due;  
While Albany, with feeble hand,  
Held hollow’d truncheon of command.  
The young King, me’nd in Stirling tower,  
Was stranger to respect and power.  
But then, thy Chieftain’s robber life! —  
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,  
Wrenching from rúnd Lowland swain  
His herds and the with’ring hand  
Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn  
The spoils from such foul foray borne." —

VII.

The Gael beheld him grim the while,  
And answer’d with disdainful smile, —  
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,  
I mark’d thee send delighted eye,  
Far to the south and east, where lay  
Extended in succession gay,  
Deep waving fields and pastures green,  
With gentle slopes and groves between: —  
These fertile plains, that soften’d vale,  
Were once the birthright of the Gael;  
The stranger came with iron hand,  
And from our fathers left the land.  
Where dwell we now! See, rudely swell  
Crag over crag, and fell o’er fell.  
Ask we this savage hill we tread,  
For fatten’d steer or household bread;  
Ask we the rúnd their shinglies dry,  
And well the mountain might reply,—  
‘To you, as to your sires of yore,  
Belong the target and claymore!  
I give you shelter in my breast,  
Your own good blades must win the rest.‘  
Pent in this fortress of the North,  
Thinks’t thou we will not sailly forth,  
To spoil the soilier under sand?  
And from the robber rend the prey!  
Ay, by my soul! — While on yon plain  
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;  
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays  
But one along yon river’s maze,—  
The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.  
Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold,  
That plundering Lowland field and fold  
Is aught but retribution true?  
Seek other cause ‘gainst Roderick Dhu!" —

VIII.

Answer’d Fitz-James.—" And, if I sought,  
Think’st thou no other could be brought?  
What deem ye of my path wanyland?  
My life given o’er to anbuscade! —  
"As of a meed to rashness due:  
Hadst thou sent warner fair and true,  
I seek my hound, or falcon stray’d,  
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—  
Free hadst thou been to come and go;  
But secret path marks secret foe.  
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,  
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,  
Save to fulfill an augury.  
"Well, let it pass; nor will I now  
Fresh cause of enmity awaw,  
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.  
Enough, I am by promise tied  
To match me with this man of pride:  
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine’s gian  
In peace; but when I come a-gen,  
I come with banner, brand, and bow,  
As leader seeks his mortal foe.  
For lowborn swain, in last bower,  
Ne’er panting for the appointed hour,  
As I, until before me stand  
This rebel Chieftain and his band!" —

IX.

"Have, then, thy wish!" — he whistled shrill,  
And was answer’d from the hill;  
Wild as the scream of the curlew,  
From crag to crag the signal flew.  
Instant, through copse and heath, arose  
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;  
On right, on left, above, below,  
Sprung up at once the lurking foe:  
From shingles grey their lance as fast,  
The broken bush sends forth the dart,  
The rushes and the with’ring hand  
Are bristling into axe and brand,  
And every tuft of broom gives life  
To plauded warrior arm’d for strife.  
That whistle garrison’d the glen  
At once with full five hundred men,  
As if the yawning hill to heaven  
A subterranean host had given.  
Watching their leader becom’d and will,  
All silent there they stood, and still.

1 See Appendix, Note 3 H.  
2 See Appendix, Note 3 I.
THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung:
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
The Glaiven's flame and level brow.

Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now, sir?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

X.

Fitz-James was brave:—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
He man'n'd himself with dauntless air,
Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."—
Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then waved his hand:
The vanishment of the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copse low;
It seem'd as if their mother Earth
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth;
The wind's last breath had toss'd in air,
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide:
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
The next, all unresource, shone
On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

XI.

Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied,
"Fear not—say, that I need not say—
But—doubt not nought from mine array.
Thou art my guest—I pledged my word
As far as Colintogle ford,
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on:—I only meant
To show the reed on which ye leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue.
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."—
They moved—"I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that, to take his life,
With field but signal from a guide,
So late dishonour'd and defied.

1 See Appendix, Note 3 K.
2 Ibid, Note 3 L.
3 See Appendix, Note 3 M.

XII.

The Chief in silence strod before,
And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweepeth through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Lochast the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empyre of the world,
Of yore her eke a king uipin'd. 2
And here his course the Chief laid,
Throw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said:—
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath lef' three sides dese, three watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's utmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Cheif'snain's venance thou shalt feel.
See here, all vantageless I stand,
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand:
For this is Colintogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

XIII.

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delay'd,
When foe man bade me draw my blade;
Nay, mark, ye Chief, I vow'd thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous heart,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better deed have well deserved:
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, Stranger, none!
And hear—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
'Who spurs the foremost foe man's life,
His party conquerers in the strife!'—
"Then, by my word, the Saxon said,
The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go.
When, if thou wilt he still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free.
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aide thee now to guard thy land."

XIV.

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,

1 See Appendix, Note 3 K.
2 Ibid, Note 3 L.
3 See Appendix, Note 3 M.
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu!
He yields not, he, to man nor God.
Though first’s hot fuel to my hate:—
My clansman’s blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I charge
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A brand of his fair lady’s hair!—
I think thee, Roderick, for the word!
It serves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, true, farewell! and, ruth, begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown?
Though not from cupre, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel bilt to hilt.”

Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each look’d to sun, and stream, and plun,
As what they ne’er might see again:
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

XV.
Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu.
That on the field his target he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dash’d aside;
For, train’d aloud his arms to wield,
Fitz-James’s blade was sword and shield.
He practis’d every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintai’d unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Feverish with rage the fitful pace,
And shower’d his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle-rock,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foul’d his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta’en, his brand
Forced Roderick’s weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chief to his knee.

XVI.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart’s blood dress my blade!"—
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die." 2
—Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James’s throat he sprang;
Received, but reck’d not of a wound,
And lock’d his arms his foeman round.
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!—
No maiden’s hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate graspe thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel!—

1 See Appendix, Note 2 N. 2 See Appendix, Note 2 O.
Still at the gallon prick'd the Knight,  
His merry-men follow'd as they might.  
Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,  
And in the race they moos thy side;  
Terry and Lendrick now are past,  
And Deanstown lies behind them cast;  
They rise, the banner's towers of Doune,  
They sink in distant woodland soon;  
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,  
They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre;  
They mark the distant glance and disappear  
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;  
They bathe their course's sweltering sides,  
Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,  
And on the opposing shore take ground,  
With splash, with scramble, and with bound.  
Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!  
And soon the bolwark of the North,  
Grey Stirling, with her lower's and town,  
Upon their fleet career look'd down.  

XIX.
As up the flinty path they strain'd,  
Sudden his steed the leader rein'd;  
A signal to his squire he flung,  
Who instant to his stirrup spring'd:—  
"See, who thou, De Vaux, you woodman grey,  
Who town-ward holds the rocky way,  
Of stature tall and poor array!  
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,  
With which he scales the mountain-side?  
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?"  
"No, by my word—a burly groom  
He seems, who in the field or chase  
A baron's train would nobly grace."—  
"Out, out, De Vaux I can fear supply,  
And jealousy, no sharper eye?  
Afar, ere to the hill he drew,  
That stately form and step I knew;  
Like form in Scotland is not seen,  
Trends not such step on Scottish green.  
"Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serrie!  
The uncle of the banish'd Earl,  
A way, away, to court, to show  
The near approach of dreaded foes:  
The King must stand upon his guard;  
Douglas and he must meet prepared."  
Then right-hand wheel'd their steeds, and straight  
They won the castle's postern gate.  

XX.
The Douglas, who had bent his way  
From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey grey,  
Now, as he climb'd the rocky shelf,  
Held sad communion with himself:—  
"Yes! all is true my fears could frame;  
A priser rules the noble Greme,  
And fiery Roderick soon will feel  
The vengeance of the royal steel.  
I, only I, can ward their fate,—  
God grant the ransum come not late!  
The Abbess hath her promise given,  
My child shall be the bride of Heaven; —  
— Be pardon'd one repenting tear!  
For He, who gave her, knows how dear,
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,
Till murmurs rose to clamours loud.
But not a glance from that proud ring
Of peers who circled round the King,
With Douglas held communion kind,
Or call'd the banish'd man to mind;
No, not from those who, at the chase,
Once held his side the honour'd place,
Begirt his board, and, in the field,
Found safety underneath his shield;
For he, whom royal eyes divine,
When was his form to courtiers known!

xxv.
The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag.
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favourite greyhounds should pull down
That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine,
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side
Nor bire nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North,—
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
She left the royal hounds mid-way,
And dashing on the antler'd prey,
Sink'd her sharp muzzle in his flank,
And deep'd the flowing life-blood drank.
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
By strange intruder broken short,
Came up, and with his leash unbound,
In anger struck the noble hound.
—The Douglas had endured, that morn,
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
And last, and worst to spirit proud,
Had borne the pity of the crowd;
But Lufra had been fondly bred,
To share his board, to watch his bed,
And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck
In maiden glee with garlands deck;
They were such playmates, that with name
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high,
In darken'd brow and flashing eye;
As waves before the bark with tide
The crown gave way before his stride;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The grooms lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

xxvi.
Then clamour'd loud the royal train,
And brandish'd swords and staves again.
But stern the Baron's warning—"Back! Back, on your lives, we menial pack! Beware the Douglas.—Yes! behold,
King James! the Douglas, doom'd of old,
And vainly sought for near and far,
A victim to atone the war,
A willing victim, now attends.
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends."—
"Thus is my clemency repaid?
Presumption!" Loud Mortonurch said;
"Of thy mix'd-pride ambitious clan,
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
The only man, in whom a foe
My woman-mercy would not know:
But shall a Monarch's presence brook
Injurious blow, and haughty look?—
What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
Give the offender fitting ward.—"
THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

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Break off the sports!—for tumult rose,
And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows.—
"Break off the sports!" he said, and brown'd,
"And bid our horsemen clear the ground."

XXVII.

Then uproar wild and misarray
Marr'd the fair form of festal day.
The horsemen prickt 'd amuse the crowd,
Keppeil'd by threats and insult loud,
To earth are borne the old and weak,
The tempestuous fly, the women shriek;
With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
The harder urge tumultuous war.
At once round Douglas darkly sweep
The royal spears in circle deep,
And slowly scale the pathway steep;
While on the rear in thunder pour
The rabble with disorder'd roar.
With grief the noble Douglas saw
The Commons rise against the law,
And to the leading soldier said,—
"Sir John of Hyndford! 'twas my blade
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
For that good deed, permit me then
A word with these misguided men."

XXVIII.

"Hear, gentle friends! ere yet for me,
Ye break the bands of fealty,
My life, my honour, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland's laws.
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those cords of love I should unbind,
Which knit my country and my kind?
Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower
It will not soothe my captive hour,
To know those spears our foes should dread,
For me in kindred gore are red;
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
For me, that mother weals her son;
For me, that widow's mate expires;
For me, that orphans weep their sires;
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse the Douglas for the cause.
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still!"

XXIX.

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
With lifted hands and eyes, they pray'd
For blessings on his generous head,
Who for his country felt alone,
And prized her blood beyond his own.
Old men, upon the verge of life,
Bless'd him who staid the civil strife;
And mothers held their babes on high,
The self-devoted Chief to say,
Triumphant over wrongs and ire.
To whom the prattlers ow'd a sire;
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
As if behind some hier beloved,

1 "Who deserves greatness,
   Deserves your hate; and your affections are
   A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
   Which would increase his evil. He that depends
   Upon your favours, swins with fins of lead,
   With trailing arms and drooping head,
   The Douglas up the hill he led,
   And at the Castle's battled verge,
   With signs resign'd his honour'd charge,

XXX.

The offended Monarch rode apart,
With bitter thought and swelling heart,
And would not now vouchsafe again
Through Stirling streets to lead his train.
"O Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this common fool?"
Hear'st thou?" he said, "the loud acclaim,
With which they shout the Douglas name?
With like acclaim, the vulgar throat
Strain'd for King James their morning note;
With like acclaim they hail'd the day
When first I broke the Douglas' sway;
And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
If he could hurl me from my seat.
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain?
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's name,
And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.
Thou many-headed monster thing, 1
O who would wish to be thy king?"

XXXI.

"But soft! what messenger of speed
Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
I guess his cognizance afar—
What from our cousin, John of Mar?"—
"He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound
Within the safe and guarded ground:
For some foul purpose yet unknown,—
Most sure for evil to the evil time.
The outlaw'd Chief Tam. Roderick Dhu,
Has summon'd his rebellious crew;
"Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid
These loose banditti stand array'd.
The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,
To break their muster march'd, and soon
Your Grace will hear of battle fought;
But earnestly the Earl besought,
"Till for such danger he proc'd
With scanty train you will not ride."—

XXXII.

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—
I should have earlier look'd to this:
I lost it in this bustling day.
—Retrace with speed thy former way;
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed.
The best of mine shall be thy meed.
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
We do forbud the intended war:
Roderick, this morn, in single fight,
Was made our prisoner by a knight;
And Douglas hath himself and cause
Submitted to our kingdom's laws.
The tidings of their leaders lost
Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.
Bear Mar out message. Braco: fly!"—
He turn'd his steed.—"My liege, I lie,—

And hews down vows withAXes. Hang ye! True ye! With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Ruin vile that was your credit. —
Coriolanus, Act I. Scene 1.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,
I fear the broadswords will be drawn."
The turf the flying courseur spurn'd,
And to his towers the King return'd.

XXXIII.

Ill with King James's mood that day,
Suited gay feast and minstrel lay;
Soon were dismiss'd the courteously throng,
And soon cut short the festal song.
Nor less upon the sudden'd town
The evening sunk in sorrow down.
The burghers spoke of civil jar,
Of murmurd feuds and mountain war,
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
All up in arms -- the Douglas too,
They mourn'd him pent within the hold,
"Where stumt Earl William was of old." --1
And there his word the speaker said,
And finger on his lip he laid,
Or pointed to his dagger blade.
But jaded horsemen, from the west,
At evening to the Castle press'd;
And busy talkers said they bore
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;
At noon the deadly fray began,
And lasted till the set of sun.
Thus giddy rumour shook the town,
Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

The Lady of the Lake.

CANTO SIXTH.

THE GUARD-ROOM.

I.

The sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance:
Summoning revelers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling ruber to his den;
Gilding on battled tower the warden's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse
Of men.

What various scenes, and, O! what scenes of woe,
Are witness'd by that red and struggling beam?
The fever'd patient, from his pullet low,
Through crowded hospital beholds its stream;
The ruin'd maiden trembles at its gleam,
The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail,
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream,
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

II.

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang
With soldier-step and weapon-clang,
While drums, with rolling note, foretell
Relief to weary sentinel.
Through narrow loop and casement barr'd,
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
And, struggling with the smoky air,
Deaden'd the torches' yellow glare.
In comfortless alliance shorn
The light, through arch of blacken'd stone,
And shew'd wild shapes in garb of war,
Faces deform'd with beard and scar,
All hazard from the midnight watch,
And fever'd with the stern debauch;
For the oak table's massive board,
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,
And beakers drum'd, and cups o'erthrown,
Show'd in what sport the night had flown.
Some, weary, shored on floor and bench;
Some labour'd still their thirst to quench;
Some, child'd with watching, spread their hands
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,
While round them, or beside them flung,
At every step their harness rung.

III.

These drew not for their fields the sword,
Like tenants of a feudal lord,
Nor own'd the patriarchal claim
Of Chieftain in their leader's name;
Adventurers they, from far who roved,
To live by battle which they loved.2
There the Italian's clouded face,
The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace;
The mountain-loving Switzer there
More freely breathed in mountain-air;
The Fleming there despaired the soil,
That paid so ill the labourer's toil;
Their rolls show'd French and German name;
And merry England's exiles came,
To share, with ill-conceal'd disdain,
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
All brave in arms, well train'd to wield
The heavy halberd, brand, and shield;
In camps licentious, wild, and bold;
In pillage fierce and uncontroll'd;
And now, by holytide and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

IV.

They held debate of bloody fray,
Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray,
Fierce was their speech, and, 'mid their words,
Their hands oft grappled to their swords;
Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear
Of wounded comrades groaning near,
Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gore,
Bore token of the mountain sword,
Though, neighbouring to the Court of Guard,
Their prayers and feverish wails were heard;
Sad burden to the ruffian jake,
And savage oath by fury spoke! --
At length up-started John of Brent,
A yeoman from the banks of Trent;
A stranger to respect or fear,
A chaseur of the deer
In hunt a Hardy mountaineer.
But still the boldest of the crew,
When deed of danger was to do.
He grieved, that day, their games cut short,
And marr'd the dicer's brawling sport,
And shouted loud, " Renew the bowl!
And, while a merry catch I troll,
Let each the luxur chorus hear,
Like brethren of the brand and spear."

V.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
Laid a swaying long curse on the bonny brown bowl,
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack,
And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack;
Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
Drink upsees! out, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,
Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly.
And Apollon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not?
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.
Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor,

Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar!

VI.

The warder's challenge, heard without,
Staid in mid-road the merry shout.
A soldier to the portal went—
"Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;
And—beat for jubilee the drum!
A maid and minstrel with him come,"
Bertram, a Fleming, grey and scar'd,
Was entering now the Court of Guard,
A harper with him, and in plaid
All muffled close a mountain maid,
Who backward shrank to 'scape the view
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.
"What news?" they roard:—"I only know,
From noon till eve we fought with foe,
As wild and as untameable
As the rude mountains where they dwell;
On both sides store of blood is lost,
Nor much success can either boast."

"But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil
As theirs must needs reward thy toil.
O! old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;
Thou hast hast gleam and harp!
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggler band."—2

VII.

"No, comrade: —No such fortune mine.
After the fight these sought our hue,
That aged harper and the girl,
And, having audience of the Earl,
Mar bade I should purvey them steed,
And bring them hitherward with speed.
Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,
For none shall do them shame or harm.—"
"Hear ye his boast?" cried John of Brent,
Ever to strife and jangling bent;
"Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,
And yet the jealous niggard grudge
To pay the forester his lee?
I'll have my share howe'er it be,
"Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."
Bertram his forward step withstood,
And, burning in his vengeful mood,
Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife;
But Ellen boldly step'd between,
And dropp'd at once the tartan screen:
So, from his morning cloud, appears
The sun of May, through summer tears.
The savage soldiery, amazed,
As on descended angel gaz'd;
Even hardy Brent, abash'd and tamed,
Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

VIII.

Boldly she spoke,—"Soldiers, attend!
My father was the soldier's friend;
Cheer'd him in camps, in marches led,
And with him in the battle bled.
Not from the valiant, or the strong,
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."
Answer'd De Brent, most forward still
In every feat or good or ill,—
"I shame me of the part I play'd:
And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!
An outlaw I by forest laws,
And merry needwood knows the cause.
Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now,—
He wiped his iron eye and brow.
"Must bear such age, I think, as thou—
Hear ye, my mates:—I go to call
The Captain of our watch to hall:
There lies my halberd on the floor;
And he that steps my halberd o'er,
To do the maid injurious part,
My shaft shall quiver in his heart!—
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough:
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough."

IX.

Their Captain came, a gallant young,—
(Of Tulbirthard's house he sprung),
Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight;
Gay was his mien, his humour light,
And, though by courtesy control'd,
Forward his speech, his bearing bold.
The high-born maiden ill could brook
The scanning of his curious look
And dauntless eye; —and yet, in sooth,
Young Lewis was a generous youth;
But Ellen's lovely face and mien,
Ill suited to the garb and scene,
Might lightly bear construction strange,
And give loose fancy scope to range.
"Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!
Come ye to seek a champion's aid
On paltry white, with harper hoar,
Like errant damosel of yore?
Does thy high quest a knight require,
Or may the venture suit a squire?"—
Her dark eye flash'd:—she paused and sigh'd,—
"O what have I to do with pride;—

1 Bacchanalian interjection, borrowed from the Dutch.
2 See Appendix, Note 3 V.
Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
A monument for a father's life,
I crave an audience of the King,
Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
'Twas to Ellen
Your face, in fitting bower,
Permit I marshal you the way.
But, ere she follow'd, with the grace
And open bounty of her race,
She bade her slender purse be shared
Among the soldiers of the guard.
The rest with thanks their barrier took;
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
On the reluctant maiden's hold
Forced bluntly back the proffer'd gold;—
"Forgive a hasty English heart,
And O forget its tender part!
The vacant purse shall be my share,
Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,
Perchance, in jeopardy of war,
Where gayer crests may keep afar."
With thanks—'twas all she could—
The maid
His rugged courtesy repaid.

XI.
When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
Allan made suit to John of Brent:—
"My lady safe, O let your grace
Give me to see my master's face!
His minstrel I.—to share his doom
Bound from the cradle to the tomb.
Tenth in descent, since first my sire
Waxed for his noble house their lyres,
Nor one of all the race was known
But prized its seal above its own.
With the Chief's birth begins our care;
Our harp must soothe the infant heir,
Teach the youth tales of sight, and grace
His earliest fount of field or clime;
In peace, in war, our rank we keep.
We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep
Nor leave him till we pour our verse—
A doleful tribute!—'er his hearse.
Then let me share his captive lot;
It is my right—deny it not!—"
"Little we rock," said John of Brent,
"We Southern men, of long descent;
Nor wet we bow aname—a word—
Makes clansmen vassals to a lord;
Yet kind my noble landlord's part,—
God bless the house of Beth Desert!
And, but I loved to drive the deep,
More than to drive the labouring steer,
I had not dwell an outcast here.
Come, good old Minstrel, follow me;
Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see."

XII.
Then, from a rusted iron hook,
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
Lighted a torch, and Allan led
Through grated arch and passage deep;
Portals they pass'd, where, deep within,
Spoke prisoner's man, and fetters' din;
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,
Lay wheel, and axe, and headman's sword,
And many an hideous engine grim.
For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,
By artist form'd, who deem'd it shame
And sin to give their work a name.
They halted at a low-brow'd porch,
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
While bolt and chain he backward roll'd,
And made the bar unhasp its hold.
They enter'd:—'twas a prison room
Of stern security and gloom,
Yet not a dungeon; for the day
Through lofty gratings found its way,
And rude and antique garniture
Deck'd the sad walls and oaken floor;
Such as the rugged days of old
Deem'd fit for captive noble's hold.
"Here," said De Brent, "thou mayst remain
Till the Leech visit him again.
Strict is his charge, the warders tell,
To tend the noble prisoner well."
Retiring then, the bolt he knew,
And the lock's murmurs growl'd anew.
Roused at the sound, the slowly bed
A captive feebly raised his head;
The wondering Minstrel look'd, and knew—
Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu!
For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,
They, erring, deem'd the Chief he sought.

XIII.
As the tall ship, whose lofty prore
Shall never stem the billows more,
Deserted by her gallant band,
Amid the breakers lies astrand,—
So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu;
And oft his fever'd limbs he threw
In tos abrupt, as when her sires
Lie rocking in the advancing tides,
That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
Yet cannot heave her from her seat:—
O! how unlike her course at sea!
Or his free step on hill and lea!—
Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,
"What of thy lady?—of my clan?"
My mother?—Douglas?—tell me all?
Have they been ruin'd in my fall?
Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here?
Yet speak,—speak boldly. —do not fear."—
(For Allan, who his mood well knew,
Was chok'd with grief and terror too)—
"Who fought—who fled?—Old man, be brief.
Some might—for they had lost their Chief
Who basely live?—who bravely die?
—O, calm thee, Chief!" the Minstrel cried,
"Ellen is safe?—" "For that, thank Heaven!"
And hopes are for the Dougals given—
The Lady Margaret, too, is well;
And, for thy clan,—on field or fell,
Has never harp of Minstrel told,
Of combat fought so true and bold.
Thy stately Pine is yet unbeat,
Though many a goodly bough is rent."

XIV.
The Chieftain read's his form on high,
And sever's fire was in his eye;
But gaily, pale, and livid streaks
Chequer'd the swarthy brow and cheeks.
—Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,
With measure bold, on feast day,
In the lone isle... again where nearer
Shall harper play, or warrior hear!...
That stirring air that peals on high,
O'er Dermit's race our victory —
Strike it! [and then (for we'll then canst),
Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,
Fling me the picture of the fight;
When meet my clan the Saxons might.
I'll listen, till my fancy hears
The clang of swords, the clash of spears!
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,
For the fair field of fighting men,
And my free spirit horst away,
As if it soared from battle fray.

The trembling Bard with awe obey'd,—
Slow on the harp his hand he laid;
But soon the odour of the night
He win'd from the mountain's height,
With what old Bertram told at night,
Awakes the full power of song,
And bore him in career alight;
As shall be launch'd on river's tide,
That slow and fearful leaves the side,
But, when it feels the middle stream,
Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

"The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvennie,
For ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!
There is no breeze upon the fern,
Nor ripple on the lake;
Upon her sly nod the erne,
'The deer has sought the brake;
'The small birds will not sing aloud,
'The spraining trout lies still,
So darkly glooms you thunder cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benled's distant hill
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the ground's ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thickest streams
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?
— I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes windling far!
To hero bound for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalian crown'd.
No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadow'd o'er their road
Their onward scents set kindlings bring,
Can raise no lurking fire.
Nay spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirr'd the roe;
The host moves, like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brace,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is pass'd, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain.
Before the Trossach's rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous field.
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the flocks, from heaven that fell,
Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear;
For life! for life! their plight they ply—
And shout, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plauds and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.
Onward they drive, in dreadeful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood?—
'Down, down!' cried Mar, 'Your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!—
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brow
At once lay level'd low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The clashing ranks the onset bade.—
'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinechel's cows the game!
They came as fleet as forest deer,
We'll drive them back as tame.'—

"Bearing before them, in their course,
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When brushing to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe,
I heard the lance's silvery crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash,
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheel'd his renown'd rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

XIX.

"Now westward rolls the battle's din,
That deep and doubling pass within,
Minstrel, away, the work of fate
Is bearing on: its issue wait,
Where the rude Trosach's dread deifie
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.—
Gray Benvenue I soon repass'd,
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.
The sun is set; — the clouds are met,
The lowering scowl of heaven
An inky view of vivid blue
To the deep lake has given;
Strange gusts of wind from mountain-glen
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk aken.
I needed not the eddying surge,
Mine eye but saw the Trosach's gore,
Mine ear but heard the solemn sound,
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parts not but with parting life,
Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll
The dirge of many a passing soul.
Nearer it comes — the dim-wood glen
The martial flood disgorged aken,
But not in mingled tides;
The plaudid warriors of the North
High on the mountain thunders forth
And overhang its side; While by the lake below appears
The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.
At weary bay each shutter'd band,
Eyeing their foesmen. sternly stand:
Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray
Mark'd the fell havoc of the day.

XX.

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
The Saxon stood in sullen trance,
Till Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried — Behold your isle! —
See! none are left to guard its strand,
But women weak, that wring the hand:
'Tis there of yore the robber band
Their booty wont to pile; —
My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.

Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den,
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corselet rung,
He plunged him in the wave: —
All saw the deed — the purpose knew,
And to their clowns Benvenue
A mingled echo gave;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
Take hopeless females scorne for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
"Twas then, as by the outcry riven,
Pour'd down at once the lowering heaven;
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,
Her billows rear'd their snowey crest.
Well for the swimmer swell'd they high,
To mar the Highland markman's eye;
For round him shower'd, 'mid ram and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael —
In vain — He nears the isle — und lo!
His hand is on a shallop's bow.
—Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame; —
I mark'd Duncraggan's widow'd dame,
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleam'd in her hand:
It darken'd, — but, amid the moon
Of waves, I heard a dying groan;
Another flash! — the spearman floats
A wiltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

XXI.

"Revenge! revenge!" the Saxons cried,
The Gaels' exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarión and trumpet by his side
Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
White, in the Monarch's nume, afar
An herald's voice forbad the war,
For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold,
Were both, he said, in captivity hold.
—But here the lay made sudden stand! —
The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand! —
Oft had lie stolen u glance, to spy
How Roderick brook'd his minstrelsy:
At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand, kept feeble time;
That motion ceased,—yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song;
At length, no more his chieftain's ear
The minstrel melody can hear
His face grows sharp,—his hands are clenche'd,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrench'd; —
Set are his teeth, his frowning eye
Is sternly fix'd o' vacancy;
Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu! —
Old Allan-Bane look'd o' aghast,
While grim and still his banner pass'd;
But when he saw that life was fled,
He pour'd his weeping o'er the dead.

XXII.

LAMENT.

"And art thou cold and lowly laid,
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid.
Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!
THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

For thee shall none a requiem say?
For thee, who loved the minstrel's lays,
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
The shelter of her exiled line,
E'en in this prison-house of thine,
I'll wait for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

"What groans shall wonder valleys fill!
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungrist ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine.—
O woe for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!—
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prison'd eagle dies for race.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honour'd Pine."—

XXIII.

Ellen, the while, with bustling heart,
Remain'd in lordly bower apart,
Where play'd with many-colour'd gleams,
Through storied pane the rising beans.
In vain on gilded roof they fell,
And lighten'd up a tapersied wall,
And for her use a menial train
A rich collation spread in vain.
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
Scarcely drew one curious glance astray;
Or, if she look'd, 'twas but to say,
With better omen dawn'd the day.
In that lone isle, where wave on high
The dun-deer's hide for canopy;
Where oft her noble father shared
The simple meal her care prepared,
While Laffra, crouching by her side,
Her station claim'd with jenius pride,
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Greme,
Whose answer, oft at random made.
The wandering of his thoughts betray'd,—
Those who such simple joys have known,
Are taught to prize them when they're gone.
But sudden, see, she lifts her head!
The wisdom seeks with carious tread.
What distant music has the power
To win her in this woful hour?
'Twas from a turret that o'erhung
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung

XXIV.

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrill.
I wish I were, as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green.
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.
I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,

Or mark it as the stubbens crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.
No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wand with evening dew;
A blithesome welcome hitherto meet.
And lay my trophies at her feet.
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—
That life is lost to love and me!"

XXV.

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
The list'ner had not turn'd her head,
It trickled still, the starting tear,
When light a footstep struck her ear,
And Snowdoun's graceful knight was near.
She turn'd the hasting, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain.—
"O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she said,
"How may an almost orphan paid
Pay the deep debt"—"O say not so!
To me no gratitude you owe.
Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
And bid thy noble father live;
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland's king thy suit to aud.
No tyrant he, though ire and pride
May lay his better mood aside.
Come, Ellen, come! 'tis a good time than
He holds his court at morning prime."
With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
As to a brother's arm she clung.
Gently he dries the falling tear,
And gently whisper'd hope and cheer;
Her faltering steps half led, half said,
Through gallery fair, and high arcade,
Till, at his touch, its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.

XXVI.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright;
It glow'd on Ellen's dazzened sight,
As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer even,
And from their tissue, fancy frames
Aerial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing staid.
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed;
For him she sought, who own'd this state,
The dreaded prince whose will was fate.
She gazed on many a princely port,
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gazed,
Then turn'd bewilderd and amazed,
For all stood bare; and, in the room,
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady's look was lent;
On him each courtier's eye was bent;
Mildst furs, and silks, and jewels sheen.
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring.
And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King!"
XXVII.

As wreath of snow, on mountain-breast,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;
No word her choking voice commands.—
She show'd the ring, she clasp'd her hands.
O! not a moment could he brook,
The generous prince, that suppli'd not look!
Gently he rais'd her; and, while she
Check'd with a glance the circle's smile;
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kiss'd,
And bade her terror he dismiss'd:—
"Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;
He will redeem his signet ring.
Ask nought for Douglas; yester even,
His prince and he have much forgiven.
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
We wou'd not, to the vulgar crowd,
Yield what they craved with clamour loud;
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aid'd, and our laws.
I stanched thy father's death-feud stern,
With stout De Vaux and Grey Giencarn;
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our Throne.
But, lovely infidel, how now!
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

XXVIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power,—
When it can say, with godlike voice,
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On Nature's raptures long should try;
He stepp'd between—" Nay, Douglas, nay,
Steal not thy proselyte away!
The riddle 'tis my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to speed.
Yes, Ellen, and unmask'd what might
In life's more low but happier way,
"Tis under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdow claims,¹
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause."—
Then, in a tone apart and low,—
"Ah, little traitress! mine must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Joun'd to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Renvenne,
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!"—
Aloud he spoke—" Thus still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz James's ring—
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?"

XXIX.

But, with that consciousness, there came
A lightening of her fears for Gramme.
And more she deem'd the Monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sake,
Rebellions broadsword boldly drew;
And, to her generous feeling true,
She crav'd the grace of Roderick Dhu.
"Forbear thy suit,—the King of Kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings,
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand:
My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chiefian live!—
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?"
Blushing, she turn'd her sire from the King,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wish'd her sire to speak
The suit that stand'd her glowing cheek.—
"Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force.
And stubborn justice holds her course.—
Malcolm, come forth!"—And, at the word,
Down kneel'd the Grame to Scotland's Lord.
"For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sucs,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlaw'd man,
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—
Fetters and warder for the Grame!"
His chain of gold the King unstrung.
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Promise thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers blending.
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bec.
Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp!
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idle cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known.
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.
That I of live such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.
Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frigid wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well!
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APPENDIX.

Note A.

— the heights of Uam Var,
   And roused the quarry, where, 'tis told,
   A giant made his den of old. — P. 190.

Un-var, as the name is pronounced, or more properly Uamhmore, is a mountain to the northeast of the village of Callender in Menteith, deriving its name, which signifies the great den, or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant. In latter times, it was the refuge of robbers and banditti, who have been only extirpated within these forty or fifty years. Strictly speaking, this stronghold is not a cave, as the name would imply, but a sort of small enclosure, or recess, surrounded with large rocks, and open above head. It may have been originally designed as a toil for deer, who might get in from the outside, but would find it difficult to return. This opinion prevails among the old sportsmen and deer-stalkers in the neighbourhood.

Note B.

Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
   Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed.
   P. 161.

"The hounds which we call Saint Hubert's hounds, are commonly all black, yet nevertheless, the race is so mingled at these days, that we find them of all colours. These are the hounds which the abbots of St. Hubert have always kept some of their race or kind, in honour or remembrance of the saint, which was a hunter with S. Eustace. Whereupon we may conceive that (by the grace of God) all good huntsmen shall follow them into paradise. To return unto my former purpose, this kind of dogs hath bene dispersed through the counties of Hennault, Lorayne, Flanders, and Burgoyne. They are mighty of body, nevertheless their legs are low and short, likewise they are not swift, although they be very good of sent, hunting chases which are farre straggled, fearing neither water nor cold, and doe more court the chases that smell, as foxes, hore, and such like, than other, because they find themselves neither of swiftness nor courage to hunt and kill the chases that are lighter and swifter. The bloodhounds of this colour prove good, especially those that are colo blacke, but I made no great account to breed on them, or to keep the kind, and yet I found a book which a hunter did dedicate to a prince of Lorayne, which seemed to looke hunting much, wherein was a blazon which the same hunter gave to his bloodhound, called Soulillard, which was white:

'My name came first from holy Hubert's race,
   Soulillard my sire, a hound of singular grace.'

Whereupon we may presume that some of the kind prove white sometimes, but they are not of the kind of the Greflers or Boxers, which we have at these dazes."—The noble Art of Venerie or Hunting, translated and collected for the Use of all Noblemen and Gentlemen. Lond. 1611. 4to, p. 15.

Note C.

For the death-wound and death-hallion,
   Must'd his breath, his whiskcarn drew. — P. 161.

When the stag turned to bay, the ancient hunter had the perilous task of going in upon, and killing or disabling the desperate animal. At certain times of the year this was held particularly dangerous, a wound received from a stag's horn being then deemed poisonous, and more dangerous than one from the tusks of a boar, as the old rhyme testifies:

"If thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy bier,
   But barber's hand will bora's hurt heal, therefore thou needst not fear."

At all times, however, the task was dangerous, and to be adventured upon wisely and warily, either by setting behind the stag while he was gazing on the hounds, or by watching an opportunity to gallop roundly in upon him, and kill him with the sword. See many directions to this purpose in the Booke of Hunting, chap. 41. Wilson the historiann has recorded a providential escape which befell him in this hazardous sport, while a youth and follower of the Earl of Essex.

"Sir Peter Lee, of Lime, in Cheshire, invited my lord one summer to hunt the stag. And having a great stag in chase, and many gentlemen in the pursuit, the stag took soyle, and divers, whereof I was one, alighted, and stood with swords drawne, to have a cut at him, at his coming out of the water. The staggs there being wonderfully fierce and dangerous, made us youths more eager to be at him. But he escaped us all. And it was my misfortune to be hindered of my coming near him, the way being slippery, by a falle; which gave occasion to some, who did not know mee, to speak as if I had false for fear. Which being told mee, I left the stag, and followed the gentleman who [first] spake it. But I found him of that cold temper, that it seems his words made an escape from him; as by his denial and repentance it appeared. But this made mee more violent in the pursuit of the stag, to recover my reputation. And I happened to be the only horseman in, when the dogs set him up at bay; and approaching near him on horsebacke, he brake through the dogs, and run at mee, and tore my horse's side with his horns, close by my thigh. Then I quitted my horse, and grow more cunning for the dogs had sette him up againe, stealing behind him with my sword, and cut his hum-strians; and then got upon his back, and cut his throne: which, as I was doing, the coum-
pury came in, and blamed my rashness for running such a hazard."—Peck's Desereta Curiosa, ii. 464.

Note D.
And now to issue from the glen,
No pathways meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing meek,
A far projecting precipice.—P. 162.

Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees.

Note E.
To meet with Highland plunderers here,
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—P. 162.

The clans who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine, were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory excursions upon their Lowland neighbours. "In former times, those parts of this district, which are situated beyond the Grampian range, were rendered almost inaccessible by strong barriers of rocks, and mountains, and lakes. It was a border country, and, though on the very verge of the low country, it was almost totally sequestered from the world, and, as it were, insulated with respect to society. "Tis well known that in the Highlands, it was, in former times, accounted not only lawful, but honourable, among hostile tribes, to commit depredations on one another; and these habits of the age were perhaps strengthened in this district, by the circumstances which have been mentioned. It bordered on a country, the inhabitants of which, while they were richer, were less warlike than they, and widely differenced by language and manners."—Graham's Sketches of Scenery in Perthshire. Edin. 1806. p. 97. The reader will therefore be pleased to remember, that the scene of this poem is laid in a time,

"When tooming fualds, or sweeping of a glen,
Had still been held the deed of gallant men."

Note F.
A gray-hair'd sire, whose eye intent,
Was on the vision'd future bent.—P. 163.

If force of evidence could authorise us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of the existence of the Second-sight. It is called in Gaelic Taishataruagh, from Taish, an unreal or shadowy appearance; and those possessed of the faculty are called Taishatrin, which may be aptly translated visionary Martins, a steady believer in the second-sight, gives the following account of it:

"The second-sight is a singular faculty, of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that used it for that end: the vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see, nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object that was represented to them.

"At the sight of a vision, the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are by, when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

"There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision, the inner part of his eyelids turns so far upwards, that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employ others to draw them down, which he finds to be the much easier way.

"This faculty of the second-sight does not linearly descend in a family, as some imagine, for I know several parents who are endowed with it, but there cludery habits and no family mark; neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And, after a strict inquiry, I could never learn that this faculty was communicable any way whatsoever.

"The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision, before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstance of an object, is by observation; for several persons of judgment, without this faculty, are more capable to judge of the design of a vision, than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

"If an object is seen early in the morning (which is not frequent), it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards. If at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day. If in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night: the later always in accomplishment, by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen.

"When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death; the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer; and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the persons of whom the observations were then made, enjoyed perfect health.

"One instance was lately foretold by a seer, that was a novice, concerning the death of one of my acquaintance; this was communicated to a few only, and with great confidence; I being one of the number. Did not in the least wonder at the time foretold, did confirm me of the certainty of the prediction. This novice mentioned above, is now a skilful seer, as appears
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from many late instances; he lives in the parish of St. Mary's, the most northern in Skie.

"If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried at the time of the apparition.

"If two or three women are seen at once near a man's left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his wife first, and so on, whether the man be single or married at the time of the vision or not; of which there are several late instances among those of my acquaintance. It is an ordinary thing for them to see a man that is to come to the house shortly after: and if he is not of the seer's acquaintance, yet he gives such a lively description of his stature, complexion, habit, &c. that upon his arrival he answers the character given him in all respects.

"If the person so appearing be one of the seer's acquaintance, he will tell his name, as well as other particulars; and he can tell by his countenance whether he comes in a good or bad humour.

"I have seen thus myself by seers of both sexes, at some hundred miles' distance; some that saw him in this manner had never seen me personally, and it happened according to their vision, without any previous design of mine to go to those places, my coming there being purely accidental.

"It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees, in places void of all three; and this in progress of time uses to be accomplished: as at Mogshot, in the Isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry cowhouses, tithed with straw, yet in a very few years after, the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished, by the building of several good houses on the very spot represented by the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

"To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast, is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several fresh instances.

"To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death soon after.

"When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second-sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and he be near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

"Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse which they carry along with them; and after such visions, the seers come in sweating, and describe the people that appeared: if there be any of their acquaintance among 'em, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers, but they know nothing concerning the corpse.

"All those who have the second-sight do not always see visions at once, though they be together at the time. But if one who has this faculty, design'dly touch his fellow-seer at the instant of a vision's appearing, then the second sees it as well as the first: and this is sometimes discerned by those that are near them on such occasions."—Martin's Description of the Western Islands, 1716, Svo, p. 3, at seg.

"To these particulars innumerable examples might be added, all attested by grave and credible authors. But, in despite of evidence which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnson were able to resist, the Taiisch, with all its visionary properties, seems to be now universally abandoned to the use of poetry. The exquisitely beautiful poem of Lochiel will not once occur to the recollection of every reader.

NOTE G.

Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had fromed a rustic bower.—P. 164.

The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic bower, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Cullovid.

"It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called Lettermliech, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the Cage, in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level the floor for a habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other: and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round or rather oval shape; and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. The whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end, all along the roof, to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage; and by chance there happened to be two stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the fall of the rock, which was of a smooth colour, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day."—Home's History of the Rebellion, Lond. 1802, 4to, p. 381.

NOTE H.

My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Ascabari.—P. 164.

These two sons of Anak flourished in romantic fable. The first is well known to the admirers of Ariosto, by the name of Ferrau. He was an antagonist of Orlando, and was at length slain by him in single combat. There is a romance in the Auchinleck MS., in which Ferragus is thus described:—

On a day come tidings
Unto Charts, the King;
Of a doughty knight
Was come to Navers,
Stout he was and fine,
Vergeus he bight.
Of Babiloon the soudan
Ther he rode gan,
With King Charls to fight.
So hard he was to fend
That no dint of broad
He could rend him, splight.
He hadde twenti men strengthe
And fourt set of lentheth.
Thirte kinman hede: 2
And fear for set in the face.
Y-miroes 3 in the place,
And fifteen in brode: 4
His nose was a fitt more;
His brow, as hristion wore: 5
He that it seignhe it sede
He asked the helthecie,
And was swart set as any plite,
Of him men might adrese."

Romance of Charlemagne, I. 401-404.
Auchinleck MS. folio 295.

Ascopath, or Ascathor, makes a very material figure in the History of Bevis of Hampton, by whom he was conquered. His effigies may be seen guarding one side of a gate at Southampom, while the other is occupied by Sir Bevis himself. The dimensions of Ascopath were little inferior to those of Ferragus, if the following description be correct:—

"They met with a pennant,
With a theriarche seminount.
He was wunderliche strong,
Rome I threttet fote long.
His herd was but gret and nowe;
A space of a fett betweene is 9 bowe.
His club was, to yeue 10 a strok.
A hite bodi of an oek. 31

Beere hadde of him wunder gret,
And sekeled him what a bet, 79
And yaf 18 men of his couste
Were use meche 14 use was he.
'Me name', a sede, 16 'is Ascopath,
Garci me set biderward,
For to bring that quene ayen.
And the Beere her of-sien.
Ichem Garci is 17 champion.
And was u-driece out of the 18 cown
Af that ich was so litte.
Ecere moe me wolde smite,
Ich was nit and so merlich.
Ecere moe me slepede dwergen, 41
And nowe Jehovah in this londe,
1 wax mer 29 that understande.
And was straen then other trowe; 25
And that shekel on be scene."

Sir Bevis of Hampton, I. 2612.
Auchinleck MS. folio 169.

Note I.

Though all unask'd his birth and name.—P. 164.

The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish, to ask a stranger his name or lineage, before he had taken refreshment. Feuds were so frequent among them, that a contrary rule would in many cases have produced the discovery of some circumstance, which might have excluded the guest from the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of.


Note L.

Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel grey.

P. 166.

That Highland chieftains, to a late period, retained in their service the bard, as a family officer, admits of very easy proof. The author of the Letters from the North of Scotland, an officer of the Bards, quartered at Inverness about 1720, who certainly cannot be deemed a favourable witness, gives the following account of the office, and of a hard whom he heard exercise his talent of recitation:—"The bard is skilled in the genealogy of all the Highland families, sometimes preceptor to the young laird, celebrates in Irish verse the original of the tribe, the famous warlike actions.
of the successive heads, and sings his own lyricks as an opiate to the chief when indisposed for sleep; but poets are not equally esteemed and honoured in all countries. I happened to be a witness of the dishonour done to the nurse at the house of one of the chiefs, where two of these birds were set at a good distance, at the lower end of a long table, with a parcel of Highlanders of no extraordinary appearance, over a cup of ale. Poor inspiration! They were not asked to drink a glass of wine at our table, though the whole company consisted only of the great man, one of his near relations, and myself. After some little time, the chief ordered one of them to sing me a Highland song. The bard readily obeyed, and with a hoarse voice, and in a tune of few various notes, began, as I was told, one of his own lyricks: and when he had proceeded to the fourth or fifth stanza, I perceived, by the names of several persons, glens, and mountains, which I had known or heard of before, that it was an account of some clan battle. But in his going on, the chief (who piques himself upon his school-learnine), at some particular passage, bid him cease, and cried out, "There's nothing like that in Virgil or Homer." I bowed, and told him I believed so. "This you may believe was very edifying and delightful."—Letters, ii. 167.

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**Note M.**

The Greme.—P. 166.

The ancient and powerful family of Graham (which, for metrical reasons, is here spelt after the Scottish pronunciation) held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumharton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals. Sir John the Greme, the faithful and undaunted partaker of the labours and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortunate field of Falkirk, in 1298. The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in whom De Reitz saw realized his abstract idea of the hero, was the second of these worthies. And, notwithstanding the severity of his temper, and the rigour with which he executed the oppressive mandates of the princes whom he served, I do not hesitate to name as a third, John Greme of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dun-dee, whose heroic death in the arms of victory may be allowed to cancel the memory of his cruelty to the non-conformists during the reign of Charles II. and James II.

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**Note N.**

This harp, which erst Saint Modan swa'yd. P. 167.

I am not prepared to show that Saint Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no uninspired accomplishment: for Saint Dunstan certainly did play upon that instrument, which retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to its master's character, announced future events by its spontaneous sound. "But labouring once in these mechanic arts for a devout matrone that had sett him on work, his violl, that hung by him on the wall, of its own accord, without anie man's helpe, distinctly sounded this an- thime:— "Gudent in caelis anima sanctorum qui Christi vestigiis sunt seculi; et quae pro eis omne animum suum sederunt, idem Christo gaudent aeternum. Whereat all the company being much astonished, turned their eyes from beholding him working, to looke on that strange accident." • • • "Not long after, manie of the court that hitherunto had borne a kind of friendship towards him, began now greatly to envie at his progress and rising in goodnes, using manie crookd. Backbiting means to disfame his vertues with the blacke masks of hypocrisie. And the better to au- thorize their calumny, they brought in this that happened in the violl, affirmin to it have been done by art magick. What more? This wicked rumour encreas'd daily, till the king and othres of the nobles taking heed there- of, Dunstan grew odious in their sight. There- fore he resolved to leane the court and go to Elphegnis, surnamed the Bauld, then Bishop of Winchester, who was his cozen. Which his enemies understanding, they lavd wayt for him in the way, and hauing throwne him of to horse, beate him, and draged him in the dust in the most miserable manner, meaning to have slain him, had not a company of mastine dogges that came unlookt upon them defended and redeemed him from their crueltie. When with sorrow he was assaunied to see dozges more humane than they. And guing thanks to Almighty God, he sensibly againe perceived that the times of his violl had runned him a warning of future accidents."—Flower of the Lives of the most renowned Saints of England, Scotland, and Ireland, by the R. Father Hierome Porter. Doway, 1632, 4to, tome i p. 438.

The same supereternal circumstance is alluded to by the anonymous author of "Grim, the Collier of Croydon."

"[Dunstan's harp sounds on the wall]

Forest. Hark, hark, my lord's the holy abbot's harp Sounds by weal ching on the wall!

Dunstan. Unshellow'd man, that scarest the sacred reeds,

Hark, how the testimony of my truth

Sounds heavenly music with an angel's hand,

To qualifie Dunstan's integrity

And prove thy active boast of no effect."

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**Note O.**

Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,

Were exiled from their native heaven.—P. 167.

The downfall of the Douglasses of the house of Angus during the reign of James V. is the event alluded to in the text. The Earl of Angus, that in all be remembered, had married the queen dowager, and availed himself of the right which he thus acquired, as well as of his extensive power, to retain the king in a sort of tutelage, which approached very near to captivity. Several open attempts were made to rescue James from this thraldom, with which he was well known to be deeply dis-
gusted; but the valour of the Douglases and their allies gave them the victory in every conflict. At length the king, while residing at Falkland, contrived to escape by night out of his own court and palace, and rode full speed to Stirling Castle, where the governor, who was of the opposite faction, joyfully received him. Being thus at liberty, James speedily summoned around him such peers as he knew to be most inimical to the domination of Angus, and laid his complaint before them. "Pitscottie, with great lamentations: showing to them how he was held in subjection, thirs years bygone, by the Earl of Angus and his kin and friends, who oppressed the whole country and spoiled it, under the pretence of justice and his authority; and had slain many of his lieges, kinsmen, and friends, because they would have had it mended at their hands, and put him at liberty, as he ought to have been, at the counsel of his whole lords, and not have been subjected and corrected with no particular men, by the rest of his nobles. Therefore, said he, I desire, my lords, that I may be satisfied of the said earl, his kin, and friends; for I avow that Scotland shall not hold us both while [i.e. till] I be revenged on him and his."

"The lords, hearing the king's complaint and lamentation, and also the great rage, fury, and malice that he bore toward the Earl of Angus, his kin and friends, they concluded all, and thought it best that he should be summoned to underly the law; if he found no caution, nor yet compear himself, that he should be put to the horn, with all his kin and friends, so many as were contained in the letters. And farther, the lords ordained, by advice of his majesty, that his brother and friends should be summoned to find caution to underly the law within a certain day, or else be put to the horn. But the earl appeared not, nor none for him; and so he was put to the horn, with all his kin and friends: so many as were contained in the summons that complained not were banished, and holden traitors to the king."

NOTE P.

In Holy-Rood a Knight he slew.—P. 167.

This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the Court of Scotland; nay, the presence of the sovereign himself scarcely restrained the ferocious and inveterate feuds which were the perpetual source of bloodshed among the Scottish nobility. The following instance of the murder of Sir William Stuart of Ochiltree, called The Bloody, by the celebrated Francis, Earl of Bothwell, may be produced among many; but as the offence given in the royal court will hardly bear a vernacular translation, I shall leave the story in Johnstone's Latin, referring for farther particulars to the naked simplicity of Birrell's Diary, 30th July 1568.

"Mors improbi hominis non tam ipsa immor- diat, quam peccato exemplo in publicum, jade perpe- trata. Guilemii Stuarti Alacritiss, Arani frater, natura ac moribus, cujus sequus memini, vulgo properstem saeniuntis saeucarinarum dictus, a Bothvelio, in Sanctae Crucis Regia, ex-

ardescence ira, mendacii proprro laccisisit, ob- sevium oculum liberius retorquebat; Bothvelii habe contumeliam tacitus tuit, sed ignotum irum non animo concept. Ut rurque postiti- die Edinburgi conventum, totidem numero comi- tibus armatis, praebuit causa, et acriter pugna- tum est; ceteris amicis et clientibus metu tor- pentibus, aut vi obestritis, ipsa Stuartus fortis- sima dimen; tandem excessu plado a Bothvelio, Scythica feritate transiodit, sine cujusquam misericordia; habuit siquaque quem debut exitum. Dignus erat Stuartus quid secutur; Bothvelii qui faceret. Vulgus sanguinem sanguine predicti- cabat, et horum cruore insursum monitus erasque parentatum."—Johnstoni Historia Rerum Britanniarum, ab anno 1572 ad annum 1628. Amsterdam, 1655, fol. p. 135.

NOTE Q.

The Douglas, like a stricken deer, Disowned by every noble peer.—P. 167.

The exile state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate, that numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise. James Douglas, son of the banished Earl of Angus, afterwards well known by the title of Earl of Morton, lurked, during the exile of his family, in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise James the Greive (i.e. Reve or Bailiff). "And as he bore the name," says Godscroft, "so did he also execute the office of a grieve or overseer of the lands and rents, the corn and cattle of him with whom he lived." From the habits of frugality and observation which he acquired in his humble situation, the historian traces that intimate acquaintance with popular character which enabled him to rise so high in the state, and that honourable economy by which he repaired and established the shattered estates of Angus and Morton—History of the House of Douglas, Edinburgh, 1743, vol. ii. p. 160.

NOTE R.

Maronnan's cell.—P. 168.

The parish of Kilmaronock, at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Maro- nock, or Marnock, or Maronnan, about whose sanctity very little is now remembered. There is a fountain devoted to him in the same pa- rish; but its virtues, like the merits of its patron, have fallen into oblivion.

NOTE S.

Bracklinn's thundering wave.—P. 169.

This is a beautiful cascade made by a moun- tain stream called the Keltie, at a place called...
the Bridge of Bracklinn, about a mile from the village of Callander in Perthshire. Above a chasm, where the brook precipitates itself from a height of at least fifty feet, there is thrown, for the convenience of the neighbourhood, a rustic footbridge, of about three feet in breadth, and without ledges, which is scarcely to be crossed by a stranger without awe and apprehension.

NOTE T.

For Time-man forged by fairy lore.—P. 168.

Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises, that he acquired the epithet of Tiémman, because he timèd, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought. He was vanquished, as every reader must remember, in the bloody battle of Homildon-hill, near Wooler, where he himself lost an eye, and was made prisoner by Hotspur. He was no less unfortunate when allied with Percy, being wounded and taken at the battle of Shrewsbury. He was so unsuccessful in an attempt to besiege Roxburgh Castle, that it was called the Foul Raid, or disgraceful expedition. His ill fortune left him indeed at the battle of Beauge, in France; but it was only to return with double emphasis at the subsequent action of Vernolli, the last and most unlucky of his encounters, in which he fell, with the flower of the Scottish chivalry, then serving as auxiliaries in France, and about two thousand common soldiers, a.D. 1424.

NOTE U.

Did, self-unscabbard, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe.—P. 168.

The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to deduce from them, especially from such as were supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time. The wonderful sword Skofnung, wielded by the celebrated Hrolf Krak, was of this description. It was deposited in the tomb of the monarch at his death, and taken from thence by Skegg, a celebrated pirate, who bestowed it upon his son-in-law, Kormak, with the following curious directions:—"The manner of using it will appear strange to you. A small bag is attached to it, which take heed not to violate. Let not the rays of the sun touch the upper part of the handle, nor unsheathe it, unless thou art ready for battle. But when thou comest to the place of fight, go aside from the rest, grasp and extend the sword, and breathe upon it. Then a small worm will creep out of the handle; lower the handle, that he may more easily return into it." Kormak, after having received the sword, returned home to his mother. He showed the sword, and attempted to draw it, as unnecessarily as ineffectually, for he could not pluck it out of the sheath. His mother, Dali, exclaimed, 'Do not despise the counsel given to thee, my son.' Kormak, however, repeating his efforts, pressed down the handle with his feet, and tore off the handle, when Skofnung emitted a hollow groan: but still he could not unsheathe the sword. Kormak then went out with Bessus, whom he had challenged to fight with him, and drew apart at the place of combat. He sat down upon the ground, and unsheathing the sword, which he bore above his vestments, did not remember to shield the hilt from the rays of the sun. In vain he endeavoured to draw it, till he placed his foot against the hilt; then the sword issued from it. Kormak did not draw forth the weapon, in consequence whereof good fortune deserted it. As he unsheathed Skofnung, it emitted a hollow murmur."—Bartho-

NOTE V.

Those thrilling sounds that call the might
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.—P. 168.

The connoisseurs in pipe-music affect to dis-

cover in a well-composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and
all the "current of a heady spirit." To this opinion Dr. Beattie has given his suffrage, in the following elegant passage:—"A pibroch is a species of tune, peculiar, I think, to the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. It is performed on a bagpipe, and differs totally from all other music. Its rhythm is so irregular, and its notes, especially in the quick movement, so mixed and huddled together, that a stranger finds it impossible to reconcile his ear to it, so as to perceive its modulation. Some of these pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion resembling a march; then gradually quicken into the onset; run off with noisy confusion, and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy; and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession."—Essay on Laughter and ludicrous Composition, chap. iii. Note.

NOTE W.


Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefy used in the intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity, as head of the clan, and which was common to all his predecessors and successors, as Pharaoh to the kings of Egypt, or Arsaces to those of Parthia. This name was usually a patrimonial, expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. Thus the Duke of Argyll is called MacCallum Mure, or the son of Colin the Great. Sometimes, however, it is derived from armorial distinctions, or the memory of some great feat; thus Lord Searforth, as chief of the Macenzies, or Clan-Kennet, bears the epithet of Caber-fae, or Buck's Head, as representative of Colin Fitzgerald, founder of the family, who saved the Scottish king when endangered by a stag. But besides this title, which belonged to his office and dignity, the chiefman had usually another peculiar to himself, which distinguished him from the chiefmen of the same race. This was sometimes derived from complexion, as duh or roy; sometimes from size, as beg or more; at other times from some peculiarity of habit or appearance. The line of the text therefore signifies,

Black Roderrick, the descendant of Alpine.

The song itself is intended as an imitation of the jorrans, or boat songs, of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honour of a favourite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the oars of a galley, where the stroke is lengthened and doubled, as it were, and those which were timed to the rows of an ordinary boat.

NOTE X.

The best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.—P. 169.

The Lennyr, as the district is called, which encircles the lower extremity of Loch Lomond, was peculiarly exposed to the incursions of the mountaineers, who inhabited the inaccessible fastnesses at the upper end of the lake, and the neighbouring district of Loch Katrine. These were often marked by circumstances of great ferocity, of which the noted conflict of Glen-frum is a celebrated instance. This was a clan-battle, in which the Macgregors, headed by Allaster Macgregor, chief of the house of Clanstrachan, and the party of Colquhouns commanded by Sir Humphry Colquhoun of Luss. It is on all hands allowed that the action was desperately fought, and that the Colquhouns were defeated with great slaughter, leaving two hundred of their name dead upon the field. But popular tradition has added other horrors to the tale. It is said, that Sir Humphry Colquhoun, who was on horseback, escaped to the castle of Bencelrach, or Banochar, and was next day dragnet and murdered by the victorious Macgregors in cold blood. Buchanann of Auchmar, however, speaks of the slaughter as a subsequent event, and as perpetrated by the Macfarlans. Again, it is reported that the Macgregors murdered a number of youths, whom report of the intended battle had brought to be spectators, and whom the Colquhouns, anxious to the like fate, had shut up in a barn to be out of danger. One account of the Macgregors denies the circumstance entirely: another ascribes it to the savage and bloodthirsty disposition of a single individual, the bastard brother of the Laird of Macgregor, who amused himself with this second massacre of the innocents, in express obedience to the chief, by whom he was left their guardian during the pursuit of the Colquhouns. It is added, that Macgregor bitterly lamented this atrocious action, and procured the run which it must bring upon their ancient clan. The following account of the conflict, which is indeed drawn up by a friend of the Clan-Gregor, is altogether silent on the murder of the youths. "In the spring of the year, there happened a quarrel and troubles between the laird of Luss, chief of the Colquhouns, and Alexander, laird of Macgregor. The original of these quarrels proceeded from injuries and provocations mutually given and received, not long before. Macgregor, however, wanting to have them ended in friendly conferences, marched at the head of two hundred of his clan to Leven, which borders on Luss, his country, with a view of settling matters by the mediation of friends: but Luss had no such intentions, and projected his measures with a different view; for he privately drew together a body of 300 horse and 500 foot, composed partly of his own clan and their followers, and partly of the Buchanan, his neighbours, and resolved to cut off Macgregor and his party to a man, in case the issue of the conference did not answer his inclination. But matters fell otherwise than he expected; and though Macgregor had previous information of his insidious design, yet assembling his resentment, he kept the appointment, and parted good friends in appearance.

No sooner was he gone, than Luss, thinking to surprise him and his party in full security, and without any dread or apprehension of his treachery, followed with all speed, and came up with him at a place called Glenfroom.
Macgregor, upon the alarm, divided his men into two parties, the greatest part wherein he commanded himself, and the other he committed to the care of his brother John, by his orders, led them about another way, and attacked the Colquhouns in flank. Here it was fought with great bravery on both sides for a considerable time; and, notwithstanding the vast disproportion of numbers, Macgregor, in the end, obtained an absolute victory. So great was the rout, that 230 of the Colquhouns were left dead upon the spot, most of the leading nobility were killed in the battle, and a multitude of prisoners taken. But what seemed most surprising and incredible in this defeat, was, that none of the Macgregors were missing, except John, the laird's brother, and one common fellow, though indeed many of them were wounded."—Professor Ross's History of the Family of Sutherland, 1631.

The conduct of the battle of Glen-fruin was very calamitous to the family of Macgregor, who had already been considered as an unruly clan. The widows of the slain Colquhouns, sixty, it is said, in number, appenred in doleful procession before the king at Stirling, each riding upon a white palfrey, and bearing in her hand the bloody shirt of her husband displayed upon a pike. James VI. was so much moved by the complaints of this "choir of mourning dames," that he let loose his vengeance against the Macgregors, without either bounds or moderation. The very name of the clan was proscribed, and those by whom it had been borne were given up to sword and fire, and absolutely hunted down by bloodhounds like wild beasts. Argyle and the Campbells, on the one hand, Montrose, with the Grahames and Buchanans, on the other, are said to have been the chief instruments in suppressing this devoted clan. The Laird of Macgregor surrendered to the former, on condition that he would take him out of Scottish ground. But, to use Birrel's expression, he kept "a Highlandman's promise," and, although he fulfilled his word to the letter, by carrying him as far as Berwick, he afterwards handed him over to King James, by whom he was executed with eighteen of his clan."—Birrel's Diary, 21st Oct. 1603. The Clan-Gregor being thus driven to utter despair, seem to have renounced the laws from the benefit of which they were excluded, and their depredations produced new acts of council, confirming the severity of their prescription, which had only the effect of rendering them still more united and desperate. It is an almost extraordinary proof of the ardent and invincible spirit of chivalry, that, notwithstanding the repeated proclamations providently ordained by the legislature, for the timeous preventing the disorders and oppression that may fall out by the said name and clan of Macgregors, and their followers, they were in 1715 and 1745, a potent clan, and continue to subsist as a distinct and numerous race.

Note Y.
The King's vindictive pride
Boasts to have tamed the Border side.—P. 170.

In 1529, James V. made a convention at Edinburgh for the purpose of considering the best mode of quelling the Border robbers, who, during the license of his minority, and the troubles which followed, had committed many exhorstences. Accordingly, he assembled a flying army of ten thousand men, consisting of his principal nobility and their followers, who were directed to bring their hawks and dogs with them, that the monarch might refresh himself with sport during the intervals of military execution. With this array he swept through Ettrick Forest, where he hanged over the gate of his own castle. Piers Cockburn of Kelso, and called Macgregor, on his head, belonging to a clan of thirty-six persons, all of whom were hanged at Carlenrig, near the source of the Teviot. The effect of this severity was such that, as the vulgar expressed it, "the rush-bush kept the cow," and, "thereafter was great peace and rest a long time, wherether the King had great profit; for he had ten thousand sheep going in the Ettrick Forest in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the King as good count of them as they had gone in the bounds of Fife."—Pitscottie's History, p. 153.

Note Z.
What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye By fate of Border chivalry.—P. 171.

James was in fact equally attentive to restrain rapine and feudal oppression in every part of his dominions. "The king past to the Isles, and there held justice courts, and punished both thief and traitor according to their demerit. And also he caused great men to show their holdings, where through he found many of the said lands in non-entry; the which he confiscated and brought home to his own use, and afterwards annexed them to the crown, as ye shall hear. Syne brought many of the great men of the Isles captive with him, such as Mudyart, M'Counell, M'Loyd of the Lewes, M'Neil, M'Lane, M'Intosh, John Mudyart, M'Kay, M'Kenzie, with many others that I cannot rehearse at this time. Some of them he put in ward and some in court, and some he took prisoners for a dill time with a common profit. So he brought the Isles, both north and south, in good rule and peace; wherefore he had great profit, service, and obedience of people a long time thereafter; and as long as he had the heads of the country in subjection, they lived in great peace and rest, and there was great riches and policy by the king's justice,"—Pitscottie, p. 152.

Note 2 A.
Rest safe till morning; pity y'were Such cheek should feel the midnight air. P. 172.

Hardihood was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander, that the

1 See Border Minstries, vol. I. p. 262.
reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter which could be thrown upon him. Yet it was sometimes hazarded on what we might presume to think slight grounds. It is reported of old Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, when upwards of seventy, that he was surprised by night on a hunting or military expedition. He wrapped him in his plaid, and lay contentedly down upon the snow, with which the ground happened to be covered. Among his attendants, who were preparing to take their rest in the same manner, he observed that one of his grandsons, for his better accommodation, had rolled a large snow-ball, and placed it below his head. The wrath of the ancient chief was awakened by a symptom of what he conceived to be degenerate luxury.—"Out upon thee," said he, kicking the frozen bolster from the head which it supported; "art thou so effeminate as to need a pillow?" The officer of engineers, whose curious letters from the Highlands have been more than once quoted, tells a similar story of Macdonald of Keppoch, and subjoins the following remarks:—"This and many other stories are romantick; but there is one thing, that at first thought might seem very romantick, of which I have been credibly assured, that when the Highlanders are constrained to lie among the hills, in cold dry windy weather, they sometimes soak the plaid in some river or burn (i. e. brook), and then, holding up a corner of it a little above their heads, they turn themselves round and round, till they are enveloped by the whole mantle. They then lay themselves down on the heath, upon the leeward side of some hill, where the wet and the warmth of their bodies make a steam like that of a boiling kettle. The wet, they say, keeps them warm by thickening the stuff, and keeping the wind from penetrating. I must confess I should have been apt to question this fact, had I not frequently seen them wet from morning to night, and even at the beginning of the rain, not so much as stir a few yards to shelter, but continue in it without necessity, till they were, as we say, wet through and through. There was more force in their looseness and sponginess of the plaiding; but the bonnet is frequently taken off and wrung like a dish-clout, and then put on again. They have been accustomed from their infancy to be often wet, and to take the water like spaniels, and this is become a second nature, and can scarcely be called a hardship to them, insomuch that I used to say, they seemed to be of the dried fish and the drenched fowl. Though I never saw this preparation for sleep in windy weather, yet, setting out early in a morning from one of the huts, I have seen the marks of their lodging, where the ground has been free from rime or snow, which remained all round the spot where they had lain."—Letters from Scotland, Lond. 1751, 8vo, ii. p. 385.

Note 2 B.

his henchman came.—P. 172.

"This officer is a sort of secretary, and is to be ready, upon all occasions, to venture his life in defence of his master; and at drinking-bouts he stands behind his sent, at his haunch, from whence his title is derived, and watches the conversation, to see if any one offends his patron. An English officer being in company with a certain chieftain, and several other Highland gentlemen, near Killichmack, had an argument with the great man; and both being well warmed with whisky, at last the dispute grew very hot. A youth who was henchman, not understanding one word of English, imagined his chieftain was insulted, and therefore drew his pistol from his side, and snapped it at the officer's head: but the pistol missed fire, otherwise it is more than probable he might have suffered death from the hand of that little vermin. But it is very disagreeable to an Englishman over a bottle, with the Highlanders, to see every one of them have his gilly, that is, his servant, standing behind him all the while, let what will be the subject of conversation."—Letters from Scotland, ii. 159.

Note 2 C.

And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.—P. 173.

When a chieftain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the Fiery Cross, also Crean Tarigh, or the Cross of Shame, because disobedience to what the symbol implied, inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the fiery cross, every man from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745-6, the Fiery Cross often made its circuit; and there was occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The late Alexander Stewart, Esq. of Invernahyle, described to me his having sent round the Fiery Cross through the district of Appin, during the same commotion. The coast was threatened by a descent from two English frigates, and the flower of the young men were with the army of Prince Charles Edward, then in England; yet the summons was so effectual, that even old age and childhood obeyed it; and a force was collected in a few hours, so numerous and so enthusiastic, that all attempt at the intended diversion upon the country of the absent warriors was in prudence abandoned, as desperate.

1 Whisky.
APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE. 209

This practice, like some others, is common to the Highlanders with the ancient Scoto-Nordic nations, and more whereby by the following extract from Olaus Magnus:

"When the enemy is upon the sea-coast, or within the limits of northern kingdoms, then presently, by the command of the principal governors, with the counsel and consent of the old soldiers, who are notably skilled in such like business, a staff of three hands length, in the common sight of them all, is carried by men appointed by the command who undertake a young man, unto that village, or city with this command,—that on the third, fourth, or eighth day, one, two, three, or else every man in particular, from fifteen years old, shall come with his arms, and expenses for ten or twenty days, upon pain that his or their houses shall be burnt (which is intimated by the burning of the staff), or else the master to be hanged (which is signified by the cord tied to it), to appear speedily on such a bank, or field, or valley, to hear the cause he is called, and to hear orders from the said provincial governors what he shall do. Wherefore that messenger, swifter than any post or waggon, having done his commission, comes slowly back again, bringing a token with him that he hath done all legally, and every moment one or another runs to every village and tells those places what they must do." . . . .

The messengers, therefore, of the footmen, that are to give warning to the people to meet for the battail, run fiercely and swiftly; for no snow, no rain, nor heat can stop them, nor night hold them; but they will soon run the race they undertake. The first messenger tells it to the next village, and that to the next; and so the hubbub runs all over till they all know it in that stiff or territory, where, when and wherefore they must meet." — Olaus Magnus' History of the Goths, translated by J. S. Loud, 1668, book iv. chap. 3, 4.

NOTE 2 D.

That monk, savage form and face.—P. 173.

The state of religion in the middle ages afforded considerable facilities for those whose mode of life excluded them from regular worship to secure, nevertheless, the ghostly assistance of confessors, perfectly willing to adapt the nature of their doctrine to the necessities and peculiar circumstances of their flock. Robin Hood, it is well known, had his celebrated domestic chaplain, Friar Tuck. And that same curial friar was probably more truly attached to and beloved by the ghostly fathers of the Tynedale robbers, who are thus described in an excommunication fulfilled against their patrons by Richard Fox, Bishop of Durham, tempore Henrici VIII:

"We have further understood, that there are many chaplains in the said territories of Tynedale and Redesdale, who are public and open maintainers of concubins of irregular, suspended, excommunicated, and interdicted persons, and withal so utterly ignorant of letters, that it has been found by those who objected this to them, that there were some who, having celebrated mass for ten years, were still unable to read the sacramental service. We have also understood there are persons among them who, although not ordained, do take upon them the offices of priesthood; and, in contempt of God, celebrate the divine and sacred rites, and administer the sacraments, not only in sacred and dedicated places, but in those which are profane and interdicted, and most wretchedly notorious; they themselves being attired in ragged, torn, and most filthy vestments, and to be heard in divine, or even in temporal offices. The which said chaplains do administer sacraments and sacramental rights to the aforesaid manifest and infamous thieves, robbers, depredators, receivers of stolen goods, and plunderers, and that without restitution, or intention to restore, as evinced by the act; and do also openly admit them to the rites of ecclesiastical seculi, without exacting security for restitution, although they are professed and belonging by the sacred canons, as well as by the institutes of the saints and fathers. All which infers the heavy peril of their own souls, and is a pernicious example to the other believers in Christ, as well as no slight, but an aggravated injury, to the numbers despoiled and plundered of their goods, gear, herds, and chattels." 1

To this vivid and picturesque description of the confessors and churchmen of predatory tribes, there may be added some curious particulars respecting the priests attached to the several septs of native Irish, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. These friars had indeed to plead, that the incursions, which they not only pardoned, but even encouraged, were made upon those hostile to them, as well in religion as from national antipathy; but by Protestant writers they are uniformly alleged to be the chief instruments of Irish insurrection, the very well-spring of all rebellion towards the English government. Lithgow, the Scottish traveller, declares the Irish wood-kerne, or predatory tribes, to be but the hounds of their hunting priests, who directed their incursions by their pleasure, partly for sustenance, partly for gratifying their profane general division, and also for the better security and easier domination of the friars. 2 Derrick, the liveliness and minuteness of whose descriptions may frequently apologize for his doggerel verses, after describing an Irish feast, and the encouragement given by the songs of the bards, to its termination in an incursion upon the parts of the country more immediately under subjection of the English, records the no less powerful arguments used by the friar to excite their animosity:—

1 The Moritains against the Robbers of Tynedale and Redesdale, with which I was favoured by my friend, Mr. Barcoes of Mainforth, may be found in the original Latin, in the Appendix to the Introduction to the Border Missal, No. VII. vol. 1. p. 374.

The wreckful invasion of a part of the English pale is then described with some spirit; the burning of houses, driving off cattle, and all pertaining to such predatory intrudors, are illustrated by a rude cut. The defeat of the Irish, by a party of English soldiers from the next garrison, is then commemorated, and in like manner adorned with an engraving, in which the friar is exhibited mourning over the slain chiefain; or, as the rubric expresses it,

"The frier then, that tresheorous knave; with oughoughbournelaste,

To see his conain Devill's son to have so foul event."

The matter is handled at great length in the text, of which the following verses are more than sufficient sample:

"The frier sayng this,

lamentes that locklesse partes,

And corseth to the pitte of hell

the death mans atoric hearts;

Yet for to quiyte them with

the frier taker paine,

For all the sygnes that ere he did

remission to obteine.

And therefore servis his booke,

the caddell and the hell;

Bot thinke ye that such espiehe toles

bring daunmed soules from hell?

Itfloges not to my part

inforall things to knowe,

But I believe till later daies,

thei rise not from belowe.

Yet hope that frieres give

to mortuisious runts,

If that their soules should chance in hell,

to bringe them quickly out,

Deth make them lead suche lives,

as neither God nor man.

Without revenge for their deserets,

permitte or suffer can.

Thus friers are the cause,

the fountaine, and the spring,

Of hurteburies in this lande,

of ech unhappie thing.

Thei of them to rebel

against their soveraygne queene,

And through rebellious oft tymes,

their might was none.

So as by friers meanes,

in whom all follie swimme,

The Irish karme doe often lose

the life, with bode and limme."

As the Irish tribes, and those of the Scottish Highlands, are much more intimately allied, by language, manners, dress, and customs, than the antiquaries of either country have been willing to assert myself I have here produced a strong warrant for the character sketched in the text. The following picture, though of a different kind, serves to establish the existence of ascetic religiousmen, to a comparatively late period, in the Highlands and Western Isles. There is a great deal of simplicity in the description, for which, as for much similar information, I am obliged to Dr. John Martin, who visited the Hebrides at the suggestion of Sir Robert Sibbald, a Scottish antiquarian of eminence, and early in the eighteenth century published a description of

them, which procured him admission into the Royal Society. He died in London about 1719.

His work is a strange mixture of learning, observation, and gross credulity.

"I remember," says this author, "I have seen an old lay-capuchin here (in the island of Benbecula), called in their language Brahbrbocht, that is, Poor brother; which is literally true; for he answers this character, having nothing but what is given him; he holds himself fully satisfied with food and raiment, and lives in a kind of simplicity as any of his order; his diet is very mean, and he drinks only fair water; his habit is no less mortifying than that of his brethren elsewhere: he wears a short coat, which comes no farther than his middle, with narrow sleeves like a waistcoat: he wears a plaid above it, girt about the middle, which reaches to his knee: the plaid is fastened on his breast with a wooden pin, his neck bare, neither his feet often so too; he wears a hat for ornament, and the string about it is a bit of a fisher's line, made of horse-hair. This plaid he wears instead of a gown worn by those of his order in other countries. I told him he wanted the flaxen girdle that men of his order usually wear: he answered me, that he wore a leathern one, which was the same thing. Upon the matter, if he is spoken to when at meat, he answers again; which is contrary to the custom of his order. This poor man frequently diverts himself with angling of trouts; he lies upon straw, and has no hell (as others have) to call him to his devotions, but only his conscience, as he told me."—Martin's Description of the Western Highlands, p. 82.

Note 2 E.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.—P. 173.

The legend which follows is not of the author's invention. It is possible he may differ from modern critics, in supposing that the records of human superstition, if peculiar to, and characteristic of, the country in which the scene is laid, are a legitimate subject of poetry. He gives, however, a ready assent to the narrower proposition which condemns all attempts of an irregular and disordered fancy to excite terror, by accumulating a train of fantastic and incoherent horrors, whether borrowed from all countries, and patched upon a narrative belonging to one which knew them not, or derived from the author's own imagination. In the present case, therefore, I appeal to the reader which I have transcribed, with the variation of a very few words, from the geographical collections made by the Laird of Macfarlane. I know not whether it be necessary to remark, that the miscellaneous concourse of youths and maidens on the night and on the spot where the miracle is said to have taken place, might, even in a credulous age, have somewhat diminished the wonder which accompanied the conception of Gilli-Dorr-Magrevolich.

"There is but two myles from Inverlochie,

Impressions known to exist, belonging to the copy in the Advocates' Library. See Somers' Tracts, vol. i. pp. 684, 685.
the church of Kilmalie, in Lochyeld. In ancient times there was an church builded upon an hill, which was above this church, which is now stand in this towne; and ancient men dooth say, that there was a battell fought on an little hill not the tenth part of a mile from this church, be certaine men which they did not know what they were. And long time thereafter, certaine herds of that towne, and of the next towne, called Unait, both wenchses and youthes, did on a tymes conveen with others on that hill; and the day being somewhat cold, diid gather the bones of the dead men that were slyne long tymes before in that place, and did make a fire to warm them. At last they did all remove from the fire, except one maid or wench, which was very cold, and she did remane there for a space. She being quetyllie her alone, without anie other companie, took up her cloaths above her knees, or thereby, to warm her; a wind did come and caste the ashes upon her, and she was conceived of one man-chyld. Several tymes thereafter she was very sick, and at last she was knowne to be with chyld. And then her parents did ask at her the matter heiroff, which the wench could not well answer which way to satisfy them. At last she resolved them with anse answer. As fortune fell upon her concerning this marvellous miracle, the chyld being borne, his name was called Gili-Doir-Maghrevollik, that is to say, the Black Child, Son to the Bones. So called, his grandfather sent him to school, and so he was a good scholar, and godlike. He did build this church which doeth now stand in Lochyeld, called Kilmalie."—Macfarlane, ut supra, p. 183.

**Note 2 F.**

*Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
The virgin snood did Alice wear.*—P. 173.

The snood, or riband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the church, toy, or cloth, when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. But if the damsels was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden, without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood, nor advanced to the graver dignity of the church. In old Scottish songs there occur many sly allusions to such misfortune; as in the old words to the popular tune of "Ower the muir amang the heather."

"Down amang the broom, the broun,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lasie lost her silken snood,
That gaird her greet till she was wearie."

**Note 2 G.**

*The desert gave him visions wild.
Such as might suit the spectre's child.*—P. 174.

In adopting the legend concerning the birth of the Founder of the Church of Kilmalie, the author has endeavoured to trace the effects which such a belief was likely to produce, in a barbarous age, on the persons to whom it related. It seems likely that he must have become a fanatic or an impostor, or that mixture of both which forms a more frequent character than either of them, as existing separately. In truth, mad persons are frequently more anxious to impress upon others a faith in their visions, than they are themselves confirmed in their reality; as, on the other hand, it is difficult for the most cool-headed impostor long to personate an enthusiast, without in some degree believing what he is so eager to have believed. It was a natural attribute of such a character as the supposed hermit, that he should credit the numerous superstitions with which the minds of ordinary Highlanders are almost always imbued. A few of these are slightly alluded to in this stanzas. The River Demon, or River-horse, for it is that form which he commonly assumes, is the Kelpy of the Lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, delighting to forbode and to witness calamity. He frequents most Highland lakes and rivers; and one of his most memorable exploits was performed upon the banks of Loch Venunchar, in the very district which forms the scene of our action: it consisted in the destruction of a general procession with all its attendants. The "Gaelic Glas-tich," a tall, emaciated, gigantic female figure, is supposed in particular to haunt the district of Knoydart. A goblin, dressed in antique armour, and having one hand covered with blood, called from that circumstance, Lamn-deary, or Red-hand, is a tenant of the forests of Glenmore and Rothiemurchus. Other aspects of the desert, all frightful in shape, and diabolical in disposition, are believed to frequent different mountains and gles of the Highlands, where any unusual appearance, produced by mist, or the strange lights that are sometimes thrown upon particular objects, never fails to present an apparition to the imagination of the solitary and melancholy mountaineer.

**Note 2 H.**

*The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream.*—P. 174.

Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelar, or rather a domestic spirit, attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and interposed by its wailings, any approaching disaster. That of Grant of Grant was called May Moultach, and appeared in the form of a girl, who had her arm covered with hair. Grant of Rothiemurchus had an attendant called Bodow-h-an-dun, or the Ghost of the Hill; and many other examples might be mentioned. The Ban-Schie implies a female Fairy, whose lamentations were supposed to preceed the death of a chiefman of particular families. When she is visible, it is in the form of an old woman, with a blue mantle and streaming hair. A superstition of the same kind is, I believe, universally received by the inferior ranks of the native Irish.

The death of the head of a Highland family is also sometimes supposed to be announced by a chain of lights of different colours, called Dr'ew, or death of the Druid. The direction
which it takes, marks the place of the funeral
[See the Essay on Fairy Superstitions in
the Border Minstrelsy]

Note 2 I.

Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charang steeds, careering fast
Along Bennarrow's shingly side,
Where mortal horsemen never might ride.

P. 174.

A passage of the kind alluded to in the text, is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of M'Lean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity. How easily the eye, as well as the ear, may be deceived upon such occasions, is evident from the stories of armies in the air, and other spectral phenomena with which history abounds. Such an apparition is said to have been witnessed upon the side of Southfell mountain, between Penrith and Keswick, upon the 23d June 1744, by two persons, William Lancaster of Blakehill, and Daniel Strickel, his servant, whose attestation to the fact, with a full account of the apparition, dated the 21st July 1745, is printed in Clarke's Survey of the Lakes. The apparition consisted of several troops of horse moving in regular order, with a steady rapid motion, making a curved sweep around the fell, and seeming to the spectators to disappear over the ridge of the mountain. Many persons witnessed this phenomenon, and observed the last, or last but one, of the supposed troop, occasionally leave his rank, and pass at a gallop to the front, when he resumed the same steady pace. This curious appearance, making the necessary allowance for imagination, may be perhaps sufficiently accounted for by optical deception—Survey of the Lakes, p. 23.

Supernatural intimations of approaching fate are not, I believe, confined to Highland families. Howel mentions having, at a laptidary's, in 1632, a monumental stone, prepared for four persons of the name of Oxenham, before the death of each of whom, the inscription stated a white bird to have appeared and fluttered around the bed while the patient was in the last agony.—Familiar Letters, edit. 1723, 247. Glenville mentions one family, the members of which received this solemn augury by music, the sound of which floated from the family residence, and seemed to die in a neighbouring wood; another, that of Captain Wood of Bampton, to whom the signal was given by knocking. But the most remarkable instance of the kind occurs in the MS. Memoirs of Lady Fanshaw, so exemplary for her conjugal talent. Her husband, Sir Richard, and she, chanced during their abode in Ireland, to visit a friend; the head of a sect, who resided in his ancient baronial castle, surrounded with a moat. At midnight she was awakened by a ghastly and supernatural scream; and, looking out of bed, beheld, by the moonlight, a female face and part of the form, hovering at the window. The distance from the ground, as well as the circumstance of the moat, excluded the possibility that what she beheld was of this world. The face was that of a young and rather handsome woman, but pale; and the hair, which was reddish, was loose and dishevelled. The dress, which Lady Fanshaw's terror did not prevent her remarking accurately, was that of the ancient Irish. This apparition continued to exhibit itself for some time, and then vanished, with two shrieks, similar to that which had first excited Lady Fanshaw's attention. In the morning, with infinite terror, she communicated her host what she had witnessed, and found him prepared not only to credit but to account for the apparition. "A near relation of my family," said he, "expired last night in this castle. We disused our certain expectation of the event from you, lest it should throw a cloud over the cheerful reception which was due you. Now, before such an event happens in this the family and castle, the female spectre whom you have seen always is visible. She is believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank, whom one of my ancestors degraded himself by marrying, and whom afterwards, to expiate the dishonour done his family, he caused to be drowned in the castle moat."

Note 2 K.

Whose parents in Inch-Caillieach wave
Their shadows o'er Cian-Alpine's grave.

P. 174.

Inch-Caillieach, the Isle of Nuns, or of Old Women, is a most beautiful island at the lower extremity of Loch Lomond. The church belonging to the former nunnery was long used as the place of worship for the parish of Buchanan, but scarce any vestiges of it now remain. The burial-ground continues to be used, and contains the family places of sepulture of several neighbouring clans. The monuments of the lairs of Macgregor, and of other families claiming a descent from the old Scottish King Alpine, are most remarkable. The Highlanders are as zealous of their rights of sepulture as may be expected from a people whose whole laws and government, if chaispan can be called so, turned upon the single principle of family descent. "May his ashes be scattered on the water," was one of the deepest and most solemn imprecactions which they used against an enemy. [See a detailed description of the funeral ceremonies of a Highland chiefly in the Fair Maid of Perth. Waverley Novels, vol. 43, chaps. x. and xi. Edit. 1834.]

Note 2 L.

On fester foot was never tied.—P. 175.

The present broghte of the Highlanders is made of half-dried leather, with holes to admit and let out the water; for walking the moors dry shod is a matter altogether out of the question. The ancient buskin was still ruder, being made of undressed deer's hide,
with the hair outwards; a circumstance which procured the Highlanders the well-known epithet of Red-shanks. The process is very accurately described by one Elder (himself a Highlander) in the project for a union between England and Scotland, addressed to Henry VIII. "We go a-hunting, and after that we have slain red-deer, we lay off the skin by-and-by, and setting of our bare-foot on the inside thereof, for want of cunning shoemakers, by your grace's pardon, we play the cobblers, compassing and measuring so much thereof as shall reach up to our ankles, prickings the upper part thereof with holes, that the water may repass where it enters, and stretching it up with a strong thong of the same above our said ankles. So, and please your noble grace, we make our shoes. Therefore, we using such manner of shoes, the rough hairy side outwards, in your grace's dominions of England, we be called Roughfooted Scots." — Pinkerton's History, vol. ii. p. 397.

**APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE. 213**

The progress of the signal through the small district of lakes and mountains, which, in exercise of my poetical privilege, I have subjected to the authority of my imaginary chief-tain, and which, at the period of my romance, was really occupied by a clan who claimed a descent from Alpine; a clan the most unfortunate, and most persecuted, but neither the least distinguished, least powerful, nor least brave, of the tribes of the Gael.

"Stiech non ringhiadh duchainn
Bhu-shios an Dun-Sginnein
Aig a roabh cuim o Halla chluinn
'Stag a chail dochas fast ris."

The first stage of the Fiery Cress is to Dun-craggan, a place near the Brigg of Turk, where a short stream divides Loch Achray from Loch Vennachar. From thence, it passes towards Callender, and then, turning to the left up the pass of Leny, is consigned to Norman at the chapel of Saint Bride, which stood on a small and romantic knoll in the middle of the valley, called Strath-Ire. Tomnahurn and Armadale, or Ardmandave, are names of places in the vicinity. The alarm is then supposed to pass along the lake of Lohannig, and through the various glens in the district of Bulquidder, including the neighbouring tracts of Glenfinlas and Strathgartie.

**NOTE 2 M.**

_The dismal coronach._—P. 175.

The _Coronach_ of the Highlanders, like the _Ulalattus_ of the Romans, and the _Utuloo_ of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation, poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it were articulate, they expressed the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death. The following is a lament of this kind, literally translated from the Gaelic, to some of the ideas of which the text stands indebted. The tune is so popular, that it has since become the war-march, or Gathering of the clan.

_Coronach on Sir Louchlan, Chief of Maclean._

- Which of all the _Sarmachies_
  Can trace thy line from the root up to Paradise,
  But Macvorin, the son of Fergus?
- No sooner had thine ancient stately tree
  Taken firm root in Albo,
  Than one of thy forefathers fell at Harlaw.—
- This then we lose a chief of deathless name.
- "Tis no base weed—no planted tree,
  Nor a seedling of her Autain;
  Nor a sapling planted at Belfont;
  Wider, wide around were spread its lofty branches—
  But the topmost bough is lowly bending,
  Thou hast foreseen as before Sawallaie."

- Thy dwelling is the winter house—
  Loud, sad, sad, and mighty is thy death-song
  Oh! courteous champion of Montrose!
  Oh! stately warrior of the Celtic Isles!
  Thou shalt buckle thy harness on no more!"

The coronach has for some years past been superceded at funerals by the use of the hagpipe; and that also is, like many other Highland peculiarities, falling into disuse, unless in remote districts.

**NOTE 2 N.**

_Boiled into the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire._—P. 176.

_Inspection of the provincial map of Perthshire, or any large map of Scotland, will trace_ the provinces of the signal through the small district of lakes and mountains, which, in exercise of my poetical privilege, I have subjected to the authority of my imaginary chief-tain, and which, at the period of my romance, was really occupied by a clan who claimed a descent from Alpine; a clan the most unfortunate, and most persecuted, but neither the least distinguished, least powerful, nor least brave, of the tribes of the Gael.

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**NOTE 2 O.**

_Not faster o'er thy heathery bross,
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze._—P. 177.

It may be necessary to inform the southern reader, that the heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced, in room of the tough old heather plants. This custom (execrated by sportsmen) produces occasionally the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano. This simile is not new to poetry. The charge of a warrior, in the fine ballad of Hardyknute, is said to be "like fire to heather set."

**NOTE 2 P.**

_No oath, but by his chief-tain's hand,
No law, but Roderic Dhu's command._—P. 177.

The deep and implicit respect paid by the Highland clansmen to their chief, rendered this both a common and a solemn oath. In other respects they were like most savage nations, capricious in their ideas concerning the obligatory power of oaths. One solemn mode of swearing was by kissing the _dirk_, imprecating upon themselves death by that, or a similar weapon, if they broke their vow. But for oaths in the usual form, they are said to have had little respect. As for the reverence due to the chief, it may be guessed from the following old example of a Highland point of honour:—

"The clan whereto the above-mentioned tribe belongs, is the only one I have heard of,
which is without a chief; that is, being divided into families, under several chieftains, without any particular patriarch of the whole name. And this is a great reproach, as may appear from the sequel that follows, in the Highlands, between one of that name and a Cameron. The provocation given by the latter was—Name your chief."—The return of it at once was,—You are a fool." They went out next morning, but having early notice of it, I sent a small party of soldiers after them, which, in all probability, prevented some barbarous mischief that might have ensued: for the chiefless Highlander, who is himself a petty chieftain, was going to the place appointed with a small sword and pistol, whereas the Cameron (an old man) took with him only his broadsword, according to the agreement.

"When all was over, and I had, at least seemingly, recorded the fact, I was told the worst was over. I turned to think but slightly, were, to one of the clan, the greatest of all provocations."—Letters from Scotland, vol. ii. p. 221.

Note 2 Q.

a low and lonely cell.
By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,
Has Cuir-nan-Urisk been sung.—P. 177.

This is a very steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue, overhanging the south-eastern extremity of Loch Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and overshadowed with birch-trees, mingled with oaks, the spontaneous production of the mountain, even where its cliffs appear denuded of soil. A daile in so wild a situation, and ammid a people whose genius bordered on the romantic, did not remain without appropriate deities. The name literally implies the Corr, or Den, of the Wild or Shaggy men. Perhaps this, as conjectured by Mr. Alexander Campbell, 1 may have originally only implied its being the haunt of a ferocious bandit, at that time hascribed to the Urisk, who gives name to the cavern, a figure between a goat and a man; in short, however much the classical reader may be startled, precisely that of the Grecian Satyr. The Urisk seems not to have inherited, with the form, the petulance of the silvan deity of the classics: his occupation, on the contrary, resembled those of Milton's Lubbir Fieal, or of the Scottish Brownies, being almost altogether different from both in name and appearance. "The Urisk," says Dr. Graham, 2 were a set of lubberly supernaturals, who, like the Brownies, could be gained over by kind attention, to perform the drudgery of the farm, and it was believed that many of the families in the Highlands had one of the order attached to it. They were supposed to be dispersed over the Highlands, each in his own wild recess, but the solemn stated meetings of the order were regularly held in this Cave of Benvenue. This current superstition, no doubt, alludes to some circumstance in the ancient history of this country."—Scenery on the Southern Counties of Perthshire, p. 19, 1806.—It must be owned that

Note 2 R.

The wild pass of Beal-nam-bo.—P. 178.

Bealach-nam-bo, or the pass of cattle, is a most magnificent glade, overhung with aged birch-trees, a little higher up the mountain than the Cuir-nan-Urisk, treated of in a former note. The whole composes the most sublime piece of scenery that imagination can conceive.

Note 2 S.

A single page, to bear his sword.
Alone attended on his lord.—P. 178

A Highland chief, being as absolute in his patriarchal authority as any prince, had a corresponding number of officers attached to his person. He had his body-guards, called Luichtach, picked from his clan for strength, activity, and entire devotion to his person. These, according to their deserts, were sure to share abundantly in the rule profusion of his hospitality. It is recorded, for example, by tradition, that Allan MacLean, chief of that clan, happened upon a time to hear one of these favourite retainers observe to his comrade, that their chief grew old—"Whence do you infer that?" replied the other. "When was it," rejoined the first, "that a soldier of Allan's was obliged, as I am now, not only to eat the flesh from the bone, but even to tear off the inner skin, or filiment?" The hint was quite sufficient, and next morning, to relieve his followers from such dire necessity, undertook an inroad on the mainland, the ravage of which altogether effaced the memory of his former expeditions for the like purpose.

Our officer of Engineers, so often quoted, has given us a distinct list of the domestic officers who, independent of Luichtach, or gardes de corps, belonged to the establishment of a Highland Chief. These are, 1. The Henchman. See these Notes, p. 238. 2. The Bard. See p. 202. 3. Bladier, or a sponkman. 4. Gillicmore, or sword-bearer, alluded to in the text. 5. Gillic-costine, who carried the chief, if on foot, over the fords. 6. Gillic-constraine, who leads the chief's horse. 7. Gillic-truechmash, the baggage man. 8. The piper. 9. The piper's gillie or attendant, who carries the bagpipe. 2 Although this appeared, naturally enough, very ridiculous to an English officer, who considered the master of such a revenue as no more than an English gentleman of 500l. a-year, yet in the circumstances of the

1 Journey from Edinburgh, 1812, p. 169.
chief, whose strength and importance consisted in the number and attachment of his followers, it was of the last consequence, in point of policy, to have in his gift subordinate offices, which called immediately round his person those who were most devoted to him, and, being of value in their estimation, were also the means of rewarding them.

NOTE 2 T.

The Taighairm call'd; by which, after.

Our aires foresaw the events of war.—P. 179.

The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the Taighairm, mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation, he revolved in his mind the question proposed; and whatever was impressed upon him by his excited imagination, passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits, who haunt the desolate recesses. In some of these Hebrides, they attributed the same oracle power to a large black stone by the sea-shore, which they approached with certain solemnities, and considered the first fancy which came into their own minds, after they did so, to be the undoubtedly dictate of the tutelar deity of the stones. The same was partly complied with, Martin has recorded the following curious modes of Highland augury, in which the Taighairm, and its effects upon the person who was subjected to it, may serve to illustrate the text.

"It was an ordinary thing among the over-curious to consult an invisible oracle, concerning the fate of families and battles, &c. This was performed three different ways: the first was by the company of men, one of whom, being detached by lot, was afterwards carried to a river, which was the boundary between two villages; four of the company laid hold on him, and, having shut his eyes, they took him by the legs and arms, and then, tossing him to and fro, struck his hips with force against the bank. One of them cried out, What is it you have got here? another answers, A log of birch wood. The other cries again. Let our invisible friends appear from all quarters, and let them relieve him by giving an answer to our present demands: and in a few minutes after, a number of little creatures came from the sea, who answered the question, and disappeared suddenly. The man was then set at liberty and returned to his residence home, to take their measures according to the prediction of their false prophets; but the poor deluded fools were abused, for their answer was still ambiguous. This was always practised in the night, and may literally be called the works of darkness.

"I had an account from the most intelligent and judicious men in the Isle of Skye, that about sixty-two years ago, the oracle was thus consulted only once, and that was in the pa-

rish of Kilmartin, on the east side, by a wicked and mischievous race of people, who are now extinguished, both root and branch.

"The second way of consulting the oracle was by a party of men, who first retired to solitary places, remote from any house, and there they单身 out one of their number, and wrap him in a big cow's hide, which they folded about him; his whole body was covered with it, except his head, and so left in this posture all night, until his invisible friends replied to him by giving a certain answer to the question in hand; which he received, as he fancied, from several persons that he found about him all that time. His consorts returned to him at the break of day, and then he communicated his news to them; which often proved fatal to those concerned in such unwarrantable enquiries.

"There was a third way of consulting, which was a confirmation of the second above mentioned. The same company who put the man into the hide, took a live cat, and put him on a spit; one of the number was employed to turn the spit, and one of his consorts enquired of him, What are you doing? he answered, I roast this cat, until his friends answer the question; which must be the same that was proposed by the man shut up in the hide. And afterwards, a very big cat 1 comes, attended by a number of lesser cats, desiring to relieve the cat turned upon the spit, and then answers the question. If this answer proved the same that was given to the man in the hide, then it was taken as a confirmation of the other, which, in this case, was believed infallible.

M. Alexander Cooper, present minister of North-Vist, told me, that an old man, Erach, in the Isle of Lewis, assured him, it was his fate to have been led by his curiosity with some who consulted this oracle, and that he was a night within the hide, as above mentioned; during which time he fell and heard such terrible things, that he could not express them; the impression it made on him was such as could never go off, and he said, for a thousand worlds he would never again be concerned in the like performance, for this had disordered him to a high degree. He confessed it ingeniously, and with an air of great remorse, and seemed to be very penitent under a just sense of so great a crime: he declared this about five years since, and is still living in the Lewis for any thing I know."—Description of the Western Isles, p. 110. See also Feniantscottish Tour, vol. ii. p. 361.

NOTE 2 U.

The choicest of the prey we had,
When swept our merry-men Gallangad.—P. 180.

I know not if it be worth observing, that this passage is taken almost literally from the month of an old Highland Kern or Ketteran, as they were called. He used to narrate the merry doings of the good old time when he was follower of Rob Roy MacGregor. This

1 The reader may have met with the story of the "King of the Cuts," in Lord Lyttleton's Letters. It is well known in the Highlands as a nursery tale.
leader, on one occasion, thought proper to make a descent upon the lower part of the Loch Lomond district, and summoned all the heritors and farmers to meet at the Kirk of Drymen, to pay him black-mail, i.e. tribute for forbearance, an impost. The expedition was supported by a band of thirty or forty stout fellows, only one gentleman, an ancestor, if I mistake not, of the present Mr. Grahame of Gartmore, ventured to decline compliance. Rob Roy instantly swept his land of all he could drive away, and among the spoil was a bull of the old Scottish wild breed, whose ferocity occasioned great plague to the Ketterans. "But ere we had reached the Row of Dennon," said the old man, "a child might have scratched his ears." The circumstance is a minute one, but it paints the times when the poor beee was compelled

"To hoof it o'er as many weary miles,
With gaping pikemen howling at his heels,
As o'er the bravest avenue of the woods." Ebdowd.

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Note 2 V.

That huge cliff, whose ample verge
Tradition calls the Heri's Targe. — P. 180.

There is a rock so named in the Forest of Glenfinlas, by which a tumultuous cataract takes its course. This wild place is said in former times to have afforded refuge to an outlaw, who was supplied with provisions by a woman, who lowered them down from the brink of the precipice above. His water he procured for himself, by letting down a flagon tied to a string, into the black pool beneath the fall.

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Note 2 W.

That watching while the deer is broke,
His morst claims with olten crook. — P. 180.

Broke — Quartered. — Every thing belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors; but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, breaking, the slaughtered stag. The forester had his allotted portion; the hounds had a certain allowance; and, to make the division as general as possible, the very birds had their share also. "There is a little gristle," says Tuberville, "which is upon the spoon of the brisket, which we call the raven's bone: and I have seen in some places a raven so wont and accustomed to it, that she would never fail to crook and cry for it all the time you were in breaking up the deer, and would not depart till she had it." In the very ancient metrical romance of Sir Tristrem, that peerless knight, who is said to have been the very deviser of all rules of chase, did not omit the ceremony:

"Tha rassen he saye his nytes
Sat on the fourched tre." Sir Tristrem.

The raven might also challenge his rights by the Book of St. Alans; for thus says Dame Juliana Berners:

"Tha raven anon
The boly to the side, from the corbyn bone;
That is corbyn's fee, at the death he will be.

Jonson, in "The Sed Shepherd," gives a more poetical account of the same ceremony:

"Marian. — He that enodes him,
Doth cleave the brisket bone, upon the spoon
Of which a little gristle grows, you call it—
Robin Hood — The raven's bone.
Marian. — Now o'er head sae a raven
On a brea bough, a grown, great bird, and hoares,
Who, all the while the deer was breaking up,
So crooked and cried for't, as all the honestmen,
Especially old Scathlock, thought it ominous." 

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Note 2 X.

Which spills the foremost foeman's life,
That party conquers in the strife. — P. 180.

Though this be in the text described as a response of the Taghaim, or Oracle of the Hill, it was of itself an augury frequently attended to. The fate of the battle was often anticipated in the imagination of the combatants, by observing which party first shed blood. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeply imbued with this notion, that, on the morning of the battle of Tippermoor, they murdered a defenceless herdsman, whom they found in the fields, merely to secure an advantage of so much consequence to their party.

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Note 2 Y.

Alice Brand. — P. 181.

This little fairy tale is founded upon a very curious Danish ballad, which occurs in the Kømpe Viser, a collection of heroic songs, first published in 1591, and reprinted in 1695, inscribed by Anders Søfrensen, the collector and editor, to Sophia Queen of Denmark. I have been favoured with a literal translation of the original, by my learned friend Mr. Robert Jamieson, whose deep knowledge of Scandinavian antiquities will, I hope, one day be displayed in illustration of the history of Scottish Ballad and Song, for which no man possesses more ample materials. The story will remind the readers of the Border Minstrelsy of the tale of Young Tamulane. But this is only a solitary and not very marked instance of coincidence, whereas several of the other ballads in the same collection find exact counterparts in the Kømpe Viser. Which may have been the originals, will be a question for future antiquaries. Mr. Jamieson, to secure the power of literal translation, has adopted the old Scottish idiom, which approaches so near to that of the Danish, as almost to give word for word, as well as line for line, and indeed in many verses the orthography alone is altered. As

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1 This anecdote was, in former editions, inaccurately ascribed to Oregor Magregor of Gleogly, called Olaien Dhu, or Black-cnxce, a relation of Rob Roy, but, as I have been assured, not addicted to his predatory excesses. — Note to Third Edition.
Wester Haf, mentioned in the first stanzas of the ballad, means the West Sea, in opposition to the Baltic, or East Sea. Mr. Jamieson inclines to be of opinion, that the scene of the disenchantment is laid in one of the Orkney, or Hebride Islands. To each verse in the original is added a burden, having a kind of meaning of its own, but not applicable, at least not uniformly applicable, to the sense of the stanza to which it is subjoined: this is very common both in Danish and Scottish song.

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THE ELFIN GRAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPF VISER.
P. 148, AND FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1691.

Der ligger en vild i Wester Haf,
Der øster en bande at byge:
Hund forer did baade hog og hund,
Og øster der om vinteren at byge.
(De vilde drur og diyrene ud skofven.)

1.
There ligger a wold in Wester Haf,
There a husbande means to bigg,
And thuthe he carries baith hawk and hound,
There meaning the winter to bigg.
(The wild deer and does i the shaw out.)

2.
He takes wi' him baith hawk and cock,
The langer he means to stay,
The wild deer in the shaws that are
May saurly rue the day.
(The wild deer, &c.)

3.
He's hew'd the heech, and he's fell'd the ank,
Sae has the poplar gra;
And grim in mood was the gresomew elf,
That be sae baid he may.

4.
He hew'd him kipples, he hew'd him bawks,
Wi' mickle moli and haste;
Syne spe'er'd the Elf i' the knock that bade,
"Wha's hacking here sae fast?"

5.
Syne up and spak the weiest Elf,
Craed as an immert sma;
"It's here is come a Christian man;—
I'll flay him or he ga."

6.
It's up syne started the firsten Elf,
And ginder'd about sae grim:
"It's we'll awa' to the husbande's house,
And hald a court on him.

7.
"Here hews he down baith skueg and shaw,
And works us skia and scorn:
His huswife he sail gie to me—
They're the day they were born!"

1 This singular quatrain stands thus in the original—
"Hunden hand gior I gaarden;
Hundren tude I nit horni;
Oren skrige, og hane geler,
Som bonden hade giftet i horn."

8.
The Elfen a' i' the knock that were
Gaed dancing in a string;
They nighed near the husband's house,
Sae lang their tails did hing.

9.
The hound he howls in the yard,
The herd toots in his horn;
The earn scrathings, and the cock craws,
As the husbande las gien him his corn.

10.
The Elfen were five score and seven,
Sae laidly and sae grim;
And they the husbande's guests maun be,
'To eat and drink wi' him.

11.
The husbande, out o' Villenshaw,
At his winnock the Elves can see;
"Help me, now, Jesu, Mary's son;
Thir Elves they mint at me!"

12.
In every nook a cross he coost,
In his chaunter maist ava;
The Elfen a' were fley'd thereat,
And flay to the wild-wood shaw.

13.
And some flew east, and some flew west,
And some to the norwart flew;
And some they flew to the deep dale down,
There still they are, I tow.

14.
It was then the weiest Elf,
In at the door braids he;
Agast was the husbande, for that Elf
For cross nor sign wad flee.

15.
The huswife she was a canny wife,
She set the Elf at the board;
She set before him baith ale and meat,
Wi' mony a weel-waled word.

16.
"Hear thou, Gude man o' Villenshaw,
What now I say to thee;
Wha bade thee bigg within our bounds,
Without the leave o' me?"

17.
"But an thou in our bounds will bigg,
And bide, as well as may be,
Then thou thy dearest huswife maun
To me for a leman gie."

18.
Up spak the luckless husband then,
As God the grace him gae;
"Ehne she is to me sae dear,
Her thou may nne-gate hae."

19.
Till the Elf he answer'd as he couth:
"Let but my huswife he,
And tak what'er, o' gude or gear,
Is mine, awa wi' thee."

2 In the Danish—
"Somme floye estet, og somme floye weter,
Nogle floye nor pas;
Nogle floye ned i dybene duke,
Jeg troer de ere der endnu."

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APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE. 217
20. "Then I'll thy Eline tak and thee,  
Aneath my feet to tread;  
And hide thy good and white monie  
Aneath my dwelling stead."

21. The husbands and his household a'  
In sary rede they join;  
"Far better that she be now forfain,  
Nor that we a' should tyne."

22. Up, will of rede, the husbande stood,  
Wi' heart fu' sad and sur;  
And he has gien his huswife Eline  
Wi' the young Elfe to fare.

23. Then blyth grew he, and sprang about:  
He took her in his aron:  
The rud it left her comely cheek;  
Her heart was clem'd wi' harm.

24. A waefu' woman then she was ane,  
And the moody tears loot fa';  
"God rew on me, unseely wife,  
How hard a weird I fa'!

25. "My fay I plight to the fairest wight  
That man on mold mat see;—  
Maun I now mell wi' a laudly El,  
His light lemmian to be l"

26. He minted ane—he minted twice,  
Wae wax'd her heart that syth;  
Syne the laidiest fiend he grew that e'er  
To mortal ee did kyth.

27. When he the thriden time can mint  
To Mary's son she pray'd,  
And the laidly Elf was clean awa,  
And a fair knight in his stead.

28. This fell under a linden green,  
That again his shape he found;  
O' wae and care was the word nae mair,  
A' were sae glad that stound.

29. "O dearest Eline, hear thou this,  
And thou my wife still be,  
And a' the goud in merry England  
Sae freely I'll gie thee!

30. "Whan I was but a little wee bairn,  
My mither died me fra;  
My stepmither sent me awa' fra her;  
I turn'd till an Elfin Gray

31. "To thy husbande I a gift will gie,  
Wi' mickle state and gair,  
As mends for Eline his huswife;—  
Thou's be my heartis dear,"—

32. "Thou nobil knyght, we thank now God  
That has freed us frae skait;  
Sae wed thou thee a maiden free,  
And joy attend ye baith!"

33. "Sin' I to thee nae maik can be  
My dochter may be thine;  
And thy gud will right to fulfill,  
Lat this be our propine."—

34. "I thank thee, Eline, thou wise woman;  
My prais thy worth saill ha'e;  
And thy love gan I fail to win,  
Thou here at hame saill stay."

35. The husbande biggit now on his ce,  
And nae ane wrought him wrang;  
His dochter were crown in England,  
And happy lived and laug.

36. Now Eline, the husbande's huswife, has  
Cour'd a' her grief and harass;  
She's nither to a noble queen  
That sleeps in a kings arms

GLOSSARY.

St. 1. Wold, a woody fastness.

Husbandi, from the Dan. hes, with, and bond, a villain, or bondsman, who was a cultivator of the ground, and could not quit the estate to which he was attached, without the permission of his lord. This is the sense of the word, in the old Scottish records. In the Scottish "Burgh Laws," translated from the Reg. Majest. (Auchinleck MS. in the Adv. Lib.) it is used indiscriminately with the Dan. and Swed. bond.

Bogg, build.

Ligg, lie.

Does, does.

2. Shaw, wood.

Sairly, sorely.

3. Aik, oak.

Grewsome, terrible.

Bald, bold.

4. Kipper (couples), beams joined at the top, for supporting a roof, in building.

Bauks, bullets; cross beams.

Mold, laborious industry.

Speer'd, asked.

Knoch, hillock.

5. Weest, smallest.

Cream'd, shrunk, diminish'd; from the Gaelic, crian, very small.

Immert, eminet; ant.

Christian, used in the Danish ballads, &c, in contradistinction to demoniac, as it is in England in contradistinction to brute; in which sense, a person of the lower class in England, would call a Jew or a Turk a Christian.

Firy, frighten.


Haid, hold.

7. Skugge, shade.

Skath, harm.
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8. Nighted, approached.

Toots.—in the Dan. tide is applied both to the howling of a dog, and the sound of a horn.

Scraths, screams.
11. Wrank, window.

Mint, aim at.
12. Coost, cast.

Chabner, chamber.

Mast, most.

Avæ, of all.

Trow, believe.

Wad, would.
15. Canny, admitt.

Mony, many.

Welt, well chosen.
17. An, if.

Bide, abide.

Leman, mistress.
18. Nae gate, nowise.

19. Couthe, could, knew how to.

Lat. cunning.

Guile, goods, property.
20. Aneath, beneath.

Dwelling-stead, dwelling-place.
21. Sry, sorrowful.

Rede, counsel; consultation.

Forfar, forlorn; lost; gone.

Tune, (verb neut.) be lost; perish.
22. Will of rede, wondrous in thought; in the Danish original "vidstraadagae;"

Lat. "mops consili;" Gr. ἀποράω.

This expression is left among the describenda in the Glossary to Ritson's Romances, and has never been explained. It is obsolete in the Danish as well as in English.

Rare, go.
23. Rul, red of the cheek.

Clem'd, in the Danish klemt; (which in the north of England is still in use, as the word staved is with us;) brought to a dying state. It is used by our old comedians.

Hurn, grief; as in the original, and in the old Teutonic, English, and Scotch poetry.

24. Waefu', woeful.

Moody, strongly and wilfully passionate.

Ree, take ruth; pity.

Unseely, unhappy; unblest.

Weird, fate.

Fæ, (Isi. Dan. and Swed) take; get; acquire: procure; have for my lot. — This Gothic verb answers, in its direct and secondary significations, exactly to the Latin capro; and Allan Ramsay was right in his definition of it. It is quite a different word from fa', an abbreviation of halj, or befal; and is the principal root in fangen, to fang, take, or lay hold of.

25. Fay, faith.

Mold, mould; earth.

Mat, note; might.

Mawn, must.

Melt, mix.

El, an elf. This term, in the Welsh, signifies what has in itself the power of motion; a moving principle; an intelligence; a spirit; an angel. In the Hebrew it bears the same import.

26. Minted, attempted; meant: showed a mind, or intention to. The original is:

"Hand minte hende forst—or anden gung;—
Hun gjorsid i hirtet sa vee:
End blef hand den batiste deif-vel
Rand kunde med oven see.
Der hand vilde minde den tredie gang," &c.

Syth, tide; time.

Kyll, appear.
27. Staund, hour; time; moment.

28. Merry (old Teut. mere) famous; renowned; answering, in its etymological meaning, exactly to the Latin maclus. Hence merry-men, as the address of a chief to his followers, meaning not men of mirth, but of renown. The term is found in its original sense in the Gael. mara, and the Welsh maer, great; and in the oldest Teut. Romances, mar. mer, and mere, have sometimes the same signification.

31. Mends, amends; recompense.
32. Mok, match; peer; equal.

Propone, pledge; gift.
35. oe, an island of the second magnitude; an island of the first magnitude being called a land, and one of the third magnitude a holm.

36. Cour'd, recover'd.

THE GHAIST'S WARNING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMP EVISER, p. 721.

By the permission of Mr. Jamieson, this ballad is added from the same curious Collection. It contains some passages of great pathos.

Swed Dying hand rider sgv op under oe, (Vare jeg setver unu)
Der fæste hand sgi saa ven en moc.
(My lyster udi lunden at ride,) &c.

Child Dying has ridden him up under oe,1
(And O gin I were young)
There wedded he him sue fair2 a may.
(I the greenwood it list me to ride.)

Theither they lived for seven lang year, 3
(And O, &c.)
And they seven burnis he gotten in fere.
(I the greenwood, &c.)

1 "Under oe."—The original expression has been preserved here and elsewhere, because no other could be found to supply its place. There is just as much meaning in it in the translation as in the original; but it is a standard Danish ballad phrase; and as such, it is hoped, will be allowed to pass.

2 "Fair."—The Dan. and Swed sen, sær, or sama, and the Gael. baum, in the oblique cases baum, (sær), is the origin of the Scottish bonn which has so much puzzled all the etymologists.
Scott's

How dark. My cushion elastic how brought. Large

When into the castell court drive she,
The seven bairns stood wi' the tear in their ee.
The bairns they stood wi' dule and doubt:—
She up wi' her foot, and she kick'd them out.

Nor ale nor mead to the bairnies she gave:
"But hunger and hate free me ye's have!"
She took froe them the bowster blue,
And said, "Ye sall ligg i' the bare strae!"

She took froe them the groff wax-light:
Say, "Now ye sall ligg i' the mirk a' night!"
"Twas long i' the night, and the bairnies gratt;
Their mither she under the mools heard that;
That heard the wife under the eard that lay;
"For sooth maun I to my bairnies gae!"
That wife cau stan up at our Lord's knee,
And "May I gang and my bairnies see?"

She prigg sae sair, and she prigg sae lang.
That he at the last ga' her leave to gang.
"And thou sall come back when the cock doo craw,
For thou nae langer sall bide awa."
Wij' her banes sae stark a bowl she gae;
She's ricev bread wal' and marble gray.
When near to the dwelling she can gang,
The dogs they wou'd till the lift it raug.
When she cam till the castell yett,
Her eldest dochter stood thereat.
"Why stand ye here, dear dochter mine?"
How are sm' brethren and sisters thine I?"
"For sooth ye're a woman baith fair and fine;
But ye are nac dear mither of mine."—

"Och! how should I be fine or fair?
My cheek it is pale, and the ground's my faur."
"My mither was white, wij' cheek sae red;
But thou art wan, and liker ane dead."—
"Och! how should I be white and red,
Sae lang as I've been cauld and dead?"

When she cam till the chalmer in,
Down the bairnies' cheeks the tears din.
She haskitt the tane, and she brush'd it there;
She kem'd and plaid the tither's hair.
The thirde she doud'd upon her knee,
And the fourthe she dichted sae camillie.
She's tal'en the fithen upon her lap,
And sweetly sulk't it at her pap.

Till her eldest dochter syne said she,
"Ye bid Child Dying come here to me."

When he cam till the chalmer in,
Wi' angry mood she said to him:
"I left you routh o' ale and bread:
My bairnies quail for hunger and need."

"I left abind me braw bowsters blae:
My bairnies are liggin' i' the bare strae.
"I left ye sae mony a groff wax-light;
My bairnies ligg i' the mirk a' night."

"Gin ast I come back to visit thee,
Wae, dowy, and weary thy lank shall be."

Up spak little Kirstin in bed that lay:
"To thy bairnies I'll do the best I may."

Aye when they heard the dog nur and bell,
Sae gae they the bairnies bread and ale.
Aye when the dog did wow, in haste
They cross'd and suin'd themsell frae the ghast.

Aye when the little dog yowl'd, with fear
(And O gin I were young!)
They shook at the thought the dead was near.
(I' the greenwood it lists me to ride.)
or,
(Fair words sae mony a heart they cheer.)

Glossary.
St. 1. Mow, mait.
Lists, please.
2. Stead, place.
In feere, together.
Winsome, engaging; giving joy, (old Teut.)
4. Syne, then.
5. Fessen, fetched; brought.
6. Drave, drove.
7. Dule, sorrow.
Daul, fear.
8. Bowster, bolster; cushion; bed.
Blue, blue.
Strae, straw.
10. Groff, great; large in girt.
Mark, mirk; dark.
11. Lam, the night, late.
Grat, wept.
Mools, mould; earth.
Gac, go.
14. Prigg'd, entreated earnestly and verse-
Gang, go.
15. Craw, crow.
16. Banes, bones.
Stark, strong.
Boul, boll: elastic spring, like that of a
Riven, split asunder.
Hat, wall.
17. Wou'd, howled.
Lift, sky, firmament; air.
18. Yett, gate.
19. Sma', small.
22. Lire, complexion.
23. Cold, cold.
24. Till, to.
Rin, run.

Der revoede naur og gras marmorsteen. 
Derr han skik ligeon dem huy.
De hunde de tuote saa hot i sky.
APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE. 221

Kem'd, combed.
Tither, the other.

28. Roath, plenty.
Quate, are quelled; die.
Next, want.

29. Ahuld, behind.
Bean brown: fine.

31. Doagy, sorrowful.
Nur, snarl.
Bell, bark.

31. Sained, blessed; literally, signed with the sign of the cross. Before the introduction of Christianity, Runes were used in saving, as a spell against the power of enchantment and evil genii. Ghast, ghost.

Note 2 Z.

the moody Elfin King.—P. 206.

In a long dissertation upon the Fairy Superstitions, published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, the most valuable part of which was supplied by my learned and indefatigable friend, Dr. John Leyden, most of the circumstances are collected which can throw light upon the popular belief which even yet prevails respecting them in Scotland. Dr. Grahame, author of an entertaining work upon the Highlanders, says that the fairies of the Perthshire Highlands, already frequently quoted, has recorded, with great accuracy, the peculiar tenets held by the Highlanders in this topic, in the vicinity of Loch Katrine. The learned author is inclined to deduce the whole mythology from the Druidical system,—an opinion to which there are many objections.

"The Divine Shi, or Men of Peace of the Highlanders, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish, repining race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, are supposed to envious mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyments. They are supposed to enjoy in their subterraneous recesses a sort of shadowy happiness,—a tumult grandeur; which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortality.

"They are believed to inhabit certain round grassy eminences, where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities by the light of the moon. About a mile beyond the source of the Forth above Lochcon, there is a place called Coirsli'an, or the Cove of the Men of Peace, which is still supposed to be a favourite place of their residence. In the neighbourhood are to be seen many round conical eminences; particularly one, near the head of the lake, by the skirts of which many are still afraid to pass after sunset. It is believed, that if, on Hollow-eye, any person, alone, goes round one of these hills nine times, towards the left hand (sinistrorsum), a door shall open, by which he will be admitted into their subterraneous abodes. Many, it is said, of mortal race, have been enticed into their secret recesses. There they have been received into the most splendid apartments, and regaled with the most sumptuous banquets, and delicious wines. Their females surpass the daughters of men in beauty. The seemingly happy inhabitants pass their time in festivity, and in dancing to notes of the softest music. But unhappy is the mortal who joins in their joys, or ventures to partake of their banquets. By this indulgence, he forfeits for ever the society of men, and is bound down irrecoverably to the condition of Shi'ich, or Man of Peace.

"A woman as is reported in the Highland tradition, was conveyed, in days of yore, into the secret recesses of the Men of Peace. There she was recognised by one who had formerly been an ordinary mortal, but who had, by some fatality, become associated with the Shi'ich. This acquaintance, still retaining some portion of human benevolence, warned her of her danger, and counselled her, as she valued her liberty, to abstain from eating and drinking with them for a certain space of time. She complied with the counsel of her friend; and when the period assigned was elapsed, she found herself again upon earth, restored to the society of mortals. It is added, that when she examined the viands which had been presented to her, and which had appeared so tempting to the eye, they were found, now that the enchantment was removed, to consist only of the refuse of the earth."—P. 107-111.

Note 3 A.

Why sounds your stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?—P. 181.

It has been already observed, that fairies, if not positively malevolent, are capricious, and easily offended. They are, like other proprietors of forests, peculiarly jealous of their rights of vert and venison, as appears from the cause of offence taken, in the original Danish ballad. This jealousy was also an attribute of the northern Duergar, and dwarfs; to many of whose distinctions the fairies seem to have succeeded, if, indeed, they are not the same class of beings. In the huge metrical record of German Chivalry, entitled the Heldens-Buch, Sir Hildebrand, and the other heroes of whom it treats, are engaged in one of their most desperate adventures, from a rash violation of the rose-garden of an Elfin or Dwarf King.

There are yet traces of a belief in this worst and most malicious order of Fairies, among the Border wilds. Dr. Leyden has introduced such a dwarf into his ballad entitled the Coat of Keeldar, and has not forgot his characteristic destitute of the chase.

"The third blast that young Keeldar blew,
Still stood the limber fern,
And a wee man, of swarthy hue,
Upstart by a cairn.

His russet weeds were brown as beast
That clothes the upland fell;
And the hair of his head was frizzy red
As the purple heather-beard.

"An archin, clad in prickles red,
Giang cowring to his arm;
The hounds they howld, and backward fled
As struck by fairy charm.
The poetical picture here given of the Duergar corresponds exactly with the following Northumbrian legend, with which I was lately favoured by my learned and kind friend, Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth, who has bestowed indefatigable labour upon the antiquities of the English Border counties. The subject is in itself so curious, that the length of the note will, I hope, be pardoned.

"I have only one record to offer of the appearance of our Northumbrian Duergar. My informant is Elizabeth Cockburn, an old wife of Offerton, in the Bordershire, who were never, as far as I know, the subject of this kind, will not. I hope, be much impeached, when I add, that she is, by her dull neighbours, supposed to be occasionally insane, but, by herself, to be at those times endowed with a faculty of seeing visions, and spectral appearances, which shun the common ken.

"In the year before the great rebellion, two young men from Newcastle were sporting on the high moors above Elsdon, and after pursuing their game several hours, sat down to dine in a green glen, near one of the mountain streams. After their repast, the younger lad ran to the brook for water, and after stooping to drink, was surprised, on lifting his head again, by the appearance of a brown dwarf, who stood on a crag covered with bracken, across the burn. This extraordinary personage did not appear to be above half the stature of a common man, but was uncommonly stout and broad-built, having the appearance of vast strength. His dress was entirely brown, the colour of the bracken, and his head covered with frizzled red hair. His countenance was expressive of the most savage ferocity, and his eyes glared like bril. It seemed he addressed the young man first, threatening him with his vengeance, for having trespassed on his demesnes, and asking him if he knew in whose presence he stood! The youth replied, that he now supposed him to be the lord of the moors; that he offended through ignorance; and offered to bring him the game he had killed. The dwarf was a little mollified by this submission, but remains perhaps could be more offensive to him than such an offer, as he considered the wild animals as his subjects, and never failed to avenge their destruction. He condescended further to inform him, that he was, like himself, mortal, though of years far exceeding the lot of common humanity; and (what I should not have had an idea of) that he hoped for salvation. He never, he added, fed on any thing that had life, but lived in the summer on wortle-berries, and in winter on nuts and apples, of which he had great store in the woods. Finally, he invited his new acquaintance to accompany him home and partake his hospitality; an offer which the youth was on the point of accepting, and was just going to spring across the brook (which, if he had done, says Elizabeth, the dwarf would certainly have torn him in pieces), when his foot was arrested by the voice of his companion, who thought he had tarried long; and on looking round again, 'the wee brown man was fled.' The story adds, that he was imprudent enough to slight the admonition, and to sport over the moors on his way homewards; but soon after his return, he fell into a lingering disorder, and died within the year."

Note 3 B.

—Who may dare on wood to wear
The fairies' fatal green? — P. 181.

As the Daome Shl', or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offence when any mortals ventured to assume their favourite colour. Indeed, from some reason which has been, perhaps, originally a general superstition, green is held in Scotland to be unlucky to particular tribes and counties. The Caithness men, who hold this belief, allege, that their bands wore that colour when they were cut off at the battle of Flodden; and for the same reason they avoid crossing the Ord on a Monday, being the day of the week on which the ill-omened array set forth. Green is also disliked by those of the name of Ogilvy; but more especially is it held fatal to the whole clan of Grahaime. It is remembered of an aged gentleman of that name, that when his horse fell in a fox-chase, he accounted for it at once by observing, that the whipcord attached to his lash was of this unlucky colour.

Note 3 C.

For thou wert christen'd man.—P. 181.

The elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction. Tamlane, in the old ballad, describes his own rank in the fairy procession:

"For I ride on a milk-white steed, And am nearest the town; Because I was a christen'd knight, They give me thel renown."

I presume that, in the Danish ballad of the Elfin Grey (see Appendix, Note 3 A.), the obscurity of the "Wiest Elf," who would not flee for cross or sign, is to be derived from the circumstance of his having been "christen'd man."

How eager the Elves were to obtain for their offspring the prerogatives of Christianity will be proved by the following story:—In the district called Haga, in Iceland, dwell a notable man called Sigward Furster, who had an intrigue with one of the subterranean females.
The elf became pregnant, and exacted from her lover a firm promise that he would procure the baptism of the infant. At the appointed time, the mother came to the churchyard, on the wall of which she placed a golden cup, and a stole for the priest, agreeable to the custom of making an offering at baptism. She then stood a little apart. When the priest left the church, he enquired the meaning of what he saw, and demanded of Sigward if he avowed himself the father of the child. But Sigward, ashamed of the transaction, denied the paternity. He was then interrogated if he desired that the child should be baptized; but this also he answered in the negative, lest, by such request, he should admit himself to be the father. On which the child was left untouched and unheaptized. Whereupon the mother, in extreme wrath, snatched up the infant and the cup, and retired, leaving the priestly cope, of which fragments are in preservation. But this female denounced and imposed upon Sigward and his posterity, to the ninth generation, a singular disease, with which many of his descendants are affected at this day." Thus wrote Einar Daudmond, pastor of the parish of Garpsdale, in Iceland, a man profoundly versed in learning, from whose manuscript it was extracted by the learned Torfaus.—Historia Hvofti Kraka, Hafnæ, 1715, prefatio.

**NOTE 3 D.**

And gaily shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening show.—P. 181.

No fact respecting Fairy-land seems to be better ascertained than the fantastic and illusory nature of their apparent pleasure and splendour. It has been already noticed in the former quotations from Dr. Grahame's entertaining volume, and may be confirmed by the following Highland tradition:—"A woman, who had been born childless, was conveyed by them into their secret abodes, was also carried thither herself, to remain, however, only until she should suckle her infant. She one day, during this period, observed the Shir'chs busily employed in mixing various ingredients in a boiling cauldron; and, as soon as the composition was prepared, she remarked that they all carefully anointed their eyes with it, laying the remainder aside for future use. In a moment when they were all absent, she also attempted to anoint her eyes with the precious drug, but had time to apply it to one eye only, when the Daone Sh' returned. But with that eye she was henceforth enabled to see everything as it really passed in their secret abodes. She saw every object, not as she hitherto had, by the deceptive splendour of the cauldron and its ornaments, but in its genuine colours and form. The gaudy ornaments of the apartment were reduced to the walls of a gloomy cavern. Soon after, having discharged her office, she was dismissed to her own home. Still, however, she retained the faculty of seeing, with her medicated eye, every thing that was done, any where in her presence, by the deceptive art of the order. One day, amidst a throng of people, she chanced to observe the Stu'ch, or man of peace, in whose possession she had left her child; though to every other eye invisible. Prompted by maternal affection, the inadvertantly accosted, and broken to inquire after, the welfare of her child. The man of peace, astonished at thus recognized by one of mortal race, demanded how she had been enabled to discover him. Awe'd by the terrible frown of his countenance, she acknowledged what she had done. He spat in her eye, and extinguished it forever."—Grahame's Sketches, p. 116–118. It is very remarkable, that this story, translated by Dr. Grahame from popular Gaelic tradition, is to be found in the Oua Imperialis of Gervase of Tilbury. A work of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of popular fiction, and the transmission of similar tales from age to age, and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century, and that into the nursery tale of the subsequent ages. Such an investigation, while it went greatly to diminish our ideas of the richness of human invention, would also show, that these fictions, however wild and childish, possess such charms for the populace, as enable them to penetrate into countries unconnected by manners and language, and having no apparent intercourse to afford the means of transmission. It would carry me far beyond my bounds, to produce instances of this community of fable among nations who never borrowed from each other any thing intrinsically worth learning. Indeed, the wide diffusion of popular fictions may be compared to the facility with which straws and feathers are dispersed abroad by the wind, while valuable metals cannot be transported without trouble and labour. There lives, I believe, only one gentleman, whose unlimited acquaintance with this subject might enable him to do it justice; I mean my friend, Mr. Francis Douce, of the British Museum, whose usual kindness will, I hope, pardon my mentioning his name, while on a subject so closely connected with his extensive and curious researches.

**NOTE 3 E.**

—I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.—P. 181.

The subjects of Fairy-land were recruited from the regions of humanity by a sort of cramping system, which extended to adults as well as to infants. Many of those who were in this world supposed to have discharged the debt of nature, had only become denizens of the "Londe of Faery." In the beautiful Fairy Romance of Orfeo and Eurydix (Orpheus and Eurydice) in the Auchinleck MS. is the following striking enumeration of persons thus abstracted from middle earth. Mr. Ritson unfortunately published this romance from a copy in which the following, and many other highly poetical passages, do not occur:—

"Then he gan bide about aI,
And seiths fat leggand with in the wall,
Of folk that were thider y-brught,
And thought dede and were uthought;
Some stode without hode;
And wond now anne unde;"
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NOTE 3 F.

Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trap'd or slain?—P. 184.

St. John actually used this illustration when engaged in confuting the plea of law proposed for the unfortunate Earl of Strafford: "It was true, we gave laws to hares and deer, because they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted either cruel or foul play to knock foxes or wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey. In a word, the law and humanity were alike; the one being more fallacious, and the other more barbarous, than in any age had been vested in such an authority."—Clarendon's History of the Rebellion. Oxford, 1702, fol. vii. p. 183.

NOTE 3 G.

his Highland cheer,
The harden'd flesh of mountain-deer.—P. 185.

The Scottish Highlanders in former times, had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or rather of dispensing with cooking it, which appears greatly to have surprised the French with whom the cookery was acquired from it. The Vidame of Chartres, when a hostage in England, during the reign of Edward VI., was permitted to travel into Scotland, and penetrated as far as to the remote Highlands (au fin fond des Sauvages). After a great hunting party, at which a most wonderful quantity of game was destroyed, he saw these Scottish Sauvages devour a part of their venison raw, without any farther preparation than compressing it between two hatons of wood, so as to force out the blood, and render it extremely hard. Thus they reckoned a great delicacy; and when the Vidame partook of it, his compliance with their taste rendered him extremely popular. This curious trait of manners was communicated by Mons. de Montmorency, a great friend of the Vidame, to Brantome, by whom it is recorded in Vies des Hommes Illustres, Discours, Ixxxix., art. 14. The process by which the raw venison was rendered eatable is described very minutely in the romance of Peverforest, where Estonne, a Scottish knight-errant, having slain a deer, says to his companion Claudius: "Sire, or mangerez vous et moi aussi. Voire si nous avions de feu, dit Claudius. Par l'ame de mon pere, dit Estonne, je vous atourneray et curaray a la maniere de nostre pays comme pour cheualier errant. Lors tira son espee, et sen vint a la branche durn arbre, et y fit vau grant trou, et puis fend la branche bien dieux piedx, et boute la cuisse du serf entredeux, et puis prent le licol de son cheval, et en ley la branche, et destrain si fort, que le sang et les humeurs de la chair saillent hors, et demeure la chair doulee et secche. Lors prent la chair, et estoisus le coir, et la chair demeure aussi blanche comme si ce feust dung chappon Donst dict a Claudius. Sire, je la vous ay cuiste a la guise de mon pays, vous en pouez manger hardement, car je mangerais premier. Lors met sa main a sa selie en vne lieu qu'il y auyoit, et tire hors sel et poudre de poure et gingenbre, mesle ensemble, et le recte dessus, et le frotte sus bien fort, puis le couppe a moytie, et en donne a Claudius l'une des pieces, et puis mort en l'autre aussi saumureusement qu'il est adus que il en feist la pouldre voler. Quant Claudius veit qu'il le mangeoit de tel goust, il en print grant sain, et commence a manger tres voulietiers, et dist a Estonne: Par l'ame de moy, je ne mangeny enquesnoys de chair atournee de telle guise; mais dresse attendant ne me ne retourneroye pas hors de mon chemin par avoir la cuite. Sire, dist Estonne, quant je suis en desers d'Excusee, dont je suis seigneur, je cheuaucharay huit ou dix lauzes d'andere; puis je ne retourneray en mon pays, et si ne verray feu ne personne vivant fois que bestes sauages, et de celles mangery atournees est ceste maniere, et mieus me plaiera que la viande de l'empereur. Ainsi ses vou manzeant et cheuauchant usques adonee quiz arriueroye sur une mout belle fontaine que estoit en vne value. Quant Estonne la vit il dist a Claudius, allons boire a ceste fontaine. Or beuons, dist Estonne, du boir que le grant dieu a pourue a toutes gens, et que me plais mieus que les cernuoses d'Angleterre."—La Tresselegant Cyrus du tresnomble Roy Pever-forest. Paris, 1531. fol. tome i. fol. iv. vers.

After all, it may be doubted whether la chaire meure, for so the French called the venison thus summarily prepared, was anything more than a mere rude kind of deer-nam.

NOTE 3 H.

Not then claim'd sovereignty his due
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrow'd trancheon of command.—P. 186.

There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the majority of James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel among the independent nobility, which occurred daily, and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed. "There arose, says Pitscottie, great trouble and deadly feuds in many parts of Scotland, both in the north and west parts. The Master of Forbes, in the north, slew the Laird of Meldrum, under tryst:" (i.e. at an agreed and secure meeting.) "Likewise, the Laird of Drummelzier slew the Lord Fleming at the hawking; and likewise there was slaughter among many other great lords."—P. 121. Nor was the matter much mended under the government of the Earl of Angus: for though he caused the King to ride through all Scotland, "under the pretence and colour of justice, to punish thief and traitor, none were found greater than were in their own coin
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pany. And none at that time durst strive with a Douglas, nor yet a Douglas's man; for if they would, they got the worst. Therefore, none durst plamzie of no extortion, theft, reif, nor slaughter, done to them by the Douglasses, or their men; in that cause they were not heard, so long as the Douglas had the court in guidung."—Ibid, p. 133.

NOTE 3 I.

The Gael, of plain and river heir, shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.

The ancient Highlanders verified in their practice the lines of Gray:

"An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain, 
For where unwearied sinews must be found,
With side-long plough to quell the thirsty ground;
To turn the torrent's swift descending flood;
To tame the savage roaring from the sky.
What wonder is, to patient valor trained,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gained;
And while their rocky camps around they see
The rough abode of want and liberty.
(As lawless force from confidence will grow),
Insult the plenty of the vales below!"

Fragment on the Alliance of Education and Government.

So far, indeed, was a Creagh, or foray, from being held disgraceful, that a young chief was always expected to show his talents for command as soon as he assumed it, by leading his clan on a successful enterprise of this nature, either against a neighbouring sept, for which constant feuds usually furnished an apology, or against the Sassenach, Saxons, or Lowlanders, for which no apology was necessary. The Gael, great traditional historians, never forgot that the Lowlands had, at some remote period, been the property of their Celtic forefathers, which furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages that they could make on the unfortunate districts which lay within their reach. Sir James Grant of Grant is in possession of a letter of apology from Cameron of Lochiel, whose men had committed some depredation upon a farm called Moines, occupied by one of the Grants. Lochiel assures Grant, that, however the mistake had happened, his instructions were precise, that the party should foray the province of Moray (a Lowland district), where, as he coolly observes, "all men take their prey."

NOTE 3 K.

I only meant
To show the reed on which you lean,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.—P. 187.

This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy. The following story I can only quote from tradition, but with such an assurance from those by whom it was communicated, as permits me to believe it. It is one of the most remarkable in the last century, John Gunn, a noted Cateran, or Highland robber, infested Inverness-shire, and levied black-mail up to the walls of the provincial capital. A garrison was then maintained in the castle of that town, and their pay (country banks being unknown) was usually transmitted in specie, under the guard of a small escort. It chanced that the officer who commanded this little party was unexpectedly obliged to halt, about thirty miles from Inverness, at a miserable inn. About night-fall, a stranger, in the Highland dress, and of very prepossessing appearance, entered the same house. Separate accommodation being impossible, the Englishman offered the newly-arrived guest a part of his supper, which was accepted with reluctance. By the conversation he found his new acquaintance knew well all the passes of the country, which induced him eagerly to request his company on the ensuing morning. He neither disguised his business and charge, nor his apprehensions of that celebrated freebooter, John Gunn.—The Highlander hesitated a moment, and then frankly consented to be his guide. Forth they set in the morning; and, in travelling through a solitary and dreary glen, the discourse again turned on John Gunn. "Would you like to see him?" said the guide; and, without waiting an answer to this alarming question, he whistled, and the English officer, with his small party, were surrounded by a body of Highlanders, whose numbers put resistance out of question, and who were all well armed. "Stranger," resumed the guide, "I am that very John Gunn by whom you feared to be intercepted, and not without cause: for I came to the inn last night with the express purpose of learning your route, that I and my followers might ease you of your charge by the road. But I am incapable of betraying the trust you reposed in me, and having convinced you that you were in my power, I can only dismiss you unpunished and unharmed. He that trusts his directions for his journey, and disappeared with his party as suddenly as they had presented themselves.

NOTE 3 L.

On Bochastle the moordering lines, where Rome, the Empress of the world, of yore her saug'towns unfurl'd.—P. 187.

The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three inlets which form the scenery adjoining to the Trossachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence, called the Din of Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some intrenchments, which have been thought Roman. There is, adjacent to Callender, a sweet villa, the residence of Captain Fairfoul, entitled the Roman Camp.

*"One of the most entire and beautiful remains of a Roman encampment now to be
found in Scotland, is to be seen at Ardoch, near Greenloaning, about six miles to the eastward of Dunblane. This encampment is supposed, on good grounds, to have been constructed during the fourth campaign of Agripa in Britain; it is 1060 feet in length, and 900 in breadth; it could contain 26,000 men, according to the ordinary distribution of the Roman soldiers in their encampments. There appears to have been three or four ditches, strongly fortified, surrounding the camp. The four entries crossing the lines are still to be seen distinctly. The general's quarter rises above the level of the camp, but is not exactly in the centre. It is a regular square of twenty yards, enclosed with a stone wall, and containing the foundations of a house, 30 feet by 20. There is a subterraneous communication, with a smaller encampment at a little distance, in which several Roman helmets, spears, &c., have been found. From this camp at Ardoch, the great Roman highway runs east to Bertha, about 14 miles distant, where the Roman army is believed to have passed over the Tay into Strathmore."—Grahame.

Note 3 M.

See, here, all vantagheless I stand,
Armd, like thyself, with single brand.—P. 157.

The duelists of former times did not always stand upon those punctilos respecting equality of arms, which are now judged essential to fair combat. It is true, that in former combats in the lists, the parties were, by the judges of the field, put as nearly as possible in the same circumstances. But in private duel it was often otherwise. In that desperate combat which was fought between Quelus, a member of Henry III. of France, and Antraguet, with two swords and a pair of pistols, on each side, from which only two persons escaped alive, Quelus complained that his antagonist had over him the advantage of a poniard which he used in parrying, while his left hand, which he was forced to employ for the same purpose, was cruelly mangled. When he charged Antraguet with this, "Thou hast done wrong," answered he, "to forget thy dagger at home. We are here to fight, and not to settle punctilos of arms." In a similar duel, however, a younger brother of the house of Aubayne, in Angoulesme, behaved more generously on the like occasion, and at once threw away his dagger when his enemy challenged it as an undue advantage. But at this time hardly any thing can be conceived more horribly brutal and savage than the mode in which private quarrels were conducted in France. Those who were most jealous of the point of honour, and acquired the title of Ruffies, did not scruple to take every advantage of strength, numbers, surprise, and arms, to accomplish their revenge. The Sieur de Brantome, to whose discourse on duels I am obliged for these particulars, gives the following account of the death and principles of his friend, the Baron de Vitaux:

"J'ay ouz conter a un Tuirre d'armes, qui appri a Millaud a en tirer, lequel s'appeloi

Seigneur le Jacques Ferron, de la ville d'Ast, qui n'avoit este a moy, il fut depuis tué a Saincte-Basille en Gascony, lors que Monseur le Duke d'Assieu fut servat de Sion, et se rendit fort adroit. Ce Seigneur Jacques, dont je raconte qu'il s'estoit monté sur un noyer, assez long, pour en voir le combat, et qu'il ne vist jamais homme y aller plus bravement, ny plus resoluement, ny de grace plus assurée ny determinee. Il commença de marcher de cinquante pas vers son ennemy, relevant souvent ses moustaches en haut d'une main; et estant a vingt pas de son ennemy, (non pluslost,) il mit la main a l'espée qu'il tenoit en la main, non qu'il l'eust tirée encore; mais en marchant, il fit voleer le fourreau en l'air, en le secouant, ce qui est le beau de cela, et qui montroit bien une grace de combat bien assurée et froide, et nullement tenemare, comme il y en a qui tirent leurs espées de cinqu cents pas de l'ennemy, voire de mille, comme j'en ay vus auncuns. Ainsi mourit ce brave sieur le Baron, le paragon de France, qu'on nommoit tel, a bien venger ses querelles, par grandes et determinées resolutions. Il n'estoit pas seulement estimé en France, mais en Italie, Espaigne, Allemagne, en Baviere et Angleterre; et desiroient fort les Etrangers, venant en France, le voir; car je l'ay vus, tant sa renommee voloit. Il estoit fort petit de corps, mais fort grand de courage. Ses ennemis disoient qu'il ne tuoit pas bien ses gens que par advantages et supercherie. Certes, je tiens de grands capitanes, et meme d'Italiens, qui ont estez d'autres fois les premiers vengeurs du monde, in omni modo, disoient-ils, qui ont tenu cette maxime, qu'une supercherie ne se devoit payer que par semblable monoyne, et n'y alloit point la de desnonmeur."—Oeuvres de Brantome, Paris, 1767-8. Tome viii. p. 59.

It may be accurate for the reader, that this paragon of France was the most foul assassin of his time, and had committed many desperate murders, chiefly by the assistance of his hired banditti; from which it may be conceived how little the point of honour of the period deserved its name. I have chosen to give my heroes, who are indeed of an earlier period, a stronger tincture of the spirit of chivalry.

Note 3 N

"Il fareil it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his target he threw,
For train'd aboord his arms to wield
Fed-James's blade was sword and shield."—P. 188.

A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops, they received the thrust of the bayonet in this round target, twisted it aside, and used the broad-sword against the encumbered soldier. In the civil war of 1745, most of the front rank of the clans were thus armed: and Captain Gros
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informs us, that, in 1747, the privates of the 42d regiment, then in Flanders, were, for the most part, permitted to carry targets — Military Antiquities, vol. i. p. 164. A person thus armed had a considerable advantage in private fray. Among verses between Swift and Sheridan, lately published by Dr. Barret, there is an account of such an encounter, in which the circumstances, and consequently the relative superiority of the combatants, are precisely the reverse of those in the text:—

"A Highlander once fought a Frenchman at Margate,
The weapons, a rapier, a backsword, and target;
Brisk Manceau advanced as fast as he could,
But all his force was caught in the wood,
And Sawney, with backsword, did slay him and nick him,
While 'twaither, enraged that he could not once prick him,
Cried, 'Sirrah, you recollect you are a whore,
Me will fight you, be girt if you'll come from your door.'"

The use of defensive armour, and particularly of the buckler, or target, was general in Queen Elizabeth's time, although that of the single rapier seems to have been occasionally practised much earlier. Rowland Yorke, however, who betrayed the fort of Zutphen to the Spaniards, for which good service he was afterwards punished by the Earl of Leicester, is said to have been the first who brought the rapier into general use. Fuller, speaking of the swashbucklers, or bullies, of Queen Elizabeth's time, says—"West Smithfield was formerly called Ruffian's Hall, where such men usually met, casually or otherwise, to try masteries with sword and buckler. More were frightened than hurt, more hurt than killed therewith; it being accounted humbly to strike beneath the knee. But since that desperate traitor Rowland Yorke first introduced thrusting with rapiers, sword and buckler are disused." In "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon," a comedy, printed in 1599, we have a pathetic complaint:—"Sword and buckler fight begins to grow out of use. I am sorry for it; I shall never see good men again. If it be our fashion, this pitting fight of rapiers, and dagger will come up; then a tall man, and a good sword-and-buckler man, will be spitted like a cat or rabbit." But the rapier had upon the continent long superseded, in private duel, the use of sword and shield.

The masters of the noble science of defence were chiefly Italians. They made great mystery of their art and mode of instruction, never suffered any person to be present but the scholar who was to be taught, and even examined closets, beds, and other places of possible concealment. Their lessons often gave the most treacherous advantages; for the challenger, having the right to choose his weapons, frequently selected some strange, unusual, and inconvenient kind of arms, the use of which he practised under these instructors, and thus killed at his ease his antagonist, to whom it was presented for the first time on the field of battle. See Brantome's Discourse on Duels, and the work on the same subject, "si gentemen scriit," by the venerable Dr. Pans de Putto. The Highlanders continued to use broadsword and target until disarmed after the affair of 1745-6.

NOTE 3 O.

Thy threats, my mercy I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die — P. 188.

I have not ventured to render this duel so savagely desperate as that of the celebrated Sir Ewan of Lochiel, chief of the clan Cameron, called, from his sable complexion, Ewan Dhu. He was the last man in Scotland who maintained the royal cause during the great Civil War, and his constant incursions rendered him a very unpleasant neighbour to the republican garrison at Inverlochy, now Fort-William. The governor of the fort detached a party of three hundred men to lay waste Lochiel's possessions, and cut down his trees; but, in a sudden and desperate attack made upon them by the chieftain with very inferior numbers, they were almost all cut to pieces. The skirmish is detailed in a curious memoir of Sir Ewan's life, printed in the Appendix of Pennant's Scottish Tour.

In this engagement, Lochiel himself had several wonderful escapes. In the retreat of the English, one of the strongest and bravest of the officers retired behind a bush, when he observed Lochiel pursuing, and seeing him unaccompanied with any, he leapt out, and thought him his prey. They met one another with equal fury. The combat was long and doubtful: the English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength and size; but Lochiel, exceeding him in nimbleness and agility, in the end tripped the sword out of his hand; they closed and wrested, till both fell to the ground in each other's arms. The English officer got above Lochiel, and pressed him hard, but stretching forth his neck, by attempting to disengage himself, Lochiel, who by this time had his hands at liberty, with his left hand seized him by the collar, and jumping at his extended throat, he bit it with his teeth quite through, and kept such a hold of his grasp, that he brought away his mouthful: this, he said, was the sweetest bit he ever had in his lifetime."—Vol. i. p. 375.

NOTE 3 P.

Ye terrors I within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound.

P. 169.

An eminence on the north-east of the Castle, where state criminals were executed. Stirling was often polluted with noble blood. It is thus apostrophized by J. Johnston:—

"Discordia trisria
Quae quotids procerum magnae tinta haman!
Hoc ut infelix, et felix cetera; quisquam
Laetor aut coelis frons genitiva soli!"

The fate of William, eighth Earl of Douglas, whom James II. stabbed in Stirling Castle with his own hand, and while under his royal safe-conduct, is familiar to all who read Scottish history. Murdock Duke of Albany, Duncan Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stuart, were executed at Stirling, in 1425. They were beheaded upon an eminence without the castle.
walls, but making part of the same hill, from whence they could behold their strong castle of Doune, and their extensive possessions. This "heading hill," as it was sometimes termed, bears commonly the less terrible name of Hurly-hacket, from its having been the scene of a courtly amusement alluded to by Sir David Lindsay, who says of the pastimes in which the young king was engaged,

"Some haried him to the Hurly-hacket;"

which consisted in sliding, in some sort of chair it may be supposed, from top to bottom of a smooth bank. The boys of Edinburgh, about twenty years ago, used to play at the hurly-hacket, on the Calton-hill, using for their seat a horse's skull.

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**Note 3 Q.**

The burghers hold their sports to-day.—P. 199.

Every burgh of Scotland, of the least note, but more especially the considerable towes, had their solemn play, or festival, when seats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and the other gymnastic exercises of the period. Stirling, a usual place of royal residence, was not likely to be deficient in pomp upon such occasions, especially since James V. was very partial to them. His ready participation in the popular amusements was one cause of his acquiring the title of King of the Commons, or Rex Plbeiorum, as Lesley has latinized it. The usual prize to the best shooter was a silver arrow. Such a one is preserved at Selkirk and at Peebles. At Dumfries, a silver gun was substituted, and the contention transferred to fire-arms. The ceremony, as there performed, is the subject of an excellent Scottish poem by Mr. John Mayne, entitled the Siller Gun, 1808, which surpasses the efforts of Fergusson, and comes near to those of Burns.

Of James's attachment to archery, Piscottie, the faithful, though rude recorder of the manners of that period, has given us evidence:—

"In this year there came an ambassador out of England, named Lord William Howard, with a bishop with him, with many other gentlemen, to the number of three score horse, which were all able men and waled [picked] men for all kinds of games and pastimes, shooting, looping, running, wrestling, and casting of the stone, but they were well 'sayed [essayed or tried] ere they passed out of Scotland, and that by their own provocation; but ever they tuit: till at last the Queen of Scotland, the king's mother, favoured the Englishmen, because she was the King of England's sister; and therefore she took an enterprize of archery upon the English-men's hands, contrary her son the king, and any six in Scotland that he would wale, either gentlemen or yeomen, that the Englishmen should shoot against them, either at pricks, revers, or buts, as the Scots play."

"The king, hearing this of his mother, was content, and gart her paw a hundred crowns, and a tun of wine, upon the English-men's hands; and he incontinent laid down as much for the Scottish-men. The field and ground was chosen in St. Andrews, and three landed men and three yeomen chosen to shoot against the English men,—to wit, David Wemyss of that ilk, David Arnott of that ilk, and Mr. John Wedderburn, vicar of Dunedee: the yeomen, John Thomson, in Leith, Steven Tахmmer, with a piper, called Alexander Baillie: they shot very near, and warred [wrestled] the Englishmen of the enterprise, and wan the hundred crowns and the tun of wine, which made the king very merry that his men wan the victory."—P. 147.

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**Note 3 R.**

Robin Hood.—P. 190.

The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favourite frolic at such festivals as we are describing. This sporting, in which kings did not disdain to be actors, was prohibited in Scotland upon the Reformation, by a statute of the 6th Parliament of Queen Mary, c. 61, A. D., 1558, which ordered, under heavy penalties, that "no person, male or female," should shoot "as the Robins," or blackbirds, "or any other bird," as the case might be.

But in 1616, the "rascal multitude," says John Knox, "were stirred up to make a Robin Hude, whilk enormity was of many years left and damned by statute and act of Parliament; yet would they not be forbidden." Accordingly, they raised a very serious tumult, and at length made prisoners the magistrates who endeavoured to suppress it, and would not release them till they extorted a formal promise that no one should be punished for his share of the disturbance. It would seem, from the complaints of the General Assembly of the Kirk, that these profane festivities were continued down to 1682. Bold Robin was, to say the least, equally successful in maintaining his position as the patron of the reformed clergy of England: for the simple and evangelical Latimer complains of coming to a country church, where the people refused to hear him, because it was Robin Hood's day; and his mitre and rochet were fun to give way to the village pastime. Much curious information on this subject may be found in the Preliminary Dissertation to the late Mr. Ritson's edition of the songs respecting this memorable outlaw. The game of Robin Hood was usually acted in May; and he was associated with the morrice-dancers, on whom so much illustration has been bestowed by the commentators on Shakespeare. A very lively picture of these festivities, containing a great deal of curious information on the subject of the private life and amusements of our ancestors, was thrown, by the late ingenious Mr. Strutt, into his romance entitled Queenhoo Hall, published after his death, in 1808.

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**Note 3 S.**

Indifferent as to archer wight, The monarch gave the arrow bright.—P. 190.

The Douglas of the poem is an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus.

1 Book of the Universal Kirk, p. 414.
APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE. 229

But the King’s behaviour during an unexpected interview with the Laird of Kilspindie, one of the tamished Douglasses, under circumstances similar to those in the text, is imitated from a real story told by Hume of Godscroft. I would have availed myself more fully of the simple and affecting circumstances of the old history, had they not been already woven into a pathetic ballad by my friend, Mr. Finlay. 1 "His (the tamished’s) implacably (towards the family of Douglas) did also appear in his carriage towards Archibald of Kilspindie, whom he, when he was a child, loved singularly well for his ability of body, and was wont to call him his Grey-Steil.2 Archibald, being banished into England, could not well comport with the humour of that nation, which he thought to be proud, and that they had too high a conceit of themselves, joined with a contempt and despising of all others. Wherefore, being wearied of that life, and remembering the king’s favour of old towards him, he determined to try the king’s mercifulness and clemency. So he comes into Scotland, and taking occasion of the king’s hunting in the park at Sterling, he casts himself to be in his way, as he was coming home to the castle. So soon as the king saw him afar off, ere he came near, he guessed it was he, and said to one of his courtiers, wonder is my Grey-Steil, Archibald of Kilspindie, if he be alive. The other answered, that it could not be he, and that he durst not come into the king’s presence. The king approaching, he fell upon his knees and craved pardon, and promised from henceforward to abstain from meddling in public affairs, and to lead a quiet and private life. The king went by without giving him any answer, and trotted a good round pace up the hill. Kilspindie followed, and though he wore on him a secret, or shirt of mail, for his particular enemies, was as soon at the castle gate as the king. There he sat him down upon a stone without, and entreated some of the king’s servants for a cup of drink; being weary and thirsty; but they, fearing the king’s displeasure, durst give him none. When the king was set at his dinner, he asked what he had done, what he had said, and whither he had gone? It was told him that he had desired a cup of drink, and had gotten none. The king reproved them very sharply for their discourtesy, and told them, that if he had not taken an oath that no Douglas should ever serve him, he would have received him into his service, for he had seen him sometime a man of great ability. Then he sent him word to go to Leith, and expect his further pleasure. Then some kinsman of David Falconer, the cannonier, that was slain at Tantallon, began to quarrel with Archibald about the matter, wherewith the king showed himself not well pleased when he heard of it. Then he commanded him to go to France for a certain space, till he heard farther from him. And so he did, and died shortly after. This gave occasion to the King of England, (Henry VIII.) to blame his nephew, alleging the old saying, That a king’s face should give grace. For this Archibald (whateover were Angus’a or Sir George’s fault) had not been principal actor of anything, nor no counsellor nor stirrer up, but only a follower of his friends, and that noways cruelly disposed.”—Hume of Godscroft, ii. 107.

Note 3 T.

Prize of the wrestling match, the King To Douglas gave a golden ring.—P. 130.

The usual prize of a wrestling was a ram and a ring, but the animal would have embarrassed my story. Thus, in the Cokes Tale of Gamelyn, ascribed to Chaucer:

"There hopped to be there beside
Tryed a wrestling;
And did the champion y-y-saten
A ram and a ring."

Again the Litil Geste of Robin Hood:

. . . . . "By a bridge was a wrestling,
And there taryed he.
And there was all the best y-men
Of all the west country.
A full flye game there was set up,
A white bull y-y-yght.
A great corner with saddle and bridle,
With gold burnish’d full broght;
A poyre of gloves, a red golde ringe,
A pipe of wine, good fay:
What man bereth him best, I wis,
The prize shall bear away."

Ritson’s Robin Hood, vol. i.

Note 3 U.

These dree for nae their fields the sword,
Like tenants of a feudal lord,
Nor o’er the patriarchal claim
Of chieflain in their leader’s name;
Adventurers they———P. 192.

The Scottish armies consisted chiefly of the nobility and barons, with their vassals, who held lands under them, for military service by themselves and their tenants. The patriarchal influence exercised by the heads of clans in the Highlands and Borders was of a different nature, and sometimes at variance with feudal principles. It flowed from the Patria Patres, exercised by the chieflain as representing the original father of the whole name, and was often obeyed in contradiction to the feudal superior. James V. seems first to have introduced. In addition to the militia furnished from these sources, the service of a small number of mercenaries, who formed a body-guard, called the Foot-Band. The satirical poet, Sir David Lindsay (or the person who wrote the prologue to his play of the "Three Estates,"
has introduced Finlay of the Foot-Band, who, after much swagging upon the stage, is at length put to flight by the Fool, who terriﬁes him by means of a sheep’s skull upon a pole. I have rather chosen to give them the harsh features of the mercenary soldiers of the period, than of this Scottish Thraso. These partook of the character of the Adventurous Companions of Froissart or the Condottieri of Italy.

One of the best and liveliest traits of such


manners is the last will of a leader, called Geffroy Tete Noir, who having been slightly wounded in a skirmish, his intemperance brought on a mortal disease. When he found himself dying, he summoned to his bedside the adventurers whom he commanded, and thus addressed them:

"Fayre sirs, quod Geffray, I knowe well ye have always served and honoured me as men ought to serve their sovereign and capitaine, and I shal be the gladder if ye wyl agre to have to your capitaine one that is descended of my blode. Behold he Aleyne Roux, my cosyn, and Peter his brother, who are men of armes and of my blode. I require you to make Aleyne your capitaine, and to swore to hym tayne, obedience, love, and loyalte, here in my presence, and also to his brother: how be it, I wyl that Aleyne have the soveraygne charge. Sir, quod they, we are well content, for ye haue ryght well chosen. There all the companyons made them breke no poynit of that ye haue ordained and commanded."—Lord Berner's Froissart.

**Note 3 V.**

*Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp! Get thee an ape, and trudge the land, The leader of a juggler band.*—P. 193.

The jongleurs, or jugglers, as we learn from the elaborate work of the late Mr. Strutt, on the sports and pastimes of the people of England, used to call in the aid of various assistants, to render these performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant. Her duty was tumbling and dancing; and therefore the Anglo-Saxon version of Saint Mark's Gospel states Herodias had a vaunted or tumbled band before King Herod. In Scotland, these poor creatures seem, even at a late period, to have been bondswomen to their masters, as appears from a case reported by Fountainhall:—"Reid the mountebank pursues Scott of Harden and his lady, for stealing away from him a little girl, called the tumbling-lasse, that danced upon his stage: and he claimed damages, and produced a contract, whereby he bought her from her mother for 30l. Scots. But we have no slaves in Scotland, and mothers cannot sell their bairns; and physicians attested the employment of tumbling would kill her; and her joints were now grown stiff, and she declined to return; though she was at least a 'prentice, and so could not run away from her master: yet some cited Moses's law, that if a servant shelter himself with thee, against his master's cruelty, thou shalt surely not deliver him up. The Lords, remitente cancellario, assolized Harden, on the 27th of January (1687)."—*Fountainhall's Decisions*, vol. i. p. 439.

The facetious qualities of the ape soon rendered him an acceptable addition to the strutting band of the jongleur. Ben Jonson, in his spletetic introduction to the comedy of "Bartholomew Fair," is at pains to inform the audience "that he has ne'er a sword-and-buckler man in his fair, nor a juggler, with a well-educated ape, to come over the chains for the

King of England, and back again for the Prince, and sit still on his haunches for the Pope and the King of Spain."

**Note 3 W.**

*That stirring air that peals on high, O'er Dermid's race our victory. Strike it!—P. 195.*

There are several instances, at least in tradition, of persons so much attached to particular tunes, as to require in hear them on their deathbed. Such an anecdote is mentioned by the late Mr. Riddel of Glenriddel, in his collection of Border tunes, respecting an air called the "Dandling of the Barrows," for which a certain Gallovian laird is said to have evinced this strong mark of partiality. It is regularly told of a famous freebooter, that he composed the tune known by the name of Macpherson's Rant, while under sentence of death, and played it at the gallows-tree. Some spirited words have been adapted to it by Burns. A similar story is recounted of a Welsh bard, who composed and played on his deathbed the air called *Dyddyg Gorrog Wen*.

The most curious example is given by Brantome, of a maid of honour at the court of France, entitled, Mademoiselle de Limeuil. "Durant sa maladie, dont elle trespassa, jaunir elle ne cessait, ainsi causa toujours; car elle estoit fort grande parleuse, brocarduese, et tres-bien et fort a propos, et tres-belle avec cela. Quand l'heure de sa fin fut venue, elle fit venir a soy son valet (aussi que le fils de la cour en ond chacune un), qui s'appelloit Julien, et escavoit tres-bien jouer du violon. 'Julien,' luy dit elle, 'prenez votre violon, et soyez moy toujours jusques a ce que vous me vuyez morte (car je m'y en vais) la defite des Suisse, et le mieux que vous pourrez, et quand vous serez sur le mot, 'Tout est perdu,' soyez le par quatre ou cing fois le plus piteusement que vous pourrez,' ce qui fit l'autre, et elle-mesme luy aident de la voix, et quand ce vint 'tout est perdu,' elle le reitera par deux fois; et se tournant de l'autre coste du chevet, elle dit a ses compagnes: 'Tout est perdu a ce coup, et a bon escient,' et ainsi deceda. Voila une morte joyeuse et plaisante. Je tiens ce conte de deux de ses compagnes dignes de foi, qui virent jouter ce mystere."—*Oeuvres de Brantome*, iii. 557. The tune to which this fair lady chose to make her last effort was composed on the defeat of the Swiss at Marignan. The burden is quoted by Parange, in Rabelais, and consists of these words, imitating the jar- gun of the Swiss, which is a mixture of French and German:

"Tout est verlore, le Tintelors, Tout est verlore, bi Got!"

**Note 3 X.**

*Battle of Beal' an Duine.—P. 195.*

A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text.
APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE. 231

It was greatly posterior in date to the reign of James V.

"In this roughly-wooded island, the country people secreted their wives and children, and their most valuable effects, from the rapacity of Cromwell’s soldiers, during their inroad into this country, in the time of the republic. These invaders, not venturing to assault by the lades, along the side of the lake, took a more circuitous road, through the heart of the Trossachs, the most frequented path at that time, which penetrates the wilderness about half way between Finnan and the lake, by a tract called Yen-chileach, or the Old Wife’s Bog.

In one of the defiles of this by-road, the men of the country at that time hung upon the rear of the invading enemy, and shot one of Cromwell’s men, whose grave marks the scene of action, and gives name to that pass. 2

In revenge of this insult, the soldiers resolved to plunder the island, to violate the women, and put the children to death. With this brutal intention, one of the party, more expert than the rest, swam towards the island, to fetch the boat to his comrades, which had carried the women to their asylum, and lay moored in one of the creeks. His companions stood on the shore of the mainland, in full view of all that was to pass, waiting anxiously for his return with the boat. But just as the swimmer had got to the nearest point of the island, and was laying hold of a black rock, to get on shore, a heron, who stood on the very point where he meant to land, lastly snatching a dagger from below her apron, with one stroke severed his head from the body. His party seeing this disaster, and relinquishing all future hope of revenge or conquest, made the best of their way out of their perilous situation. This amours great-grandson lives at Bridge of Turk, who, besides others, attests the occurrence. — Search of the Scenery near Col-ledge, by Sir William Forbes, 1806, p. 20. I have only to add to this account, that the heron’s name was Helen Stuart.

NOTE 3 Y.

And Snowdon’s Knight is Scotland’s King.

P. 197.

This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beautiful Arabian tale of Il Bondocani. Yet the incident is not borrowed from that elegant story, but from Scottish tradition. James V., of whom we are treating, was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since, from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects, he was, as we have seen, popularly termed the King of the Commons. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises. The two excellent comic songs, entitled, “the Gaberlinzie man,” and “ We’ll gae nae mair a roving,” are said to have been founded upon the success of his amorous adventures when travelling in the disguise of a beggar. The latter is perhaps the best comic ballad in any language.

Another adventure, which had nearly cost James his life, is said to have taken place at the village of Cramond, near Edinburgh, where he had punished his addresses acceptable to a pretty girl of the lower rank. Four or five persons, whether relations or lovers of his mistress is uncertain, beset the disguised monarch as he returned from his rendezvous. Naturally gallant, and an admirable master of his weapon, the king took post on the high and narrow bridge over the Almond river, and defended himself bravely with his sword. A peasant, who was tasting in a neighbouring barn, came out upon the noise, and whether moved by compassion or by natural gallantry, took the weaker side, and laid about with his flail so effectually, as to disperse the assailants, well threshed, even according to the letter. He then conducted the king into his barn, where his guest requested a basin and a towel, to remove the stains of the broil. This being done with difficulty, James employed himself in learning what was the summit of his deliever’s earthly wishes, and found that they were bounded by the desire of possessing, in property, the farm of Braehead, upon which he laboured as a bondsman. The lands belonged to belong to the crown; and James directed him to come to the palace of Holyrood, and enquire for the gudeman (i.e. farmer) of Ballengiech, a name by which he was known in his excursions, and which answered to the Il Bondocani of Haroun Alraschid. He presented himself accordingly, and found, with due astonishment, that he had saved his monarch’s life, and that he was to be granted with a crown charter of the lands of Braehead, under the service of presenting an ewer, basin and towel, for the king to wash in on his return. He then conducted the king, passed the Bridge of Cramond. This person was ancestor of the Howisons of Braehead, in Mid Lothian, a respectable family, who continue to hold the lands (now passed into the female line) under the same tenure.

Another of James’s frolics is thus narrated by Mr. Campbell from the Statistical Account: — "Being once out shooting when out a-hunting, and separated from his attendants, he happened to enter a cottage in the midst of a moor at the foot of the Ochil hills, near Alloa, where, unknown, he was kindly received. In order to regulate their unexpected guest, the gudeman (i.e. landlord, farmer) desired the gudewife to fetch the hen that roosted nearest the cock, which is always the plumpest, for the stranger’s supper. The king, highly pleased with his night’s lodging and hospitable entertainment, told mine host at parting, that he should be glad to return his civility, and requested that the first time he came to Stirling, he would call at the castle, and enquire for the Gudeman of Ballengiech.

Donaldson, the landlord, did not fail to call on the Gudeman of Ballengiech, when his astonishment at finding that the king had been his guest afforded no small amusement to the

1 That at the eastern extremity of Loch Katrine, so often mentioned in the text.

2 Beaufich an duine.
merry monarch and his courtiers; and, to carry on the pleasantry, he was thenceforth designated by James with the title of King of the Moors, which name and designation have descended from father to son ever since, and they have continued in possession of the identical spot, the property of Mr. Erskine of Mar, till very lately, when this gentleman, with reluctance, turned out the descendant and representative of the King of the Moors, on account of his majesty's invincible indolence, and great dislike to reform or innovation of any kind, although, from the spirited example of his neighbour tenants on the same estate, he is convinced similar exertion would promote his advantage."

The author requests permission yet farther to verify the subject of his poem, by an extract from the genealogical work of Buchanan of Auchmar, upon Scottish surnames:

"This John Buchanan of Auchmar and Arnpryor was afterwards termed King of Kippen, upon the following account: King James V., a very sociable, debonair prince, residing at Stirling, in Buchanan of Arnpryor's time, carriers were very frequently passing along the common road, being near Arnpryor's house, with necessaries for the use of the king's family; and he, having some extraordinary occasion, ordered one of these carriers to leave his load at his house, and he would pay him for it; which the carrier refused to do, telling him he was the king's carrier, and his load for his majesty's use; to which Arnpryor seemed to have small regard, compelling the carrier, in the end, to leave his load; telling him, if King James was King of Scotland, he was King of Kippen, so that it was reasonable he should share with his neighbour king in some of these loads, so frequently carried that road. The carrier representing this usage, and telling the story, as Arnpryor spoke it, to some of the king's servants, it came at length to his majesty's ears, who, shortly thereafter, with a few attendants, came to visit his neighbour king, who was in the meantime at dinner. King James, having sent a servant to demand access, was denied the same by a tall fellow with a battle-axe, who stood porter at the gate, telling, there could be no access till dinner was over. This answer not satisfying the king, he sent to demand access a second time; upon which he was desired by the porter to desist, otherwise he would find cause to repent his rudeness. His majesty finding this method would not do, desired the porter to tell his master that the Goodman of Ballageich desired to speak with the King of Kippen. The porter telling Arnpryor so much, he, in all humble manner, came and received the king, and having entertained him with much sumptuousness and jollity, became so agreeable to King James, that he allowed him to take so much of any provision he found carrying that road as he had occasion for; and seeing he made the first visit, desired Arnpryor in a few days to return him a second to Stirling, which he performed, and continued in very much favour with the king, always thereafter being termed King of Kippen while he lived."—Buchanon's Essay upon the Family of Buchanan. Edin. 1775, 8vo. p. 74.

The readers of Ariosto must give credit for the amiable features with which he is represented, since he is generally considered as the prototype of Zerbino, the most interesting hero of the Orlando Furioso.

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**Note Z.**

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*Stirling's tower*

Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims.—P. 196.

William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdoun. Sir David Lindsay bestows the same epithet upon it in his complaint of the Papigo:

"Adieu, fair Snowdoun, with thy towers high,
Thy chapel-royal, park, and table round;
May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee,
Were I a man, to hear the birds senza,
Whilk doth against thy royal rock rebound."

Mr. Chalmers, in his late excellent edition of Sir David Lindsay's works, has refuted the chimerical derivation of Snowdoun from *sneddyng*, or cutting. It was probably derived from the romantic legend which connected Stirling with King Arthur, to which the mention of the Round Table gives countenance. The ring within which jousts were formerly practised, in the castle park, is still called the Round Table. Snowdoun is the official title of one of the Scottish heralds, whose epithets seem in all countries to have been fantastically adopted from ancient history or romance.

It appears (See Note 3 Y.) that the real name by which James was actually distinguished in his private excursions, was the Goodman of Ballenquich; derived from a steep pass leading up to the Castle of Stirling, so called. But the epithet would not have suited poetry, and would besides at once, and prematurely, have announced the plot to many of my countrymen, among whom the traditional stories above mentioned are still current.
The Vision of Don Roderick.

Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispana, terris,
Vox humana volet! —— CLAUDIAN.

PREFACE.

The following Poem is founded upon a Spanish Tradition, particularly detailed in the Notes; but bearing, in general, that Don Roderick, the last Gothic King of Spain, when the Invasion of the Moors was impending, had the temerity to descend into an ancient vault, near Toledo, the opening of which had been denounced as fatal to the Spanish Monarchy. The legend adds, that his rash curiosity was mortified by an emblematical representation of those Saracens who, in the year 714, defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their dominion. I have presumed to prolong the Vision of the Revolutions of Spain down to the present eventful crisis of the Peninsula; and to divide it, by a supposed change of scene, into Three Periods. The First of these represents the Invasion of the Moors, the Defeat and Death of Roderick, and closes with the peaceful occupation of the country by the Victors. The Second Period embraces the state of the Peninsula, when the conquests of the Spaniards and Portuguese in the East and West Indies had raised to the highest pitch the renown of their arms; sullied, however, by superstition and cruelty. An allusion to the inhumanities of the Inquisition terminates this picture. The Last Part of the Poem opens with the state of Spain previous to the unparalleled treachery of Buonaparte; gives a sketch of the usurpation attempted upon that unsuspicous and friendly kingdom, and terminates with the arrival of the British succours. It may be further proper to mention, that the object of the Poem is less to commemorate or detail particular incidents, than to exhibit a general and impressive picture of the several periods brought upon the stage.

I am too sensible of the respect due to the Public, especially by one who has already experienced more than ordinary indulgence, to offer any apology for the inferiority of the poetry to the subject it is chiefly designed to commemorate. Yet I think it proper to mention, that while I was hastily executing a work, written for a temporary purpose, and on passing events, the task was most cruelly interrupted by the successive deaths of Lord President Blair, and Lord Viscount Melville. In those distinguished characters, I had not only to regret persons whose lives were most important to Scotland, but also whose notice and patronage honoured my entrance upon active life; and, I may add, with melancholy pride, who permitted my more advanced age to claim no common share in their friendship. Under such interruptions, the following verses, which my best and happiest efforts must have left far unworthy of their theme, have, I am myself sensible, an appearance of negligence and incoherence, which, in other circumstances, I might have been able to remove.

Edinburgh, June 24, 1811.

1 The Vision of Don Roderick appeared in 1806, in July 16, 1811; and in the course of the same year was also inserted in the second volume of the Edinburgh Annual Register—which work was the property of Sir Walter Scott's then publishers, N. and J. Ballantyne and Co.
2 The Right Hon. Robert Blair of Ayrstone, President of the Court of Session, was the son of the Rev. Robert Blair, author of "The Grave." After long filling the office of Solicitor-General in Scotland with high distinction, he was elevated to the Presidency in 1808. He died very suddenly on the 29th May 1811, in the 70th year of his age; and his intimate friend, Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville, having gone into Edinburgh on purpose to attend his remains to the grave, was taken ill not less suddenly, and died there the very hour that the funeral took place, on the 29th of the same month.
3 In a letter to J. B. B. Morris, Esq., Edinburgh, July 1, 1811, Scott says—I have this moment got your kind letter, just as I was packing up Don Roderick for you. This patriotic puppet-show has been finished under watched auspices; poor Lord Melville's death so quickly succeeding that of President Blair, one of the best and wisest judges that ever distributed justice, broke my spirit sadly. My official situation placed me in daily contact with the President, and his ability and candour were the source of my daily admiration. As for poor dear Lord Melville, 'tis vain to name him whom we mourn in vain. Almost the last time I saw him, he was talking of you in the highest terms of regard, and expressing great hopes of again seeing you at Dunbar this summer, where I proposed to attend you. How wise! how wise! humane purpuris sumus. His loss will be long and severely felt here, and Envoy is already paying her cold tribute of applause to the worth which she maligns while it walked upon earth."
INTRODUCTION.

I.
Lives there a strain, whose sounds of mounting fire
May rise distinguish'd o'er the din of war?
Or did it with yon Master of the Lyre,
Who sung bealsear'd Ilion's evil star?
Such, Wellington, might reach thee from afar,
Wafting its descent wide o'er Ocean's range;
Nor shoots, nor clashing arms, its mood could mar,
All as it swell'd 'twixt each loud trumpet change,
That clangs to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge!

II.
Yes! such a strain, with all e'er-pouring measure,
Might melodize with each tumultuous sound,
Each voice of fear or triumph, woe or pleasure,
That rings Mondego's ravaged shores around;
The thundering cry of hosts with conquest crown'd,
The female shriek, the ruin'd peasant's moan,
The shout of captives from their chains unbound,
The foil'd oppressor's deep and solemn groan,
A Nation's choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown.

III.
But we, weak minstrels of a laggard day,
Skill'd but to imitate an elder page,
Timid and raptureless, can we repay
The debt thou claim'st in this exhausted age?
Thou givest our lyres a theme, that might engage

Those that could send thy name o'er sea and land,
While sea and land shall last; for Homer's rage
A theme; a theme for Milton's mighty hand—
How much unmeet for us, a faint degenerate band!

IV.
Ye mountains stern! within whose rugged breast
The friends of Scottish freedom found repose;
Ye torrents! whose hoarse sounds have soothed their rest,
Returning from the field of vanquish'd foes;
Say have ye lost each wild majestic close,
That erst the choir of Bards or Druids flung;
What time their hymn of victory arose,
And Cattraeth's glens with voice of triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Llywarch sung!

V.
O! if your wilds such minstrelsy retain,
As sure your changeful gales seem oft to say,
When sweeping wild and siuking soft again,
Like trumpet jubilee, or harp's wild sway;
If ye can echo such triumphant lay,
Then lend the note to him has loved you long,
Who pioue gather'd each tradition grey,
That floats your solitary wastes along,
And with affection vain gave them new voice in song.

VI.
For not till now, how oft soe'er the task
Of triumphant verse hath lighten'd graver care,
From Muse or Sylvan was he wont to ask,
In phrase poetic, inspiration fair;
Careless he gave his numbers to the air,
They came unsought for, if applause came;
Nor for himself prefers he now the prayer;
Let but his verse befit a hero's fame,
Immortal be the verse!—forgot the poet's name.

VII.
Hark, from ye misty morn their answer tost:
"Minstrel! the fame of whose romantic lyre,
Capricious-swallowing now, may soon be lost.
Like the light flickering of a cottage fire;
If to such task presumptuous thou aspire,
Seek not from us the need to warrior due:
Age after age has gather'd son to sire,
Since our grey cliffs the din of conflict knew,
Or, pealing through our vales, victorious bugles blew.

VIII.
"Decay'd our old traditionary lore,
Save where the lingering lays renew their ring
By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn hoar.
Or round the marge of Minuchore's haunted spring:
Save where their legends grey-hair'd shepherds sing
That now scarce win a listening ear but thine.
Of feuds obscure, and Border ravaging,
And rugged deeds recounted in rugged line,
Of moonlight foray made on Teviot, Tweed,
or Tyne.

IX.
"No! search romantic lands, where the near Sun
Gives with unstinted boar eternal fame,
Where the rude villager, his labour done,
In verse spontaneous 2 chants some favour'd name,
Whether Olalia's charms his tribute claim,
Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet;
Or whether, kindling at the deeds of Greene, He sing, to wild Morisco measure set,
Old Albin's red claymore, green Erin's bayonet!

X.
"Explore those regions, where the flinty crest
Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows,
Where in the proud Alhambra's ruin'd breast
Barbarous monuments of pomp reposes;
Or where the bannets of more ruthless foes
Than the fierce Moor, float o'er Toledo's masts,
From whose tall towers even now the patriot throws
An anxious glance, to spy upon the plain
The blended ranks of England, Portugal, and Spain.

XI.
"There, of Numantian fire a swarthy spark
Still lightens in the sum-burnt native's eye:
The sately port, slow step, and visage dark,
Still mark enduring pride and constancy.
And, if the glow of feudal chivalry
Beam not, as once, thy nobles' dearest pride,
Iberia oft thy crestless peasantry

Have seen the plumed Hidalgo quit their side,
Have seen, yet dauntless stood—'gainst fortune fought and died.

XII.
"And cherish'd still by that unchanging race,
Are themes for minstrelsy more high than thine;
Of strange tradition many a mystic trace,
Legend and vision, prophecy and sign;
Where wonders wild of Arabesque combine
With Gothic imagery of darker shade,
Forming a model meet for minstrel line.
Gu, seek such theme!"—The Mountain Spirit said:
With filial awe I heard—I heard, and I obey'd.

The Vision of Don Roderick.

I.
Rearing their crests amid the cloudless skies,
And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,
Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,
As from a trembling lake of silver white.
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight
Of the broad burial-ground outstretch'd below,
And nought disturbs the silence of the night;
All sleeps in sullen shade, or silver glow.
All save the heavy swell of Teio's ceaseless flow.

II.
All save the rushing swell of Teio's tide,
Or, distant heard, a courser's neigh or tramp;
Their changing rounds as watchful horsemen ride,
To guard the limits of King Roderick's ramp.
For, through the river's night-fog rolling damp
Was many a proud pavilion dimly seen,
Which glimmer'd back, against the moon's fair lamp,
Tissues of silk and silver twisted sheen,
And standards proudly pitch'd, and warders arm'd between.

III.
But of their Monarch's person keeping ward,
Since last the deep-mouth'd bell of vespers toll'd,
The chosen soldiers of the royal guard
The post beneath the proud Cathedral hold:
A band unlike their Gothic sires of old,
Who, for the cap of steel and iron mace,
Bear slender darts, and casques bedeck'd with gold,
While silver-studded belts their shoulders grace.
Where ivory quivers ring in the broad falchion's place.

IV.
In the light language of an idle court,
They murmur'd at their master's long delay,
And held his lengthen'd orisons in sport:
"What I will Don Roderick here till morn-

1 See Appendix, Note B.
2 See Appendix, Note C.
3 Ibid, Note D.
To wear in shrift and prayer the night away?
And are his hours in such dull penance past,
For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay?—1
Then to the east their weary eyes they cast,
And wish'd the lingering dawn would glimmer forth at last.

V.
But, far within, Toledo's Prelate lent
An ear of fearful wonder to the King;
The silver lamp a fitful lustre sent,
So long that sad confession witnessing:
For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,
Such as are lothly utter'd to the air,
When Fear, Repose, and Shame, the bosom wrong,
And Guilt his secret burden cannot bear,
And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from Despair.

VI.
Ful. on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,
The stream of failing light was feebly roll'd:
But Roderick's visage, though his head was bare,
Was shew'd by his hand and mantle's fold,
While of his hidden soul the sins he told,
Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook,
That mortal man his bearing should behold,
Or boast that he had seen, when Conscience shook,
Fear tame a monarch's brow, Remorse a warrior's look.

VII.
The old man's faded cheek wax'd yet more pale,
As many a secret sad the King bewray'd;
As sign and glance eke out the unfinished tale,
When in the midst his faltering whisper staid.—
"Thus royal Witiza 2 was slain," he said;
"Yet, holy Father, deem not it was I."
Thus still Ambition strifes her crimes to shade.—
"Oh! rather deem 'twas stern necessity!
Self-preservation bade, and I must kill or die.

VIII.
And if Florinda's shrieks alarmed the air,
If she invoked her absent sire in vain,
And on her knees implored that I would spare,
Yet, reverend priest, thy sentence rash refrain—
All is not as it seems—the female train
Know by their bearing to disguise their mood:
But Conscience here, as if in high disdain,
Sent to the Monarch's check the burning blood—
He stay'd his speech abrupt—and up the Prelate stood.

IX.
"O harden'd offspring of an iron race!
What of thy crimes, Don Roderick, shall I say?
What alms, or prayers, or penance, can efface
Murder's dark spot, wash treason's stain away!

For the foul ravisher how shall I pray.
Who, scarce repentant, makes his crime his boast?
How hope Almighty vengeance shall delay
Unless in mercy to you Christian host,
He spare the shepherd, lest the guiltless sheep be lost?"

Then kindled the dark Tyrant in his mood,
And to his brow return'd its dauntless glow;
"And welcome then," he cried, "be blood for blood,
For treason treachery, for dishonour doom!
Yet will I know whence come they, or by whom.
Show, for thou canst—give forth the fated key,
And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room.
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,
His nation's future fates a Spanish King shall see."—3

XI.
"Ill-fated Prince! I recall the desperate word,
Or pause ere yet the omen thou obey!
Bethink, yon spell-bound portal would afford
Never to former Monarch entrance-way;
Nor shall it ever ope, old records say,
Save to a King, the last of all his line,
What time his empire totters to decay,
And treason digs, beneath, her fatal mine,
And, high above, intends avenging wrath divine."

XII.
"Prelate! a Monarch's fate brooks no delay;
Lead on!"—The ponderous key the old man toe.
And held the winking lamp, and led the way,
By winding stair, dark isle, and secret nook,
Then on an ancient gateway bent his look;
And, as the key the desperate King essay'd,
Low mutter'd thunders the Cathedral shook,
And twice he stopp'd, and twice new effort made,
Till the huge bolts roll'd back, and the loud hinges Bray'd.

XIII.
Long, large, and lofty, was that vaulted hall;
Roof, walls, and floor, were all of marble stone,
Of polish'd marble, black as funeral pall,
Carved o'er with signs and characters unknown.
A paly light, as of the dawning shine,
Through the sad bounds, but whence they could not spy;
For window to the upper air was none;
Yet, by that light, Don Roderick could descry
Wonders that ne'er till then were seen by mortal eye.

XIV.
Grim sentinels, against the upper wall,
Of molten bronze, two statues held their place;
Massive their naked limbs, their stature tall,
Their frowning foreheads golden circles grace.

1 See Appendix, Nota E.  
2 The predecessor of Roderick upon the Spanish throne.  
3 See Appendix, Note F.
Moulded they seem'd for kings of giant race,
Then lived and seem'd before the avenging flood:
This grasp'd a scythe, that rested on a mace;
This spread his wings for flight, that pondering stood,
Each stubborn seem'd and stern, immutable of mood.

XV.

Fix'd was the right-hand Giant's brazen look
Upon his brother's glass of shifting sand,
As if its ebb he measured by a book,
Whose iron volume loaded his huge hand;
In which was wrote of many a fallen land,
Of empires lost, and kings to exile driven:
And o'er that pair their names in scroll expand—

"Lo! DESTINY and TIME! to whom by Heaven
The guidance of the earth is for a season given."—

XVI.

Even while they read, the sand-glass wastes away;
And, as the last and lagging grains did creep,
The right-hand Giant 'gan his club upsway,
As one that stattles from a heavy sleep.
Full on the upper wall the mace's sweep
At once descended with the force of thunder,
And hurtling down at once, in crumpled heap,
The marble boundary was rent asunder,
And gave to Roderick's view new sights of fear and wonder.

XVII.

For they might spy, beyond that mighty breach,
Realms as of Spain in vision'd prospect laid,
Castles and towers, in due proportion each,
As by some skilful artist's hand portray'd:
Here, cross'd by many a wild Sierra's shade,
And boundless plains that tire the traveller's eye:
There, rich with vineyard and with olive glade,
Or deep-embrownd by forests huge and high,
Or wash'd by mighty streams, that slowly murmur'd by.

XVIII.

And here, as erst upon the antique stage,
Pass'd forth the band of masquera trimly led,
In various forms, and various equipage,
While fitting strains the hea'rers' fancy fed;
So, to sad Roderick's eye in order spread,
Successive pageants fill'd that mystic scene,
Showing the fate of battles ere they bled,
And issue of events that had not been;
And, ever and anon, strange sounds were heard between.

XIX.

First shrill'd an unrepeated female shriek!—
It seem'd as if Don Roderick knew the call,
For the bold blood was blanching in his cheek. —
Then answer'd kettle-drum and atabal,
Gong-pearl and cymbal-clank the ear appal,
The Tecbir war-cry, and the Lelle's yell;—
Ring wildly dissonant along the hall.

Needs not to Roderick their dread import
tell—
"The Moor!" he cried, "the Moor!—ring out the Toscin bell!

XX.

"They come! they come! I see the groaning lands
White with the turbans of each Arab horde;
Swart Zaaraah joins her misbelieving bands,
Alla and Mahomet their battle-word,
The chieftains yield, the Koran or the Sword—
See how the Christians rush to arms again!—
In wonder shout the voice of conflict roar'd,
The shadowy hosts are closing on the plain—
Now, God and Saint Iago strike, for the good cause of Spain!—

XXI.

"By Heaven, the Moors prevail! the Christian yield!—
Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!
The sceptred craven mounts to quit the field—
Is not yon steed Orelio?—Yes, 'tis mine!—
But never was she turn'd from battle-line:
Lo! where the recreant spurs o'er stock and stone!
Curses pursue the slave, and wrath divine!
Rivers ingulp him!—"Hush," in shuddering tone,
The Prelate said;—"rash Prince, you vision'd form's thine own."—

XXII.

Just then, a torrent cress'd the fier'st course;
The dangerous ford the Kingly Likeness tried;
But the deep eddies whelm'd both man and horse,
Swept like benighted peasant down the tide;
And the proud Moslemah spread far and wide,
As numerous as their native locust band;
Berber and Israel's sons the spoils divide,
With naked scimitars meet out the land,
And for the bondsman base the freeborn natives brand.

XXIII.

Then rose the grated Harem, to enclose
The loveliest maidens of the Christian line;
Then, menials, to their misbelieving foes, Castle's young nobles held forbidden wine;
Then, too, the holy Cross, salvation's sign,
By impious hands was from the altar thrown,
And the deep aisles of the polluted shrine
Echo'd, for holy hymn and organ-tone,
The Santon's frantick dance, the Pakir's gibbering moan.

XXIV.

How fares Don Roderick?—E'en as one who spies
Flames dart their glare o'er midnight's sable woof,
And hears around his children's piercing cries,
And shake the pale assistants stand aloof,
While cruel Conscience brings him bitter proof,
His fully or his crime have caused his grief;
And while above him nods the crumbling roof,
He curses earth and Heaven—himself in chief—
Desperate of earthly aid, despairing Heaven’s relief!

XXV.
That scythe-arm’d Giant turn’d his fatal glass,
And twilight on the landscape closed her wings;
Far to Asturian hills the war-sounds pass,
And in their stead rebek or timbrel rings:
And to the sound the bell-deck’d dancer springs.
Bazaars resound as when their marts are met,
In toil they light the Moor his jerrid flings,
And on the land as evening seem’d to set
The Imaum’s chant was heard from mosque or minaret.

XXVI.
So pass’d that pageant. Ere another came,
The visionary scene was wrapp’d in smoke,
Whose sulph’rous wreaths were cross’d by sheets of flame;
With every flash a bolt explosive broke,
Till Roderick deem’d the fiends had burst their yoke,
And waved ‘gainst heaven the infernal gon-falcons.
For War a new and dreadful language spoke,
Never by ancient warrior heard or known;
Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder
was her tone.

From the dim landscape roll the clouds away—
The Christians have regain’d their heritage;
Before the Cross has wan’d the Crescent’s ray,
And many a monastery decks the stage,
And holy church, and low-brow’d hermitage.
The land obeys a Hermit and a Knight,—
The Genii those of Spain for many an age;
This clade in sackcloth, that in armour bright,
And that was VALOUR named, this BIGOTRY was light.

VALOUR was harness’d like a Chief of old,
Arm’d at all points, and prompt for knightly gest;
His sword was temper’d in the Ebro cold,
Morena’s eagle plume adorn’d his crest,
’Thu spoils of Afric’s lion bound his breast.
Fierce he stepp’d forward and flung down his gage;
As if of mortal kind to brave the best,
Him follow’d his Companion, dark and sage,
As he, my Master, sung the dangerous Archimagery

Haughty of heart and brow the Warrior came,
In look and language proud as proud might be,
Vaunting his lordship, lineage, fights, and fame.
Yet was that barefoot monk more proud than he;
And as theivy climbs the tallest tree,
So round the loftiest soul its toils be wound,
And with his spells subdu’d the fierce and free,
Till ermined Age and Youth in arms renown’d,
Honouring his scourg’d and hair-cloth, meekly kiss’d the ground.

And thus it chanced that VALOUR, peerless knight,
Who ne’er to King or Kaiser veil’d his crest,
Victorious still in bull-feast or in fight,
Since first his limbs with mail he did invest,
Stop’d ever to that Anchorets heareth;
Nor reason’d of the right, nor of the wrong,
But at his bidding laid the lance in rest,
And wrought fell deeds the troubled world along,
For he was fierce as brave, and pitiless as strong.

Oft his proud galleyes sought some new-found world,
That latest sees the sun, or first the morn;
Still at that Wizard’s feet their spoils he hurl’d,—
Ingots of ore from rich Potosi borne,
Crowns by Caciques, aigrettes by Omrah’s worn,
Wrought of rare gems, but broken, rent, and foul;
Iols of gold from heathen temples torn,
Bedabbled all with blood.—With grisly scowl
The Hermit mark’d the stains, and smiled beneath his cowl.

Then did he bless the offering, and bade make
Tribute to Heaven of gratitude and praise;
And at his word the chorall hymns awake,
And many a band the silver censer sways,
But with the incense-breath these censers raise,
Mix steams from corpses smouldering in the fire;
The groans of prison’d victims mar the lays,
And shrieks of agony confound the quire;
While, ’mid the mingled sounds, the darken’d scenes expire.

Preluding light, were strains of music heard,
As once again revol’d that measured sound;
Such sounds as when, for sylvan dance prepar’d,
Gay Xeres summons forth her vintage band;
When for the light bolero ready stand
The mozo bithe, with gay muchachas met,
He conscious of his broder’d cap and band,
She of her netted locks and light corsette,
Each tiptoe perish’d to spring, and shake the castanet.

And well such strains the opening scene became;
For VALOUR had relax’d his ardent look,
And at a lady’s feet, like lion tame,
Lay stretch’d, full loth the weight of arms to brook;
And soften’d BIGOTRY upon his book,
Patter’d a task of little good or ill:
But the blithe peasant plied his pruning-hook,
Whistled the muleteer o’er vale and hill,
And rung from village-green the merry seguidille.
THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

XXXV.
Grey Royalty, grown impotent of toil,
Let the grave sceptre slip his lazy hold;
And, careless, saw his rule become the spoil
Of a loose Female and her minion bold.
But peace was on the cottage and the fold,
From court intrigue, from bickering faction far;
Beneath the chestnut-tree Love's tale was told,
And to the tinkling of the light guitar,
Sweet stoop'd the western sun, sweet rose the evening star.

XXXVI.
As that sea-cloud, in size like human hand,
When first from Carmel by the Tishbite seen,
Came slowly overshadowing Isræl's land,
A while, perchance, bedeck'd with colours sheen.
While yet the sunbeams on its skirts had been,
Limning with purple and with gold its shroud,
Till darker folds obscured the blue serene,
And blotted heaven with one broad sable cloud,
Then sheeted rain burst down, and whirlwinds howl'd aloud:

XXXVII.
Even so, upon that peaceful scene was pour'd,
Like gathering clouds, full many a foreign hand,
And HE, their Leader, wore in sheath his sword,
And offer'd peaceful front and open hand,
Veiling the perfidy he plann'd,
By friendship's zeal and honour's specious guise,
Until he won the passes of the land:
Then burst were honour's oath, and friendship's ties!
He clutch'd his vulture-grasp, and call'd fair Spain his prize.

XXXVIII.
An Iron Crown his anxious forehead bore:
And well such diadem his heart became,
Who, for his purpose far remorse gave o'er,
Or check'd his course for piety or shame;
Who, train'd a soldier, deem'd a soldier's fame
Might flourish in the wreath of battles won,
Though neither truth nor honour deck'd his name;
Who, placed by fortune on a Monarch's throne,
Reck'd not of Monarch's faith, or Mercy's kingly tone.

XXXIX.
From a rude isle his ruder lineage came,
The spark, that, from a suburb-hovel's hearth,
Ascending, wraps some capital in flame,
Hath not a meaner or more sordid birth.
And for the soul that bade him waste the earth—
The sable land-flood from some swamp obscure,
That poisons the glad husband-field with earth,
And by destruction bids its fame endure,
Hath not a source more sullen, stagnant, and impure.

XL.
Before that Leader strode a shadowy Form;
Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor show'd,
With which she beckon'd him through fight and storm,
And all he crush'd that cross'd his desperate road,
Nor thought, nor fear'd, nor look'd on what he trode.
Realms could not glut his pride, blood could not slake,
So oft as e'er she shook her torch abroad—
It was AMBITION bade her terrors wake,
Nor deign'd she, as of yore, a milder form to take.

XLI.
No longer now she spur'd at men revenge,
Or said her hand for conquer'd foeman's moan;
As when, the fates of aged Rome to change,
By Caesar's side she cross'd the Rubicon,
Nor joy'd she to bestow the spoils she won,
As when the banded powers of Greece were task'd
To war beneath the Youth of Macedon:
No seemingly veil her modern minion ask'd,
He saw her hideous face, and loved the fiend unmask'd.

XLII.
That Prelate mark'd his march—On banners blazed
With battles won in many a distant land,
On eagle-standards and on arms he gaz'd;
"And hoper thou then," he said, "thy power shall stand!"
O, thou hast builded on the shifting sand,
And thou hast temper'd it with slaughter's flood;
And know, fell scourge in the Almighty's hand,
Gore-moisten'd trees shall perish in the bud,
And by a bloody death, shall die the man of Blood!

XLIII.
The ruthless Leader beckon'd from his train
A wan fraternal Shade, and bade him kneel,
And paled his temples with the crown of Spain,
While trumpets rang, and heralds cried, "Castle!"
Not that he loved him—No!—In no man's seal,
Scarce in his own, e'er joy'd that sullen heart;
Yet round that throne he bade his warriors wheel,
That the poor Puppet might perform his part,
And be a sceptred slave, at his stern beck to start.

XLIV.
But on the Natives of that Land misused,
Not long the silence of annuement hung,
Nor brook'd they long their friendly faith abused;
For, with a common shriek, the general tongue
Exclaim'd, "To arms!"—and fast to arms they sprung.

1 See Appendix, Note K.
And VALOUR woke, that Genius of the Land!  
Pleasure, and ease, and sloth, aside he flung,  
As burst th' awakening Nazarite his hand,  
When 'gainst his treacherous foes he clench'd  
his dreadful hand. 1

XLV.  
That Minic Monarch now cast anxious eye  
Upon the Sarthas that begirt him round,  
Now dodd'd his royal robe in act to fly,  
And from his brow the diadem unbound.  
So oft, so near, the Patriot bullet wound,  
From Tariek's walls to Bilboa's mountains blown,  
These martial satellites hard labour found,  
To guard awhile his substituted throne—  
Light reckoning of his cause, but battling for  
their own.

XLVI.  
From Alphusha's peak that hagle rung,  
And it was echo'd from Corunna's wall;  
Stately Seville responsive war-shout flung,  
Grenada caught it in her Moorish hall;  
Galicia bade her children fight or fall,  
Wild Biscay shook his mountain-coronet,  
Valencia roused her at the battle-call,  
And, foremost still where Valour's sons are met,  
First started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

XLVII.  
But unappall'd and burning for the fight,  
The Invaders march, of victory secure;  
Skilful their force to sever or uphold,  
And tram'd alike to vanquish or endure,  
Nor skilful less, cheap conquest to ensure,  
Discord to breathe, and jealousy to sow,  
To quell by boasting, and by bribes to lure;  
While nought against them bring the un-  
practised foe.  
Save hearts for Freedom's cause, and hands  
for Freedom's blow.

XLVIII.  
Proudly they march—but, O! they march not forth  
By one hot field to crown a brief campaign,  
As when their Eagles, sweeping through the North,  
Destroy'd at every stoop an ancient reign!  
Far other fate had Heaven decreed for Spain;  
In vain the steel, in vain the torch was plied,  
New Patriot armies started from the slain,  
High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide, 2  
And of the God of Battles blest the righteous side.

XLIX.  
Nor unaton'd, where Freedom's foes prevail.  
Remain'd their savage waste. With blade  
and brand.  
By day the Invaders ravaged hill and dale.  
But, with the darkness, the Guerilla band  
Came like night's tempest, and avenged the land,  
And claim'd for blood the retribution due,  
Probed the hard heart, and lopp'd the mur-  
d'rous hand;  

1 See Book of Judges, Chap. xv. v. 9-16.  
2 See Appendix, Note L.  
3 Ibid, Note M.
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And harsher features, and a mien more grave;
But ne'er in battle-field throb'd heart so brave.
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid;
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid,
Where lies the desperate foe that for such onset staid?

LX.
Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him rings,
And moves to death with military glee:
Boast, Erin, boast them! tameless, stark, and free,
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
Rough Nature's children, humorous as she:
And He, on Chieftain—strike the proudest note
Of thy bold harp, green Isle!—the Hori is thine own.

LXI.
Now on the scene Vimeira should be shewn,
On Talavera's height should Roderick gaze,
And hear Corunna wail her battle won,
And see Busaco's crest with lightning blaze:—
But shall fond fable mix with heroes' praise?
Hath Fiction's stage for Truth's long triumphs room?
And dare her wild-flowers mingle with the bays,
That claim a long eternity to bloom
Around the warrior's crest, and o'er the warrior's tomb?

LXII.
Or may I give adventurous Fancy scope,
And stretch a bold hand to the awful veil
That hides futurity from anxious hope,
Bidding beyond it scenes of glory hail,
And painting Europe rousing at the tale
Of Spain's invaders from her confines hurl'd,
While kindling nations buckle on their mail,
And Fame, with clarion-blast and wings unfurl'd,
To Freedom and Revenge awakes an injured World?

LXIII.
O vain, though anxious, is the glance I cast,
Since Fate has mark'd futurity her own:
Yet fate resigns to worth the glorious past,
The deeds recorded, and the laurels won.
Then, though the Vault of Destiny be gone,
King, Prelate, all the phantasms of my brain,
Melted away like mist-wreaths in the sun.
Yet grant for faith, for valour, and for Spain,
One note of pride and fire, a Patriot's parting strain!

1 See Appendix, Note N.
The Vision of Don Roderick.

CONCLUSION.

I.

"Who shall command Estrella's mountain-tide
Back to the source, when tempest-chafed, to die?
Who, when Gascogne's vex'd gulf is raging wide,
Shall hush it as a nurse her infant's cry?
His magic power let such vain boaster try,
And when the torrent shall his voice obey,
And Biscaya's whirlwinds list his lullaby,
Let him stand forth and bar nine eagles' way,
And they shall heed his voice, and at his bidding stay.

II.

"Else ne'er to stoop, till high on Lisbon's towers
They close their wings, the symbol of our love,
And their own sea hath whelm'd you red-cross Powers!"
Thus, on the summit of Alverca's rock,
To Marshal, Duke, and Peer, Gaul's Leader spoke.
While downward on the land his legions press,
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress;
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.  

III.

And shall the boastful Chief maintain his word,
Though Heaven hath heard the wailings of the land,
Though Lusitania whet her veneful sword,
Though Britons arm, and Wellington command!
No! grim Busaco's iron ridge shall stand
An adamantine barrier to his force;
And from its base shall wheel his shattered band,
As from the unshaken rock the torrenthouse
Bears off its broken waves, and seeks a devious course.

IV.

Yet not because Alcoba's mountain-hawk
Hath on his best and bravest made her food,
In numbers confident, yon Chief shall baulk
His Lord's imperial thirst for spoil and blood:
For full in view the promised conquest stood,
And Lisbon's matrons, from their walls, might soon
The myriads that had half the world subdued,
And hear the distant thunders of the drum,
That bids the bands of France to storm and havoc come.

V.

Four moons have heard these thunders idly roll'd,
Have seen these wistful myriads eye their flight,
As famish'd wolves survey a guarded fold—
But in the middle path a Lion lay!
At length they move—but not to battle-fray,
Nor blaze you fires where meets the many flight:
Beacons of infamy, they light the way
Where cowardice and cruelty unite
To damn with double shame their ignominious flight!

VI.

O triumph for the Fiends of Lust and Wrath!—
Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot,
What wanton horrors mark'd their wretched path!
The peasant butcher'd in his ruin'd cat,
The heary priest even at the altar shot,
Childhood and age given o'er to sword and flame,
Woman to infamy;—no crime forgot,
By which inventive demons might proclaim
Immortal hate to man, and scorn of God's great name!

VII.

The rudest sentinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn,
Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasp'd his gun.
Nor with less zeal shall Britain's peaceful son
Exult the debt of sympathy to pay;
Riches nor poverty the tax shall shun,
Nor prince nor peer, the wealthy nor the gay,
Nor the poor peasant's mite, nor bard's more worthless lay.

VIII.

But thou—untouched wilt thou yield to Fate,
Minion of Fortune, now miscall'd in vain!
Can vantage-ground no confidence create,
Marcel no pass, nor Guardia's mountain-chain?
Vainglorious fugitive! yet turn again!
Behold, where, named by some prophetic seer,
Flows Honour's Fountain, as foredoom'd the stain
From thy dishonour'd name and arms to clear—
Fallen Child of Fortune, turn, redeem her favour here!

IX.

Yet, ere thou turn'st, collect each distant aid;
Those chiefs that never heard the hon nor roll,
Within whose souls lives not a trace portray'd,
Of Talavera, or Mondego's shore!
Marshal each band thou hast, and summon more:
Of war's fell stratagems exhaust the whole;
Rank upon rank, squadron on squadron pour,
Legion on legion on thy foeman roll,
And weary out his arm—thou canst not quell his soul.

1 See Appendix, Note O.
2 See Appendix, Note P.
3 See Appendix, Note Q.
4 The literal translation of Fuentas & Honores.
X.
O vainly gleams with steel Agueda's shore,
Vainly thy squadron's hide Assunva's plain,
And front the dying thunders as they roar,
With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain.
And what avails thee that, for CAMERON slain,
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given—
Vengeance and grief gave mountain-rage the rein,
And, at the bloody spear-point headlong driven,
Thy Despot's giant guards fled like the rack of heaven.

XI.
Go, baffled boaster! teach thy haughty mood
To plead at thine imperious master's throne,
Say, thou hast left his legions in their blood,
Deceived at his hopes, and frustrated thine own;
Say, that thine utmost skill and valour shown,
By British skill and valour were outvied;
Last say, thy conqueror was WELLINGTON!
And if he chafe, be his own fortune tried—
God and our cause to friend, the venture we'll abide.

XII.
But you, ye heroes of that well-fought day,
How shall a bard, unknowing and unknown,
His need to each victorious leader pay,
Or bind on every brow the laurels won?
Yet faint my harp would wake its boldest tone,
O'er the wide sea to hail CADOGAN brave;
And he, perchance, the minstrel-note might own.
Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave
Mid yon far western isles that hear the Atlantic rave.

XIII.
Yes! I hard the task, when Britons wield the sword,
To give each Chief and every field its fame:
Hark! Albuerias thunders BERSFORD,
And, Red! Barosa shouts for dauntless GREME!
O for a verse of tumult and of flame,
Bold as the bursting of their cannon sound,
To bid the world re-echo to their fame!
For never, upon gory battle-ground,
With conquest's well-bought wreath were braver victors crowned!

XIV.
O who shall grudge him Albueras's bays,
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd,
And raised fair Lusitanias fallen shield,
And gave new edge to Lusitanias sword,
And taught her sons to forget to wield—
Shiver'd my harp, and burst its every chord
If it forget thy worth, victorious BERSFORD!

XV.
Not on that bloody field of battle won,
Though Gauls proud legions roll'd like mist away,
Was half his self-devoted valour shown—
He gaged but life on that illustrious day;
But when he toil'd those squadrons to array,
Who fought like Britons in the bloody game,
Sharper than Polish pike or assagay,
He braved the shafts of censure and of shame,
And, dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's fame.

XVI.
Nor he his praise o'erpast who strove to hide
Beneath the warrior's vast affection's wound,
Whose wish Heaven for his country's weal denied;
Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets sound,
The wanderer went; yet, Caledonia! still
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground:
He dream'd 'mid Alpine's cliffs of Athole's hill,
And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely rill.

XVII.
O hero of a race renown'd of old,
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell,
Since first distinguished in the onset bold,
Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell!
By Wallace's side it rung the Southron's knell,
Alderne, Kilsyte, and Tibber, own'd its fame,
Tummell's rude pass can of its terrors tell,
But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,
Than when wild Ronda learn'd the conquering shout of GREME!

XVIII.
But all too long, through the unknown and dark,
(With Spenser's parable I close my tale.)
By shoal and rock bath steered my ventures bark,
And landward now I drive before the gale.
And now the blue and distant shore I hail,
And nearer now I see the port expand,
And now I gladly hurl my weary sail,
And as the prow light touches on the strand,
I strike my red-cross flag and bind my skiff to land.

1 See Appendix, Note B.  2 Ibid, Note S.  3 See Appendix, Note T.  4 Ibid, Note U.
APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

And Cattreath's glens with voice of triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Llywarch sung!—P. 224.

This locality may startle those readers who do not recollect that much of the ancient poetry preserved in Wales refers less to the history of the Principality to which that name is now limited, than to events which happened in the north-west of England, and south-west of Scotland, where the Britons for a long time made a stand against the Saxons. The battle of Cattreath, lamented by the celebrated Aneurin, is supposed, by the learned Dr. Leyden, to have been fought on the skirts of Ettrick Forest. It is known to the English reader by the paraphrase of Gray, beginning,

"Had I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright," etc.

But it is not so generally known that the champions mourned in this beautiful dirge, were the British inhabitants of Edinburgh, who were cut off by the Saxons of Deiria, or Northumberland, about the latter part of the sixth century.—*Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons*, edition 1799, vol. i. p. 222. Llywarch, the celebrated bard and monarch, was Prince of Argoed, in Cumberland; and his youthful exploits were performed upon the Border, although in his age he was driven into Powys by the successes of the Anglo-Saxons. As for Merlin Wyllt, or the Savage, his name of Caledonia, and his retreat into the Caledonian wood, appropriate him to Scotland. Fordun dedicates the thirty-first chapter of the third book of his Scoto-Chronicon, to a narration of the death of this celebrated bard and prophet near Drumelzier, a village upon Tweed, which is supposed to have derived its name (*quasi Tumulus Merlani*) from the event. The particular spot in which he is buried is still shown, and appears, from the following quotation, to have partaken of his prophetic qualities:—

"There is one thing remarkable here, which is, that the burn called Pausayl runs by the east side of this churchyard into the Tweed; at the side of which burn, a little below the churchyard, the famous prophet Merlin is said to be buried. The particular place of his grave, at the root of a thorn tree, was shown me, many years ago, by the old and reverend minister of the place, Mr. Richard Brown; and here was the old prophecy fulfilled, delivered in Scots rhyme, to this purpose:—"

1. When Tweed and Pausayl meet at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England shall one Monarch have."

2. "For, the same day that our King James the Sixth was crowned King of England, the river Tweed, by an extraordinary flood, so far overflowed its banks, that it met and joined with the Pausayl at the said grave, which was never before observed to fall out."—Pennycuick's *Description of Tweeddale*. Edin. 1715, iv. p. 36.

NOTE B.

*Minchmore's haunted spring.*—P. 235.

A belief in the existence and nocturnal revels of the fairies still lingers among the vulgar in Selkirkshire. A copious fountain upon the ridge of Minchmore, called the Cheesewell, is supposed to be sacred to these fanciful spirits, and it was customary to propitiate them by throwing in something upon passing it. A pin was the usual oblation; and the ceremony is still sometimes practised, though rather in jest than earnest.

NOTE C.

*The rude villager, his labour done.*

_In verse spontaneous chants some favour'd name._—P. 235.

The flexibility of the Italian and Spanish languages, and perhaps the liveliness of their genius, renders these countries distinguished for the talent of improvisation, which is found even among the lowest of the people. It is mentioned by Baretti and other travellers.

NOTE D.

*Kindling at the deeds of Granne._—P. 235.

Over a name sacred for ages to heroic verse, a poet may be allowed to exercise some power. I have used the freedom, here and elsewhere, to alter the orthography of the name of my gallant countryman, in order to apprize the Southron reader of its legitimate sound;—Grahame being, on the other side of the Tweed, usually pronounced as a dissylable.

NOTE E.

*What will Don Roderick here till morning stay,*

_To wear in shrift and prayer the night away,*

_And are his hours in such dull penance spent,*

_For fair Florida's plumpier'd charms to pay?*_ —P. 236.

Almost all the Spanish historians, as well as the voice of tradition, ascribe the invasion of the Moors to the forcible violation committed by Roderick upon Florinda, called by the Moors Caha or Cava. She was the daughter of Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime
APPENDIX TO THE VISION OF DON RODERICK. 245

was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the dishonour of his daughter, Count Julian, the Caliph's lieutenant in Africa, he countermanded the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Turik; the issue of which was the defeat and death of Roderick, and the occupation of almost the whole peninsula by the Moors. Voltaire, in his General History, expresses his doubts of this popular story, and Gibbon gives him some countenance; but the universal tradition is quite sufficient for the purposes of poetry. The Spaniards, in detestation of Florentia's memory, are said, by Cervantes, never to bestow that name upon any human female, reserving it for their dogs. Nor is the tradition less inveracious among the Moors, since the same author mentions a promontory on the coast of Barbary, called "The Cape of the Caba Runia, which, in our tongue, is the Cape of the Wicked Christian Woman; and it is a tradition among the Moors, that Caba, the daughter of Count Julian, who was the cause of the loss of Spain, lies buried there, and they think it ominous to be forced into that bay: for they never go in otherwise than by necessity."

NOTE F.

And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,
Where, if right true in old tradition be.
His nation's future tale a Spanish King shall be.

P. 236.

The transition of an incident from history to tradition, and from tradition to fable and romance, becoming more marvellous at each step from its original simplicity, is not ill exemplified in the account of the "Fated Chamber" of Don Roderick, as given by his name-sake, the historian of Toledo, contrasted with subsequent descriptions of the monument by an authentic source of the same subterranean discovery. I give the Archbishop of Toledo's tale in the words of Nonius, who seems to intimate, (though very modestly,) that the fatale palatium of which so much had been said, was only the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre.


But, about the term of the expulsion of the Moors from Grenada, we find, in the "Historia Verdadeyra de Rey Don Rodrigo," a (pretended) translation from the Arabic of the sage Alcaide Almoraim Tarif Abentarique, a legend which puts to shame the modesty of the historian Roderick, with his chest and prophetic picture. The custom of ascribing a pretended Moorish romantic to these Arab natives, is confirmed by Cervantes, who affects to translate the History of the Knight of the Woful Figure, from the Arabic of the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli. As I have been indebted to the Historia Verdadeyra for some of the imagery employed in the text, the following literal translation from the work itself may gratify the inquisitive reader:—

"One mile on the east side of the city of Toledo, among some rocks, was situated an ancient tower, of a magnificent structure, though much dilapidated by time, which contains all: four estades (i.e. four times a man's height) below it, there was a cave with a very narrow entrance, and a gate cut out of the solid rock, lined with a strong covering of iron, and fastened with many locks: above the gate some Greek letters are engraved, which, although abbreviated, and of doubtful meaning, were thus interpreted, according to the exposition of learned men:—"The King who opens this cave, and can discover the wonders, will discover both good and evil things."—Many Kings desired to know the mystery of this tower, and sought to find out the manner with much care: but when they opened the gate, such a tremendous noise arose in the cave, that it appeared as if the earth was bursting; many of those present sickened with fear, and others lost their lives. In order to prevent such great peril, (as they supposed a dangerous enchantment was contained within,) they secured the gate with new locks, concluding, that, though a King was destined to open it, the fated time was not yet arrived. After many attempts, it was discovered by his evil fortune and unhappy destiny, opened the tower; and some bold attendants, whom he had brought with him, entered, although agitated with fear. Having proceeded a good way, they fled back to the entrance, terrified with a frightful vision which they had beheld. The King was greatly moved, and ordered many torches, so contrived that the tallest tower of the cave could not extinguish them, to be lighted. Then the King entered; not without fear, before all the others. They discovered, by degrees, a splendid hall, apparently built in a very sumptuous manner; in the middle stood a Bronze Statue of very ferocious appearance, which held a battle-axe in its hands. With this he struck the floor violently, giving it such heavy blows, that the whole cave resounded with the explosion of the air. The King, greatly affrighted and astonished, began to conjure this terrible vision, promising that he would return without doing any injury in the cave, after he had obtained a sight of what was contained in it. The statue ceased to strike the floor, and the King, with his followers, somewhat assured, and recovering their courage, proceeded into
the hall; and on the left of the statue they found this inscription on the wall: 'Unfortunate King, thou hast entered here in evil hour.' On the right side of the wall these words were inscribed: 'By strange nations thou shalt be dispossessed, and thy subjects foully disgraced.' On the shoulders of the statue other words were written, which said, 'I call upon the Arabs.' And now his breast was written, 'I do my office.' At the entrance of the hall there was placed a round bowl, from which a great noise, like the fall of waters, proceeded. They found no other thing in the hall: and when the King, sorrowful and greatly affected, had carelessly turned about to leave the cavern, the statue again commenced its accursed blows upon the floor. After they had mutually promised to conceal what they had seen, they again closed the tower, and blocked up the gate of the cavern with earth, that no memory might remain in the world of such a portentous and evil-boding prodigy. The ensuing midnight they heard great cries and clamour from the cave, resounding like the noise of battle, and the ground shook with a tremendous roar; the whole edifice of the old tower fell to the ground, by which they were greatly affrighted, the vision which they had beheld appearing to them as a dream.

"The King having left the tower, ordered wise men to explain what the inscriptions signified; and having consulted upon and studied their meaning, they declared that the statue of bronze, with the motion which it made with its battle-axe, signified Time; and that its office, alluded to in the inscription on its breast, was, that he never rests a single moment. The words on the shoulders, 'I call upon the Arabs,' they expounded, that, in time, Spain would be conquered by the Arabs. The words upon the left wall signified the destruction of King Rodrigo; those on the right, the dreadful echoes which were all upon the Spaniards and Goths, and that the unfortunate King would be dispossessed of all his states. Finally, the letters on the portal indicated, that good would betide to the conquerors, and evil to the conquered, of which experience proved the truth." — Historia Verda de la Rey Don Rodrigo. Quinta impresion. Madrid, 1684, iv. p. 23.

Note G.

The Tecbir war-cry and the Lele’s yell.—P. 237.

The Tecbir (derived from the words Alla achar, God is most mighty) was the original war-cry of the Saracens. It is celebrated by Hughes in the Siege of Damascus:—

"We heard the Tecbir, these Arabs call
Their shout of onset, when, with loud yell,
They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest."

The Lele, well known to the Christians during the crusades, is the shout of Alla Allal Alla, the Mahomedan cry of battle. It is twice used in poetry by my friend Mr. W. Stewart Rose, in the romance of Partenope, and in the Crusade of St. Lewis.

Note H.

By Heaven, the Moors prevoil! the Christians yield!—
Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!
The sceptred crouen monnits to quit the field—
Is not yon steed Orelia?—Yes, 'tis mine!" P. 227.

Count Julian, the father of the injured Florida, with the connivance and assistance of Oppas, Archbishop of Toledo, invited, in 713, the Saracens into Spain. A considerable army arrived under the command of Tarik, or Tarif, who bequeathed the well-known name of Gibraltar (el del Tarik, or the mountain of Tarik) to the place of his landing. He was joined by Count Julian, ravaged Andalusia, and took Seville. In 714, they returned with a still greater force, and Roderick marched into Andalusia at the head of a great army, to give them battle. The field was chosen near Xeres, and Mariana gives the following account of the action:

"Both armies being drawn up, the King, according to his custom of the Gothic kings when they went to battle, appeared in an ivory chariot, clothed in cloth of gold, encouraging his men; Tarif, on the other side, did the same. The armies, thus prepared, waited only for the signal to fall on; the Goths gave the charge, their drums and trumpets sounding, and the Moors received it with the noise of kettle-drums. Such were the shouts and cries on both sides, that the mountains and valleys seemed to meet. First, they began with sling, darts, javelins, and lances, then came to the swords; a long time the battle was dubious; but the Moors seemed to have the worst, till D Oppas, the archbishop, having to that time concealed his treachery, in the heat of the fight, with a great body of his followers, went over to the infidels. He joined Count Julian, with whom was a great number of Goths, and both together fell upon the flank of our army. Our men, terrified with that unparalleled treachery, and tired with fighting, could no longer sustain that charge, but were easily put to flight. The King performed the part not only of a wise general, but of a resolute soldier, relieving the weakest, bringing on fresh men in place of those that were tired, and stopping those that turned their backs. At length, seeing no hopes left, he alighted out of his chariot for fear of being taken, and mounting on a horse called Orelia, he withdrew out of the battle. The Goths, who still stood, missing him, were most part put to the sword, the rest betook themselves to flight. The camp was immediately entered, and the baggage taken. What number was killed was not known: I suppose they were so many it was hard to count them; for this single battle robbed Spain of all its glory, and in it perished the renowned name of the Goths. The King’s horse, upper garment, and buskins, covered with pearls and precious stones, were found on the bank of the river Guadelle, and there being no news of him afterwards, it was supposed he was drowned passing the river." — Mariana’s History of Spain, book vi. chap. 9.

Orelia, the courser of Don Roderick, mentioned in the text, and in the above quotation,
was celebrated for her speed and form. She is mentioned repeatedly in Spanish romance, and also by Cervantes.

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Note I.

When for the light bolero ready stand,  
The mozo bithe, with gay muchacha met.  
P. 238.

The bolero is a very light and active dance, much practised by the Spaniards, in which castanets are always used. Mozo and muchacha are equivalent to our phrase of lad and lass.

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Note K.

While trumpets rang, and heralds cried "Castle"—P. 239.

The heralds, at the coronation of a Spanish monarch, proclaim his name three times, and repeat three times the word Castilla, Castilla, Castilla; which, with all other ceremonies, was carefully copied in the mock inauguration of Joseph Bonaparte.

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Note L.

High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide.  
P. 240.

Those who were disposed to believe that mere virtue and energy are able of themselves to work forth the salvation of an oppressed people, surprised in a moment of confidence, deprived of their officers, armies, and fortresses, who had every means of resistance to seek in the very moment when they were to be made use of, and whom the numerous reasons among the higher orders deprived of confidence in their natural leaders,—those who entertained this enthusiastic but delusive opinion may be pardoned for expressing their disappointment at the protracted warfare in the Peninsula. There are, however, another class of persons, who, having themselves the highest dread or veneration, or something allied to both, for the power of the modern Attila, will nevertheless give the herculean Spaniards little or no credit for the long, stubborn, and unsubdued resistance of three years to a power before whom their former well-prepared, well-armed, and numerous adversaries fell in the course of as many months. While these gentlemen plead for deference to Bonaparte, and crave

"Respect for his great place, and bid the devil  
Be duly honour'd for his burning throne," it may not be altogether unreasonable to claim some modification of censure upon those who have been long and to a great extent successfully resisting this great enemy of mankind. That the energy of Spain has not uniformly been directed by conduct equal to its vigour, has been too obvious; that her armies, under their complicated disadvantages, have shared the fate of such as were defeated after taking the field with every possible advantage of arms and discipline, is surely not to be wondered at. But that a nation, under the circumstances of repeated disconsolition, internal treason, and the mismanagement incident to a temporary and hastily adopted government, should have wasted, by its stubborn, uniform, and prolonged resistance, myriads after myriads of those soldiers who had overrun the world, that some of its provinces should, like Galicia, after being abandoned by their allies, and overrun by their enemies, have recovered their freedom by their own unassisted exertions; that others, like Catalonia, undismayed by the treason which betrayed some fortresses, and the force which subdued others, should not only have continued their resistance, but have attained over their victorious enemy a superiority, which is even now enabling them to besiege and retake the places of strength which had been wrested from them, is a tale hitherto untold in the revolutionary war. To say that such a people cannot be subdued, would be presumption similar to that of those who protested that Spain could not defend herself for a year, or Portugal for a month; but that a resistance which has been continued for so long a space, even the united efforts of the short-lived Austrian campaign, had no other enemies on the continent, should be now less successful, when repeated defeats have broken the reputation of the French armies, and when they are likely (it would seem almost in desperation) to seek occupation elsewhere, is a prophecy as improbable as ungracious. And while we are in the humour of severely censuring our allies, gallantly devoted as they have shown themselves in the cause of national liberty, because they may not instantly adopt those measures which we in our wisdom may deem essential to success, it might be well if we endeavoured first to resolve the previous questions,—Is, Whether we do not at this moment know much less of the Spanish armies than those of Portal, which we believe so provisioned and totally inadequate to assist in the preservation of their country? 2d, Whether, Independently of any right we have to offer more than advice and assistance to our independent allies, we can expect that they should renounce entirely the national pride, which is inseparable from patriotism, and at once condescend not only to be saved by our assistance, but to be saved in our own way? 3d, Whether if it be an object (as undoubtedly it is a main one), that the Spanish troops should be trained under British discipline, to the flexibility of movement, and power of rapid concert and combination, which is essential to modern war; such a consummation is likely to be produced by abusing them in newspapers and periodical publications? Lastly, since the undoubted authority of British officers, acquainted with part of the horrors that attend invasion, and which the providence of God, the valour of our navy, and perhaps the very efforts of these Spaniards, have hitherto diverted from us, it may be modestly questioned whether we ought to go too far to estimate and condemn the seizing of temporary stupification which they create; lest, in so doing, we should resemble the worthy clergyman who, while he had himself never
snuffed a candle with his fingers, was disposed severely to criticise the conduct of a martyr, who winced a little among his flames.

NOTE M.

They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.—P. 240.

The interesting account of Mr. Vaughan has made most readers acquainted with the first siege of Zaragoza.¹ The last and fatal siege of that gallant and devoted city is detailed with great eloquence and precision in the "Edinburgh Annual Register" for 1809,—a work in which the affairs of Spain have been treated of with attention corresponding to their deep interest, and to the peculiar sources of information open to the historian. The following are a few brief extracts from this splendid historical narrative:

"A breach was soon made in the mud walls, and them, as in the former siege, the war was carried on in the streets and houses; but the French had been taught by experience, that in this species of warfare the Zaragozans derived a superiority from the feeling and principle which inspired them, and the cause for which they fought. The only means of conquering Zaragoza was to destroy it house by house, and street by street; and upon this system of destruction they proceeded. Three companies of miners, and eight companies of sappers, carried on this subterraneous war; the Spaniards, it is said, attempted to oppose them by counter-mines; these were operations to which they were wholly used, and, according to the French statement, their miners were every day discovered and suffocated. Meanwhile, the bombardment was incessantly kept up. Within three days, said Palafita, in a letter to his friend General Doyle, '6000 shells have been thrown in. Two-thirds of the town are in ruins, but we shall perish under the ruins of the remaining third rather than surrender.' In the course of the siege, above 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town; the stock of powder with which Zaragoza had been stored was exhausted: they had none at last but what they manufactured day by day, and no other cannon-balls than those which were shot into the town, and which they collected and fired back upon the enemy."

In the midst of these horrors and privations, the pestilence broke out in Zaragoza. To various causes, enumerated by the annalist, he adds, "scantiness of food, crowded quarters, unusual exertion of body, anxiety of mind, and the impossibility of recruiting their exhausted strength by needful rest, in a city which was almost incessantly bombarded, and where every hour their sleep was broken by the tremendous explosion of mines. There was now no respite, either by day or night, for this devoted city; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza; by day it was involved in a red sulpherous atmosphere of smoke, which hid the face of heaven; by night the fire of cannons and mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of terrific illumination."

"When once the pestilence had begun, it was impossible to check its progress, or confine it to one quarter of the city. Hospitals were immediately established,—there were above thirty of them; as soon as one was destroyed by the bombardment, the patients were removed to another, and thus the infection was carried to every part of Zaragoza. Famine aggravated the evil; the city had probably not been sufficiently provided at the commence ment of the siege, and of the provisions which it contained, much was destroyed in the daily ruin which the mines and bombs effected. Had the Zaragozans and their garrison proceeded according to military rules, they would have surrendered before the end of January; their batteries had then been demolished, there were open breaches in many parts of their weak walls, and the enemy were already within the city. On the 30th, above sixty houses were blown up, and the French obtained possession of the monasteries of the Augustines and Las Moncas, which adjoined each other, two of the last defensible places left. The enemy forced the church; and to the column, every chapel, every altar, became a point of defence, which was repeatedly attacked, taken, and retaken; the pavement was covered with blood, the aisles and body of the church strewn with the dead, who were trampled under foot by the combatants. In the midst of this conflict, the roof, shattered by repeated bombs, fell in; the few who escaped a short pause, which this tremendous shock, and their own unexpected escape, occasioned, renewed the fight with resolute fury: fresh parties of the enemy poured in; monks, and citizens, and soldiers, came to the defence, and the contest was continued upon the ruins, and the bodies of the dead and the dying."

Yet, seventeen days after sustaining these extremities, did the few remaining garrisons of Zaragoza cease to defend their city; nor did they then surrender until their despair had extracted from the French generals a capitulation, more honourable than has been granted to fortresses of the first order.

Who shall venture to refuse the Zaragozans the eulogium conferred upon them by the eloquence of Wordsworth:—Most gloriously have the citizens of Zaragoza proved that the true army of Spain, in a contest of this nature, is the whole people. The same city has also exemplified in a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth,—yet consolatory and full of joy,—that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept, his own dwelling (with his neighbours') upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered: in the gardens of their recreation: in the street, or in the market-place; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or uprooted.

"The government of Spain must never forget Zaragoza for a moment. Nothing is wanting to produce the same effects everywhere, but a leading mind, such as that city was blessed with. In the latter contest this has
have been proved; for Zaragoza contained, at that time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of these two sieges should be the manual of every Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of Numantia and Saguntum; let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and, if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country, let him wear it in his bosom for his crucifix to rest upon."—Wordsworth on the Convention of Zenta.

NOTE N.

The Vault of Destiny.—P. 241.

Before finally dismissing the enchanted cavern of Don Roderick, it may be noticed, that the legend occurs in one of Calderon's plays, entitled, La Virgen del Sagrario. The scene opens with the noise of the chase, and Recirusundo, a predecessor of Roderick upon the Gothic throne, enters pursuing a stag. The animal assumes the form of a man, and defies the king to enter the cave, which forms the bottom of the scene, and engage with him in single combat. The king accepts the challenge, and they engage accordingly, but without advantage on either side, which induces the Genie to inform Recirusundo, that he is not the monarch for whom the adventure of the enchanted cavern is reserved, and he proceeds to predict the downfall of the Gothic monarchy, and of the Christian religion, which shall attend the discovery of its mysteries. Recirusundo, appalled by these prophecies, orders the cavern to be secured by a gate and bolts of iron. In the second part of the same play, we are informed that Don Roderick had removed the barrier, and transgressed the prohibition of his ancestor, and had been apprized by the prodiges which he discovered of the approaching ruin of his kingdom.

NOTE O.

While downward on the land his legions press,
Before it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress;
Beyond their wasteful march, a nothing wilderness.

P. 242.

I have ventured to apply to the movements of the French army that sublime passage in the prophecies of Joel, which seems applicable to them in more respects than that I have adopted in the text. One would think their ravages, their military appritions, the terror which they spread among invaded nations, their military discipline, their arts of political intrigue and deceit, were distinctly pointed out in the following verses of Scripture:—

"A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds, and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains; a great people and a strong; there had not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the year of the Messiah's generations. 3. A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth: the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness, yea, and nothing shall escape them. 4. The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses and as horsemen, so shall the host of Divine chariots on the tops of mountains, shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battle array. 6. Before their face shall the people be much pained; all faces shall gather blackness. 7. They shall run like mighty men, they shall climb the wall like men of warre, and they shall march every one in his ways, and they shall not break their ranks. 8. Neither shall one thrust another, they shall walk every one in his path: and when they fall upon the sword, they shall not be wounded. 9. They shall run to and fro in the city; they shall run upon the wall, they shall climb up upon the houses: they shall enter in at the windows like a thief. 10. The earth shall quake before them, the heavens shall tremble, the sun and the moon shall be dark, and the stars shall withdraw their shining." In verse 20th also, which announces the retreat of the northern army, described in such dreadful colours, into a "land barren and desolate," and the dishonour with which God afflicted them for having "magnified themselves to do great things," there are particulars not inapplicable to the retreat of Massena:—"As one Providence having, in all ages, attached disgrace as the natural punishment of cruelty and presumption.

NOTE P.

The rudest sentinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn.

P. 242.

Even the unexampled gallantry of the British army in the campaign of 1810-11, although they never fought but to conquer, will do them less honour in history than their humanity, attentive to soften to the utmost of their power the horrors which war, in its mildest aspect, must always inflict upon the defenceless inhabitants of the country in which it is waged, and which, on this occasion, were teetotally augmented by the barbarous cruelties of the French. Soup-kitchens were established by subscription among the officers, wherever the troops were quartered for any length of time. The commissaries contributed the heads, feet, &c. of the cattle slaughtered for the soldiers: rice, vegetables, and bread, where it could he had, were purchased by the officers. Fifty or sixty starving peasants were daily fed at one of these regimental establishments, and carried home the relics to their famished households. The emaciated wretches, who could not crawl from weakness, were speedily employed in pruning their vines. While pursuing Massena, the soldiers evinced the same spirit of humanity, and in many instances, when reduced themselves to short allowance, from having out-marched their supplies, they shared their pittance with the starving peasants, who had ventured back to view the ruins of their habitations, burnt by the retreating enemy, and to bury the bodies of their relations whom they had butchered. Is it possible to know such facts
without feeling a sort of confidence, that those who so well deserve victory are most likely to attain it!—It is not the least of Lord Wellington's military merits, that the slightest disposition towards marauding meets immediate punishment. Independently of all moral obligation, the army which is most orderly in a friendly country, has always proved most formidable to an armed enemy.

Note Q.

Vain-glorious fugitive!—P. 242.

The French conducted this memorable retreat with much of the fantaromade proper to their country, by which they attempt to impose upon others, and perhaps on themselves, a belief that they are triumphing in the very moment of their discomfiture. On the 20th March, 1811, their rear-guard was overtaken near Pega by the British cavalry. Being well posted, and conceiving themselves safe from infantry, (who were indeed many miles in the rear,) and from artillery, they indulged themselves in parading their bands of music, and actually performed "God save the King." Their minstrelsy was, however, deranged by the undesired accompaniment of the British horse-artillery, on whose part in the concert they had not calculated. The surprise was sudden, and the rout complete; for the artillery and cavalry did execution upon them for about four miles, pursuing at the gallop as often as they got beyond the range of the guns.

Note R.

Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuana's plain,
And from the flying thunders as they roar,
With frantic charge and tenfold odds in vain! P. 243.

In the severe action of Fuentes d' Honoro, upon 5th May, 1811, the grand mass of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British position, covered by two guns of the horse-artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry. After suffering considerably from the fire of the guns, which annoyed them in every attempt at formation, the enemy turned their wrath entirely towards them, distributed brandy among their troopers, and advanced to carry the field-pieces with the desperation of drunken fury. They were in nowise checked by the heavy loss which they sustained in this daring attempt, but closed, and fairly mingled with the British cavalry, to whom they bore the proportion of ten to one. Captain Ramsay, (let me be permitted to name a gallant countryman,) who commanded the two guns, dismissed them at the gallop, and putting himself at the head of the mounted artillerymen, ordered them to fall upon the French, sabre-in-hand. This very unexpected conversion of artillerymen into dragoons, contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy, already disconcerted by the reception they had met from the two British squadrons; and the appearance of some small reinforcements, notwithstanding the immense disproportion of force, put them to absolute rout. A colonel or major of their cavalry, and many prisoners, (almost all intoxicated,) remained in our possession. Those who consider for a moment the difference of the services, and how much an artilleryman is necessarily and naturally led to identify his own safety and utility with abiding by the tremendous instrument of war, to the exercise of which he is chiefly, if not exclusively, trained, will know how to estimate the presence of mind which commanded so bold a manoeuvre, and the steadiness and confidence with which it was executed.

Note S.

And what avails thee that for Cameron slain,
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given. P. 243.

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the streets of the village called Fuentes d' Honoro. He fell at the head of his native Highlanders, the 71st and 79th, who raised a dreadful shriek of grief and rage. They charged with irresistible fury, the finest body of French grenadiers ever seen, being a part of Bonaparte's selected guard. The officer who led the French, a man remarkable for stature and symmetry, was killed on the spot. The Frenchman who stepped out of his rank to take aim at Colonel Cameron was also bayoneted, pierced with a thousand wounds, and almost torn to pieces by the furious Highlanders, who, under the command of Colonel Cadogan, burst the enemy out of the contested ground at the point of the bayonet. Massena pays my countrymen a singular compliment in his account of the attack and defence of this village, in which he says the British lost many officers, and Scotch.

Note T.

O who shall grudge him Albuero's bay. Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise, Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd,
And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield. P. 243.

Nothing during the war of Portugal seems to a distinct observer, more deserving of praise, than the self devotion of Field-Marshal Beresford, who was contented to undertake all the hazard of obloquy which might have been founded upon any miscarriage in the highly important experiment of training the Portuguese troops to an improved state of discipline. In exposing his military reputation to the censure of imprudence from the most moderate, and all manner of unutterable calumnies from the ignorant and malignant, he placed at stake the dearest pledge which a military man had to offer, and nothing but the deepest conviction of the high and essential importance attached to success can be supposed an adequate motive. How great the chance of miscarriage was supposed, may be estimated from the general opinion of officers of unquestioned talents and experience, possessed of every opportu.
nity of information; how completely the experiment has succeeded, and how much the spirit and patriotism of our ancient allies had been undeterred, is evident, not only from those victories in which they have borne a distinguished share, but from the liberal and highly honourable manner in which these opinions have been retracted. The success of this plan, with all its important consequences, we owe to the indefatigable exertions of Field-Marshal Beresford.

NOTE U.

---a race renown’d of old,
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell.
* * * * *
---the conquering shout of Graeme.—P. 213.

This stanza alludes to the various achievements of the warlike family of Graeme, or Graham. They are said, by tradition, to have descended from the Scottish chief, under whose command his countrymen stormed the wall built by the Emperor Severus between the Friths of Forth and Clyde, the fragments of which are still popularly called Graeme’s Dyke. Sir John the Graeme, “the hardy, wight, and wise,” is well known as the friend of Sir William Wallace. Alderney, Kilsyth, and Tibbermuir, were scenes of the victories of the heroic Marquis of Montrose. The pass of Killycrankie is famous for the action between King William’s forces and the Highlanders in 1693.

"Where glad Dundee in saint hazes expired."

It is seldom that one line can number so many heroines, and yet more rare when it can appeal to the glory of a living descendant in support of its ancient renown.

The allusions to the private history and character of General Graham may be illustrated by referring to the eloquent and affecting speech of Mr. Sheridan, upon the vote of thanks to the Victor of Barosa.

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Rokeby:

A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS.

NOTICE TO EDITION 1833.

Sir Walter Scott commenced the composition of Rokeby at Abbotsford, on the 15th of September 1812, and finished it on the last day of the following December. The reader may be interested with the following extracts from his letters to his friend and printer, Mr. Ballantyne.

Abbotsford, 28th Oct. 1812.

"Dear James,—I send you to-day better than the third sheet of Canto II. I trust to send the other three sheets in the course of the week. I expect that you will have three cantos complete before I quit this place — on the 11th of November. Surely, if you do your part, the poem may be out by Christmas; but you must not dawdle over your typographical scruples. I have too much respect for the public to neglect anything in my poem to attract their attention; and you misinterpreted me much, when you supposed that I despised any new experiments in point of composition. I only meant to say, that knowing well that the said public will never be pleased with exactly the same thing a second time, I saw the necessity of giving a certain degree of novelty, by throwing the interest more on character than in my former poems, without certainly meaning to exclude either incident or description. I think you will see the same sort of difference taken in all my former poems, of which I would say, if it is fair for me to say anything, that the force in the Lay is thrown on style, in Marmion on description, and in the Lady of the Lake on incident."

3d November—"As for my story, the conduct of the plot, which must be made natural and easy, prevents my introducing any thing light for some time. You must advert, that in order to give poetical effect to any incident, I am often obliged to be much longer than I expected in the detail. You are too much like the country squire in the what d’ye call it, who commands that the play should not only be a tragedy and comedy, but that it should be crowned with a spice of your pastoral. As for what is popular, and what people like, and so forth, it is all a joke. Be interesting; do the thing well, and the only difference will be, that people will like what they never liked before, and will like it so much the better for the novelty of their feelings towards it. Dullness and tameness are the only irreparable faults."

December 31st.—"With kindest wishes on the return of the season, I send you the last of the copy of Rokeby. If you are not engaged at home, and like to call in, we will drink good luck to it; but do not derive a family party.

"There is something odd and melancholy in concluding a poem with the year, and I could be almost silly and sentimental about it. I
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

hope you think I have done my best. I assure you of my wishes the work may succeed; and my exertions to get out in time were more inspired by your interest and John's, than my own. And so voyage la galerie. W. S."

INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1830.

Between the publication of "The Lady of the Lake," which was so eminently successful, and that of "Rokeby," in 1813, three years had intervened. I shall not, I believe, be accused of over-earnestness; I am anxious to surmount this obstacles over many men of genius, my contemporaries; but, in point of popularity, not of actual talent, the crapice of the public had certainly given me such a temporary superiority over men, of whom, in regard to poetical fancy and feeling, I scarcely thought myself worthy to lose the shoe-latch. On the other hand, it would be absurd allusiveness to me to deny, that I could claim a certain amount of personal merit, perfectly as many of my contemporaries, the manner most likely to interest the great mass of mankind. Yet, even with this belief, I must truly and fairly say, that I always considered myself rather as one who held the bets, in time to be paid over to the winner, than as having any pretence to keep them in my own right.

In the meantime years crept on, and not without their usual depredations on the passing generation. My sons had arrived at the age when the paternal home was no longer their best abode, as both were destined to active life. The field-sports, to which I was peculiarly attached, had now less interest, and were replaced by other amusements of a more quiet character; and the means and opportunity of pursuing these were to be sought for. I had, indeed, for some years attended to farming, a knowledge of which is, or at least was then, indispensable to the comfort of a family residing in a solitary country-house; but although this was the favourite amusement of many of my friends, I have never been able to consider it as a source of pleasure. I never could think it a matter of passing importance, that my cattle or crops were better or more plentiful than those of my neighbours, and nevertheless I began to feel the necessity of some more quiet outdoor occupation, different from those I had hitherto pursued. I purchased a small farm of about one hundred acres, with the purpose of planting and improving it, to which property circumstances afterwards enabled me to make considerable additions. I found the object in life, almost equal to the important one mentioned by the Vicar of Wakefield, when he removed from the Blue-room to the Brown. In point of neighbourhood, at least, the change of residence made little more difference. Abbot'sford, to which we removed, was only six or seven miles down the Tweed, and lay on the same beautiful stream. It did not possess the mountainous character of Ashby, my former residence; but it had a stretch of meadow-land along the river, and possessed, in the phrase of the landscape-gardener, considerable capabilities. Above all, the land was my own, like Uncle Toby's Bowling-green, to do what I would with. It had been, though the gratification was long postponed, an early wish of mine to connect myself with my mother earth, and prosecute those experiments by which a species of creative power is exercised over the face of nature. I can trace even to childhood, a pleasure derived from Dobbsley's account of Stenstrom and his invisible cows, and ever since I have been much more for the pleasure of accomplishing the objects detailed in his friend's sketch of his grounds, than for the possession of pipe, crook, flock, and Phillis to shoot. My memory, also, tenacious of quaint expressions, still retained a phrase which it had gathered from an old aimerack of Charles the Second's time, and often repeated, which affected to be small when one talked of a number, in the month of June, is advised for health's sake to walk a mile or two every day before breakfast, and, if he can possibly so manage, to let his exercise be taken upon his own land.

With the satisfaction of having attained the fulfilment of an early and long-cherished hope, I commenced my improvements, as delightfully as their progress. As those of the reader who first made a dress for me will know. The nakedness of the land was in time hidden by woodlands of considerable extent—the smallest of possible cottages was progressively expanded into a sort of dream of a mansion-house, whimsical in the exterior, but convenient within. Nor did I forget what is the natural pleasure of every man who has been a reader; I mean the filling the shelves of a tolerably large library. All these objects I kept in view, to be executed as convenience should serve; and, although I knew many years must elapse before they could be attained, I was of a disposition to comfort myself with the Spanish proverb, "Time and I against any two."

The difficult and indispensable point, of finding a permanent subject of occupation, was now at length attained; but there was annexed to it the necessity of becoming again a candidate for public favour; for, as I was turned improver on the earth of the every-day world, it was under condition that the small tenement of Parnassus, which might be accessible to my labours, should not remain uncultivated.

I meditated, at first, a poem on the subject of Bruce, in which I made some progress, but afterwards, joined it advisedly, supposing that an English story might have more novelty; in consequence, the precedence was given to "Rokeby."

If subject and scenery could have influenced the fate of a poem, that of "Rokeby" should have been eminently distinguished; for the grounds belonged to a dear friend, with whom I had lived in habits of intimacy for many years, and the place itself was rich in the poetic beauties of the wilds of Scotland with the rich and smiling aspect of the southern portion of the island. But the Cavaliers and Roundheads, whom I attempted to summon up to tenant this beautiful region, had for the public neither the novelty nor the peculiar interest of the primitive Highlanders. This, perhaps, was scarcely to be expected, considering that the general mind sympathizes readily and at once with the stamp which nature herself has affixed upon the manners of a people living in a simple and patriarchal state; whereas it has more difficulty in understanding or interesting itself in manners founded upon those peculiar
habits of thinking or acting, which are produced by the progress of society. We could read with pleasure the tale of the adventures of a Cossack or a Mongol Tartar, while we only wonder and stare over those of the lovers in the "Pleasing Chinese History," where the embarrassments turn upon difficulties arising out of unintelligible deficiencies peculiar to the customs and manners of that affected people. The cause of my failure had, however, a far deeper root. The manner, or style, which, by its novelty, attracted the public in an unusual degree, had now, after having been three times before them, exhausted the patience of the reader, and began in the fourth to lose its charm. The reviewers may be said to have apostrophized the author in the language of Parnell's Edwin:

"And here reverse the charm, he cries,
And let it fairly now suffice,
The gambol has been shown."

The licentious combination of rhymes, in a manner not perhaps very congenial to our language, had not been confined to the author. Indeed, in most similar cases, the inventors of such new poetry had their reputation destroyed by their own imitators, as Acteon fell under the fury of his own dogs. The present author, like Bohadil, had taught his trick of fence to a hundred gentlemen, (and ladies,) who could fence very nearly, or quite as well as himself. For this there was no remedy; the harmony became tiresome and ordinary, and both the original inventor and his invention must have fallen into contempt, if he had not found out something to lead to public favour. What has been said of the metre only, must be considered to apply equally to the structure of the Poem and of the style. The very best passages of any popular style are not, perhaps, susceptible of imitation, but they may be approached by men of talent; and those who are less able to copy them, at least hold by their peculiar feature, and can make use of it, in their own way. In either way, the effect of the manner is rendered cheap and common; and, in the latter case, ridiculous to boot. The evil consequences to an author's reputation are at least as fatal as those which come upon the musical composer, when his melody falls into the hands of the street ballad-singer.

Of the unfavourable species of imitation, the author's style gave room to a very large number, owing to an appearance of facility to which some of those who used the measure unquestionably leaned too far. The effect of the more favourable imitations, composed by persons of talent, was almost equally unfortunate to the original minstrel, by showing that they could overshoot him with his own bow. In short, the popularity which once attended the School, as it was called, was now fast decaying.

Besides all this, to have kept his ground at the crisis when "Rokeby" appeared, its author ought to have put forth his utmost strength, and to have possessed at least all his original advantages, for a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that art of attracting popularity, in which the present writer had hitherto preceded better men than him-

self. The reader will easily see that Byron is here meant, who, after a little vetitation of no great period, has been thrown up as a serious candidate, in the "First Two Cantos of Childe Harold." I was astonished at the power evinced by that work, which neither the "Hours of Idleness," nor the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," had prepared me to expect from its author. There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inextinguishable resources of his genius, possessed; and there was some appearance of that labour of the file, which indicates that the author is conscious of the necessity of doing every justice to his work, that it may pass warrant. Lord Byron was also a traveller, a man whose ideas were fired by having seen, in distant scenes of difficulty and danger, the places whose very names are recorded in our ballads as the shrines of ancient poetry. For his own misfortune, perhaps, but certainly to the high increase of his poetical character, nature had mixed in Lord Byron's system those passions which agitate the human heart with most violence, and which may be said to have hurried his bright career to an early close.

There would have been little wisdom in measuring my force with so formidable an antagonist; but, as he may be said to be the second fiddle in the concert, as my audience of hearing me. Age also was advancing. I was growing insensible to those subjects of excitement by which youth is agitated. I had around me the most pleasant but least exciting of all society, that of kind friends and an affectionate family. My circle of employments was a narrow one; it occupied me constantly, and it became daily more difficult for me to interest myself in poetical composition.

"How happily the days of Thalaba went by!"

Yet, though conscious that J must be, in the opinion of good judges, inferior to the place I suppose it has in the sight of the world, I could not feel that the latter was one to which I had only a temporary right, I could not brook the idea of relinquishing literary occupation, which had been so long my chief diversion. Neither was I disposed to choose the alternative of sinking into a mere editor and commentator, though that was a species of labour which I had practised, and to which I was attached. But I could not endure to think that I might not, whether known, or concealed, do something of more importance. My inmost thoughts were those of the Trojan Captain in the galley race,—

"Nea jam, prima potu, Mnestheus, neque vincere certa Qua?nqm O! sed superent, quibis hoc, Neptuna, dedit; Extremas paenitet resiliences hoc vincere, eves, Et prohibe.nes"—En. lib. v. 194.

I had, indeed, some private reasons for my "Qua?nqm O!" which were not worse than those of Mnestheus. I have already hinted that the materials were collected for a poem on the subject of Bruce, and fragments of it had been shown to some of my friends, and received with applause. Notwithstanding, therefore, the eminent success of Byron, and the great chance of his taking the wind out of my sails, there was, I judged, a species of
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

cowardice in desisting from the task which I had undertaken, and it was time enough to retreat when the battle should be more decidedly lost. 'The sale of 'Rokeby,' excepting as compared with that of 'The Lady of the Lake,' was in the highest degree respectable; and as it included fifteen hundred quartos,1 in those quarto-reading days, the trade had no reason to be dissatisfied. W. S.

Abbotsford, April, 1830.

Rokeby:

A POEM IN SIX CANTOS.

TO

JOHN B. S. MORRITT, ESQ.,

THIS POEM,

THE SCENE OF WHICH IS LAID IN HIS BEAUTIFUL DEMESNE OF ROKEBY,

IS INSCRIBED, IN TOKEN OF SINCERE FRIENDSHIP, BY

WALTER SCOTT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Scene of this Poem is laid at Rokeby, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, and shifts to the adjacent fortress of Barnard Castle, and to other places in that Vicinity.

The Time occupied by the Action is a space of Five days, Three of which are supposed to elapse between the end of the Fifth and beginning of the Sixth Canto.

The date of the supposed events is immediately subsequent to the great Battle of Marston Moor, 3d July, 1644. This period of public confusion has been chosen, without any purpose of combining the Fable with the Military or Political Events of the Civil War, but only as affording a degree of probability to the Fictitious Narrative now presented to the Public.

Rokeby.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

The Moon is in her summer-glow,
But harsh and high the breezes blow,
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud;
On Barnard's towers, and Tee's stream,3
She changes as a guilty dream,
When conscience, with remorse and fear,
Gords sleeping Fancy's wild career.
Her light seems now the blush of shame,
Seems now fierce aurer's darker flame,
Shifting that shade, to come and go,
Like apprehension's hurried glow;
Then sorrow's livery dims the air,
And dies in darkness, like despair.
Such varied hues the wonder sees,
Reflected from the woodland Tee's,
Then from old Bailiol's tower looks forth,
Sees the clouds mustering in the north,

1 The 4to. Edition was published by John Ballaniyce and Co., 2r. in January, 1813.
2 Dec. 31, 1812.
3 See Appendix, Note A.
III.
Thus Oswald's labouring feeling's trace
Strange changes in his sleeping face,
Rapid and ominous as these;
With which the moonbeams tinge the Tees.
There might be seen of shame the blush,
There anger's dark and fiercer flush,
While the perturbed sleeper's hand.
Seem'd grasping dagger-knife, or brand.
Relax'd that grasp, the heavy sigh,
The tear in the half-opening eye,
The pale cheek and brow, consum'd
That grief was busy in his breast;
Nor paused that mood—a sudden start
Impell'd the life-blood from the heart:
Features convulsed, and mutterings dread,
Show terror reigns in sorrow's stead.
That pang the painful slumber broke,
And Oswald with a start awoke.

IV.
He woke, and fear'd again to close
His eyelids in such dire repose;
He woke,—to watch the lamp, and tell
From hour to hour the castle-bell.
Or listen to the owlet's cry,
Or the sad breeze that whirls the by,
Or catch, by fits, the tuneless rhyme
With which the warden cheats the time,
And envying thing, how, when the sun
Bids the poor soldier's watch be done,
Couch'd on his straw, and fancy free,
He sleeps like careless infancy.

V.
Far townward sounds a distant tread,
And Oswald, starting from his bed,
Hath caught it, though no human ear,
Unsharpen'd by revenge and fear,
Could o'er distinguish horse's clank,
Until it reach'd the castle bank.
Now nigh and plain the sound appears,
The warden's challenge now he hears, 1
Then clanking chains and levers tell,
The noise of the drawbridge's fall,
And, in the castle court below,
Voces are heard and torches glow,
As marshalling the stranger's way,
Straight for the room where Oswald lay;
The cry was,—"Tidings from the host,
Of weight—a messenger comes post."
Stillising the tumult of his breast,
His answer Oswald thus express'd—
"Bring food and wine, and trim the fire;
Admit the stranger, and retire."

VI.
The stranger came with heavy stride,
The morion's plumes his visage hide,
And the buff-coat, an ample fold,
Mantles his form's gigantic mould. 2
Full slumber answer deigned he
To Oswald's anxious courtesy,
But mark'd, by a disdainful smile,
He saw and mark'd the petty wife,
When Oswald changed the torch's place,
Anxious that on the soldier's face
Its partial lustre might be thrown,
To show his looks, yet hide his own.
His guest, the while, laid low aside
The ponderous cloak of tough bull's hide,
And to the torch glanced bread and clear
The corset of a cuissard;
Then from his brows the casque he drew,
And from the dank plume dash'd the dew,
From gloves of mail relieved his hands,
And spread them to the kindling brands,
And, turning to the genial board,
Without a health, or pledge, or word
Of meet and social reverence said,
Deeply he drank, and fervently fed;
As free from ceremony's sway,
As famish'd wolf that tears his prey.

VII.
With deep impatience, tinged with fear,
His host beheld him gorge his cheer,
And quaff the full carouse, that lent
His brow a fiercer hardiment.
Now Oswald stood a space aside,
Now paced the room with heavy stride,
In feverish agony to learn
Tidings of deep and dread concern,
Cursing each moment that his guest
Protracted o'er his ruffian feast.
Yet, viewing with alarm, at last,
The end of that uncool regard,
Almost he seem'd their haste to rue,
As, at his sign, his train withdrew,
And left him with the stranger, free
To question of his mystery.
Then did his silence long proclaims
A struggle between fear and shame.

VIII.
Much in the stranger's mien appears,
To justify suspicious fears.
On his dark face a scorching chime,
And toil, had done the work of time,
Roughened the brow, the temples hared,
And sable hairs with silver shared,
Yet left—what age alone could tame—
The lip of pride, the eye of flame;
The full-drawn lip that upward curl'd,
The eye, that seem'd to scorn the world.
That lip had terror never blech'd; Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quench'd
The flash severe of swardly glow,
That mock'd at pain, and knew not woe,
Inured to danger's direst form,
Tornado and earthquake, flood and storm,
Death had he seen by sudden blow,
By wasting plague, by tortures slow, 3
By mine or breach, by steel or ball,
Knew all his shapes, and scorn'd them all.

IX.
But yet, though Bertram's harden'd look,
Unmoved, could blood and danzer brook,
Still worse than apathy had place
On his swart brow and callous face;
For evil passions, cherish'd long,
Had plunge'd them with impressions strong.
All that gives gloss to sin, all gay
Light folly, past with youthful sway,
But rooted stood, in manhood's hour,
The weeds of vice without their flower.
And yet the soil in which they grew,
Had it been tamed when life was aew,
Had depth and vigour to bring forth
The hardier fruits of virtuous worth.

1 See Appendix, Note B.
2 See Appendix, Note C.
3 Ibid, Note D.
Not that, e'en then, his heart had known
The gentler feelings' kindly tone;
But lavish waste had been refined
To beauty in his chaste'd mind,
And lust of gold, that waste to feed,
Been lost in love of glory's need,
And, frantic then no more, his pride
Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide.

X.

Even now, by conscience unrestrict'd,
Clog'd by gross vice, by slaughter stain'd,
Still knew his daring soul to soar,
And mastery o'er the mind he bore;
For measurer, or heart less hard,
Quail'd beneath Bertram's bold regard.
And this felt Oswald, while in vain
He strove, by many a winding train,
To lure his sullen guest to show,
Unask'd, the news he long'd to know,
While on far other subject hung
His heart, than falter'd from his tongue.
Yet nought for that his guest did deign
To note or spare his secret pain,
But still, in stern and stubborn sort,
Return'd him answer dark and short,
Or started from the theme, to range
In loose digression wild and strange.
And forced the embarras'd host to buy,
By query close, direct reply.

XI.

A while he glozed upon the cause
Of Commons, Covenant, and Laws,
And Church Reform'd—but felt rebuke
Beneath grim Bertram's sneering look;
Then stammer'd—"Has a field been fought?
Has Bertram news of battle brought?
For sure a soldier, famed so far
In foreign fields for feats of war,
On eve of fight ne'er left the host,
Until the field were won and lost."
"Here, in your towers by circling Tees,
You, Oswald Wycliffe, rest at ease;
Why deem it strange that others come
To share such sate and easy home,
From fields where danger, death, and toil,
Are the reward of civil broil?"—
"Nay, mock not, friend! since well we know
The near advances of the foe,
To mar our northern army's work,
Encamp'd before bleaker'd York;
Thy horse with valiant Fairfax lay,
And must have fought—how went the day?"

XII.

"Wouldst hear the tale?—On Marston heath
Met, front to front, the ranks of death;
Flourish'd the trumpets fierce, and now
Fired was each eye, and flush'd each brow;
On either side loud clarmours ring,
'God and the Cause!'—'God and the King!' Right English all, they rush'd to blows,
With nought to win, and all to lose.
I could have laugh'd—but lack'd the time—
To see, in phrenesy sublime,
How the fierce zealous fought and bled,
For king or state, as humour led;
Some for a dream of public good,
Some for church-tippet, gown and hood,
Draining their veins, in death to claim
A patriot's or a martyr's name.—

Led Bertram Risinghun the hearts,
That counter'd there on adverse parts,
No superstitious fool had I
Sought El Dorados in the sky!
Chili bad heard me through her states,
And Lima oped her silver gates,
Rich Mexico I had march'd through,
And sack'd the splendours of Peru,
Till sunk Pizarro's daring name,
And Cortez, thine, in Bertram's fame."
"Still from the purpose wilt thou stray!
Good gentle friend, how went the day?"—

XIII.

"Good am I deem'd at trumpet sound,
And good where goblets dance the round,
Though gentle ne'er was join'd, till now,
With rugged Bertram's breast and brow.—
But I presume. The battle's rage
Was like the strife which currents wage,
Where Orinoco, in his pride,
Rolls to the main no tribute tide,
But 'gainst broad ocean urges far
A naval warfare on our shore.
While, in ten thousand eddies driven,
The billows fling their form to heaven,
And the pale pilot seeks in vain,
Where rolls the river, where the main.
Even thus upon the bloody field,
The eddying tides of conflict wheel'd
Ambiguous, till that heart of flame,
Hot Rupert, on our squadrons came,
Hurting against our spear's a line
Of gallants, fiery as their wine;
Then ours, though stubborn in their zeal,
In zeal's despite began to reel.
What wouldst thou more?—in tumult tost,
Our leaders fell, our ranks were lost.
A thousand men, who drew the sword
For both the Houses and the Word,
Preach'd from hamlet, grange, and down,
To curb the croiser and the crown,
Now, stark and stiff, lie stretch'd in gore,
And ne'er shall rail at mitre more.—
Thus fared it, when I left the fight,
With the good Cause and Commons' right."—

XIV.

"Disastrous news!" dark Wycliffe said;
Assumed despondence beat his head.
While troubled joy was in his eye,
The well-seign'd sorrow to belie.
"Disastrous news!—when needed most,
Told ye not that your chiefs were lost?
Complete the woful tale, and say,
Who fell upon that fatal day,
What leaders of repute and name
Bought by their death a deathless fame.
If such my direst foeman's doom,
My tears shall dew his honour'd tomb.—
No answer?—Friend, of all our host,
Thou know'st whom I should hate the most,
Whom thou too, once, wert wont to hate,
Yet leavest me doubtful of his fate?"—
With look unsmoothed,—"Of friend or foe.
Aught?" answer'd Bertram, "would'st thou know,
Demand in simple terms and plain,
A soldier's answer shalt thou gain;—
For question dark, or riddle high,
I have nor judgment nor reply."—

XV.

The wrath his art and fear suppress'd,
Now blazed at once in Wycliffe's breast;
And brave, from man so meanly born,
Roused his hereditary scorn.
"Wretch! hast thou paid thy bloody debt?
Philip of Mortham, lives he yet?
False to thy patron or thine oath,
trait'rous or perfidious, one or both.
Slave! hast thou kept thy promise plighted,
To slay thy leader in the fight?
—
Then from his seat the soldier sprung,
And Wycliffe's hand he strongly wrung;
His grasp, as hard as glove of mail,
Forced the red blood-drop from the nail—
"A health!" he cried; and, ere he quaff'd,
Flung from him Wycliffe's hand, and laugh'd:
—"Now, Oswald Wycliffe, speaks thy heart!
Now play'st thou well thy genuine part!
Worthy, but for thy craven fear,
Like me to roam a bucanier.
What reck'st thou of the Cause divine,
If Mortham's wealth and lands be thine?
What carest thou for beleaguer'd York,
If this good hand have done its work?
Or what, though Fairfax and his best
Are reddening Marston's swarthy breast,
If Philip Mortham with them lie,
Lending his life-blood to the dye?
—
Sit, then! and as 'mid comrades free
Carousing after victory,
When tales are told of blood and fear,
That boys and women shrink to hear,
From point to point I frankly tell
The doed of death as it befell.

XVII.

"When purposed vengeance I forego,
Tern me a wretch, nor deem me foe;
And when an insult I forgive,
Then brand me as a slave, and live!—
Philip of Mortham is with those
Where Bertram Rispingham calls foes;
Or whom more sure revenge attends,
If number'd with ungrateful friends.
As was his wont, er battle glow'd,
Along the marshall'd ranks he rode,
And ware his vizzor up the while.
I saw his melancholy smile,
When, full opposed in front, he knew
Where Rokeby's kindred banner flew.
"And, as, he said, we friends divide!—
heard, and thought how, side by side,
We two had turn'd the battle's tide,
In many a well-debat'd field,
Where Bertram's breast was Philip's shield.
I thought on Dares' deserts pale,
Where death bestrides the evening gale,
How o'er my friend my cloak I threw,
And fenceless faced the deadly dew;
I blend on Quo,
Where, rescued from our founding skiff,
Through the white breakers' wrath I bore
Exhausted Mortham to the shore;
And when his side an arrow found,
I suck'd the Indian's venom'd wound.
These thoughts like torrents rush'd along,
To sweep away my purpose strong.

XVIII.

Lost was the war in inward strife,
Debating Mortham's death or life.
'Twas then I thought, how, lure to come,
As partner of his wealth and home,
Years of piratical wandering o'er,
With him I sought our native shore.

But Mortham's lord grew far estranged
From the bold heart with whom he ranged:
Doubts, horrors, superstitious fears,
Sudden and dimmed'd determining years;

The wily priests their victim sought,
And damned each free-born deed and thought.
Suddenly I struck the sum away,
An idle outcast then I stray'd,
Unfit for tillage or for trade.

Deem'd, like the steel of rusted lance,
Useless and dangerous at once.
The women fear'd my hardly look,
At my approach the peaceful shook;
The merchant saw my glance of flame,
And lock'd his hoards when Bertram came;
Each child of coward peace kept far
From the neglected son of war.

XIX.

"But civil discord gave me the call,
And made my trade the trade of all.

By Mortham urged, I came again
His vassals to the fight to train.
What gueuder waited on my care?
I could not cant of creed or prayer;
Sour fanaties each trust obtain'd,
And, I, dishonour'd and disdain'd,
Gain'd but the high and happy lot,
In these poor arms to brood the shot—
All this thou know'st, thy gestures tell;
Yet hear it o'er, and mark it well.
'Tis honour bids me now relate
Each circumstance of Mortham's fate.

X.

"Thoughts, from the tongue that slowly part,
Glance quick as lightning through the heart.
As my spur press'd my courser's side,
Philip of Mortham's cause was tried,
And, ere the charging squadrons mix'd,
His plea was cast, his doom was fix'd.
I watch'd him through the doubtful fray,
That changed as Maroh's moody day,
Till, like a stream that bursts its bank,
Fierce Ruptert thunder'd on our flank.
"I was then, midst tumult, smoke and strife,

Where each man fought for death or life,
"I was then I fired my petrelon,
And Mortham, sloed avaros full,
One dying look he upward cast,
Of wrath and anguish—twas his last.
Think not that there I stopp'd, to view
What of the battle should ensue;
But ere I clear'd that bloody press,
Our northern horse ran masterless;
Moneckton and Milton told the news,
How troops of roundheads shook the Ouse,
And made a bony Scot, agast.
Spurring his palfrey northward, past,
Cursing the day when zeal or meed
First lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed.
Yet when I reach'd the banks of Swale,
Had rumour learn'd another tale;
With his barb'd horse, fresh tidings say,  
Stout Cromwell has redeem'd the day:  
But whether false the news, or true,  
Oswald, Ireck as light as you.

XX.

Not then by Wycliffe might be shown,  
How his pride startled at the tone  
In which his 'complie, fierce and free,  
Assumed guilt's equality.  
In smoothest terms his speech he wore,  
Of endless friendship, faith, and love;  
Promised and vow'd in courteous sort,  
But Bertram broke professions short.

"Wycliffe, be sure not here I stay,  
No, scarcely till the rising day;  
Warn'd by the legends of my youth,  
I trust not an associate's truth.  
Do not my native dales prolong  
Of Percy Rede the tragic song,  
Train'd forward to his bloody fall,  
By Girsonfield, that treacherous Hall?

Oft, by the Pringle's haunted side,  
The shepherd sees his spectre glide.  
And near the spot that gave me name,  
The meated mound of Kinsingham,  
Where Reed upon her margin sees  
Sweet Woodburne's cottages and trees,  
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown  
An outlaw's image on the stone;  
Unmatch'd in strength, a giant he,  
With guover'd back, and kirtled knee.  
Ask how he died, that hunter bold,  
The tameless monarch of the wold,  
And age and infancy can tell,  
By brother's treachery he fell.  
Thus warn'd by legends of my youth,  
I trust to no associate's truth.

XXI.

"When last we reason'd of this deed,  
Nought, I bethink me, was agreed,  
Or by what rule, or when, or where,  
The wealth of Mortham we should share;  
Then list, while I the portion name,  
Our differing laws give each to claim.  
Thou, vassal sworn to England's throne,  
Her rules of heritage must own;  
They deal thee, as to nearest heir,  
Thy kinsman's lands and livings fair,  
And these I yield — do thou revere  
The statutes of the Bucanier.  
Friend to the sea, and foeman sworn  
To all that on her waves are borne,  
Where falls a mate in battle roll,  
His comrade heirs his portion'd spoil;  
When dies in fight a daring foe,  
He claims his wealth who struck the blow:  
And either rule to me assigns  
Those spoils of Indian seas and mines,  
Hoarded in Mortham's caverns dark;  
Ingot of gold and diamond spark,  
Chalice and plate from churches borne,  
And gems from shrinking beauty torn,  
Each string of pearl, each silver bar,  
And all the wealth of western war.  
I go to search, where, dark and deep,  
Those Trans-Atlantic treasures sleep.  
Thou must alang — for, lacking thee,  
The hearl will scarce find entrance free:

1 See Appendix, Note G.  2 Ibid, Note H.

XXII.

An undecided answer hung  
On Oswald's hesitating tongue.  
Despite his craft, he heard with awe  
This roffian stabber fix the law;  
While his own troubled passions yea  
Through hatred, joy, regret, and fear: —  
Joy'd at the thought that Bertram dies,  
He grudged the murderer's mighty prize,  
Hated his pride's presumptuous tone,  
And fear'd to wend with him alone.  
At length, that middle course to steer,  
To cowardice and craft so dear,  
"His charge," he said, "would ill allow  
His absence from the fortress now;  
Wilfrid on Bertram should attend,  
His son should journey with his freed.

XXIII.

Contempt kept Bertram's anger down,  
And wreaked to savage smile his brow.  
"Wilfrid, or thou — this one to me,  
Whichever bears the golden key.  
Yet think not but I mark, and smile  
To mark, thy poor and selfish wife!  
If injury from me you fear,  
What, Oswald Wycliffe, shields thee here?  
I've sprung from walls more high than these,  
I've swam through deeper streams than Tees.  
Might I not stab thee, ere one yeal  
Could rouse the distant sentinel?  
Start not — it is not my design.  
But, if it were, weak fence were thine;  
And, trust me, that, in time of need,  
This hand hath done more desperate deed,  
Go, haste and rouse thy slumbering son;  
Time calls, and I must needs be gone.

XXIV.

Nought of his sire's ungenerous part  
Polluted Wilfrid's gentle heart;  
A heart too soft from early life  
To hold with fortune needful strife.  
His sire, while yet a hardly race  
Of numerous sons were Wycliffe's grace,  
On Wilfrid set contemptuous brand,  
For feeble heart and forceless hand;  
But a fond mother's care and joy  
Were centred in her sickly boy.  
No touch of childhood's frolic mood  
Show'd the elastic spring of blood;  
Hour after hour he loved to pore  
On Shakespeare's rich and varied lore,  
But turn'd from martial scenes and light,  
From Falstaff's feast and Percy's fight,  
To ponder Jaques' moral strain,  
And muse with Hamlet, wise in vain;  
And weep himself to soft repose  
O'er gentle Desdemona's woes.

XXV.

In youth he sought not pleasures found  
Joy that the mortal joys wake  
And then farewell. I haste to try  
Each varied pleasure wealth can buy;  
When clov'd each wish, these wars afford  
Fresh work for Bertram's restless sword."

XXVI.

An undecided answer hung  
On Oswald's hesitating tongue.  
Despite his craft, he heard with awe  
This roffian stabber fix the law;  
While his own troubled passions yea  
Through hatred, joy, regret, and fear: —  
Joy'd at the thought that Bertram dies,  
He grudged the murderer's mighty prize,  
Hated his pride's presumptuous tone,  
And fear'd to wend with him alone.  
At length, that middle course to steer,  
To cowardice and craft so dear,  
"His charge," he said, "would ill allow  
His absence from the fortress now;  
Wilfrid on Bertram should attend,  
His son should journey with his freed."
In Deepdale's solitude to lie,
Where all is clift and cope and sky;
To climb Catcastle's dizzy peak,
Or lone Pendragon's mound to seek.
Such was his wont; and there his dream
Soar'd on some wild fantastic theme,
Of faithful love, or ceaseless spring,
Till Contemplation's wearied wing
The enthusiast could no more sustain,
And sad he sunk to earth again.

He loved—as many a lay can tell,
Preserved in Sunmore's lonely dell;
For his was minstrel's skill, he caught
The art unteachable, untaught;
He loved—his soul did nature frame
For love, and fancy nursed the flame;
Vainly he loved—for seldom swain
Of such soft mould is loved again;
Silent he loved—in every gaze
Was passion, friendship in his phrase.
So mused his life away—till died
His brethren all, their father's pride.
Wilfrid is now the only heir
Of all his stratazems and care,
And destined, darkling, to pursue
Ambition's maze by Oswald's clue.

Wilfrid must love and woo the bright
Matilda, heir of Rokeby's knight,
To love her was an easy jest,
The secret empress of his breast;
To woo her was a harder task
To one that durst not hope or ask.
Yet all Matilda could, she gave
In pitty to her gentle slave:
Friendship, esteem, and fair regard.
And praise, the poet's best reward!
She read the tales his taste approved,
And sung the lays he framed or loved;
Yet, loth to nurse the fatal flame
Of hopeless love in friendship's name,
In kind caprice she oft withdrew
The favouring glance to friendship due,
Then grieved to see her victim's pain,
And gave the dangerous smiles again.

So did the suit of Wilfrid stand,
When war's loud summons waked the land.
Three banners, floating o'er the Tees,
The wo-forbidding peasant sees;
In concert oft they braved of old
The bordering Scot's incursion bold;
Frowning defiance in their pride.
Their vassals now and lords divide.
From his fair hall on Greta banks,
The Knight of Rokeby led his ranks,
To aid the valiant northern Earls,
Who drew the sword for royal Charles.
Northum, by marriage near allied,—
His sister had been Rokeby's bride,
Though long before the civil fray,
In peaceful grave the lady lay.
Philip of Northum raised his hand,
And march'd at Fairfax's command;
While Wycliffe, bound by many a train
Of kindred art with wily Vane,
Less prompt to brave the bloody field,
Made Barnard's battlements his shield,
Secured them with his Lunedale powers,
And for the Commons held the towers.

The lovely heir of Rokeby's Knight
Waifs in his halls the event of fight;
For England's war he rever'd the claim
Of every unprotected name,
And spared, amid its fiercest rage,
Childhood and womanhood and age.
But Wilfrid, son to Rokeby's foe,
Must the dear privilege forego,
By Greta's side, in evening grey,
To steal upon Matilda's way.
Striving, with fond hypocrisy,
For careless step and vacant eye;
Calmly each anxious look and glance,
To give the meeting all to chance,
Or framing, as a fair excuse,
The book, the pencil, or the muse:
Something to give, to sing, to say,
Some modern tale, some ancient lay.
Then, while the long'd-for minutes last,—
Ah! minutes quickly overpast!—
Recording each expression free,
Of kind or careless courtesy,
Each friendly look, each softer tone,
As food for fancy when alone.
All this is o'er—but still, unseen,
Wilfrid may lurk in Eastwood green,
To watch Matilda's wond'ring round,
While springs his heart at every sound.
She comes!—tis but a passing sight,
Yet serves to cheat his weary night;
She comes not—He will wait the hour,
When her lamp lightens in the tower;
"Tis something yet, if, as she past,
Her shade is o'er the lattice cast.
"What is my life, my hope?" he said;
"Alas! a transitory shade."
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

O teach him, while your lessons last,
To judge the present by the past;
Remind him of each wish pursued,
How rich it glowed with promised good;
Remind him of each wish enjoy'd,
How soon his hopes possession cloy'd!
Tell him, we play unequal game,
Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim;
And, ere he strip him for her race,
Show the conditions of the chase.
Two sisters by the goal are set,
Cold Disappointment and Regret;
One disenchants the winner's eyes,
And strips of all its worth the prize.
While one augments its gaudy show,
More to enhance the loser's woe.
The victor sees his fairy gold.
Transform'd, when won, to dressy mold,
But still the vanquish'd mourns his loss,
And rues, as gold, that glittering dross.

XXXI.

More wouldst than know—yon tower survey,
Yon couch unpress'd since parting day,
Yon untrimm'd lamp, whose yellow gleam
Is musing with the cold moonbeam,
And you thin form!—the hectic red
On his pale cheek unequal spread;
The head reclined, the loosen'd hair,
The limbs relax'd, the mournful air.
See, he looks up,—a woful smile
Lightens his won-worn cheek a while,—
'Tis Fancy wakes sombre thought,
To gild the ruin she has wrought;
For, like the bat of Indian brakes,
Her pinions fan the wound she makes,
And soothing thus the dreamer's pain,
She drinks his life-blood from the vein.
Now to the lattice turn his eyes,
Vain hope! to see the sun arise.
The moon with clouds is still o'ercast,
Still howls by fits the stormy blast;
Another hour must wear away,
Ere the East kindle into day.
And hark! to waste that weary hour,
He tries the minstrel's magic power.

XXXIII.

SONG.
TO THE MOON.

Hail to thy cold and clouded beam,
Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky!
Hail, though the mists that o'er thee stream
Lend to thy brow their sullen dye!
How should thy pure and peaceful eye
Untroubled view our scenes below,
or how a tearless beam supply
To light a world of war and woe?

Fair Queen, I will not blame thee now,
As once by Greta's fairy side;
Each little cloud that dimm'd thy brow
Did then an angel's beauty hide.
And of the shades I then could chide,
Still are the thoughts to memory dear.
For, while a softer strain I tried,
They hid my blush, and calmy'd my fear.

Then did I swear thy ray serene
Was form'd to light some lonely dell,
By two fond lovers only seen,
Reflected from the crystal well,

Or sleeping on their mossy cell,
Or quivering on the lattice bright,
Or glancing on their couch, to tell
How swiftly wanes the summer night!

XXXIV.

He starts—a step at this lone hour!
A voice!—his father seeks the tower,
With haggard look and troubled sense,
From his dreadful conference.
"Wilfrid!—what, not to sleep address'd?
Thou hast no cares to chase thy rest.
Northam has fall'n on Marston-moor;
Bertram brings warrant to secure
His treasures, bought by spoil and blood,
For the State's use and public good.
The menials will thy voice obey;
Let his commission have its way,
In every point, in every word."—Then, in a whisper,—"Take thy sword! Bertram is—what I must not tell.
I hear his hasty step—farewell!"

Rocheby.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

Far in the chambers of the west,
The gale had sigh'd itself to rest;
The moon was cloudless now and clear,
But pale, and soon to disappear.
The thin grey clouds wax dimly light
On Brunetion and Houghton height;
And the rich dale, that eastward lay,
Waited the wakening touch of day,
To give its woods and cultured plain,
And towers and spires, to light again.
But, westward, Stanmore's shapeless swell,
And Lunedale wild, and Kelton-fell,
And rock-begirdled Gilmancar,
And Arkingarth, lay dark afar;
While, as a livelier twilight falls,
Emerge proud Barnard'sbanner'd walls.
High crown'd he sits, in dawning pale,
The sovereign of the lovely vale.

II.

What prospects, from his watch-tower high,
Gleam gradual on the wanderer's eye!—
Far sweeping to the east, he sees
Down his deep woods the course of Tees,
And tracks his wanderings by the steam
Of summer vapours from the stream;
And ere he passed his destined hour
By Brackenbury's dungeon-tower,
These silver mists shall melt away,
And dew the woods with glittering spray.
Then in broad lustre shall be shown
That mighty trench of living stone,
And each huge trunk that, from the side,
Reclines him o'er the darksome tide.
Where Tees, tall many a fathom low,
Wears with his rage no common foe;
For pebbly bank, nor sand-bed here,
Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career,
O'er ThyThroughAndAnd TheSalutesBut Giving'MidListThou WeTo Knitting,She TheirToHeldAnd. Hanking, as with a moral bend, Thy native legends with thy land, To lend each sense the interest high Which geniuses from Beauty's eye.

IV.

Bertram awaited not the sight Which sun rise shows from Barnard's height, But from the towers, preventing day, With Wilfrid took his early way, While misty dawn, and moonbeam pale, Still mingled in the silent dale. By Barnard's bridge of stately stone, That southern bank they won; Their winding path then eastward cast, And Egliston's grey ruins pass'd; 3 Each on his own deep visions bent, Silent and sad they onward went. Well may you think that Bertram's mood, To Wilfrid savage seem'd and rude; Well may you think bold Risingham Held Wilfrid trivial, poor, and tame; And small the intercourse, I ween, Such ungenius souls between.

V.

Stern Bertram shunn'd the nearer way, Through Rokeby's park and cluse that lay, And, skirting high the valley's ridge, They cross'd by Greta's ancient bridge; Descending where her waters wind For a space and unconfined, As, 'scaped from Brignnal's dark-wood glen, She seeks wild Northam's deeper den. There, as his eye glanced o'er the mound, Raised by that Legion long renown'd, Whose votive shrine asserts their claim, Of pious, faithful, conquering fame. "Stern sons of war!" said Wilfrid sigh'd, "Behold the boast of Roman pride! What now of all your tails are known? A grassy trench, a broken stone!"— This to himself; for moral strain To Bertram were address'd in vain.

VI.

Of different mood, a deeper sigh Awoke, when Rokeby's turrets high 5 Were northward in the dawning seen To rear them o'er the thicket green. O then, though Spenser's self had stray'd Beside him through the lovely glade, Lending his rich luxuriant glow Of fancy, all its charms to show, Pointing the stream rejoicing free, As captive set at liberty, Flashing her sparkling waves abroad, And dallying joyful on her road; Pointing where, up the sunny banks, The trees retire in scatter'd ranks. Save where, advanced before the rest, On knoll or hillock rears his crest, Lonely and huge, the giant Oak, As champions, when their hand is broke, Stand forth to guard the rearward post, The bulwark of the scatter'd host— All this, and more, might Spenser say, Yet was in vain his magic lay, While Wilfrid eyed the distant tower, Whose lattic'd lights Matilda's bower.

VII.

The open vale is soon passed o'er, Rokeby, though nigh, is seen no more; Sinking 'mid Greta's thickets deep, A wild and darker course they keep, A stern and lone, yet lovely road, As o'er the foot of Minstrel trode! 6 Broad shadows o'er their passage fell, Deeper and narrower grew the dell; It seem'd some mountain, rent and riven, A channel for the streams had waven, So high the cliffs of limestone grey Hung beeting o'er the torrent's way, Yielding, along their rugged base, A flinty footpath's niggar space, Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave, May hear the headlong torrent rave, And like a steed in frantic fit, That flings the froth from curb and bit, May view her cluse her waves to spray, O'er every rock that bars her way, Till foam-globes on her eddies ride, Thick as the schemes of human pride That down life's current drive amain, As frail, as frothy, and as vain!

VIII.

The cliffs that rear their haughty head High o'er the river's darksome bed, Were now all naked, wild, and grey, Now waving all with greenwood spray; Here trees to every crevice clinging, And o'er the dell their branches hung;
And there, all splinter'd and uneven,
The shiver'd rocks ascend to heaven;
Oft, too, the ivy swath'd their breast,
And wreathed its garland round their crest,
Or from the spires bade loosely flare
Its tendrils in the middle air.

As penions went to wave of old
O'er the high feast of Baron bold,
When revell'd loud the feudal rout,
And the arch'd halls return'd their shout;
Such, and more wild is Greta's roar,
And such the echoes from her shore.
And so the ivied banners gleam,
Waved wildly o'er the brawling stream.

While Wilfrid's form had seem'd to glide
Like his pale victim by his side.

XI.

Nor think to village swains alone
Are these unearthly terrors known;
For to not rank nor sex confined
Is this vain ague of the mind:
Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard,
'Gainst faith, and love, and pity barr'd,
Have quaked, like aspen leaves in May,
Beneath its universal sway.

Bertram had list'd many a tale
Of wonder in his native dell,
That in his secret soul retain'd
The credence they in childhood gain'd:
Nor less his wild adventurous youth
Believed in every legend's truth;
Learn'd when, beneath the tropic gale,
Full swell'd the vessel's steady sail,
And the broad Indian moon her light
Pour'd on the watch of middle night.
When serenities love to hear and tell
Of portent, prodigy, and spell:
What gales are sold on Lapland's shore,
How whistle rash bids tempests roar,
Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite,
Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light:
Or of that Phantom Ship, whose form
Shoots like a meteor through the storm;
When the dark scud comes driving hard,
And lower'd is every topaz-yard,
And canvass, wave in earthily looms,
No more to brave the storm preserves!
Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky,
Top and top-gallant hisdted high,
Full spread and crowded every sail,
The Demon Frigate brave the gale:
And well the doom'd spectators know
The harbinger of wreck and woe.

XII.

Then, too, were told, in stifled tone,
Marvels and omens all their own;
How, by some desert isle or key,
Where Spaniards wrought their cruelty,
Or where the savage pirate's mood
Repaid it home in deeds of blood,
Strange mighty sounds of woe and fear
Appall'd the listening Bucanier,
Whose light-armed shallop anchor'd lay
In ambush by the lonely bay.

The groan of grief, the shriek of pain,
Ring from the moonlight groves of cane;
The fierce adventurer's heart they scare,
Who wearies memory for a prayer,
Curses the road-stead, and with gale
Of early morning lifts the sail,
To give, in thirst of blood and prey,
A legend for another bay.

XIII.

Thus, as a man, a youth, a child,
Train'd in the mystic and the wild,
With this on Bertram's soul at times
Rush'd a dark feeling of his crimes;
Such men to troubled souls are form.
As the pale Death-ship to the storm,
And such their omen dim and dread,
As shrieks and voices of the dead,—
That pang, whose transitory force
Hovers 'twixt horror and remorse;

1 See Appendix, Note Q. 2 Ibid., Note R. 3 See Appendix, Note S. 4 Ibid., Note T. 5 See Appendix, Note T.
That song, perchance, his bosom press'd,
As Wilfrid sudden he address'd:
"Wilfrid, this glen is never trade,
I'll sing the son of high abroad;
Yet twice have I beheld to-day
A form, that seem'd to dog our way;
Twice from my glance it seem'd to flee,
And shroud itself by cliff or tree.
How thinkst thou,—is our path way-laid?
Or hath thy sire my trust betray'd?
If so,"—Ere, starting from his dream,
That turn'd upon a gentler theme,
Wilfrid had roused him to reply:
Bertram sprung forward, shouting high,
"What'er thou art, thou now shalt stand!"—
And forth he darted, sword in hand.

XIV.
As bursts the levin in its wrath,
He shot him down the sounding path;
Rock, wall, and stream, rang wildly out,
To his loud step and savage shout,
Seems that the object of his race
Hath scaled the cliffs; his frantic chase
Side-long he turns, and now 'tis bent
Right up the rock's tall battlement;
Straining each sinew to ascend,
Foot, hand, and knee, their aid must lend.
Wilfrid, all dizzy with dismay:
Views from beneath, his dreadful way:
Now to the oak's warp'd roots he clings,
Now trust's his weight to ivy strings:
Now, like the wild-goat, must he dare
An unsupported leap in air;
Had in the shrubby rain-course now,
You mark him by the crashing bough,
And by his curslet's sullen clank.
And by the stones spurr'd from the bank,
And by the hawk seared from her nest,
And ravens croaking o'er their guest,
Who deem his forfeit limbs shall pay
The tribute of his bold essay.

XV.
See, he emerges!—desperate now
Allfarther course—You beetle brow,
In craggy nakedness sublime,
What heart or foot shall dare to climb?
It bears no tendril for his grasp,
Presents no angle to his grasp:
Sole stay his foot may rest upon,
Is on earth-bejedged jetting stone.
Balanced on such precarious prop,
He strains his grasp to reach the top.
Just as the dangerous stretch he makes,
By heaven, his faithless foal shakes!
Beneath his tottering bulk it bends,
It sways, . . . it loosens, . . . it descends!
And downward holds its headlong way,
Crashing o'er rock and copsewood spray.
Loud thunders shake the echoing dell—
Fell it alone!—alone it fell,
Just on the very verge of fate,
The hardly Bertram's falling weight
He trusted to his strong hands,
And on the top unharm'd he stands!

XVI.
Wilfrid a safer path pursued;
At intervals where, roughly hew'd,
Rude steps ascending from the dell
Renderer'd the cliffs accessible.

by circuit slow he thus attain'd
The height that Rivingham had gain'd,
And when he issued from the wood,
Before the gate of Northam stood.
"I was a fair scene! the sunbeam lay
On bottled tower and portal grey:
And from the grassy slope he sees
The Greta flow to meet the Tees;
Where, issuing from her darksome bed,
She caught the morning's eastern red,
And through the softening vale below,
Roll'd her bright waves, in rosy glow,
All blushing to her bridal bed,
Like some shy maid in convent bred;
While linnet, lark, and blackbird gay,
Sing forth her nuptial roundelay.

XVII.
"I was sweetly sung that roundelay;
That summer morn shone bright and gay;
But morning beam, and wild-bird's call,
Awaked not Northam's silent hall.
No porter, by the low-brow'd gate,
Took in the wonted niche his seat;
To the paved court no peasant drew;
Waked to their toil no menial crew;
The maiden's carol was not heard,
As to her morning task she fare'd:
In the void offices around,
Rung not a bell, nor bell a hand;
Nor eager steed, with shirlling neigh,
Accused the laggard groom's delay;
Untrimm'd, undress'd, neglected now,
Was alley'd walk and orchard bough;
All spoke the master's absent care,
All spoke neglect and disrepair.
South of the gate, an arrow flight,
Two mighty elms their limbs unite,
As if a canopy to spread.
O'er the lone dwelling of the dead;
For their huge boughs in arches bent
Above a massive monument,
Carved o'er in ancient Gothic wise,
With many a sculptured and device;
There, with tale told and sunk in gloom,
Bertram stood pondering by the tomb.

XVIII.
"It vanish'd, like a fleeting ghost!
Behind this tomb," he said, "twas lost—
This tomb, where oft I deem'd lies stored
Of Northam's Indian wealth the hoard.
'Tis true, the aged servants said
Here his lamented wife is laid;
But weightier reasons may be guess'd
For their lord's strict and stern behest.
That none should on his steps intrude,
Whene'er he sought this solitude.
An ancient mariner I knew,
What time I sail'd with Morgan's crew,
Who oft, mid our carollers, spake
Of Raleigh, Frobisher, and Drake;
Adventurous hearts! who barter'd, bold,
Their English steel for Spanish gold.
Trust not, would his experience say,
Captain, nor come to the golden spray;
But seek some channel, when, at full,
The moon gilds skeleton and skull;
There dig, and tomb your precious heap;
And bid the dead your treasure keep;—
Sure stewards they, if fitting spell
Their service to the task compel.
SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

Lacks there such charnel?—kill a slave,
Or prisoner, on the treasure-grave;
And bid his discontented ghost
Stalk nightly on his lonely post.—
Such was his tale. Its truth, I ween,
Is in my morning vision seen."

XIX.
Wilfrid, who scorn’d the legend wild,
In mingled mirth and pity smiled,
Much marvelling that a breast so bold
In such fond tale belief should hold;
But yet of Bertram sought to know
The apparition’s form and show.—
The power within the guilty breast,
Oft vanquish’d, never quite suppress’d,
That unsubdued and lurking lies
To take the felon by surprise,
And force him, as by magic spell,
In his despite his guilt to tell,—
That power in Bertram’s breast awoke;
Scarce conscious he was heard, he spoke:
"’Twas Mortham’s form, from foot to head! His
His morion, with the plume of red,
His shape, his mien—’twas Mortham, right
As when I slew him in the fight."
"’Thou slayst him!—Thou?"—With conscious
Heard, then man’d his haughty heart—
"I slew him?—I!—I had forgot
Thou, stripping, knewst not of the plot.
But it is spoken—nay will I
Deed done, or spoken word, deny;
I slew him! I! for thankless rude;
’Twas by that hand that Mortham died!"

XX.
Wilfrid, of gentle hand and heart,
Averse to every active part,
But most averse to martial broil,
From danger shrunk, and turn’d from toil; Yet the meek lover of the lyre
Nursed one brave spark of noble fire;
Against injustice, fraud, or wrong,
His blood beat high, his heart was strong.
Not his the nerves that could sustain,
Unshaken, danger, toil, and pain;
But, when that spark blazed forth to flame,
He rose superior to his frame.
And ow’r it came, that generous mood;
And, in full current of his blood,
On Bertram he laid desperate hand,
Placed firm his foot, and drew his brand.
"Should every fiend, to whom thou’rt sold,
Rise in thine aid, I keep my hold.—
Arouse there, ho! take spear and sword!
Attach the murderer of your Lord!"

XXI.
A moment, fix’d as by a spell,
Stood Bertram—it seem’d miracle,
That one so feeble, soft, and tame,
Set grasp on warlike Risingham.
But when he felt a feeble stroke,
The fiend within the ruffian woke
To wrench the sword from Wilfrid’s hand,
To dash him headlong on the sand,
Was but one moment’s work,—one more
Had drench’d the blade in Wilfrid’s gore;
But, in the instant it arose,
To end his life, his love, his woes,

1 See Appendix, Note W.

A warlike form, that mark’d the scene,
Presuris his rapier sheathed between,
Parries the fast-descending blow,
And steps ’twixt Wilfrid and his foe;
Nor then unscar’d his brand,
But, sternly pointing with his hand,
With monarch’s voice forbade the fight,
And motion’d Bertram from his sight.
"Go, and repent,"—he said, "while time Is given thee; add not crime to crime."

XXII.
Mute, and uncertain, and amazed,
As on a vision Bertram gazed!
"I was Mortham’s bearing, bold and high,
His sinewy frame, his falcon eye,
His look and scent of command,
The martial gesture of his hand,
His stately form, spare-built and tall,
His war-bleach’d locks—’twas Mortham all.
Through Bertram’s dizzy brain career
A thousand thoughts, and all of fear;
His waving faith received a shock;
The form he saw us Mortham’s sprite,
But more he fear’d it, if it stood
His lord, in living flesh and blood—
What spectre can the charnel send,
So dreadful as an injured friend?
Then, too, the habit of command,
Used by the leader of the band,
When Risingham, for many a day,
Had march’d and fought beneath his sway,
Tamed him—and, with reversed face,
Backwards he bore his sullen pace;
Oft stopp’d, and oft on Mortham stared,
And dark as rated mastiff gazed;
But when the tramp of steeds was heard,
Plun’d in the gien, and disappear’d;—
Not longer there the Warrin stood,
Retiring eastward through the wood;
But first to Wilfrid warning gives,
"Tell thou to none that Mortham lives."

XXIII.
Still rang these words in Wilfrid’s ear,
Hunting he knew not what of fear;
When nearer came the carvers’ tread,
And, with his father at their head,
Of horsemen arm’d a gallant power
Rein’d up their steeds before the tower.
"Whence these pale looks, my son?" he said:
"Where’s Bertram?—Why that naked blade?"
Wilfrid ambiguously replied.
(For Mortham’s charge his honour tied.)
"Bertram is gone—the villain’s word,
Avouch’d him murder of his lord!
Even now we fought—but, when your tread
Announced you nigh, the felon fled."
In Wycliffe’s conscious eye appear
A guilty hope, a guilty fear;
On his pale brow the dewdrop broke,
And his lip quiver’d as he spoke:—

XXIV.
"A murderer!—Philip Mortham died
Amid the battle’s wildest tide.
Wilfrid, or Bertram rouse ye! Yet,
Grant me such strange confession true,
Pursuit were vain—let him fly far—
Justice must sleep in civil war."
A gallant Youth rode near his side,
Brave Rokey’s page, in battle tried;
That morn, an emblasy of weight
He brought to Barnard's castle gate,
And follow'd now in Wycliffe's train,
An answer for his lord to gain,
His shield, whose arched and targe neck
An hundred wreaths of form bebeck,
Chafed not against the curb more high
Than he at Oswald's cold reply;
He bit his lip, implored his saint,
(His the old faith)—then burst restraint.

XXV.
"Yes! I beheld his bloody fall,
By that base traitor's dastard hall,
Just when I thought to measure sword,
Presumptuous hope! with Mortham's lord.
And shall the murderer 'scape, who slew
His leader, generous, brave, and true?
Escape, while on the dew you trace
The marks of his gigantic pace?
Not ere the sun that dew shall dry,
False Risingham shall yield or die.—
Rung out the castle 'larum bell!
Arouse the peasants with the knell!
Meantime disperse—ride, galloons, ride,
Beset the wood on every side.
But if among you one there be,
That honours Mortham's memory,
Let him dismount and follow me!
Else on your crests sit fear and shame,
And foul suspicion dog your name!"

XXVI.
Instant to earth young Redmond sprung;
Instant on earth the banner rung
Of twenty men of Wycliffe's band,
Who waited not their lord's command.
Redmond his spurs from huskian drew,
His mantle from his shoulders threw,
His pistols in his belt he placed,
The green-wood guide, the footsteps traced,
Shout loud like huntsman to his hounds,
"To conquer, hark!"—and in he bounds.
Scarce heard was Oswald's anxious cry
"Suspicion! yes—pursue him—fly—
But venture not, in useless strife,
On ruffin in desperate of his life,
Whoever finds him, shoot him dead!
Five hundred nobles for his head!"

XXVII.
The horsemen gallop'd, to make good
Each path that issued from the wood.
Loud from the thicket rung the shout
Of Redmond and his eager rout;
With them was Wilfrid, stung with ire,
And enyng Redmond's martial fire,
And emulous of fame.—But where
Is Oswald, noble Mortham's heir?
He, bound by honour, law, and faith,
Avenger of his kinsman's death—
Leaning against the elain tree,
With drooping head and slaccen'd knee.
And clenched teeth, and close-clasp'd hands,
In agony of soul he stands!
His downcast eye on earth is bent,
His soul to every sound is lent;
For in each shout that cleaves the air,
May ring discovery and despair.

XXVIII.
What 'vail'd it him, that brightly play'd
The morning sun on Mortham's glade?
All seems in giddy round to ride,
Like objects on a stormy tide,
Seen eddying by the moonlight dim,
Improperly to mock and shun.
What 'vail'd it, that the fair domain,
Its battled mansion, hill, and plain,
On which the sun so brightly shone,
Envied so long, was now his own?
The lowest dungeon, in that hour,
Of Brackenbury's dismal tower,
Had been his choice, could such a doom
Have open'd Mortham's bloody tomb!
Forced, too, to turn unwinking end,
To each sunrise of hope or fear,
Murmur'd among the rustics round,
Who gather'd at the 'larum sound;
He dared not turn his head away,
E'en to look up to heaven to pray,
Or call on hell, in bitter mood,
For one sharp death-shot from the wood!

XXIX.
At length, o'erpast that dreadful space,
Back straggling came the scatter'd chase;
Jaded and weary, horse and man,
Return'd the troopers, one by one.
Wilfrid, the last, arrived to say,
All trace was lost of Bertran's way,
Though Redmond still, up Brignal wood,
The hopeless quest in vain pursued.—
O, fatal doom of human race!
What tyrant passions passions chase!
Remove from Oswald's brow is gone,
Avarice and pride resume their throne;
The pang of instant terror by,
They dictate us their slave's reply:—

XXX.
"Ay—let him range like hungry hound!
And if the grim wolf's lair be found,
Small is my care how goes the game
With Redmond, or with Risingham—
Nay, answer not, thou simple boy!
Thy fair Matilda, all so coy,
To thee, is of another mood
To that bold youth of Erin's blood.
Thy ditties will she freely praise,
And pay thy pains with courtly phrase;
In a rough path will oft command—
Accept at least—thy friendly hand;
His she avoids, or, urged and pray'd,
Unwilling takes his proffer'd aid,
While conscious passion plainly speaks
In downcast look and blushing cheeks.
Where'er he sings, will she glide nigh,
And all her soul is in her eye;
Yet doubts she still to tender free
The wonted words of courtesy.
These are strong signs!—yet wherefore sigh,
And wipe, effusmate, thine eye?
Thine shall she be, if thou attend
The counsels of thy sire and friend.

XXXI.
"Scarce wert thou gone, when peep of light,
Brought genuine news of Marston's fight.
Brave Cromwell turn'd the doubtful tide,
And conquest bless'd the rightfull side;
Three thousand cavaliers to death,
Rupert and that bold Marquis fled;
Nobles and knights, so proud of late,
Must fine for freedom and estate."

1 See Appendix. Note X.
Of these, committed to my charge,
Is Rokeby, prisoner at large;
Redmond, his page, arrived to say
He reaches Barnard's towers to-day.
Right heavy shall his ransom be,
Unless that mad compound with thee!
Go to her now—he hold of cheer,
While her soul floats 'twixt hope and fear;
It is the very change of tide.
When best the female heart is tried—
Prude, prejudice, and modesty,
Are in the current swept to sea;
And the bold swain, who pleases her,
May lightly row his bark to shore."

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Rokeby.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

The hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth;
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assign'd.
The falcon, poised, on soaring wing,
Watches the wild-duck by the spring;
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair;
The greyhound presses on the hare;
The eagle pounces on the lamb;
The wolf devours the fleecy dam:
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,
Their likeness and their lineage spare.

Man, only, mars kind Nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man;
Plying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, flight, and ambuscade.

Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun.

II.

The Indian, prowling for his prey,
Who hears the settlers track his way,
And knows in distant forest far
Camp his red brethren of the war;
Ilc, when each double and disguise
To haffle the pursuit he tries,
Low crowning now his head to hide,
Where swamping streams through rushing glide,
Now covering with the wither'd leaves
The foot-prints that the dew receives:²

He, skill'd in every silvan guile,
Knows not, nor tries, such various wile,
As Risingham, when on the wind
Arose the loud pursuit behind.

In Redesdale his youth had heard
Each art her wily dalesmen dared,
When Rook-en-edge, and Redswear high,
To bugle ring and bloodhound's cry,³
Anouncing Jedwood-axe and spear,
And Lid'sdale riders in the rear;
And well his venturesome life had proved
The lessons that his childhood loved.

III.

Oft had he shown, in climes afar,
Each attribute of roving war;

The sharpen'd ear, the piercing eye,
The quick resolve in danger high;
The speed, that in the flight or chase,
Outstripp'd the Charib's rapid race;
The steady brain, the sneasy limb,
To leap, to climb, to dive, to swim;
The iron frame, minded to bear
Each dire inclemency of war.
Nor less confirm'd to undergo
Fatigue's faint chill, and famine's three.
These arts he proved, his life to save,
In peril oft by land and wave,
On Arawaca's desert shore,
Or where La Plata's billows roar.

When oft the sons of veneful Spam
Track'd the marauder's steps in vain,
These arts, in Indian warfare tried,
Must save him now by Greta's side.

IV.

'Twas then, in hour of utmost need,
He proved his courage, art, and speed.
Now slow he stalk'd with stealthy pace,
Now started forth in rapid race,
Oft doubling back in mazy train.
To blind the trace the dews retain;
Now clomb the rocks projecting high,
To haffle the pursuer's eye;
Now sought the stream, whose brawling sound
The echo of his footsteps drowned.

But if the forest verge he nears,
There trample steeds, and glimmer spears,
If deeper down the copse he drew,
He heard the rangers' loud halloo,
Beating each cover while they came,
As if to start the silvan game.

'Twas then—like tiger close beset
At every pass with toil and net,
'Counter'd where'er he turns his glare,
By clashing arms and torches' flare,
Who mediates, with furious bound,
To burst on hunter, horse, and hound.—

'Twas then that Bertram's soul arose,
Prompting to rush upon his foes;
But as that crouching tiger, cow'd
By brandish'd steel and shouting crowd,
Retreats beneath the jungle's shroud,
Bertram suspends his purpose steen,
And couches in the brake and fern,
Hiding his face, lest foeman spy
The sparkle of his swarthye eye.⁴

V.

Then Bertram might the bearing trace
Of the bold youth who led the chase;
Who paused to list for every sound,
Climb every height to look around,
Then rushing on with naked sword,
Each dingle's bosky depths explored.

'Twas Redmond—by the azure eye:
'Twas Redmond—by the locks that fly,
Disorder'd from his glowing cheek:
Mien, face, and form, young Redmond speak.
A form, more active, light, and strong,
Ne'er shot the ranks of war along;
The modest, yet the manly mien,
Might grace the court of madam queen;
A face more fair you well might find.

For Redmond's knew the sun and wind,
Nor boasted, from their tinge when free,
The charm of regularity:

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¹ See Appendix, Note Y.
² Ibid, Note Z.
³ Ibid, Note 2 A.
⁴ Ibid, Note 2 b.
But every feature had the power
To aid the expression of the hour:
Woe, gay wit, and humour sly,
Danced laughing in his light-blue eye;
Or bended brow, and glance of fire,
And kindling cheek, spoke Erin's ire;
Or soft and sadden'd glances show
Her ready sympathy with woe;
Or in that wayward mood of mind,
When various feelings are combined,
When joy and sorrow mingle near,
And hope's bright wings are check'd by fear,
And rising doubts keep transport down,
And anger lends a short-lived frown;
In that strange mood which mads approve
Even when they dare not call it love;
With every change his features play'd,
As aspens show the light and shade.

Well Risingham young Redmond knew;
And much he marvellt'd that the crew,
Roused to revenge bold Mortham dead,
Were by that Mortham's foeman led;
For ne'er felt his soul the war
That wails a generous foeman low,
Far less that sense of justice strong,
That wreaks a generous foeman's wrong.
But small his leisure now to pause;
And Redmond first, whate'er the cause:
And twice that Redmond came so near
Where Bertram couched like hunted deer,
The very boughs his steps displace,
Rusted against the rufian's face,
Who, desperate, twice prepared to start,
And plunge his dagger in his heart!
But Redmond turn'd a different way,
And the bold boughs resound their sway,
And Bertram he'd it wise, unseen,
Deeper to plunge in coppice green.
Thus, circled in his coil, the snake,
When roving hunters beat the brake,
Matches with red and glisten'd eye,
Prepared, if needless step draw nigh,
With steel and tongue and hand bound
Instant to dart the deadly pang;
But if the intruders turn aside,
Away his coils unfolded glide,
And through the deep savannah wind,
Some undisturb'd retreat to find.

But Bertram, as he backward drew,
And heard the loud pursuit renew,
And Redmond's holp on the wind,
Oft mutter'd in his savage mind—
"Redmond O'Neale! wert thou and
Alone this day's event to try,
With not a second here to see,
But the grey cliff and oaken tree,—
That voice of thine, that shouls so loud,
Should ne'er repeat its summons proud!"

No! nor e'er try its melting power
Again in maiden's summer bower,"
Eldied, now behind him die,
Faint and more faint, each hostile cry;
He stands in Scargill wood alone,
Nor hears he now a harder tone
Than the hoarse cushat's plaintive cry,
Or Greta's sound that murmurs by;
And on the dale, so lone and wild,
The summer sun in quiet smiled.

VIII.
He listen'd long with anxious heart,
Ear bent to hear, and foot to start,
And, while his stretched attention glows,
Refused his weary frame rest.
"Twas silence all—he laid him down,
Where purple heath prouly strown,
And throatwort, with its azure bell,
And moss and thyme his cushion swell.
There, spent with toil, he listless ey'd
The course of Greta's playful tide;
Beneath, her banks now eddying dun,
Now brightly gleaming to the sun,
As, dancing over rock and stone.
In yellow light her currents shine,
Matching in hue the favourite gem
Of Albin's mountain-diadem.

Then, tired to watch the current's play,
He turn'd his weary eyes away,
To where the bank opposing shou'd
Its huge, square cliffs through shaggy wood.
Once, prominent above the rest,
Kear'd to the sun its pale grey breast;
Around its brown in summer sun,
The hazel rude, and sable yew;
A thousand varied iochens dyed
Its waste and weather-beaten side,
And round its rugged basis lay,
By time or thunder rent away,
Frags, fragments, that, from its frontlet torn,
Were mantled now by verdant thorn.
Such was the scene's wild majesty,
That fill'd stern Bertram's gazing eye.

IX.
In sullen mood he lay reclined,
Revolving, in his stormy mind,
The felon deed, the fruitless guilt,
His patron's blood by treason spilt;
A crime, it seem'd, so dire and dread,
That it had power to wake the dead.
Then, pondering on his life betray'd
By Oswald's art to Redmond's blade,
In treacherous purpose to withhold,
So deem'd it, Mortham's promised gold,
A deep and full revenge he vow'd
On Redmond, forward, fierce, and proud;
Revenge on Wilfrid — on his sire
Redoubled vengeance, swift and dire!—
If, in such mood, (as legends say,
And well believed that simple day,)—
The Enemy of Man has power
To profit by the evil hour,
Here stood a wretch, prepared to change
His soul's redemption for revenge!—
But though his vows, with such a fire
Of earnest and intense desire
For vengeance dark and fell, were made,
As well might reach hell's lowest shade,
No deeper clouds the grove embrownd,
No nether thunders shook the ground;—
The demon knew his vassal's heart,
And spared temptation's needless art.

X.
Oft, mingled with the direful theme,
Came Mortham's form—Was it a dream?
Or had he seen, in vision true,
That very Mortham whom he slew?
Or had in living flesh appear'd
The only man on earth he fear'd?

1 See appendix, note 9 C.
SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

To try the mystic cause intent,  
His eyes, that on the cliff were bent,  
‘Commend’r’d at once a dazzling glance,  
Like sunbeam flash’d from sword or lance.  
At once he started as for fight,  
But not a foeman was in sight;  
He heard the cuspant murmur hoarse,  
He heard the river’s sounding course;  
The solitary woodlands lay;  
As slumbering in the summer ray.  
He gazed, like lion roused, round.  
Then sunk again upon the ground.  
’T was but, he thought, some fitful beam,  
Glanced sudden from the sparkling stream;  
Then plunged him from his gloomy train  
Of ill-connected thoughts again,  
Until a voice behind him cried,  
“Bertram! well met on Greta side.”

XII.

“Then list,—Not far there lurk a crew  
Of trusty comrades, stanch and true,  
Gian’d from both factions—Roundheads, freed  
From cant of sermon and of creed;  
And Cavaliers, whose souls, like mine,  
Spurn at the bonds of discipline.  
Wiser, we judge, by dale and wold,  
A warfare of our own to hold,  
Than breathe our last on battle-down,  
For cloak or surplice, mace or crown.  
Our schemes are laid, our purpose set,  
A chief and leader lack we yet.  
—Thon art a wanderer, it is said;  
For Martham’s death, thy steps way-laid,  
Thy head at price—so say our spies,  
Who range the valley in disguise.  
Join then with us:—though wild debate  
And wrangling rend our infant state,  
Each to an equal loft to bow;  
Will yield to chief renown’d as thou.”

XIII.

“Even now,” thought Bertram, passion-stirr’d,  
“I call’d on hell, and hell has heard!  
What lack I, vengeance to command,  
But of stanch comrade such a hand?

This Denzil, vow’d to every evil,  
Might read a lesson to the devil.  
Well, be it so! each knife and foil  
Shall serve as my revenue’s tool.”—  
But tell me where thy comrades lie!”—  
“Not far from hence,” Guy Denzil said;  
“Descend, and cross the river’s bed,  
Where rises yonder cliff so grey.”—  
“Do thou,” said Bertram, “lead the way.”

Then mutter’d, “It is best make sure;  
Guy Denzil’s faith was never pure.”  
He follow’d down the steep descent,  
Then through the Greta’s streams they went;  
And, when they reach’d the farther shore,  
They stood the lonely cliff before.

XIV.

With wonder Bertram heard within  
The flinty rock a murmure’rd din;  
But when Guy pull’d the wilding spray,  
And briebs them, from its base away,  
He saw, appearing to the air,  
A little entrance, low and square,  
Like opening cell of hermit lone,  
Dark, wending through the living stone.  
Here enter’d Denzil, Bertram here;  
And loud and lourer on their ear,  
As from the bowels of the earth,  
Resounded shouts of boisterous mirth.  
Of old, the cavern strait and rude,  
In slaty rock the peasant hew’d;  
And Brignail’s woods, and Scargill’s, wave,  
E’en now, o’er many a sister cave.  
Where, far within the darksome rift,  
The wedge and lever ply their thrift.  
But war had silenced rural trade,  
And the deserted mine was made  
The banquet-hall and fortress too,  
Of Denzil and his desperate crew.—  
There Guilt his anxious revel kept;  
There, on his sordid pallet, slept  
Guilt-born Excess, the goblet drain’d  
Still in his slumbering grasp retain’d;  
Regret was there, his eye still cast  
With vain repining on the past;  
Among the feasters waited near  
Sorrow, and unrepentant Fear,  
And Blasphemy, to frenzy driven,  
With his own crimes reproaching heaven;  
While Bertram show’d, amid the crew,  
The Master-Friend that Milton drew.

XV.

Hark! the loud revel wak’d again,  
To greet the leader of the train.  
Behold the group by the pale lamp,  
That struggles with the earthly damp.  
By what strange features Vice hath known,  
To single out and mark her own!  
Yet some there are, whose brows retain  
Less deeply stamp’d her brand and stain.  
See you pass splendid! see him drive,  
A mother’s pride, a father’s joy!  
Now, ‘gainst the vault’s rude walls reclined,  
An early image fills his mind:  
The cottage, once his sire’s, he sees,  
Embower’d upon the banks of Tees:  
He views sweet Winston’s woodland scene,  
And shares the dance on Gainford-green.

1 See Appendix, Note 2 D.  
2 See Appendix, Note 2 E.
A tear is springing—but the zest
Of some wild tale, or brutal jest,
Hath to loud laughter strud'd the rest.

On him they call, the aptest mate
For jovial song and merry seat:
Fast flies his dream—with daintless air,
As one victorious o'er Despair,
He bids the ruddy cup go round,
Till sense and sorrow both are drown'd;
And soon, in merry Wassall, he,
The life of all their revelry
Peals his loud song!—The muse has found
Her blossoms on the wildest ground,
Mid noxious weeds at random strew'd,
Themselves all profitless and rude.—
With desperate merriment he sung,
The caven to the chorus run;
Yet mingled with his reckless glee
Remorse's bitter agony.

XVI.

SONG.

O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.

And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily,—

CHORUS.

"O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen."—

"If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and dune.

And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the Greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May."—

CHORUS.

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.

XVII.

"I read you, by your bugle-horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king's Greenwood."—

"A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."—

CHORUS.

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnish'd brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum."—

"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

CHORUS.

"And, O! though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May!"

XVIII.

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die!
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I!

And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.

CHORUS.

"Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen."—

When Edmund ceased his simple song,
Was silence on the sullen thong,
Till waked some ruder mate their glee
With note of coarser minstrelsy.

But, far apart, in dark divan,
Denzil and Bertram many a plan,
Of importual and fierce, design'd,
While still on Bertram's grasping mind
The wealth of murder'd Mortham hung;
Though half he fear'd his daring tongue,
When it should give his wishes birth.

Might raise a spectre from the earth!

XIX.

At length his wondrous tale he told:
When, scornful, smil'd his comrade bold;
For, train'd in license of a court,
Religion's self was Denzell's sport;
Then judge in what contempt he held
The visionary tales of old!
His awe for Bertram scarce repress'd
The unbeliever's sneering jest.

"Twere hard," he said, "for sage or seer,
To spell the subject of your fear;
Nor do I boast the art renown'd,
Vision and omen to expand.
Yet, faith if I must needs afford
To speckle watching treasured hoard,
As bandog keeps his master's roof,
Bidding the plunderer stand aloof,
This doubt remains—thy goblin gaunt
Hath chosen ill his ghostly haunt;
For why his guard on Mortham hold,
When Rokeby castl'd hath the gold
Thy patron won on Indian soil,
By stealth, by piracy, and spoil!"—

XX.

At this he paused—for angry shame
Lower'd on the brow of Risingham.
He blush'd to think, that he should seem
Assenter of an airy dream,
And gave his wrath another theme.

"Denzil," he says, "though lowly laid,
Wrong not the memory of the dead;
For, while he lived, at Mortham's look
Thy very soul, Guy Denzell, shook!"
And when he tax'd thy branch of word
To you fair Rose of Alenford,
I saw thee crouch like chaste, ill hound,
Whose back the huntsman's lash hath found.
Nor dare to call his foreign wealth
The spoil of piracy or stealth;
He won it bravely with his brand,
When Spain waged warfare with our land.1
Mark, too—l brook no idle jeer,
Nor couple Bertram's name with fear;
Mine is but half the demon's lot,
For believe, but tremble not.
Enough of this.—Say, why this hoard
Thou deem'st at Rokeby castle stored;
Or think'st that Mortham would bestow
His treasure with his faction's foe?"2

Soon quench'd was Denzil's ill-timed mirth;
Rather he would have seen the earth
Give to ten thousand specerse birth,
Than venture to awake to fame
The deadly wrath of Rishment,
Submit he answer'd,—"Mortham's mind,
Thou know'st, to joy was ill inclined.
In youth, 'tis said, a gallant free,
A lusty reveller was he:
But since return'd from over sea,
A sullen and a silent mood
Hath numb'd the current of his blood,
Hence he refused each kindly call
To Rokeby's hospitable hall,
And our stout knight, at dawn of morn
Who loved to hear the bugle-horn,
Nor less, when eve his oaks embrowned,
To see the ruddy cup go round,
Took umbrage that a friend so near
Refused to share his chase and cheer;
Thus did the kindred barons jar,
Ere they divided in the war.
Yet, trust me, friend, Matilda fair,
Of Mortham's wealth is destined heir."3

"Destined to her! to you slight maid!
The prize my life had wellnigh paid,
When 'gainst Larche, by Cayo's wave,
I fought my patron's wealth to save!—
Denzil, I knew him long; yet ne'er
Knew him that joyous cavalier,
Whom youthful friends and early fame
Call'd soul of gallantry and game.
A moody man, he sought our crew,
Desparate and dark, whom no one knew;
And rise, as men with us must rise,
By scorning life and all its ties.
On each adventure rash he roved,
As danger for itself he loved;
On his sad brow nor mirth nor wine
Could e'er one wrinkled knot untwine;
Ill was the omen if he smiled.
For 'twas in peril stern and wild:
But when he laugh'd, each lickless mate
Might hold our fortune desperate.
Foremost he fought in every broil,
Then scornful tur'd him from the spoil;
Nay, often strove to bar the way
Between his comrades and their prey;
Preaching, even then, to such as we,
Hot with our dear-bought victory,
Of mercy and humanity.

"I loved him well—His fearless part,
His gallant leading, won my heart.
And after each victorious jet,
'Twas I that wrangled for his right,
Redeem'd his portion of the prey
That greedyer mates had turn'd away:
In field and storm thrice saved his life,
And once amid our comrades' strife.—2
Yes, I have loved thee! Well hath proved
My toil, my danger, how I loved!
Yet will I mourn no more thy fate,
Ingrate in life, in death ingrate.
Rise if thou canst" he look'd around,
And sternly stamp'd upon the ground—
"Rise, with thy bearing proud and high,
Even as this morn it met mine eye,
And give me, if thou darest, the lie!"4
He paused—then, calm and passion-free,
Bade Denzil with his tale proceed.

"Bertram, to thee I need not tell,
What thou hast cause to wot so well,
How Superstition's nets were twined
Around the Lord of Mortham's mind!
But since he drove thee from his tower,
A maid he found in Greta's bower,
Whose speech, like David's harp, had sway,
To charm his evil fiend away.
I know not if her features moved
Remembrance of the wife he loved;
But he would gaze upon her eye,
Till his mood soften'd to a sigh.
He, whom no living mortal sought
To question of his secret thought,
Now every thought and care confess'd
To his fair meek's faithful breast;
Nor was there aught of rich and rare,
In earth, in ocean, or in air,
But it must deck Matilda's hair.
Her love still bound him unto life;
But then awoke the civil strife.
And menials bore, by his commands,
Three coffers, with their iron bands,
From Mortham's vault, at midnight deep,
To her lone bower in Rokeby-Keep,
Ponderous with gold and plate of pride,
His gift, if he in battle died."5

"Then Denzil, as I guess, lays train,
These iron-banded chests to gain;
Else, wherefore should he hover here,
Where many a peril waits him near,
For all his feats of war and peace,
For plunder'd boors, and banks of grease?
Since through the hamlets as he fared,
What earth has Guy's marauding spared,
Or where the chase that hath not rung
With Denzil's bow, at midnight strung?
I hold my wont—my rangers go,
Even now to track a milk-white doe.
By Rokeby-hall she takes her lair,
In Greta wood she has a fair
And when my huntsman marks her way,
What think'st thou, Bertram, of the prey?
Were Rokeby's daughter in our power,
We rate her ransom at her dower."6
"This morn is merry June, I trow,  
The rose is budding fair;  
But she shall bloom in winter snow,  
Ere we two meet again."

He turn'd his charger as he spake,  
Upon the river shore,  
He gave his bridle-reams a shake,  
Said, "Adieu for evermore,  
My love  
And adieu for evermore."—

"What youth is this, your hand among,  
The best for minstrelsy and song!  
In his wild notes seem spily met  
A strain of pleasure and regret."—  
"Edmond" of Winston is his name;  
The hamlet soundeth with the same  
Of early hopes his childhood gave.  
Now center'd all in Braggall cave!  
I watch him well—his wayward course  
Shows oft a tincture of remorse.  
Some early love-choice greed his heart,  
And oft the scar will ache and smart.  
Yet is he useful;—of the rest,  
By fits, the darling and the jest,  
His harp, his story, and his lay,  
Oft and the idle hours away;  
When unemploy'd, each fiery mate  
Is ripe for mutinous debate.  
He tuned his strings e'en now—again  
He wakes them, with a blithter strain."—

"Still art thou Valour's venturous son!  
Yet ponder first the risk to run:  
The mementos of the castle, true,  
And stubborn to their charge, though few;  
The wall to scale—the moat to cross—  
The wicket—grate—the inner fossè"—  
"Fool! if we bleach for toys like these,  
On what fair guerdon can we seize?  
Our hardest venture, to explore  
Some wretched peasant's fenceless door,  
And the best prize we hear away,  
The earnings of his sordid day."—  
"A while thy hasty tam't forbear;  
In sight of road more sure and fair,  
Thou wouldst not choose, in blindfold wrath,  
Or wantonness, a desperate path!  
List, then,—for vantage or assault,  
From gilded vane to dungeon-vault,  
Each pass of Rokeby-hoose I know—  
There is one postern, dark and low,  
That issues at a secret spot,  
By most neglected or forgot.  
Now, could a spul of our train  
On fair pretext advance apace;  
That sally-port might be unbar'd:  
Then, vain were battlement and ward!"

"Now spenk'st thou well:—to me the same,  
If force or art shall urge the game;  
Indifferent, if like fox I wind,  
Or spring like tiger on the hind.  
But, bark! our merry-men so gay  
Troll forth another roundelay."—

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,  
A weary lot is thine!  
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
And press the rue for wine!  
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
A feather of the blue,  
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—  
No more of me you knew,  
My love!  
No more of me you knew.

1 See Appendix, Note 31.  
2 The ruins of Ravensworth Castle stand in the North Riding of Yorkshire, about three miles from the town of Richmond, and adjoining to the waste called the Forest of Arkingarth. It belonged originally to the powerful family of Fitz-Hugh, from whom it passed to the Lords Dacre of the South.  
3 See Appendix, Note 2 E.
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair
On the hill,
My harp quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still:
"Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent to pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry;
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

XXXI.

"Thou see'st that, whether sad or gay
Love mingles ever in his lay.
But when his boyish wayward fit
Is o'er, he hath address and wit;
O! 'tis a brain of fire, can ape
Each dialect, each various shape."

"Nay, then, to aid thy project, Guy—
Soft! who comes here?"—"My trusty spr.
Speak, Hamlin! hast thou lodged our deer?"

"I have—but two fair stars are near,
I watch'd her, as she slowly stray'd
From Egliston up Thorskill glade;
But Wilfrid Wyeliffe sought her side,
And then young Redmond, in his pride,
Shot down to meet them on their way:
Much, as it seem'd, was theirs to say:
There's time to pitch both tent and net,
Before their path be homeward set."

A hurried and a whisper'd speech
Did Bertram's will to Denzil teach;
Who, turning to the rubber band,
Bade four, the bravest, take the brand.

Kokelyn.

Canto Fourth.

I.

When Denmark's raven soar'd on high,
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,
'Till, hovering near, her fatal creak
Bade Reg'd's Britons dread the yoke,
And the broad shadow of her wing
Blacken'd each cataract and spring,
Where Tees in tumult leaves its source,
Thundering o'er Caldron and High-Forest;
Beneath the shade the Northmen came,
Fix'd on each vale a Runic name,
Rear'd high their altar's rugged stone,
And gave their Gods the land they won.
Then, Balder, one bleak garth was thine,
And one sweet brooklet's silver line,
And Woden's Croft did title gain
From the stern Father of the Slain;

But to the Monarch of the Mace,
That held in fight the foremost place,
To Odin's son, and Sif's and Thor's
Near Stratforth high they paid their vows,
Remember'd Thor's victorious fame,
And gave the dell the Thunderer's name.

II.

Yet Scald or Kemper err'd, I ween,
Who gave that soft and quiet scene,
With all its varied light and shade,
And every little sunny glade,
And the blithe brook that strolls along
Its pebbled bed with summer song,
To the grim God of blood and scar,
The grisly King of Northern War.
O, better were its banks assin'd
To spirits of a gentler kind!
For where the thicket-groups recede,
And the rath primrose decks the mead,
The velvet grass seems carpet meet
For the light fairies' lively feet.
You tufted knoll, with daisies strown,
Might make prince or Ossian a throne,
While, hidden in the thicket nigh,
Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly:
And where profuse the wood-vetch clings
Round ash and elm, in verdant rings,
Its pale and azure-pencill'd flower
Should canopy Titania's bower.

III.

Here rise no cliffs the vale to shade;
But, skirting every sunny glade,
In fair variety of green
The woodland lends its silvan screen.
Honry, yet haughty, frowns the oak,
Its boughs by weight of ages broke;
And towers erect, in sable spire,
The pine-tree scathed by lightning-fire;
The drooping ash and birch, between,
Hang their fair tresses o'er the green,
And all beneath at random grow
Each coppage dwarf of varied show,
Or, round the stems profusely twined,
Fling summer odours on the wind.

Such varied group Urbino's hand
Round Him of Tarsus nobly plann'd,
What time he bade proud Athens own
On Mars's Mount the God Unknown.
Then grey Philosophy stood nigh,
Though bent by age, in spirit high;
There rose the scar-seam'd veteran's spear,
There Grecian Beauty bent to hear.
While Childhood at her foot was placed,
Or dand'ng delighted to her waist.

IV.

"And rest we here," Matilda said,
And sat her in the varying shade.
"Chance-met, we well may steal an hour,
To friendship due, from fortune's power.
Thou, Wilfrid, ever kind, must lend
Thy counsel to thy sister-friend;
And, Redmond, thou, at my behest,
No further urge thy desperate quest.
For to my care a charge is left,
Dangerous to one of aid bereft;
Wellingh an orphan, and alone,
Captive her sire, her house o'erthrown."

1 See Appendix, Note 2 L.
2 Ibid, Note 2 M.
3 The Tees rises about the skirts of Crossfell, and falls over the cataracts named in the text before it leaves the
4 See Appendix, Note 2 N.
ROKEBY.

Wilfrid, with wonted kindness graced,
Beside her on the turf she placed;
Then paused, with downcast look and eye,
Nor bade young Redmound see him nigh.
Her conscious diffidence he saw,
Drew backward, as in modest awe,
And sat a little space removed.
Unmark'd to gaze on her he loved.

V.

Wreathed in its dark-brown rings, her hair
Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,
Half hid and half reveal'd to view
Her full dark eye of hazel hue.
The rose, with faint and feeble streak,
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
That you had said her hue was pale;
But if she faced the summer gale,
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
Or heard the praise of those she loved,
Or when of interest was express'd
Angst that waked feeling in her breast,
The mantling blood in ready play
Rival'd the blush of rising day.
There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That sinned well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye;
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resign'd;
'Tis that which Roman art has given,
To mark their maiden Queen of Heaven.
In hours of sport, that mood gave way
To Fancy's light and frolic play;
And when the dance, or tale, or song,
In harmless mirth sped time along,
But if her doating sire would call
Her Maid the merriest of them all.
But days of war and civil crime
Allowed not ill such festal time,
And her soft pensiveness of brow
Had deepen'd into sadness now.
In Mars on field her father ta'en,
Her friends dispersed, brave Mortham slain,
While every ill her soul foretold,
From Oswald's thirst of power and gold,
And boding thoughts that she must part
With a soft vision of her heart.
All lower'd around the lovely maid,
To darken her dejection's shade.

VI.

Who has not heard — while Erin yet
Strove 'gainst the Saxon's iron bit —
Who has not heard how brave O'Neale
In English blood imbrued his steel,
Agamnog's sons in the banners of his Tawny
To fiery Essex gave the foil,
And reign'd a prince on Ulster's soil?
But chief arose his victor pride,
When that brave Marshal fought and died,
And Avon-Duff to ocean bore
His billows red with Saxon gore.
'T was first in that disastrous fight,
Rokey and Mortham proved their might.
There had they fallen 'neath the morn,
But pity touch'd a chief's true breast; —
The Tawny he to great O'Neale; —
He check'd his followers' bloody zeal,
To quarter took the kinsmen bold.

And bore them to his mountain-hold,
Gave them each silvan joy to know,
Sieve-Domard's cliffs and woods could show,
Shared with them Erin's festive cheer,
Show'd them the chase of wolf and deer,
And, when a fitting time was come,
Safe and unransom'd sent them home,
Loaded with many a gift, to prove
A generous foe's respect and love.

VII.

Years speed away. On Rokey's head
Some touch of early snow was shed;
Calm he enjoy'd, by Gretta's wave.
The peace which James the Peaceful gave,
While Mortham, far beyond the main,
Waged his fierce wars on Indian Spain.
It chance'd upon a wintry night,
That white-en Stanmore's stormy height,
The chase was her, the stag was kill'd,
In Rokey-hall the cups were fill'd,
And by the huge stone chimney sate
The knight in hospitable state.
Moonless the sky, the hour was late,
When a loud summons shook the gate,
And scone for entrance and for aid
A voice of foreign accent pr'y'd.
The porter answer'd to the call,
And instanter fell'd into the hall.
A Man, whose aspect and attire
Startled the circle by the fire.

VIII.

His plaited hair in elf-locks spread
Around his bare and matted head;
On leg and thigh, close stretch'd and trim,
His vesture show'd the snowy limb;
In saffron dyed, a linen vest
Was frequent fold'd round his breast;
A mantle long and loose he wore,
Stingy with ice, and stain'd with gore.
He clasp'd a burden to his heart,
And, resting on a knotted dart,
The snow from hair and beard he shook,
And round him gazed with wilder'd look.
Then up the hall, with staggering pace,
He haste'n'd by the blaze to place,
Half lifeless from the bitter air,
In joy, a Boy of beauty rare.
To Rokey, next, he loiter'd low,
Then stood erect his tale to show,
With wild majestic port and tone,
Like envoy of some barharous throne.
Sir Richard, Lord of Rokey, hear!
Turlough O'Neale salutes thee dear!
He graces thee, and to thy care,
Young Redmound gives, his grandson fair.
He bids thee bless him as thy son,
For Turlough's days of joy are done;
And other lords have seiz'd his land,
And faint and feeble is his hand;
And all the glory of Tyrone
Is like a morning vapour flown.
To bind the duty on thy soul,
He bids thee think on Erin's bowl.
If any wrong the young O'Neale,
He bids thee think of Erin's steel.
To Mortham first this charge was due,
But, in his absence, honours you. —
Now is my master's message by,
And Ferraught will contented die.
IX.
His look grew fix'd, his cheek grew pale,
He sunk when he had told his tale;
For, hid beneath his mantle wide,
A mortal wound was in his side.
Vain was all aid—in terror wild,
And sorrow, scream'd the orphan Child.
Poor Ferragut raised his wistful eyes,
And faintly strove to soothe his cries;
All reckless of his dying pain,
He hasted and blessed him o'er again!
And kiss'd the little hands outspread,
And kiss'd and cross'd the infant head,
And, in his native tongue and phrase,
Pray'd to each saint to watch his days;
Then all his strength together drew,
The charge to Rokeby to renew.
When half was falter'd from his breast,
And half by dying signs express'd,
"Bless the O'Neale!" he faintly said,
And thus the faithful spirit died.

X.
'T was long ere soothing might prevail
Upon the Child to end the tale;
And then he said, that from his home
His grandsire had been forced to roam,
Which had not been if Redmond's hand
Had but had strength to draw the brand,
The brand of Lennagh More the Red.
That hung beside the grey wolf's head.—
'T was from his broken phrase descried,
His foster-father was his guide,1
Who, in his charge, from Ulster bore
Letters and gifts a goodly store;
But ruffians met them in the wood,
Ferragut in battle boldly stood,
Till wounded and o'erpowered at length,
And strip'd of all, his failing strength
Just bore him here—and then the child
Renew'd again his moaning wild.

XI.
The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
With laughter and tearing summer breezes by,
And waves the bough, the flower is dry.
Won by their care, the orphan Child
Soon on his new protector smiled,
With dimpled cheek and eye so fair,
Through his thick curls of flaxen hair,
But blindest laugh'd that cheek and eye,
When Rokeby's little Maid was nigh;
'I was his, with elder brother's pride,
Matilda's tottering steps to guide;
His native lays in Irish knurze,
To sooth her infant ear he sung,
And primrose twined with daisy fair,
To form a chaplet for her hair.
By lawn, by grove, by brooklet's strand,
The children still were hand in hand,
And good Sir Richard smiling eyed
The early knot so kindly tied.

XII.
But summer months bring wilding shoot
From bud to bloom, from bloom to fruit:
And years draw on our human span,
From child to boy, from boy to man;
And soon in Rokeby's woods is seen
A gallant boy in hunter's green.

He loves to wake the felon boar,
In his dark haunt on Greta's shore,
And loves, against the deer so dawd,
To draw the shaft, or lift the gun:
Yet more he loves, in autumn prime,
The hazel's spreading boughs to climb,
And down its cluster'd stores to hail,
Where young Matilda holds her veil.
And she, whose veil receives the shower,
Is alter'd too, and knows her power;
 Assumes a monitor's pride.
Her Redmond's dangerous sports to chide;
Yet listen still to hear him tell
How the grim wild-boar fought and fell,
How at his fall the bugle rung,
Till rock and Greenwood answer flung;
Then blesses her, that man can find
A pastime of such savage kind!

XIII.
But Redmond knew to weave his tale
So well with praise of wood and dale,
And knew so well each point to trace,
Gives living interest to the chase,
And knew so well o'er all to throw
His spirit's wild romance and flow,
That, while she blamed, and while she fear'd,
She loved each venturous tale she heard.
Oft, too, when drifted snow and rain
To bower and hall their steps restrain,
Together they explored the page
Of glowing hard or gifted sage;
Oft, placed the evening fire beside,
The minstrel art alternate tried,
While gladsome harp and lively lay
Faded winter-night fell fast away:
Thus, from their childhood, blending still
Their sport, their study, and their skill,
An union of the soul they prove,
But must not think that it was love,
But though they dared not, envious Fame
Soon dared to give that union name,
And when so often, side by side,
From year to year the pair they sere,
She sometimes blamed her faithless Knight,
As dull of ear and dim of sight,
Sometimes his purpose would declare,
That young O'Neale should wed his heir.

XIV.
The suit of Wilfrid rent disguise,
And bandage from the lovers' eyes;
"I was plain that Oswald, for his son,
Had Rokeby's favour welling won.
Now must they meet with change of cheer,
With mutual looks of shame and fear;
Now must Matilda stray apart,
To school her disobedient heart.
And Redmond now alone must rue
The love he never can subdue.
But factions rose, and Rokeby aware,
No rebel's son should wed his heir;
And Redmond, nurtured while a child
In many a bard's traditions wild,
Now sought the lonely rock and stream,
To cherish there a happier dream,
Of maiden won by sword or lance,
As in the regions of romance;
Yet live the heroes of his line,
Great Nial of the Pledges Nine,2
Shane-Dymas2 wild, and Geraldine.4

1 See Appendix, Note 2 T. 2 Ibid, Note 3 U.
3 See Appendix, Note 9 V. 4 Ibid, Note 2 W.
And Conman-more, who vow'd his race
For ever to the fight and chase,
And cursed him, of his lineage born,
Should sheathe the sword to reap the corn,
Or leave the mountain and the wold,
To shroud himself in castled hold.
From such examples hope he drew,
And brighten'd as the trumpet blew.

XV.

If brides were won by heart and blade,
Redmond had both his cause and aid,
And all beside of nurture rare
That might be seem a banon's heir.
Turlough O'Neale, in Erin's stride,
On Redoby's Lord bestow'd his life,
And well did Redoby's generous Knight
Young Redmond for the deed requite.

Nor was his liberal care and cost
Upon the gallant striping lost:
Seek the North-Riding breadth and wide,
Like Redmond's name could steed bestride;
From Tynemouth search to Cumberland,
Like Redmond none could wield a brand;
And then, of honour kind and free,
And bearing him to each degree
With frank and fearless courtesy,
There never youth was form'd to steal
Upon the heart like brave O'Neale.

XVI.

Sir Richard loved him as his son;
And when the days of peace were done,
And to the gates of war he gave
The banner of his sires to wave,
Redmond, distinguish'd by his care,
He chose that honour'd flag to bear,
And named his page, the next degree,
In that old time, to chivalry
In five pitch'd fields he well maintain'd
The honour'd place his worth obtain'd,
And high was Redmond's youthful name
Blaz'd in the roll of martial fame.

But fortune smiled on Marston fight,
The eve had seem him dubb'd a knight;
 Twice, 'mid the battle's doubtful strife,
Of Redoby's Lord he save the life,
But when he saw him prisoner made,
He kiss'd and then resign'd his blade,
And yielded him an easy prey
To those who led the Knight away;
Resolved Matilda's sire should prove
In prison, as in fight, his love.

XVII.

When lovers meet in adverse hour,
'Tis like a sun-glimpse through a shower,
A watery ray, an instant seen
The darkly closing clouds between.

As Redmond on the turf reclined,
The past and present fill'd his mind:
"It was not thus," Affection said,
"I dream'd of our return, dear maid!"

But alas! when from thy trembling hand,
I took the banner and the brand,
When round me, as the bugles blew,
Their swords three hundred warriors drew,
And, while the standard I unfurl'd,
Clash'd their bright arms, with glamour bold.
Where is that banner now!—its pride
Lies 'whelm'd in Ouse's sullen tide!

Where now these warriors—in their gore,
They cumber Marston's dismal Moor.

And what avail a useless brand,
Held by a captive's shackled hand?
That only would his life retain,
To aid thy sire to bear his chain!"

Thus Redmond to himself apart;
Nor lighter was his rival's heart;
For Wilfrid, while his generous soul
Disdained to profit by control,
By many a sign could mark too plain,
Save with such aid, his hopes were vain.—
But now Matilda's accents stole
On the dark visions of their soul,
And bade their mournful musings fly,
Like mist before the zephyr's sigh.

XVIII.

"I need not to my friends recall,
How Mortham shunn'd my father's hall;
A man of silence and of woe,
Yet ever anxious to bestow
On my poor self whate'er could prove
A kinsman's confidence and love.
My feeble aid could sometimes chase
The clouds of sorrow for a space:
But oftener, fix'd beyond my power,
I mark'd his deep despondence lower.
One dismal cause, by all unguess'd,
His fearful confidence confess'd;
And twice it was my hap to see
Examples of that agony,
Which for a season can o'erstrain
And wreck the structure of the brain.
He had the awful power to know
The approaching mental overthrow,
And while his mind had courage yet
To struggle with the dreadful fit,
The victim writhed against its throes,
Like wretch beneath a murderer's blows.
This malady, I well could mark,
Sprung from some direful cause and dark;
But still he kept its source conceal'd,
Till arming for the civil field;
Then in my charge he bade me hold
A treasure hage of gems and gold,
With this disjointed dismal scroll,
That tells the secret of his soul,
In such wild words as oft betray
A mind by anguish forced astray."—

XIX.

"Matilda! thou hast seen me start,
As if a dagger thrill'd my heart,
When it has hap'd some casual phrase
Waked memory of my former days.
Believe, that few can backward cast
Their thoughts with pleasure on the past:
But I,—my youth was rash and vain,
And blood and rage my m'hood stain,
And my gray hairs must now descend
To my old grandsire's friend and friend;
Even thou, Matilda, wilt disown
Thy kinsman, when his guilt is known.
And must I lift the bloody veil,
That hides my dark and fatal tale!
I must—I will—Pall phantom, cease!
Leave me one little hour in peace!
Thus haunted, think'st thou I have skill
Thine own commission to fulfil!"
Or, while thou point'st with gesture fierce,
Thy blighted cheek, thy bloody hearse,
How can I paint thee as thou wert,
So fair in face, so warm in heart!

XX.

"Yes, she was fair!—Matilda, thou
Hast a soft sadness on thy brow;
But hers was like the sunny glow,
That laughs on earth and all below!
We wedded secret—there was need—
Differing in country and in creed;
And, when to Mortham's tower she came,
We mention'd not her race and name,
Unto them she was who fought for home,
Should turn him home from foreign war
On whose kind influence we relied
To soothe her father's ire and pride.
Few months we lived retired, unknown,
To all but one dear friend alone,
One darling friend—I spare his shame,
I will not write the villain's name!
My trespasses I might forget,
And sue in vengeance for the debt
Due by a brother worm to me,
Ungrateful to God's clemency,
That spared me penitential time,
Nor cut me off amid my crime—

XXI.

"A kindly smile to all she lent,
But on her husband's friend 'twas bent
So kind, that from its harmless gleam,
The wre'lch misconstrued villainy.
Reposed in his presumptuous love,
A 'vengeful snare the traitor wove.
Alone we sat—the flask had flow'd,
My blood with heat unwo'nt glowed,
When through the alley walked we spied
With hurried step my Edith glide,
Cowering beneath the verdant screen,
As one unwilling to be seen.
Words cannot paint the fiendish smile,
That curl'd the traitor's cheek the while;
Fiercely I question'd of the cause;
He made a cold and artful pause,
Then pray'd it might not chill my mood—
'There was a gallant in the wood!'
We had been shooting at the deer;
My cross-bow (evil chance!) was near:
That ready weapon of my wrath
I caught, and, hastening up the path,
In the yew grove my wife I found,
A stranger's arms her neck had bound!
I mark'd his heart—the bow I drew
I loosed the shaft—'twas more than true!
I found my Edith's dying charms
Lock'd in her murder'd brother's arms!
He came in secret to enquire
Her state, and reconcile her sire.

XXII.

"All fled my race—the villain first,
Whose craft my jealousy had nursed;
He sought in fair and foreign clime
To 'scape the vengeance of his crime.
The manner of the slaughter done
Was known to few, my guilt to none;
Some tale my faithful steward framed—
I know not what—of shaft misgend;
And even from those the act who knew,
He hid the hand from which it flew.

Untouch'd by human laws I stood,
But God had heard the cry of blood!
There is a blank upon my mind,
A fearful vision ill-defined,
Of raving till my flesh was torn,
Of dungeon-bolts and fetters worn—
And when I waked to woes more mild,
And question'd of my infant child—
(Have I not written, that she bare
A boy, like summer morning fair?)—
With looks confused my mem'rai tell
That armed men in Mortham dell
Blest the nurse's evening way,
And bore her, with her charge, away.
My faithless friend, and none but he,
Could profit by this villany;
Him then, I sought, with purpose dread
Of treble vengeance on his head!
He 'scaped me—but my bosom's wound
Some faint relief from wandering found;
And over distant land and sea
I bore my load of misery.

XXIII.

"'Twas then that fate my footsteps led
Among a daring crew and dread,
With whom full oft my hated life
I ventured in such desperate strife,
That even my heart was dispossess'd;
My fraticidal deeds with doubt and awe.
Much then I learned, and much can show,
Of human guilt and human woe,
Yet ne'er have, in my wanderings, known
A wretch, whose sorrows match'd my own!—
It chanced, that after battle fray,
Upon the bloody field we lay;
The yellow moon her lustre shed
Upon the wretched and the dead.
While, sense in toil and wassail drown'd,
My ruffian comrades slept around,
There came a voice—its silver tone
Was soft, Matilda, as thine own—
'Ah, wretch!' it said, 'what makest thou here,
While avenged my bloody bier,
While unprotected lives mine heir,
Without a father's name and care?'

XXIV.

"I heard—obey'd—and homeward drew;
The fiercest of our desperate crew
I brought at time of need to aid
My purposed vengeance, long delay'd.
But, humble be my thanks to Heaven,
That better hopes and thoughts has given,
And by our Lord's dear prayer has taught,
Mercy by mercy must be bought!—
Let me in misery rejoice—
I've seen his face—I've heard his voice—
I claim'd of him my only child—
As he disown'd the theft, he smiled!
That very calm and calling look,
That fiendish sneer his visage took;
As when he said, in scornful mood,
'There is a gallant in the wood!'
I did not slay him as he stood—
All praise be to my Maker given!
Long suffrance is one path to heaven.

XXV.

Thus far the woful tale was heard,
When something in the thicket stirr'd,
Up Redmond sprung; the villain Guy,
(For he it was that lurk'd so nigh,)
Drew back—he durst not cross his steel
A moment's space with brave O'Neale,
For all the treasured gold that rests
In Northumb's iron-handed chests.
Redmond resumed his seat;—he said,
Some roe was rustling in the shade.
Bertram laugh'd grimly when he saw
His limousine comrade backward draw;
"A trusty mate art thou, to fear
A single arm, and aid so near!
Yet have I seen thee mark a deer.
Give me thy carbine—I'll show
An art that thou wilt gladly know,
How thou may'st safely quell a foe."

XXVI.
On hands and knees fierce Bertram drew
The spreading bough and hazels through
'Till he had Redmond full in view;
The gun he level'd—Mark like this
Was Bertram never known to miss,
When fair oppos'd to aim there sate
An object of his mortal hate.
That day young Redmond's death had seen,
But twice Matilda came between
The carbine and Redmond's breast,
Just ere the spring his finger press'd.
A deadly oath the ruffian swore,
But yet his fell design forbore:
"It ne'er," he mutter'd, "shall be said,
That thus I seath thee, haughty maid!"
Then moved to seek more open aim,
When to his side Guy Denzel came;
"Bertram, forbear!—we are undone
For ever, if thou fire the gun.
By the fiends, an armed face
Descends the dell, of foot and horse!
We perish if they hear a shot!—
Madman! we have a safer plot—
Nay, friend, be ruled, and bear thee hack!
Behold, down yonder hollow track.
The warlike leader of the band
Comes, with his broadsword in his hand.
Bertram look'd up; he saw, he knew
The story of his foe, and counsel'd true,
Then cursed his fortune and withdrew,
Threaded the woodlands undescribed,
And gain'd the cave on Greta side.

XXVII.
They whom dark Bertram, in his wrath,
Doomed to captivity or death,
Their thoughts to one sad subject lent,
Saw not nor heard the ambushment.
Heedless and unconcern'd they sate,
While on the very verge of fate;
Heedless and unconcern'd remain'd,
When Heaven the murderer's arm restrain'd;
As ships drift darkling down the tide,
Nor see the shadows o'er which they glide.
Uninterrupted thus they heard
What Mortham's closing tale declaim'd
He spoke of wealth as of a load,
By Fortune on a wretch bestow'd,
in bitter mockery of fate.
His curseless woes to aggravate;
But yet he pray'd Matilda's care
Might save that treasure for his heir—
His Edith's son—for still he raved
As confident his life was saved;
In frequent vision, he aver'd;
He saw his face, his voice he heard;
Then argued calm—had murder been,
The blood, the corpses, had been seen;

Some had pretended, too, to mark
On Windermere a stranger bark,
Whose crew, with jealous care, yet mild,
Guarded a female and a child.
While these faint proofs he told and press'd,
Hope seem'd to kindle in his breast;
Though inconsistent, vague, and vain,
It warp'd his judgment, and his brain.

XXVIII.
These solemn words his story close—
"Heaven witness for me, that I chose
My part in this sad civil fight, tellers,
Moved by no cause but England's right.
My country's groans had bid me draw
My sword for gospel and for law;—
These righted, I fling arms aside,
And seek my son through Europe wide.
My wealth, on which a kinsman grieves
Already cas's a grasping eye,
With thee may unsuspect'd lie.
When of my death Matilda hears,
Let her retain her trust three years;
If none, from me, the treasure claim,
Perish'd is Mortham's race and name.
Then let it leave her generous hand,
And flow in bounty o'er the land:
Soften the wounded prisoner's lot,
Rebuild the peasant's ruin'd cot;
So spoils, acquired by flight afar,
Shall mitigate domestic war."

XXIX.
The generous youths, who well had known
Of Mortham's mind the powerful tone,
To that high mind, by sorrow swerved,
Gave sympathy his woes deserved:
But Wilfrid chief, who saw reveal'd
Why Mortham wish'd his life conceal'd,
In secret, doubtless, to pursue
The schemes his wilder'd fancy drew.
Thoughtful he heard Matilda tell,
That she should share her father's cell,
His partner of captivity,
Where'er his prison-house should be;
Yet grieved to think that Rokeby-hall,
Dismantled, and forsook by all,
Open to rapine and to stealth,
Had now no safe-guard for the wealth
Intrusted by her kinsman kind,
And for such noble use design'd.
"Was Barnard Castle then her choice,"
Wilfrid enquired with hasty voice.
"Since she is the victor's laws ordain,
Her father must a space remain?"
A flutter'd hope his accents shook,
A flutter'd joy was in his look.
Matilda hasten'd to reply,
For anger flash'd in Redmond's eye;—
"Duty," she said, with gentle grace,
"Kind Wilfrid, has no choice of place;
Else had I for my sire assign'd
Prison less gallant to his mind,
Than that his wild-wood haunts which sees
And hears the murmurs of the Trees.
Recalling thus, with every glance,
What captive sorrow can enhance;
But where those woes are inmost, there
Needs Rokeby most his daughter's care."

XXX.
He felt the kindly check she gave,
And stood at last—then answer'd grave:—
"I sought thy purpose, noble maid,
Thy doubts to clear, thy schemes to aid
I have beneath mine own command,
So wils my sure, a gallant hand.
And well could send some horseman wight
To bear the treasure forth by night,
And so bestow it as you deem
In these ill days may safest seem"—
"Thanks, gentle Wilfrid, thanks," she said:
"O, be it not one day delay'd!
And, more, thy sister-friend to aid,
Be thou thyself content to hold,
In thine own keeping, Mortiam's gold,
Safest with thee."—While thus she spoke,
Arm'd soldiers on their converse broke,
The same of whose approach afraid,
The ruffians left their ambuscade.
Their chief to Wilfrid bended low,
Then look'd around as for a foe.
"What mean'st thou, friend," young Wycliffe said,
"Why thus in arms beset the glade!"—
"That would I gladly learn from you;
For up my squadron as I drew,
To exercise our martial game
Upon the moor of Barningham,
A stranger told you were waylay'd,
Surrounded, and to death betray'd.
He had a leader's voice, I ween,
A falcon glance, a warrior's men.
He bade me bring you instant aid;
I doubted not, and I obey'd."—

XXXI.

Wilfrid changed colour, and, amazed,
Torn'd short, and on the speaker gazed;
While Redmond every thicker round
Track'd earnest as a questing hound,
And Denzil's carantine he found;
Sure evidence, by which they knew
The warning was as kind as true.
Wisest it seem'd, with cautious speed
To leave the dell. It was agreed,
That Redmond, with Matilda fair,
And fitting guard, should home repair;
At nightfall Wilfrid should attend,
With a strong band, his sister-friend,
To bear with her from Rokey's bowers
To Barnard Castle's lofty towers,
Secret and safe the hallowed chests,
In which the wealth of Mortiam rests.
This hasty purpose fix'd, they part,
Each with a grieved and anxious heart.

**Rokey.**

**Canto Fifth.**

I.
The sultry summer day is done,
The western hills have had the sun,
But mountain peak and village spire
Retain reflection of his fire.
Old Barnard's towers are purple still,
To those that gaze from Toller-hill:
Distant and high, the tower of Bowes
Like steel upon the anvil glow'd;
And Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay,
Rich with the spoils of parting day.

In crimson and in gold array'd,
Streaks yet a while the closing shade,
Then slow resigns to darkening heaven
The tints which brighter hours had given.
Thus aged men, full loth and slow,
The vanities of life forego,
And count their youthful follies o'er
Till Memory lends her light no more.

II.
The eve, that slow on upland fades,
Has darker closed on Rokey's glades,
Where, sunk within their banks profound,
Her guardian streams to meeting wound.
The stately oaks, whose sombre brow
Of noontide made a twilight brown,
Impervious now to fainter light,
Of twilight make an early night.
Hoarse into middle air aros,
The vespers of the rooings crows,
And with congenial murmurs seem
To wake the Genius of the stream;
For louder clamber'd Greta's tide,
And Tees in deeper voice replied,
And fitful waked the evening wind,
Fitful in sighs its breath resign'd.
Wilfrid, whose fauny-nurtured soul
Felt in the scene a soft control,
With lighter footsteps press'd the ground,
And often paused to look around;
And, though his path was to his love,
Could not but linger in the grove,
To drink the thrilling interest dear,
Of awful pleasure check'd by fear.
Such inconsistent moods have we,
Even when our passions strike the key.

III.

Now, through the wood's dark mazes past,
The opening lawn he reach'd at last,
Where, silver'd by the moonlight ray,
The ancient Hall before him lay.
Those martial terrors long were fled,
That frown'd of old around its head:
The battlements, the turrets grey,
Seem'd half abandon'd to decay; ¹
On barbican and keep of stone
Stern Time the foeman's work had done.
Where banners that the invader brav'd,
The barebell now and wallflower wavi'd;
In the rude guard-room, where of yore
Their weary hours the warders wore,
Now, while the cheerful fagots blaze,
On the paved floor the spindle plays;
The flanking guns dismounted lie,
The meat is ruminous and dry,
The grim portcullis gone—and all
The fortress turn'd to peaceful Hall.

IV.

But yet precautions, lately ta'en,
Show'd danger's day revived again;
The court-yard wall show'd marks of care.
The fall'n defences to repair,
Lending such strength as might withstand
The insult of marauding band.
The boxes once more were taught to bear
The trebling drawbridge into air,
And not, till question'd o'er and o'er,
For Wilfrid spied the jealous do r,
And when he entered, bolt and bar
Resumed their place with sullen jar;

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 Z.
Then, as he cross'd the vaulted porch,
The old grey porter raised his torch,
And view'd him o'er, from foot to head.
Ere to the hall his steps he led.
That hazy old hall, of knightly state,
Dismantled seem'd and desolate.
The moon through transom-shafts of stone,
Which cross'd the lattice oriel, shone,
And by the mournful light she gave,
The Gothic vault seem'd funeral cave.
Pennon and banner waved no more
O'er beams of stag and tasks of boar,
Nor glimmering arms were marshall'd seen,
To glance those silvan spoils between.
Those arms, those ensigns, home away,
Accomplish'd Rokey's brave array,
But all were lost on Marston's day!
Yet here and there the moonbeams fall
Where armour yet adores the wall,
Cumbrous of size, uncouth to sight,
And useless in the modern fight!
Like veteran relic of the wars,
Known only by neglected scars.

V.
Matilda soon to greet him came,
And bade them light the evening flame;
Said, all for parting was prepared,
And tarried but for Wilfrid's guard.
But then, reluctant to unfold
His father's avarice of gold,
He hinted, that lest jealous eye
Should on their precious burden pry,
He judged it best the castle gate
To enter when the night wore late;
And therefore he had left command
With those he trusted of his band,
That they should be at Rokey met,
And with the shade of midnight-bench was set.
Now Redmond came, whose anxious care
Till then was busied to prepare
All needful, meetly to arrange
The mansion for its mournful change.
With Wilfrid's care and kindness pleased,
His cold unready hand he seized,
And press'd it, till his kindly strain
The gentle youth returned again.
Seem'd as between them this was said,
"A while let jealousy be dead:
And let our contest be, whose care
Shall best assist this helpless fair."

VI.
There was no speech the truce to bind,
It was a compact of the mind,—
A generous thought, at once impress'd
On either rival's generous breast.
Matilda well the secret took,
From sudden change of mien and look;
And—for not small had been her fear
Of jealous ire and danger near—
Felt, even in her dejected state,
A joy beyond the reach of fate.
They closed beside the chimney's blaze,
And talk'd, and hoped for happier days,
And lent their spirits' rising glow
A while to gild impending woe;—
High privilege of youthful time,
Worth all the pleasures of our prime!
The bickerung fagot sparkled bright,
And gave the scene of love to sight,
Bade Wilfrid's cheek more lively glow,
Play'd on Matilda's neck of snow,
Her nut-brown curls and forehead high,
And laugh'd in Redmond's azure eye.
Two lovers by the maiden sate,
Without a glance of jealous hate;
The maid her lovers sat between,
With open brow and equal mien;—
It is a sight but rarely view'd,
Thanks to man's wrath and woman's pride.

VII.
While thus in peaceful guise they sate,
A knock alarm'd the outer gate,
And ere the tardy porter stirr'd,
The tinkling of a harp was heard.
A manly voice of mellow swell,
Bore burden to the music well.

SONG.
"Summer eve is gone and past,
Summer dew is falling fast;
I have wander'd all the day,
Do not bid me farther stray!
Gentle hearts, of gentle kin,
Take the wandering harper in!"

But the stern porter answer gave,
With "'Tis thee hence, thou strolling knave!
The king wants soldiers; war, I trow,
Were meeter trade for such as thou."
At this unkind reproof, again
Answer'd the ready Minstrel's strain.

SONG RESUMED.
"Bid not me, in battle-field,
Buckler lift, or broadsword wield!
All my strength and all my art
Is to touch the gentle heart,
With the wizard notes that ring
From the peaceful minstrel-string."—
The porter, all unmoved, replied,—
"Depart in peace, with Heaven to guide;
If longer by the gate thou dwell,
Trust me, thou shalt not part so well."

VIII.
With somewhat of appealing look,
The harper's part young Wilfrid took:
"These notes so wild and ready thrill,
They show no vulgar minstrel's skill;
Hard were his task to seek a home
More distant, since the night is gone;
And for his faith I dare engage—
Your Harpool's blood is sour'd by age,
His gate, once redly display'd,
To greet the friend, the poor to aid,
Now even to me, though known of old,
Dul but reluctantly unfold."—
"O blame not, as poor Harpool's crime,
An evil of this evil time.
He deems dependent on his care
The safety of his patron's heir,
Nor judges meet to ope the tower
To guests unknown at parting hour,
Urging his duty to excess
Of rough and stubborn faithfulness.
For this poor harper, I would fain
He may relax:—Hark to his strain!"—

IX.
SONG RESUMED.
"I have song of war for knight,
Lay of love for lady bright,
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Fairy tale to hull the heir,
Goblin grim the maids to scare.
Dark the night, and long till day,
Do not bid me further stray!

"Rokeby's lords of martial fame,
I can count them name by name;" 1
Legends of their line there be,
Known to few, but known to me;
My ears' glad home is prostrate laid,
Their vassals wander wide and far,
Serve foreign lords in distant war,
And now the stranger's sons enjoy
The lovely woods of Clandeboy!"
He spoke, and proudly turn'd aside,
The starting tear to dry and hide.

X.

Matilda smiled; "Cold hope," said she,
"From Harpooll's love of minstrelsy!
But, for this harper, may we dare,
Redmond, to mend his cough and fare?"
"O, ask me not!—At minstrel-string
My heart from infancy would spring;
Nor can I hear its simplest strain,
But it brings Erin's dream again,
When placed by Owen Lysaght's knee,
The Flora of O'Neale was he,
A blind and bearded man, whose eld
Was sacred as a prophet's hold,
I've seen a ring of rugged kerne,
With aspects shaggy, wild, and stern,
Enchanted by the master's lay,
Linger around the livelong day,
Shift from wild rage to wilder gleam,
To love, to grief, to ecstacy,
And feel each varied change of soul
Obedient to the bard's control—
Ah, Clandeboy! thy friendly floor
Sleive-Donard's oak shall light no more;" 4
Nor Owen's harp, beside the blaze,
Tell maiden's love, or hero's praise!
The mantling brambles hide thy hearth,
Centre of hospitable mirth;
All distinguish'd in the glade,
My ears' glad home is prostrate laid,
Their vassals wander wide and far,
Serve foreign lords in distant war,
And now the stranger's sons enjoy
The lovely woods of Clandeboy!"

-XI.

Matilda's dark and soften'd eye
Was elstening ere O'Neale's was dry.
Her hand upon his arm she laid,—
"It is the will of heaven," she said.
"And think'st thou, Redmond, I can part
From this loved home with lightsome heart,
Leaving to wild neglect whate'er
Even from my infancy was dear?
For in this calm domestic bound
Were all Matilda's pleasures found.
That hearth, my sire was wont to grace,
Full soan may be a stranger's place;
This hall, in which a child I play'd,
Like thine, dear Redmond, lowly laid.
The bramble and the thorn may brand;
Or, pass'd for awe from me and mine,
It never may shelter Rokeby's line.
Yet is this consolation given,
My Redmond,—'tis the will of heaven.
Her word, her action, and her praise,
Were kindly as in early days;
For aid reserve had lost its power
In sorrow's sympathetic hour.
Young Redmond dared not trust his voice;
But rather had it been his choice
To share that melancholy hour,
Than, arm'd with all a chieftain's power,
In full possession to enjoy
Sleive-Donard wide, and Clandeboy.

XII.

The blood left Wilfrid's ashen cheek;
Matilda sees, and hastens to speak—
"Happy in friendship's ready aid,
Let all my murmurs here he said!
And Rokeby's Maiden will not part
From Rokeby's hall with woody heart.
This night at least, for Rokeby's fame,
The hospitable hearth's fame,
And ere its native heir retire,
Find for the wanderer rest and fire.
While this poor harper, by the blaze,
Recounts the tale of other days.
But Harpooll ope the door with speed,
Admit him, and relieve each need—
Meantime, kind Wychiffe, wilt thou try
Thy minstrel skill!—Nay, no reply—
And look not sad!—I guess thy thought,
Thy verse with laurels would be bought;
And poor Matilda, wantless now,
Has not a garland for thy brow.
True, I must leave sweet Rokeby's glades,
Nor wander more in Greta shades;
But sure, no rigid jailor, thou
Wilt a short prison-walk allow.
Where summer flowers grow wild at will,
On Marwood-chase and Toller Hill;
Then boldly green and lily gay
Shall twine in garden of thy lay."
The mournful youth, a space aside,
To tune Matilda's harp applied;
And then a low sad descant rung,
As prelude to the lay he sung.

XIII.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

O, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!

1 See Appendix, Note 3 A. 2 Ibid, Note 3 B. 3 See Appendix, Note 3 C. 4 Ibid, Note 3 D.
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And, silenced on Iernian shore,
M'Curtin's harp should charm no more l
To lively mood he spoke, to bile
From Wilfrid's wo'ern cheek a smile.

"But," said Matilda, "ere thy name,
Good Redmond, gain its destined fame,
Say, wilt thy kindly deign to call
Thy brother-minstrel to the hall l
Bid all the household, too, attend,
Each in his rank a humble friend,
To know their faithful lover will grieve,
When their poor Mistress takes her leave;
So let the horn and beaker flow
To mitigate their parting woe."

The harper came;—in youth's first prime
Himself; in mode of olden time
His garb was fashion'd, to express
The ancient English minstrel's dress, a
A seemly gown of Kendal green,
With girdle-closed of silver sheen;
His harp in silken sheath was stung,
And by his side an anlace hung.
It seem'd some masquer's quaint array,
For revel or for holiday.

XVI.

He made obeisance with a free
Yet studied air of courtesy.
Each look and accent, framed to please,
Seem'd to affect a playful air;
His face was of that doubtful kind,
That wins the eye, but not the mind;
Yet harsh it seem'd to deem amiss
Of brow so young and smooth as this.
His was the subtle look and sly
That, spying all, seems nought to spy;
Round all the group his glances stole,
Unmark'd themselves, to mark the whole.
Yet sunk beneath Matilda's look,
Nor could the eye of Redmond brook.
To the suspicious, or the old,
Subtle and dangerous and bold
Had seem'd this self-invited guest;
But young our lovers,—and the rest,
Wrait in their sorrow and their fear
At parting of their Mistress dear,
Tear-blinded to the Castle-hall.
Came as to bear her funeral path.

XVII.

All that expression base was gone,
When waked the guest his minstrel tone
It fled at inspiration's call,
As erst the demon fled from Saul.4
More noble glance he cast around,
More free-drawn breath inspired the sound,
His pulse beat bolster and as high,
In all the pride of minstrelsy!
Abus! too soon that pride was o'er,
Sunk with the lay that made it soar!
His soul resumed, with habit's chain,
Its vices wild and follies vain,
And gave the talent, with him born.
To be a common curse and scorn.
Such was the youth whom Rokeby's Maid,
With condescending kindness, prey'd

1 Drummond of Hawthorned was in the zenith of his reputation as a poet during the Civil Wars. He died in 1649.
2 See Appendix, Note 3 E.
3 Ibid., Note 3 F.
4 "But the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him."—1 Samuel, chaps. XVI, 14, 17, 23.
Here to renew the strains she loved,  
At distance heard and well approved.

**XVIII.**

**SONG.**

**THE HARPI**

I was a wild and wayward boy,  
My childhood scorn'd each childish toy,  
Retired from all, reserved and coy,  
To musing prone,  
I wou'd my solitary joy,  
My Harp alone.  

My youth, with bold Ambition's mood,  
Despised the humble stream and wood,  
Where my poor father's cottage stood,  
To fame unknown:—  
What should my soaring views make good?  
My Harp alone!  

Love came with all his frantic fire,  
And wild romance of vain desire:  
The baron's daughter heard my lyre,  
And praised the tone;—  
What could presumptuous hope inspire?  
My Harp alone!  

At manhood's touch the bubble burst,  
And manhood's pride the vision curt,  
And all that had my folly nursed  
Love's sway to own;  
Yet spared the spell that 'lull'd me first  
My Harp alone!  

Woe came with war, and want with woe  
And it was nine to undergo  
Each outrage of the rebel foe:—  
Can aught alone  
My fields laid waste, my cot laid low!  
My harp alone!  

Ambition's dreams I've seen depart,  
Have rued of penny the smart,  
Have felt of love the venom'd dart,  
When hope was flown;  
Yet rests one solace to my heart,—  
My Harp alone!  

Then ever mountain, moor, and hill,  
My faithful Harp, I'll bear thee still;  
And when this life of want and ill  
Is wellnigh gone,  
Thy strings mine elegy shall thrill,  
My Harp alone!  

**XIX.**

"A pleasing lay!" Matilda said;  
But Harpool shook his old grey head,  
And took his baton and his torch,  
To seek his guard-room in the porch.  
Edmund observed; with sudden change,  
Among the strings his fingers range,  
Until they waked a bolder glee  
Of military melody;  
Then paused amid the martial sound,  
And look'd with well-feign'd fear around;—  
"None to this noble house belong,"  
He said, "that would a Mistsrl wrong,  
Whose fate has been, through good and ill,  
To love his Royal Master still:  
And with your honour'd leave, would fain  
Rejoice you with a loyal strain."  

Then, as assured by sign and look,  
The warlike tone again he took;  
And Harpool stopp'd, and turn'd to hear  
A ditty of the Cavalier.

**XX.**

**SONG.**

**THE CAVALIER.**

While the dawn on the mountains was misty  
And grey,  
My true love has mounted his steed and away  
Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er downs;  
Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights  
For the Crown!

He has don'd the silk doublet the breast-plate to bear,  
He has placed the steel-cap o'er his long flowing hair,  
From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hand and down,—  
Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights  
For the Crown!

For the rights of Fair England that broadsword he draws,  
Her King is his leader, her Church is his cause;  
His watchword is honour, his pay is renown,—  
God strike with the Gallant that strikes for the Crown!

They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller,  
And all  
The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall;  
But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town,  
That the spears of the North have encircled the Crown.

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes;  
There's Erin's high Ormond, and Scotland's Moutros!  
Would you match the base Skippon, and Massey, and Brown,  
With the Barons of England, that fight for the Crown?

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavilers.  
Be his banner unconquer'd, resistless his spear,  
Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may drown,  
In a pledge to fair England, her Church and her Crown.

**XXI.**

"Alas!" Matilda said, "that strain,  
Good harper, now is heard in vain!  
The time has been, at such a sound,  
When Rokeyh's vassals gather'd round,  
An hundred manly hearts would bound;  
But now the stirring verse we hear,  
Like trump in dying soldier's ear!  
Listless and sad the notes we own,  
The power to answer them is flown.  
Yet not without his meet applause,  
Be he that sings the rightful cause,  
Even when the crisis of its fate  
To human eye seems desperate."
While Rokeby's Heir such power retains,
Let this slight guerdon pay thy pains:—
And, lend thy harp; I fain would try,
If my poor skill can aught supply,
Ere yet I leave my father's hall,
To mourn the cause in which we fall.”

XXII.
The harper, with a doleful look,
And trembling hand, her bounty took.—
As yet, the conscious pride of art
Had staid in him in its triumphant part;
A powerful spring, of force ungess'd,
That hath each gentler mood suppress'd,
And reign'd in many a human breast;
From his that plants the red campaign,
To his that wastes the woodland reign.
The failing wings, the blood-shot eye,—
The sportsman marks with apathy,
Each feeling of his victim's ill
Drown'd in his own successful skill.
The veteran, too, who now no more
Aspires to head the battle's roar,
Loves still the triumph of his art,
And traces on the pencil'd chart
Some stern invader's destined way,
Through blood and ruin, to his prey;
Patriots to death, and towns to flame,
He dooms, to raise another's name,
And shares the guilt, though not the fame.
What pays him for his span of time
Spent in premeditating crime?
What against pity arms his heart?—
It is the conscious pride of art.

XXIII.
But principles in Edmund's mind
Were baseless, vague, and undefined.
His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
On Passion's changeful tide was toss'd;
Nor Vice nor Virtue had the power
Beyond the impression of the hour;
And, O! when Passion rules, how rare
The torrent that falls to Virtue's share!
Yet now she roused her—for the pride
That lack of sterner guilt supplied,
Could scarce support him when arose
The lay that mourned Matilda's woes.

SONG.
THE FAREWELL.
The sound of Rokeby's woods I hear,
They mingle with the song:
Dark Greta's voice is in mine ear,
I must not hear them long.
From every loved and native haunt
The native Heir must stray,
And, like a ghost whom sunbeams daunt,
Must part before the day.

 Soon from the halls my fathers rear'd,
 Their scutcheons may descend,
 A line so long beloved and fear'd
 May soon obscurely end.
 No longer here Matilda's tone
 Shall bid those echoes swell;
 Yet shall they hear her proudly own
 The cause in which we fell.

The Lady paused, and then again
Resumed the lay in loftier strain.

XXIV.
Let our halls and towers decay,
Be our name and line forgot,
Lands and mansions pass away,—
We but share our Monarch's lot.
If no more our annals show
Battles won and banners taken,
Still in death, defeat, and woe,
Ours be loyalty unslaken!

Constant still in danger's hour,
Princes own'd our fathers' aid;
Lands and honours, wealth and power,
Well their loyalty repaid.
Perish wealth, and power, and pride!
Mortal Moans by mortals given;
But let Constancy abide.—
Constancy's the gift of Heaven.

XXV.
While thus Matilda's lay was heard,
A thousand thoughts in Edmund stirr'd.
In peasant life he might have known
As far a face, as sweet a tone;
But village noes could ne'er supply
That rich and varied melody;
And ne'er in cottage-maid was seen
The easy dignity of men.
Claiming respect, yet waving state,
That marks the daughters of the great.
Yet not, perchance, had these alone
His scheme of purposed guilt o'erthrown;
But while her energy of mind
Superior rose to griefs combined,
Lending its kindling to her eye,
Giving her form new majesty.
To Edmund's thoughts Matilda seem'd
The very object he had dream'd;
When, long ere guilt his soul had known,
In Winston bowers he was alone,
Taxing his fancy to combine
The face, the air, the voice divine,
Of princess fair, by cruel fate
Rip of her honour! and of state,
Till to her rightful realm restored
By destined hero's conquering sword.

XXVI.
"Such was my vision!" Edmund thought;
And have I, then, the ruin wrought
Of such a maid, that fancy ne'er
In fairest vision form'd her peer?
Was it my hand that could unclose
The postern to her ruthless foes?
Foes, lost to honour, law, and faith,
Their kindred mercy sudden death!
Have I done this? I! who have sworn,
That if the globe such angel bore,
I would have traced its circle broad,
To kiss the ground on which she trode!—
And now—O! would that earth would rive,
And close upon me while alive!—
Is there no hope? Is all then lost?—
Bertram's already on his post
Even now, beside the Hall's arch'd door,
I saw his shadow cross the floor!
He was to wait my signal strain—
A little respite thus we gain:
By what I heard the memsils say,
Young Wycliffe's troop are on their way—
Alarm precipitates the crime!
My harp must wear away the time."
And then, in accents faint and low,
He falter'd forth a tale of woe.

**XXVII.**

**BALLAD.**

"And whither would you lead me, then?"
Quoth the Friar of orders grey;
And the Ruffians twain repined again,
"By a dying woman to pray."

"I see," he said, "a lovely sight,
A sight bodes little harm,
A lady as a lily bright,
With an infant on her arm."—

"Then do thine office, Friar grey,
And see thou shrive her free!
Else shall the sprites, that parts to-night,
Fling all its guilt on thee."

"Let mass be said, and trentrails read,
When thou'rt to convent gone,
And bid the bell of St. Benoist
Toll out its deepest tone."

The shroud is done, the Friar is gone,
Blindfolded as he came.
Next morning, all in Littlecot Hall
Were weeping for their dame.

Wild Darrell is an alter'd man,
The village crones can tell;
He looks pale as clay, and strives to pray,
If he hears the convent bell.

If prince or peer cross Darrell's way,
He'll bear him in his pride—
If he meet a Friar of orders grey,
He drops and turns aside.\(^1\)

**XXVIII.**

"Harper! methinks thy magic lays,
Matilda said, "can goblinius raise!"
Well might my fancy can discern,
Near the dark porch, a visage stern;
E'en now, in yonder shadowy nook,
I see it!—Redmond, Wilfrad, look!—
A human form distinct and clear—
God, for thy mercy!—it draws near!"

She saw too true. Stride after stride,
The centre of that chamber wide
Fierce Bertram gain'd; then made a stand,
And proudly waving with his hand,
"Thunder'd!—Be still, upon your lives!—
He bleeds who speaks, he dies who strives."

Behind their chief, the robber crew
Forth from the darken'd portal drew
In silence—save that echo drear
Return'd their heavy measured tread,
The lamp's uncertain lustre gave
Their arms to gleam, their plumes to wave;
File after file in order pass'd,
Like forms on Banquo's mystic glass.
Then, halting at their leader's sign,
At once they form'd and curved their line,
Hemming within its crescent drear
Their victims, like a herd of deer.
Another sign, and to the aim
Levell'd at once their muskets came,
As waiting but their chiefman's word,
To make their fatal volley heard.

\(^1\) See Appendix, Note 30.

**XXIX.**

Back in a heap the menials drew;
Yet, even in mortal terror, true,
Their pale and startled group oppose
Between Matilda and the foes.
"O haste thee, Wilfrad!" Redmond cried;
"Undo that wicket by thy side!
Bear hence Matilda—gum the wood—
The pass may be a while made proof—
Thy band, ere this, must sure be high—
O speak not—daily not—but fly!"
While yet the crowd their motions hide,
Through the low wicket door they glide.
Through vaulted passages they wind,
In Gothic intricacy twined:
Wilfrad half led, and half he bore,
Matilda to the poster door,
And safe beneath the forest tree,
The Lady stands at liberty.
The moonheans, the fresh gale's caress,
Renew'd suspended consciousness;—
"Where's Redmond?" eagerly she cries;
"Thou answer'st not—he dies! he dies!
And thou hast left him, all bereft
Of mortal aid—with murderers left!
I know it well—he would not yield
His sword to man—his doom is seal'd!"
For my scorn'd life, which thou hast bought
At price of his, I thank thee not."

**XXX.**

The unjust reproach, the angry look,
The heart of Wilfrad could not brook.
"Lady," he said, "my hand so near,
In safety thou mayst rest thee here.
For Redmond's death thou shalt not mourn,
If mine can buy his safe return."
He turn'd away—his heart throb'd high,
The tear was bursting from his eye;
The sense of her injustice press'd
Upon the Maid's distracted breast.—
"Stay, Wilfrad, stay! all aid is vain!"
He heard—not but turn'd him not again;
He reaches now the poster-door,
Now enters—and is seen no more.

**XXXI.**

With all the agony that o'er
Was gender'd 'twixt suspense and fear,
She watch'd the line of windows tall,
Whose Gothic lattice lights the Hall,
Distinguish'd by the paly red
The lamps in dim reflection shed.
While all beside in wan moonlight
Each grated casement glimmer'd white.
No sight of harm, no sound of ill,
It is a deep and midnight still.
Who look'd upon the scene, had guess'd
All in the Castle were at rest:
When sudden on the windows shone
A lightning flash, just seen and gone!
A shot is heard—Again the flame
Flash'd thick and fast—a volley came!
Then echo'd wildly, from within,
Of shout and scream the mingled din,
And weapon-clash and maddening cry,
Of those who kill, and those who die!
As fill'd the Hall with sulphurous smoke,
More red, more dark, the death-flash broke;
And forms were on the lattice cast,
That struck, or struggled, as they past.
XXXII.

What sounds upon the midnight wind
Approach so gradually behind?
It is, it is, the tramp of steeds,
Matilda hears the sound: she speeds,
Seizes upon the leader's rein—
'Gainst sun and wind, and
can she be vanquished?
Fly to the postern—gain the Hall!'—
From saddle spring the troopers all;
Their gallant steeds, at liberty,
Run wild along the moonlight sea.
But, ere they burst upon the scene,
Full stubborn had the conflict been.
When Bertram marked Matilda's flight,
It gave the signal for the fight.
And Rokeby's veterans, smeared with scars
Of Scotland's and of Erin's wars,
Their momentary panic o'er,
Stood to the arms which then they bore;
(For they were weapon'd, and prepared
Their Mistress on her way to guard.)
Then cheer'd them to the fight O'Neale,
Then peal'd the shot, and clash'd the steel,
The war-smoke soon with sable breath
Dart'd o'er the scene of blood and death,
While on the few defenders close
The Bandits, with redoubled blows,
And, twice driven back, yet fierce and fell
Renew the charge with frantic yell.

XXXIII.

Wilfrid has fall'n—but o'er him stood
Young Redmond, soil'd with smoke and blood,
Cheering his mates with heart and hand
Still to make good their desperate stand.
"Up, comrades, up! In Rokeby halls
Ne'er be it said our courage fails.
We'll join the fray, and save our native's life,
Or do the smokey-wretches daunt your eye?
These rafter's have return'd a shout
As loud as kokeby's war-sail rout,
As thick a smoke these hearths have given
At Hallow-tide or Christmas-eve."

Stand to it yet! renew the fight,
For Rokeby's and Matilda's right!
These slaves! they dare not, hand to hand,
Bide battle from a true man's brand.
Impetuous, active, fierce, and young,
Upon the advancing foes he sprung.
Woe to the wretch at whom is heent
His brandish'd falchion's sheer descent!
Backward they scatter'd as he came,
Like wolves before the lev'n flame,
When 'mid their howling conclave driven,
Hath glanced the thunderbolt of heaven.
Bertram rush'd on—but Harpool clasp'd
His knees, although in death he gaspt'd,
His falling corpse before him flung,
And round the trammell'd ruffian clung.
Just then, the soldiers fill'd the dome,
And, shouting, charg'd the felons home
So fiercely, that, in panic dread,
They broke, they yielded, fell, or fled.
Bertram's stern voice they heed no more,
Though heard above the battle's roar;
While, trampling down the dying man,
He strove, with volley'd threat and ban,
In scorn of odds, in fate's despite,
'To rally up the desperate fight.

XXXIV.

Soon murkier clouds the Hall enfold,
Than e'er from battle-thunders roll'd;

So dense, the combatants scarce knew
To aim or to avoid the blow.
Smothering and blindfold grows the fight—
But soon shall dawn a dismal light!
Mid cries, and clashing arms, there came
The hollow sound of rushing flame;
New horrors on the tumult roar.

Arise— the Castle is on fire!
Doubtful, if chance had cast the brand,
Or frantic Bertram's desperate hand,
Matilda saw—for frequent broke
From the dim embrasures gusts of smoke.
Yon tower, which late so clear defined
On the fairest hemisphere reclined,
Thot, pencil'd on its azure singer.
The eye could count each embrasure,
Now, swath'd within the sweeping cloud,
Seems giant-spectre in its shroud;
Till, from each loop-hole flashing light,
A spout of fire shines ruddy bright,
And, gathering to unite glare,
Streams high into the midnight air;
A dismal beacon, far and wide
That wak'd the Cotara's slumbering side.
Soon all beneath, through gallery long,
And pendant arch, the fire flash'd strong,
Snatching whatever could maintain,
Raise, or extend, its furious reign;
Starting, with closer cause of dread,
The females who the conflict fed,
And now rush'd forth upon the plain,
Filling the air with clamours vain.

XXXV.

But ceased not yet, the Hall within,
The shriek, the shout, the carnage-din,
Till bursting battlements give proof
The flames have caught the rafter's roof.
What! wait they till its beams amain
Crash on the slayers and the slain?
The alarm is caught—the drawbridge falls,
The warriors hurry from the walls,
But, by the conflagration's light,
Upon the lawn renew the fight.
Each struggling felon down was hew'd,
Not one could gain the sheltering wood;
But forth the affrighted harper sprung,
And to Matilda's robe he clung.
Her shriek, entreaty, and command,
Stopp'd the pursuer's life-blood,
Detruit and he alive were ta'en;
The rest, save Bertram, all are slain.

XXXVI.

And where is Bertram?—Soaring high
The general flame ascends the sky:
In gather'd group the soldiers gaze
Upon the broad and roaring blaze.
When, like infernal demon sent,
Red from his penal element,
To plague and to pollute the air—
His face all gore, on fire his hair,
Forth from the central mass of smoke
The giant form of Bertram broke!
His brandish'd sword on high he rears,
Then plunged among opposing spears;
Round his left arm his mantle truss'd,
Received and roll'd three lances' thrust;
Nor these his headlong course withstood,
Like reeds he snapp'd the tough ash-wood.
In vain his foes around him clung;
With matchless force, yon he flung
Their boldest—as the bull at bay,
Tosses the han-dugs from his way.
XXXVII.

Scare was this final conflict o'er,
When from the postern Redmond bore
Wilfrid, who, as of life bereft,
Had in the fatal Hall been left,
Deserted there by all his train;
But Redmond saw, and turn'd again.—
Beneath an oak he laid him down,
That in the blaze gleam'd ruddy brown,
And then his bare misery he hid;
Matilda held his drooping head,
Till, given to breathe the freer air,
Returning life repaid their care.

He gazed on them with heavy sigh.—
"I could have wish'd even thus to die!"
No more he said—for now with speed
Each trooper had regain'd his steed;
The ready palfreys stood array'd,
For Redmond and for Rokey's Maid;
Two Wilfrid on his horse sustain,
One leads his charger by the rein.
But oft Matilda look'd behind.
As up the Vale of Tees they wind,
Where far the mansion of her sires
Beacon'd the dale with midnight fires.
In gloomy arch above them spread,
The clouded heaven lower'd bloody red;
Beneath, in sombre light, the flood
Appear'd to roll in waves of blood.
Then, one by one, was heard to fall
The tower, the donjon-keep, the hall.
Each rushing down with thunder sound,
A space the conflagration crown'd;
Till, gathering strength, again it rose,
Announced its triumph in its close,
Shook wide its light the landscape o'er;
Then susk—and Rokeyb was no more!

Rokeyb.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

The summer sun, whose early power
Was wont to gild Matilda's bower,
And rose her with his matin ray
Her duteous orisons to pay.—
That morning sun has three times seen
The flowers unfold on Rokey's green,
But sees no more the slumberers fly
From fair Matilda's hazel eye:
That morning sun has three times broke
On Rokey's glades of elm and oak,
But, rising from their silvan screen,
Marks no grey turrets glance between.
A shapeless mass lie keep and tower,
That, hussing to the morning shower,
Can but with smothering vapour pay
The early smile of summer day,
The peasant, to his labour bound,
Pauses to view the blacken'd mound,
Striving, amid the ruin's space,
Each well remember'd spot to trace.

That length of frail and fire-scorch'd wall
Once screen'd the hospitable hall;
When yonder broken arch was whole,
"Twas there was dealt the weekly dole;
And when the milk-bearer drains nod,
The chapel sent the hymn to God.—
So fits the world's uncertain span!
Nor zeal for God, nor love for man,
Gives mortal monuments a date
Beyond the power of Time and Fate.
The towers must share the builder's doom;
Ruin is theirs, and his a tomb:
But better boon benignant Heaven
To faith that toils, endures, and fosters
And bids the Christian hope sublime
Transcend the bounds of Fate and Time.

II.

Now the third night of summer came,
Since that which witness'd Rokeyb's flame.
On Brignall cliffs and Scargill brake
The owl's homilies awake.
The bittern sleep'd from rush and flag,
The raven slumber'd on his crag.
Forth from his den the otter drew,—
Graying and trout their tyrant knew,
As between reed and sedge he peers,
With fierce round snout and sharpen'd ears,
Or, prowling by the moonbeam cool,
Watches the stream or swims the pool;—
Porch'd on his wonted eyrie high,
Sleep seal'd the tercelet's wearied eye,
That all the day had watch'd so well.
The cuskat dart across the dell,
In dubious beam refracted stone
That lofty cliff of pale grey stone,
Beside whose base the secret cave
To rapine late a refuge gave.
The crag's wild crest of copse and yew
On Greta's breast dark shadows threw;
Shadows that met or shunn'd the sight,
With every change of fitful light;
As hope and fear alternately chase
Our course through life's uncertain race.

III.

Gilding by crane and copewood green,
A solitary form was seen
To trace with stealthy pace the wold,
Like fox that seeks the midnight fold,
And pauses oft, and cowers dismay'd,
At every breath that stirs the shade.
He passes now the ivy bush,——
The owl has seen him, and is bush;
He passes now the dodder's oak.—
Yo heard the star-lad raven croak;
Lower and lower he descends,
Rustle the leaves, the brushwood bends;
The otter hears him tread the shore,
And dives, and is beheld no more;
And by the cliff of pale grey stone
The midnight wanderer stands alone.
Methinks, that by the moon we trace
A well-remember'd form and face!
That stripling shape, that cheek so pale.
Combine to tell a rueful tale,
Of powers misused, of passion's force,
Of guilt, of grief, and of remorse!
"Tis Edmund's eye, at every sound
That fills the heart that guiltily girds itself;
"Tis Edmund's trembling haste divides
The brushwood that the cavern hides;
And, when its narrow porch lies bare,
"Tis Edmund's form that enters there.
IV.

His flint and steel have sparkled bright,
A lamp hath lent the cavern light.
Fearful and quick his eye surveys
Each angle of the gloomy maze.
Since last he left that stern abode,
It seemed as none its floor had trod;
Unto mark'd it he beheld the various spoil,
The purchase of his comrades' toil;
Masks and disguises grim'd with mud,
Arms broken and defiled with blood,
And all the nameless tools that aid
Night-felons in their lawless trade,
Upon the gloomy walls were hung;
Or lay in nooks obscurely flung.
Still on the sordid board appear
The relics of the noontide cheer:
Flagon's and emptied flasks were there,
And bench o'erthrown, and shatter'd chair;
And all around the semblance showed,
As when the final revel glow'd,
When the red sun was setting fast,
And parting pledge Guy Denzil past.
"To Rokeby treasure-vaults!" they quaff'd,
And shouted loud and wildly laugh'd,
Pour'd maddening from the rocky door,
And parted—to return no more!
They found in Rokeby vault their doom,—
A bloody death, a burning tomb!

V.

There his own peasant dress he spies,
Doff'd to assume that quaint disguise;
And, shuddering, thought upon his glee,
When prank'd in garb of minstrelsy.
"O, be the fatal art accurst."
He cried, "that moved my folly first;
Till, brib'd by bandits' base applause,
I burst through God's and Nature's laws!"
Three summer days are scantily past
Since I have tred this cavern last;
A thoughtless wretch, and prompt to err—
But, O, as yet no murderer!
Even now I list my comrades' cheer,
That general laugh is in mine ear,
Which raised my pulse and steel'd my heart,
As I rehearsed my treacherous part—
And would that all since then could seem
The phantom of a fever's dream!
But fatal Memory notes too well
The horrors of the dying yell
From my despairing mates that broke,
When flash'd the fire and roll'd the smoke;
When the avengers shouting came,
And hemm'd us twixt the sword and flame!
My frantic flight,—the lifted brand,—
That angel's interposing hand!
If, for my life from slaughter freed,
I yet could pay some grateful meed!
Perchance this object of my quest
May aid)—he turn'd, nor spoke the rest.

VI.

Due northward from the rugged hearth,
With paces five he metes the earth,
Then toiled with mattock to explore
The entrails of the cavern floor,
Nor paused on any plane of ground,
His search a small steel casket found.
Just as he stoop'd to loose its hasp,
His shoulder felt a giant grasp;
He started, and look'd up aghast,
Then shriek'd—"Twas Bertram held him fast.

"Fear not!" he said; but who could hear
That deep stern voice, and cease to fear?
"Fear not!—By heaven, he shakes as much
As partridge in the falcon's clutch?"
He rais'd him and unbosst his hold,
While from the opening casket roll'd
A chain and relicure of gold.
Bertram beheld it with surprise,
Gazed on its fashion and device,
Then, cheering Edmund as he could,
Somewhat he smooth'd his rugged mood:
For still the youth's half-lifted eye
Quiver'd with terror's agony,
And sidelong glanced, as to explore,
In meditated flight, the door.
"Sit," Bertram said, "from danger free!
Then canst not, and thou shalt not flee;
Chance brings me hither; bill and plain
I've sought for refuge-place in vain.
And tell me now, thou anguish boy,
What makest thou here? what means this toy?
Denzil and thou, I mark'd, were ta'en;
What lucky chance unbound your chain?
I deem'd, long since on Balio's tower,
Your heads were warp'd with sun and shower.
Tell me to which confederate thou art bound—
non-e'er Chafes me like falsehood, or like fear."
Gathering his courage to his aid,
But trembling still, the youth obey'd.

VII.

"Denzil and I two nights pass'd o'er
In fetters on the dungeon floor.
A guest the third sad morrow brought;
Our hold dark Oswald Wycliffe sought,
And eyed my comrade long a space,
With fix'd and penetrating glance.
"Guy Denzil arc thou call'd?"—"The same.—
At Court who served wild Buckinghame;
Thenche banish'd, won a keeper's place,
So Villiers will'd, in Marwood-chase;
That lost—I need not tell thee why—
Thou madest thy wits thy wants supply,
Then fought for Rokeby:—Have I guess'd
My prisoner right?—"At thy hehest."
He paused a while, and then went on
With low and confidential tone:
Me, as I judge, not then he saw,
Close nestled in my couch of straw.—
'List to me, Guy. 'Thou know'st the great
Have frequent need of what they hate;
Hence, in their favour oft we see,
Unscrupul'd, useful men like thee.
Were I disposed to bid thee live,
What pledge of faith hast thou to give?

VIII.

"The ready Fiend, who never yet
Hath fail'd to slumber Denzil's wit,
Prompted his lie—His only child
Should rest his pledge.'—The Baron smiled,
And turn'd to me—'Thou art his son!' I bowed—our fetters were undone,
And we were led to hear apart
A dreadful lesson of his art.
Wilfrid, he said, his heir and son,
Had fair Matilda's favour won;
And long since had their union been,
But for her father's bigot spade,
Whose brute and blindfold party-rage
Would, force per force, her hand engage
To a base kern of Irish earth,
Unknown his lineage and his birth,
Save that a dying ruffian bore
The infant brat to Rokeyby door.
Gentle restraint, he said, would lead
Old Rokeyby to enlarge his creed;
But fair occasion he must find
For such restraint well-meaning and kind.
The Knight being render'd to his charge
But as a prisoner at large.

IX.
"He school'd us in a well-forged tale,
Of scheme the Castle walls to scale,
To which was leagued each Cavalier
That dwells upon the Tyne and Wear;
That Rokeyby, his parole forgot,
Had dealt with us to aid the plot.
Such was the charge which Denzil's zeal
Of hate to Rokeyby and O'Neale
Proffer'd, as witness to make good,
Even though the forfeit were their blood.
I scrupled, until o'er and o'er
His prisoners' safety Wycliffe swore;
And then—alas! what needs there more!
I knew I should not live to say
The proffer I refused that day;
Ashawned to live, yet loth to die,
I solld me with their infancy!"—
"Poor youth," said Bertram, "waverest still,
Unfit alike for good or ill!
But what fell next?"—"Soon as at large
Was scroll'd and sign'd our fatal charge,
There never yet, on tragic stage,
Was seen so well a painted rage
As Oswald's show'd! With loud alarm
He call'd his garrison to arm;
From tower to tower, from post to post,
He hurried as if all were lost;
Conspired to dungeon and to chain
The good old Knight and all his train;
Warn'd each suspected Cavalier,
Within his limits, to appear
To-morrow, at the hour of noon,
In the high church of Egliston."—

X.
"Of Egliston!—Even now I pass'd,"
Said Bertram, "as the night closed fast;
Torchess and cressets gleam'd around,
I heard the saw and hammer sound,
And I could mark they toil'd to raise
A scaffold, hung with sable hue,
Which the grim headman's scene display'd,
Block, axe, and sawdust ready laid.
Some evil deed will there be done,
Unless Matilda wed his son;—
She loves him not,—tis shrewdly guess'd
That Redmond rules the damsel's breast.
This is a turn of Oswald's skill;
But I may meet, and foil him still!—
How canst thou to thy freedom?"—"There
Lies mystery more dark and rare.
In midst of Wycliffe's well-earn'd rage,
A scroll was offer'd by a pase,
Who told, a muffled horseman late
Had left it at the Castle-gate.
He broke the seal—his cheek shaw'd change,
Sudden, portentous, wild, and strange;
The mimic passion of his eye
Was turn'd to actual agony;
His head was heaving to and fro,
Terror and guilt were in his look.
Denzil he judged, in tune of need,
Fit counsellor for evil deed;
And thus apart his counsel broke,
While with a ghastly smile he spoke:—

XI.
"As in the pages of the stage,
The dead awake in this wild age,
Mortham—whom all men deem'd decreed
In his own deadly snare to bleed,
Slain by a bravo, whom, o'er sea,
He train'd to aid in murdering me.—
Mortham has 'scaped! 'The coward shot
The steed, but hark'd the rider not.'
Here, with an execration fell
Bertram leap'd up, and paced the cell:—
"Thine own grey head, or bosom dark,
He mutter'd, 'may be surer mark!'
Then sat, and sign'd to Edmund, pale
With terror, to resume his tale.
Wycliffe went on:—"Mark with what lights
Of wilder'd reverie he writes:—

THE LETTER.
"Ruler of Mortham's destiny!
Though dead, thy victim lives to thee.
Once had he all that binds to life,
A lovely child, a lover's wife;
Riches, fame, and friends the were his own—
Thou gavest the word, and they are flown.
Mark how he pays thee:—To thy hand
He yields his honours and his land,
One boon premised:—Restore his child!
And, from his native land exiled,
Mortham no more returns to claim
His lands, his honours, or his name;
Refuse him this, and from the slain
Thou shalt see Mortham rise again.'—

XII.
"This billet while the baron read,
His faltering accents show'd his dread,
He press'd his forehead with his palm,
Then took a scornful tone and calm;
'Wild as the winds, as billows wild!
What wot I of his spouse or child?
Hither he brought a joyous dame,
Unknown her lineage or her name:
Her, in some frantic fit, he slew,
The mother and child in fit, Barnard drew.
Heaven be my witness! wist I where
'To find this youth, my kinsman's heir,
To comfort, to raise, and to claim,
His father's arms to fold his boy,
And Mortham's lands and towers resign.
To the just heirs of Mortham's line.'—
Thou know'st that scarcely e'en his fear
Suppresses Denzil's cynic sneer;—
'Then happy is thy vassal's part.'—
He said, 'to ease his patron's heart!'
In thine own jailer's watchful care
Lies Mortham's just and rightful heir;
Thy generous wish is fully won,—
Redmond O'Neale is Mortham's son.'—

XIII.
"Up starting with a frenzied look,
His clenched hand the Baran shook:
'Is Hell at work! or dust thou rave,
Or darest thou palter with me, slave?
Perchance as lightsome as sun's, the jailer's towers
Have racks, of strange and ghastly powers.'
Denzil, who well his safety knew,
Firmly rejoind, 'I tell thee true.
Thy racks could give thee but to know
The proofs, which I, untroured, show—
It chancend upon a winter night,
When early snow made Stanmore white,
That very night, when first of all
Redmond O'Neale saw Rokeby-hall,
It was my goodly lot to gain
A reliquary and a chain,
Twisted and chased of massive gold.
—Demand not how the prize I hold!
It was not given, nor lent, nor sold.—
Gift tablets to the chain were hung,
With letters in the Irish tongue.
I hid my spoil, for there was need
That I should leave the land with speed;
Nor then I deem'd it safe to bear
On mine own person gems so rare.
Small heed I of the tablets took,
But since have spell'd them by the book,
When some sojourn in Em'i land
Of their wild speech had given command.
But each syllable was the sensed; the phrase
And language those of other days,
Involved of purpose, as to foil
An interloper's prying toil.
The words, but not the sense, I knew
Till fortune gave the guiding clew.

XIV.
"Three days since, was that clew reveal'd,
In Thorsgill as I lay conceal'd,
And heard at foil when Rokeby's Maid
Her uncle's history display'd;
And now I can interpret well
Each syllable the tablets tell,
Mark, then: Fair Edith was the joy
Of old O'Neale of Clandeboy;
But from her sire and country fled,
In secret Mortham's Lord to wed.
O'Neale, his first resentment o'er,
Despatch'd his son to Greta's shore.
Enjoining he should make him known
(Until his father will be shown)
To Edith, but to her alone.
What of their ill-starr'd meeting fell,
Lord Wycliffe knows, and none so well.

XV.
"O'Neale it was, who, in despair,
Rob'd Mortham of his infant heir;
He bred him in their nurture wild.
And call'd him murder'd Connel's child.
Soon died the nurse; the Clan believed
What from their Chiefstem they received.
His purpose was, that ne'er again
The boy should cross the Irish main:
But, like his mountain sires, enjoy
The woods and wastes of Clandeboy.
Then on the land wild troubles came,
And stronger Chiefstems urged a claim.
And wrestled from the old man's hands
His native towers, his father's lands.
Enlade then, amid the strife,
To guard young Redmond's rights or life,
Late and reluctantly he restores
The infant to his native shores,
With goodly gifts and letters stored,
With many a deep conjuring word,
To Mortham and to Rokeby's Lord.
Nought knew the clad of Irish earth,
Who was the guide, of Redmond's birth;
But deem'd his Chief's commands were laid
On both, by both to be obey'd.

How he was wounded by the way,
I need not, and I list not say.—

XVI.
"A wondrous tale! and, grant it true,
What, Wycliffe answer'd, 'might I do?
Heaven knows, as was willing at first,
I raise the bunet from my brow,
Would I my kinsman's manors fair
Restore to Mortham, or his heir;
But Mortham is distraught—O'Neale
Has drawn for tyranny his steel,
Malignant to our rightful cause,
And train'd in Rome's delusive laws.
Hark this apart!—'Till Denzil's voice grew bold and strong:—
'My proofs! I never will,' he said,
'Show mortal man where they are laid.
Nor hope discovery to foreclose,
By giving me to feed the crows;
For I have mates at large, who know
Where I am wont such toys to stow.
Free me from peril and from band,
These tablets are at thy command;
Nor were it hard to form some trap,
To wile old Mortham o'er the main.
Then, lunatic's nor papist's hand
Should wrest from thine the goodly land.'—
'I like thy wit,' said Wycliffe, 'well;
But here in hostage shalt thou dwell.
Thy son, unless my purpose err,
May prove the trustier messenger.
A scroll to Mortham shall he bear
From me, and fetch these tokens rare.
Gold shalt thou have, and that good store,
And freedom, his commission o'er;
But if his faith should chance to fail,
The gibbet trees thee from the jail.'—

XVII.
"Mesh'd in the net himself had twined,
What subterfuge could Denzil find?
He told me, with reluctant sigh,
That hidden here the tokens lie;
Conjured my swift return and aid,
By all he scoff'd and disobey'd,
And look'd as if the noose were tied,
And I the priz'd who left his side.
This scroll for Mortham Wycliffe gave,
Whom I must seek by Greta's wave;
Or in the hnt where chief he hides,
Where Thorsgill's forester resides.
(Thence chance'd it, wandering in the glade,
That he descried our amissade.)
I was dismiss'd as evening fell,
And reach'd but now this rocky cell.'—
"Give Oswald's letter."—Bertram read,
And tore it fiercely, shred by shred:
"All lies and villany! to blind
His noble kinsman's generous mind,
And train him on from day to day,
Till he can take his life away.—
And now, declare thy purpose, youth,
Nor dare to answer, save the truth;
If aught I mark of Denzil's art,
I'll tear the secret from thy heart!'—

XVIII.
"It needs not. I renounce," he said,
"My tutor and his deadly trade.
Fix'd was my purpose to declare
To Mortham, Redmond is his heir,
To tell him in what risk he stands,
And yield these tokens to his hands.
Fix'd was my purpose to alone,
Far as I may, the evil done;
And fix'd it rests—if I survive
This night, and leave this cave alive."—

"And Denzil!"—"Let them ply the rack,
Even till his joints and sinews crack!
If Oswald tear him limb from limb,
What ruth can Denzil claim from him,
Whose thoughtless youth he led astray,
And damn'd to this unhallow'd way?
He school'd me faith and vows were vain;
Now let my master reap his gain."—

"True," answer'd Bertram, "tis his meed;
There's retribution in the deed.
But thou—thou art not for our course,
Hast fear, hast pity, vast remorse:
And he, with us the gale who braves,
Must heave such cargo to the waves,
Or lag with overloaded prore,
While banks unburden'd reach the shore."

XIX.
He paused, and, stretching him at length,
Seem'd to repose his bulky strength.
Communing with his secret mind,
As half he sat, and half reclin'd,
One ample hand his forehead press'd,
And one was dropp'd across his breast.
The shaggy eyebrows deeper came
Above his eyes of wary flame;—
His lip of pride a while foorbe;
The brawny cavae till then unlo're;
The unalter'd ferreness of his look
A shade of darken'd sadness took,—
For dark and sad a presage press'd
Resistless on Bertram's breast,—
And when he spoke, his wonted tone,
So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was gone.
His voice was steady, low, and deep,
Like distant waves when lengths asleep;
And sorrow mix'd with Edmund's fear,
Its low unbroken depth to hear.

XX.
"Edmund, in thy sad tale I find
The woe that warp'd my patron's mind:
'Twould wake the fountain of the eye
In other men, but mine are dry.
Mortham must never see the fool,
That sold himself base Wycliffe's tool;
Yet less from thirst of sond ain,
Thun to avenge supposed disdain.
Say, Bertram rules his fault; — a word,
Till now, from Bertram never heard:
Say, too, that Mortham's Lord he prays
To invoke, but on their four days;
On Quariana's beach and rock,
On Cayo's bursting battle-shock,
On Darien's sands and deadly dew,
And on the dart thatuze threw:—
Perchance my patron yet may hear
More that may grace his counrde's bier.
My soul hath felt a secret weight,
A warning of approaching fate:—
A priest had said, 'Return, repent!'—
As well to bid that rock be rent.
Firm as that fiant I face mine end;
My heart may burst, but cannot bend.

XXI.
"The dawning of my youth, with awe
And prophecy, the Dalesmen saw;
For over Redesdale it came,
As boisterous as their beacon-flame.
Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine,
When, challenging the Clans of Tyne,
To bring their best my brand to prove,
O'er Hexham's altar hang my glove; —
But Tyndale, nor in tower nor town,
 Held champion meet to try it down.
My noontide, India may declare;
Like her fierce sun, I fired the air!
Like him, to wood and cave bade fly
Her natives, from mine angry eye.
Panama's maid's shall long look pale
When Risingham inspires the tale;
Chill's dark matrons long shall tame
The froward child with Bertram's name.
And now, my race of terror run,
Aine be the eye of tropic sun!
No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay;
With disk like battle-target red,
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once — and all is night.—

XXII.
"Now to thy mission, Edmund. Fly,
Seek Mortham out, and bid him hee
To Richmond, where his troops are laid,
And lead his force to Redmond's aid.
Say, till he reaches Egiston,
A friend will watch to guard his son.
Now, fare thee-well; for night draws on,
And I would rest thee here alone."
Despite his ill-dissembled fear,
There swam in Edmund's eye a tear;
A tribute to the courage high,
Which stoop'd not in extremity,
But strove, irregularly great,
To triump h o'er approaching fate!
Bertram beheld the dewdrop start,
It almost touch'd his iron heart: —
"I did not think there lived," he said,
"One, who would tear for Bertram shed.
He loosen'd then his baldric's hold,
A buckle broad of massive gold; —
"Of all the spoil that paid his pains,
But this with Risingham remains;
And this, dear Edmund, thou shalt take,
And wear it long for Bertram's sake.
Once more — to Mortham speed again;
Farewell! and turn thee not again."

XXIII.
The night has yielded to the morn,
And far the hours of prime are worn.
Oswald, who, since the dawn of day,
Had cursed his messenger's delay,
Impatient question'd now his train,
"Was Denzil's son return'd again?"
It chanced there answer'd of the crew,
A murlal, who young Edmund knew:
"No son of Denzil this," — he said; —
"A peasant boy from Winston glade,
For song and minstrelsy renown'd,
And knavish pranks, the hamlets rout,"—
"Not Denzil's son! — From Winston vale!"
Then it was false, that specious tale;
Or, worse, he hast despatch'd the youth
To show to Mortham's Lord its truth.
Fool that I was — but 'tis too late;
This is the very turn of fate! —

1 See Appendix, Note 3.1.
The tale, or true or false, relies
On Denzil's evidence! — He dies! —
Ho! Provost Marshal! instantly
Lead Denzil to the gallows-tree!
Allow him not a parting word;
Short be the shrift, and sure the cord!
Then let his gory head appal
Marauders from the Castle-wall.
Lead forth thy guard, that duty done,
With best despatch to or so speedful—
Basti, tell Willfrid he must straight
Attend me at the Castle-gate."

"Alas!" the old domestic said,
And shook his venerable head,
"Alas, my Lord! full ill to-day
May my young master brook the way!
The beech has spoke with grave alarm,
Of certain hurt, of secret harm,
Of sorrow looking at the heart,
That mars and lets his healing art."
"Tush, tush not me! — Romantic boys
Pine tuss for sickly boys,
I will and care for Willfrid soon;
Bill him for E's on boar.
And bucks! I hear the dull death-drum
Till Denzil's hour of fate is come."
He paused with sorrowful smile, and then
Resumed his train of thought agen.
"Now comes my fortune's er sis near!
Entreaty boots not — instant fear,
No sign else, can bend Madill's pride,
Or win her to be Willfrid's bride.
But when she sees the scaffold placed,
With axe and block and headman graced,
And when she dreams, that to deny
Dooms Redmond and her sire to die,
She must give way. — Then, were the line
Of Rokeby once combined with mine,
I gain the weather gaze of fate!
If Mortmain come, he comes too late,
While I, alied thus and prepared,
The devil's defiance to his head
— if she prove not habit for I dare
To drop the axe? — Soft! pause we there.
Mortmain still lives — you youth may tell
His tale — and Fairfax loves him well; —
Else, wherefore should I now delay
To sweep this Redmond from my way? —
But she to pity perform
Must yield — Without there! Sound to horse."

"Twas bustle in the court below,—
"Mount, and march forward!"—forth they go;
Steeds neigh and trample all around,
Steel rings, spears glimmer, trumpets sound.
Just then was sung his parting hymn;
And Denzil turn'd his eyeballs dim,
And, scarcely conscious what he sees,
Follows the horsemen down the Tees;
And scarcely conscious what he hears,
The trumpets tinkle in his ears.
O'er the long bridge they're sweeping now,
The van is hid by greenwood bough;
But ere the rearward had pass'd o'er,
Guy Denzil heard and saw no more!
One stroke, upon the Castle bell,
To Oswald rung his dying knell.

O, for that pencil, erst profuse
Of chivalry's embell'd hues,
That traced of old, in Woodstock bower,
The pageant of the Leaf and Flower,
And bodied forth the tourney high,
Held for the hand of Emly!
Then might I paint the tumult broad,
That to the crowded abbey flow'd,
And pour'd, as with an ocean's sound,
Into the church's ample bound!
Then might I show each varying scene,
Exulting to descant on so sweet a
Indifference, with his idle stare,
And Sympa by, with anxious air,
Paint the depsect Cavalier,
Doubtful, disarr'd, and sa'd of cheer;
And his proud foe, whose formal eye
Claim'd conquest now and mystery;
And the brute crowd, whose envious zeal
Hazzas each turn of Fortune's wheel,
And loudest shouts when lowest he
Exalted worth and station high
Yet what may such a wish avail?
'Tis mine to tell an onward tale,
Hurrying, as best I can, along,
The hearers and the hasty song;—
Like traveller when approaching home,
Who sees the shades of evening come,
And must not now his career deign;
Or choose the fair, but wending way;
Nay, scarcely may his pace suspend,
Where o'er his head the wildings bend,
To bless the breeze that cools his brow,
Or snatch a blossom from the bough.

The reverend pile lay wild and waste,
Profaned, dishonour'd, and defaced.
Through staid lattices no more
In soften'd light the sunbeams pour,
Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich
Of shrine, and monument, and niche.
The Civil fury of the time
Made sport of sacrilegious crime;
For dark Fanaticism rent
Altar, and screen, and ornament,
And peace and majesty with base o'erthrew
Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz-Hugh.
And now was seen, unwonted sight,
In holy walls a scaffold light!
Where once the priest, of grace divine
Dealt to his flock the mystic sign;
There stood the black display'd, and there
The headman grim his hatchet bare;
And for the word of Hope and Faith,
Resounded loud a doom of death.
Thrice the fierce trumpet's breath was heard,
And echo'd thrice the herald's word,
Dooming, for breach of martial laws,
And treason to the Common's cause,
The Knight of Rokeby and O'Neale
To stoop their heads to block and steel.
The trumpets flourish'd high and shrill,
Then was a silence dead and still;
And silent prayers to heaven were cast,
And stifled sobbs were bursting fast,
Till from the crowd began to rise
Nurseries of sorrow or surprise,
And from the distant aisles there came
Deep-mutter'd threats, with Wycliffe's name.

But Oswald, guarded by his band,
Powerful in evil, waved his band,
And bade Sedition's voice be dead,
On peril of the murmerer's head.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Then first his glance sought Rokeby's Knight;  
Who gazed on the tremendous sight,  
As calm as if he came a guest  
To kindred Baron's feudal feast,  
As calm as if that trumpet-call  
Woke the summons to the baron's hall;  
Firm in his loyalty he stood  
And prompt to seal it with his blood.  
With downcast look drew Oswald nigh,—  
He durst not cope with Rokeby's eye!—  
And said, with low and faltering breath,  
"Thou know'st the terms of life and death."  
The Knight then turn'd and sternly smiled;  
"The maiden is mine only child,  
Yet shall unbidden guest be her head,  
If with a traitor's son she wed."  
Then Redmond spoke: "The life of one  
Might thy malignity atone,  
On me be flung a double guilt!  
Spare Rokeby's blood, let mine be split!"  
Wychiffe had listen'd to his suit,  
But dread prevail'd, and he was mute.

XXIX.

And now he pours his choice of fear  
In secret on Matilda's ear;  
"An union form'd with me and mine,  
Ensures the faith of Rokeby's line.  
Covert, and all this dread array,  
Like morning dream, shall pass away;  
Refuse, and, by my duty press'd,  
I give the word—thou know'st the rest."  
Matilda, still and motionless,  
With terror heard the dread address,  
Pale as the sheeted maid who dies  
To hopeless love a sacrifice;  
Then wrung her hands in agony,  
And round her cast bewilder'd eye.  
Now on the scaffold glanced, and now  
On Wychiffe's unrelingent brow.  
She veil'd her face, and, with a voice  
Scarce audible,—I make my choice!  
Spare but their lives!—for aught beside,  
Let Wilfrid's doom my fate decide.  
He once was generous!"—As she spoke,  
Dark Wychiffe's joy in triumph broke:—  
"Wilfrid, where loiter'd ye so late?  
Why upon Basil rest thy weight?  
Art spell-bound by enchantor's wand?—  
Kneel, kneel, and take her yielding hand;  
Thank her with raptures, simple boy!  
Should tears and trembling speak thy joy?  
"O hush, my sire! To prayer and tear  
Of mine thou hast refused thine ear;  
But now the awful hour draws on,  
When truth must speak in softer tone."  

XXX.

He took Matilda's hand:—"Dear maid,  
Couldst thou so JDem my ought?" he said,  
"Of thy poor friend so basely deem,  
As blend with him this barbarous scheme?  
Alas! my efforts made in vain,  
Might well have saved this addled brain.  
But now, bear witness earth and heaven,  
That ne'er was hope to mortal given,  
So twisted with the strings of life,  
As this—to call Matilda wife!  
I bid it now for ever part.  
And with the effort bursts my heart!"  
His feeble frame was worn so low,  
With wounds, with watching, and with woe,  
That nature could no more sustain  
The agony of mental pain.

(He kneel'd—his lip her hand had press'd,—  
Just then he felt the stern arrest.  
Lower and lower sunk his head,—  
They raised him,—but the life was fled!  
Then, first alarm'd, his sire and train  
Trod every aid, but trample in vain.  
The soul, too soft in its ills to bear,  
Had left our mortal hemisphere,  
And sought in better world the meed,  
To blameless life by Heaven decreed.

XXXI.

The wretched sire beheld, aghast,  
With Wilfrid all his projects past,  
All turn'd and centred on his son,  
On Wilfrid all—and he was gone.  
"And I am childless now," he said;  
"Childless, through that relentless maid!  
A lifetime's arts, in vain essay'd,  
Are bursting on their artist's head!—  
Here lies my Wilfrid dead—and there  
Comes hatred Mortham for his heir,  
Eager to knit in happy band  
With Rokeby's heiress Redmond's hand,  
And shall their triumph roar o'er all  
The schemes deep-laid to work their fall?  
No!—deeds, which prudence might not dare,  
Appal not vengeence and despair.  
The murd'rous weeps upon his bier—  
I'll change to real that feigned tear!  
They all shall share destruction's shock;—  
'Ho! lead the captives to the block!'  
But ill his Provost could divine  
His feelings, and forbore the sign.  
"Shall to the block!—or I, or they,  
Shall face the judgment-seat this day!"

XXXII.

The outmost crowd have heard a sound,  
Like horse's hoof on Kurdistan's ground;  
Neer it came, and yet more near,—  
The very death's-men paused to hear.  
'Tis in the churchyard now!—thrice fear'd,  
Hath waked the dwelling of the dead!  
Fresh sod, and old sepulchral stone,  
Return the tramp in varied tone.  
All eyes upon the gateway hung.  
When through the Gothic arch there sprung  
A horseman arm'd, at headlong speed—  
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steel;  
Fire from the flinty floor was spur'd,  
The vaults unwonted clang return'd!—  
One instant's glance around he threw,  
From saddlebow his pistol drew.  
Grimly determined was his look!  
His charger with the spurs he strook—  
All scatter'd backward as he came,  
For all knew Bertram Risingham!  
Three bounds that noble courser gave;  
The first has reach'd the central nave,  
The second clear'd the chancel wide,  
The third—he was at Wychiffe's side.  
Full levell'd at the Baron's head,  
Rung the report—the bullet sped—  
And to his long account, and last,  
Without a groan dark Oswald past!  
All was so quiek, that it might seem  
A flash of lightning, or a dream.

XXXIII.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals,  
Bertram his ready charger wheels;—

1 See Appendix, Note 8 K.
APPENDIX.

NOTE A.


"Barnard Castle," saith old Leland, "standeth stately upon "Tees." It is founded upon a very high bank, and its ruins immeasured over the river, including within the area a circuit of six acres and upwards. This once magnificent fortress derives its name from its founder, Barnard Baliol, the ancestor of the short and unfortunate dynasty of that name, which succeeded to the Scottish throne under the patronage of Edward I. and Edward III. Baliol's Tower, afterwards mentioned in the poem, is a round tower of great size, situated at the western extremity of the building. It bears marks of great antiquity, and was remarkable for the curious construction of its vaulted roof, which has been lately greatly injured by the operations of some persons, to whom the tower has been leased for the purpose of making patent shot! The prospect from the top of Baliol's Tower commands a rich and magnificent view of the wooded valley of the Tees.

Barnard Castle often changed masters during the middle ages. Upon the forfeiture of the unfortunate John Baliol, the first king of Scotland of that family, Edward I. seized this fortress among the other English estates of his refractory vassal. It was afterwards vested in the Beauchamps of Warwick, and in the Staffords of Buckingham, and was also sometimes in the possession of the Bishops of Dur-
The morion's plumes his visage hide,
And the buff-coat, in ample fold.
Montes his form's gigantic mould.—P. 255.

The use of complete suits of armour was
fallen into disuse during the Civil War, though
they were still worn by leaders of rank and
importance. In the reign of King James I.,
our military antiquity, "no great alterations
were made in the article of defensive
armour, except that the buff-coat, or jerkin,
which was originally worn under the cuirass,
now became frequently a substitute for it; it
having been found that a good buff leather
would of itself resist the stroke of a sword;
this, however, only occasionally took place
among the light-armed cavalry and infantry.
Complete suits of armour being still used
among the heavy horse. Buff-coats continued
to be worn by the city trained-bands till
within the memory of persons now living, so
that defensive armour may, in some measure,
be said to have terminated in the same ma-
terials with which it began, that is, the skins of
animals, or leather."—Grose's Military Anti-
quities. Lond. 1801, 4to. vol. ii. p. 323.

If the buff-coats, which covered over the
corsets, several are yet preserved; and Cap-
tain Grose has given an engraving of one
which was used in the time of Charles I. by
Sir Francis Rhodes, Bart. of Baulk-Hough, Der-
byshire. They were usually lined with
silk or linen, secured before by buttons, or by
a lase, and often richly decorated with gold or
silver embroidery. From the following cur-
ious account of a dispute respecting a buff-
coat between an old roundhead captain and
a justice of peace, by whom his arms were
seized after the Restoration, we learn, that
the value and importance of this defensive
garment were considerable:—"'A party of
horse came to my house, commanded by Mr.
Peebies; and he told me he was come for my
arms, and that I must deliver them. I asked
him for this order. He told me it was an order
that Oliver used to give; and, clapping
his hand upon his sword-hilt, he said, that
was h's order. I told him, if he had none but
that, it was not sufficient to take my arms;
and then he pulled out his warrant, and I read
it. It was signed by Wentworth Armitage, a
general warrant to search all persons they
suspected, and so left the power to the sol-
diers at their pleasure. They came to us at
Cotley-Hall, about sunsetting; and I caused
a candle to be lighted, and conveyed Peebles
into the room where my arms were. My arms
were near the kitchen fire; and there they
took away fowling-pieces, pistols, muskets,
carbiners, and such-like, better than 20! Then
Mr. Peebies asked me for my buff-coat; and
I told him they had no order to take away my
apparel. He told me his orders, not to dispute
their orders; but if I would not deliver it, he
would carry me away prisoner, and had me
out of doors. Yet he let me alone unto the
next morning, that I must wait upon Sir John,
at Halifax; and, coming before him, he threat-
ened me, and said, if I did not send the coat,
for it was too good for me to keep. I told him
it was not in his power to demand my appa-
rel; and he, growing into a fit, called me rebel

DE MONTFORT (Off his guard.) 'Tis Rozens-
velt: I heard his well-known foot.
From the first staircase mounting step by step
Fred. How quick an ear thou hast for distant
sound!
I heard him not.
(De Montfort looks embarrassed, and is silent.)

NOTE B.

Unsharpen'd by revenge and fear,
Could e'er distinguish horse's clank.—P. 255.

I have had occasion to remark, in real life,
the effect of keen and fervent anxiety in
giving encouragement to the organs of sense.
My gifted friend, Miss Joanna Baillie, whose dra-
matic works display such intimate acquaintance
with the operations of human passion,
has not omitted this remarkable circumstance:

"De Montfort. (Off his guard.) 'Tis Rozens-
velt: I heard his well-known foot.
From the first staircase mounting step by step
Fred. How quick an ear thou hast for distant
sound!
I heard him not.
(De Montfort looks embarrassed, and is silent.)"
and traitor, and said, if I did not send the coat with all speed, he would send me where I did not like well. I told him I was no rebel, and he did not well to call me so before these soldiers and gentlemen, to make me the mark for every one to shoot at. I departed the room; yet, notwithstanding all the threatenings, did not send the coat. But the next day he sent John Lyster, the son of Mr. Thomas Lyster, of Stupden Hall, for this coat, with a letter, verbatim thus:—Mr. Hodson, I admire you will play the child so with me as you have done, in writing such an inconsiderate letter. Let me have the buff-coat sent forthwith, otherwise you shall so hear from me as will not very well please you. I was not at home when this messenger came; but I had ordered my wife not to deliver it, but, if they would take it, let them look to it: and he took it away; and one of Sir John's brethren wore it many years after. They sent Captain Butt to compound with my wife about it; but I sent word I would have my own again: but he advised me to take a price for it, and make no more ado. I said, it was hard to take my arms and apparel too; I had laid out a great deal of money for them; I hoped they did not mean to destroy me, by taking my goods illegitimately from me. He said he would make up the matter, if I pleased, betwixt us; and, it seems, had brought Sir John to a price for my coat. I would not have taken 10l. for it; he would have given about 4l.; but, wanting my receipt for the money, he kept both sides, and I had never satisfaction.”—Memoirs of Captain Hodson. Edin. 1806, p. 173.

NOTE D.

On his dark face a scorching clime, And soil, had done the work of time. Death had he seen by sudden blow, By taunting plague, by tortures slow.—P. 255.

In this character, I have attempted to sketch one of those West Indian adventurers, who, during the course of the seventeenth century, were distinguished by the name of buccaneers. The successes of the English in the predatory incursions upon Spanish America, during the reign of Elizabeth, had never been forgotten; and, from that period downward, the exploits of Drake and Raleigh were imitated, upon a smaller scale indeed, but with equally desperate value, by small bands of pirates, gathered from all nations, but chiefly French and English. The engrossing policy of the Spaniards tended greatly to increase the number of these freebooters, from whom their commerce and colonies suffered, in the issue, dreadful calamity. The Windward Islands, which the Spaniards did not deem worthy their own occupation, had been gradually settled by adventurers of the French and English nations. But Frederic of Toledo, who was despatched in 1630, with a powerful fleet against the Dutch, had orders from the Court of Madrid to destroy those colonies, whose vicinity at once offended the pride and excited the jealous suspicions of their Spanish neighbours. This order the Spanish Admiral executed with sufficient rigour; but the only consequence was, that the planters, being rendered desperate by persecution, began, under the well-known name of Bucaneros, to commence a retaliation so horrifyingly savage, that the perusal makes the reader shudder. When they carried on their depredations at sea, they boarded, without respect to disparity of number, every Spanish vessel that came in their way; and, demeaning themselves, both in the battle and after the conquest, more like demons than human beings, they succeeded in impressing their enemies with a sort of superstitions terror, which rendered them incapable of offering effectual resistance. From piracy at sea, they advanced to making predatory descents on the Spanish territories, in which they displayed the same furious and irresistible valour, the same thirst of spoil, and the same brutal inhumanity to their captives. The large treasures which they acquired in their adventures, they dissipated by the most unbounded licentiousness in gaming, women, wine, and debauchery of every species. When their spoils were thus wasted, they entered upon some sort of systematic and unceasing adventures. For greater particulars concerning these extraordinary buccaniers, the reader may consult Raynal, or the common and popular book called the History of the Bucaniers.

NOTE E.

On Marston heath
Met, from to front, the ranks of death.—P. 256.

The well-known and desperate battle of Long-Marston Moor, which terminated so unfortunately for the cause of Charles, commenced under very different auspices. Prince Rupert had marshalled an army of 20,000 men for the relief of York, then besieged by Sir Thomas Fairfax, at the head of the Parliamentary army, and the Earl of Leven, with the Scottish auxiliary forces. In this he so completely succeeded, that he compelled the besiegers to retreat to Marston Moor, a large open plain, about eight miles distant from the city, where they pitched their camp. The Prince, who had now united to his army the garrison of York, probably not less than ten thousand men strong, under the gallant Marquis (then Earl) of Newcastle. Whitecole has recorded, with much impartiality, the following particulars of this eventful day:—

"The right wing of the Parliament was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and consisted of all his horse, and the right hand of the Scots horse; the left wing was commanded by the Earl of Manchester and Colonel Cromwell. One body of their foot was commanded by Lord Fairfax, and consisted of his foot, and two brigades of the Scots foot for reserve; and the main body of the rest of the foot was commanded by General Leven.

"The right wing of the Prince's army was commanded by the Earl of Newcastle; the left wing by the Prince himself; and the main body by General Goring, Sir Charles Lucas, and Major-General Porter. Thus were both sides drawn up into battle.

"July 3d, 1644. In this posture both armies faced each other, and about seven o'clock in
the morning the fight began between them. The Prince, with his left wing, fell on the Parliament's right wing, routed them, and pursued them a great way; the like did General Goring, Lucas, and Porter, upon the Parliament's main body. The three generals, giving all for lost, hustled out of the field, and many of their soldiers fled, and threw down their arms; the King's forces too eagerly following them, the victory, now almost achieved by them, was again smitten out of their hands. For Colonel Cromwell, with the brave regiment of his countrymen, and Sir Thomas Fairfax and others, coming up to his horse, fell upon the Prince's right wing, where the Earl of Newcastle was, and routed them; and the rest of their companions rallying, they fell altogether upon the divided bodies of Rupert and Goring, and totally dispersed them, and obtained a complete victory, after three hours' fight.

From this battle and the pursuit, some reckoning, were buried 7000 Englishmen; all agree that above 3000 of the Prince's men were slain in the battle, besides those in the chase, and 3000 prisoners taken, many of their chief officers, twenty-five pieces of ordnance, forty-seven colours, 10,000 arms, two wagons of carabins and pistols, 130 barrels of powder, and all their bag and baggage."—Whitelocke's Memoirs. fol. p. 89. Lond. 1659.

Lord Clarendon informs us, that the King, previous to receiving the true account of the battle, had been informed, by an express from Oxford, "that Prince Rupert had not only relieved York, but totally defeated the Scots, with many particulars to confirm it, all which was so much believed there, that they had made public fires of joy for the victory."

Note F.

Monckton and Milton told the news,
How troops of Roundheads cheeked the Ouse,
And many a bonny Scot, o'gahst,
Sprunging his palfrey nothward, post,
Cursing the day when zeal or need
First bared their Lesley o'er the Tweed.—P. 257.

Monckton and Milton are villages near the river Ouse, and not very distant from the field of battle. The particulars of the action were violently disputed at the time; but the following extract, from the Manuscript History of the Parliment House of Somerville, is decisive as to the flight of the Scottish general, the Earl of Leven. The particulars are given by the author of the history on the authority of his father, then the representative of the family. This curious manuscript has been published by consent of my noble friend, the present Lord Somerville.

The order of the great battell, wherein both armies were near of one equall number, consisting, to the best calculation, neer to three score thousand men upon both sides, I shall not take upon me to discourse; albeit, from the draughts then taken upon the place, and information I received from this gentleman, who being then a volunteer, as having no command, had opportunity and libertie to ride from the one wing of the armie to the other, to view all ther several squadrons of horse and battalions of foot, how formed, and in what manner drawn up, with every other circumstance relating to the fight, and that both as to the King's armies and that of the Parliament, among whom until the engagement, he went from station to station to observe ther order and forme; but that the description of this battell, with the various success on both sides at the beginning, with the loss of the royal armie, and the sad effects that followed that misfortune as to his Majestie's interest, has been so often done already, that I shall not enter upon the consideration of it;

"For it may be noted, how justly I shall not dispute, seeing the truth is, as our principal general fled that night neer fourtie myles from the place of the fight, that part of the armie where he commanded being totally routed; but it is true, that much of the victorie is attributed to the good conduct of David Lessachie, lieutenant-general of the horse. Cromwell himself, that renowned for fortune, but no man of judgment, resolved to punish afterward three rebellious nations, disclaimed not to take orders from him, albeit then in the same qualitie of command for the Parliament, as being lieutenant-general for the Earl of Manchester's horse, whom, with the assistance of the Scots horse, having routed the Prince's right wing, as he had done that of the Parliament's. These two commanders of the horse upon that wing wisely restrained the great bodies of their horse from pursuing these brocken troops, but, wheeling to the left-hand, falls in upon the naked flanks of the Prince's main battallion of foot, carrying them doune with great violence; nether mett they with any great resistance until they came to the Marques of Newcastle his battalton of White Coats, who, first peeping them soundly with t'ner shott, when they came to charge, stoutly bore them up with their picks that they could not enter to break them.

Here the Parliament's horse of that wing receeved ther greatest losse, and a step for sometime putt to ther hoped-for victorie; and that only by the stout resistance of this gallant battallion, the consistence of four thousand foot, until at length a Scots regiment of dragoons, commanded by Collonell Frizell, with other two, was brought to open them upon some hand, which at length they did, when all the ammuniitio was spent. Having refused quarters, every man fell in the same order and ranke wherein he had fought.

"Be this execution was done, the Prince retreated from the pursuit of the right wing of the Parliament's horse, which he had beaten and followed too farre, to the losse of the battell, which certainly, in all men's opinions, he might have caried if he had not been too violent upon the pursuit; which gave his enemies upon the left-hand opportunity to disperse and cut doune his infantrie, who, having cryed and roared the field of this standing bodies of foot, were now, with many of their oone, standing ready to receive the charge of his allmost spent horses, if he should attempt it; which the Prince observing, and seeing all lost, he retreated to Yorke with two thousand horse. Notwithstanding of this, ther was that night such a consternation in the Parliament armies, that it's believed by most of those that wer there
present. that if the Prince, having so great a body of horse intire, had made none fall at that night, or the ensuing morning he-tyme, he had carried the victorious out of their hands; for it's certaine, by the morning's light, he had ravell'd a body of ten thousand men, whereof ther was neer three thousand gallant horse. These, with the assistance of the toune and garrisonne of York, might have done much to have recover'd that advantage. for the manes of this battell in effect lost the kind and his interest in the three kingdomes; his Majestie never being able es'ring this to make head in the north, but lost his garrisons every day.

"As for General Lesselie, in the beginning of this flight haveing that part of the army quite brooken, where he had placed himself, by the valour of the Prince, he imagined, and was confirmed by the opinione of others then upon the place with him, that the battell was irrecoverably lost, seeing they were fleeing upon all hands; therefor they humble intreated his excellence to reter and wait his better fortune, which, without farder aduyseing, he did; and never drew bridle until lie came the leith of Leads, having ridden all that night without a shirt. And when he saw the Princes de berrie about him, belonging to this gentleman, his Majestie receaved this in his retinue, with many other officers of good qualitie. It was neer twelve the next day before they had the certainty who was master of the field, when at length ther arryves ane expresse, sent by David Lesselie, to acquaint the General they had obtained a most glorious victory, and that the Prince, with his broken troopes, went backe to York. This intelligence was somewhat amazinge to these gentlemen that had been eye witnesses to the disorder of the armie before ther reteiring, and had then accompanied the General in his flight; who, being much wearyed that evening of the battell with ordering of his armie, and now quite spent with his long journey in the night, had casten himselfe doun upon a bed to rest; whereupon this gentleman, comming quietly into his chamber, he awake, and hastily cryes out, 'Lievetenent-collonell, what news?'—All is safe, may it please your Excellency; the Parliament's armie has obtained a great victory, and then delverys the letter. The General, upon the hearing of this, knockt upon his breast, and says, 'I would to God I had died upon the place!' and then opens the letter, which in these few lines gave an account of the victory, and in the close pressed his speedy return to the armie, which he did the next day, being accompanied some myles back by this gentleman, who then takes his leave of him, and receaved at parting many expressions of kyndnesse, with promises that he would never be unmyndful of his care and regard him; and therin endes he, and to this gentleman,-colonell, he entrusted his service to all his friends and acquaintance in Scotland. Thereafter the General sets forward in his journey for the armie, as this gentleman did for, in order to his transportaione for Scotland, where he arryved sox dayes efer the fight of Meston Muir, and gave the first true accounts and descriptione of that great battell, where in the Generall then glorified soe much, that they impiously boasted the Lord had now signally appeared for his cause and people; it being ordinary for them, dureing the whole time of this warre, to attribute the greatness of their success to the goodnes and justice of ther cause, until Divine Justice trysted them with some cross dispensatione, and then you might have heard this language from them, 'That it pleseth the Lord to give his owne the heaviest end of the tree to bear, that the saints and the people of God must still be sufferers while they are here away, that the mazant party was God's rod to punish them for their unthankfulness, which in the end he will cast into the fire;' with a thousand other expressions and scripture citations, prophanely and blasphemously utter'd by them, to palliate ther villainie and rebellion."—Memoires of the Somervilles. Edin. 1615.

NOTE G.

With his barb'd horse, fresh tidings say,
Stout Cromwell has redeem'd the day.—P. 258.

Cromwell, with his regiment of cuirassiers, had a principal share in turning the fate of the day at Marston Moor; which was equally matter of triumph to the Independents, and of grief and heart-burning to the Presbyterians and to the Scottish. Principal Baillie expresses his dissatisfaction as follows:—

"The Independents sent up one quickly to assure that all the glory of that night was theirs; and they and their Major-General Cromwell had done it all there alone: but Captain Stuart afterward showed the vanity and falsehood of their disgraceful relation. God gave us that victory wonderfully. There were three generals on each side, Lesley, Fairfax, and Manchester; Rupert, Newcastle, and King. Within half an hour and less, all six took them to their heels;—this to you alone. The disadvantage of the ground, and violence of the flower of Prince Rupert's horse, carried all our right wing down; only Eglington kept ground, to his great loss; his lieutenant-crownor, a brave man, I fear shall die, and his son Robert be mutilated of an arm. Lindsay had the greatest hazard of any; but the beginning of the victory was from David Lesly, who before was much suspected of evil designs: he, with the Scots and Cromwell's horse, having the advantage of the ground, did dissipate all before them."—Baillie's Letters and Journals. Edin. 1785, 8vo, ii. 36.

NOTE H.

Do not my native dales prolong
Of Percy Rede the tragic song,
Train'd forward to his bloody fall,
By Girsonfield, that treacherous Hall?—P. 258.

"In a poem, entitled "The Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel," Newcastle, 1809, this tale, with many others peculiar to the valley of the Reed, is commemorated:—"The particulars of the traditional story of Percy Reed of Tronghead, and the Halls of Girsonfield, the author has from a descendant of the family of Reed. From his account, it appears that Percy civil Reed, Esquire, a keeper of Reedsdale, was betrayed by the Halls (hence denominatated
the false-hearted Ha's) to a band of mosstroopers of the name of Crosier, who slew him at Bathlinghorne, near the source of the Reed.

"The Halls were, after the murder of Parcy Reed, held in such universal abhorrence and contempt by the inhabitants of Redesdale, for their cowardly and treacherous behaviour, that they were obliged to leave the country." In another passage, we are informed that the ghost of the injured Borderer is supposed to haunt the banks of a brook called the Pringle. These Redes of Troughend were a very ancient family, as may be conjectured from their deriving their surname from the river on which they had their mansion. An epitaph on one of their tombs affirms, that the family held their lands of Troughend, which are situated on the Reed, nearly opposite to Otterburn, for the incredible space of nine hundred years.

NOTE 1.

And near the spot that gave me name,
The monted mound of Risingham,
Where Reed upon her margin sees
Sweet Woodburne's cottages and trees,
Some ancient Sculptor's art has shown
An outlaw's image on the stone.—P. 258.

Risingham, upon the river Reed, near the beautiful hamlet of Woodburn, is an ancient Roman station, formerly called Halstanne. Camden says, that in his time the popular account bore, that it had been the abode of a deity, or giant, called Magon; and appeals, in support of this tradition, as well as to the etymology of Risingham, or Reissenham, which signifies, in German, the habitation of the giants, to two Roman altars taken out of the river, inscribed, Deo Mogonti Cadencorum. About half a mile distant from Risingham, upon an eminence covered with scattered birch-trees and fragments of rock, there is cut upon a large rock, in alto relievo, a remarkable figure, called Robin of Risingham, or Robin of Redesdale. It presents a hunter, with his bow raised in one hand, and in the other what seems to be a hare. There is a quiver at the back of the figure, and he is dressed in a long coat, or kirtle, coming down to the knees, and meeting close, with a girldle round him. Dr. Horsely, who saw all monuments of antiquity with Roman eyes, inclines to think this figure a Roman archer: and certainly the bow is rather of the ancient size than of that which is so formidable in the hand of the English archers of the middle ages. But the rudeness of the whole figure prevents our founding strongly upon mere inaccuracy of proportion. The popular tradition is, that it represents a giant, whose brother resided at Woodburn, and he himself at Risingham. It adds, that they subsisted by hunting, and that one of them, finding the game become too scarce to support them, poisoned his companion, in whose memory the monument was engraved. What strange and tragic circumstance may be concealed under this legend, or whether it is altogether apocryphal, it is now impossible to discover.

The name of Robin of Redesdale was given to one of the Umfravilles, Lords of Prudhoe, and afterwards to one Hilliard, a friend and follower of the king making Earl of Warwick. This person commanded an army of Northamptonshire and northern men, who seized on and beheld the Earl Rivers, father to Edward the Fourth's queen, and his son, Sir John Woodville.—See Holinshed, ad annum, 1469.

NOTE K.

Do thou revere
The statutes of the Buccaneer.—P. 258.

The "statutes of the Buccaneers" were, in reality, more equitable than could have been expected from the state of society under which they had been formed. They chiefly related, as may readily be conjectured, to the distribution and the inheritance of their plunder.

When the expedition was completed, the funds of the company accruing to each, were known together, each party taking his oath that he had retained or concealed no part of the common stock. If any one transgressed in this important particular, the punishment was, his being set ashore on some desert key or island, to shift for himself as he could. The owners of the vessel had then their share assigned for the expenses of the outfit. These were generally old pirates, settled at Tobago, Jamaica, St. Domingo, or some other French or English settlement. The surgeon's and carpenter's salaries, with the price of provisions and ammunition, were also defrayed. Then followed the compensation due to the wounded and wounded, rated according to the damage they had sustained; as six hundred pieces of eight, or six slaves, for the loss of an arm or leg, and so in proportion.

"After this act of justice and humanity, the remainder of the booty was divided into as many shares as there were Buccaneers. The commander could only lay claim to a single share, as the rest; but they complimented him with two or three, in proportion as he had acquitted himself to their satisfaction. When the vessel was not the property of the whole company, the person who had fitted it out, and furnished it with necessary arms and ammunition, was entitled to a third of all the prizes. Favour had never any influence in the division of the booty, for every share was determined by lot. Instances of such rigid justice as this are not easily met with, and they extended even to the dead. Their share was given to the man who was known to be their companion when alive, and therefore their heir. If the person who had been killed had no intimate, his part was sent to his relations, when they were known. If there were no friends nor relations, it was distributed in charity to the poor and to churchies, which were to pray for the person in whose name these benefactions were given, the fruits of inhuman, but necessary, politcal plunders."—Raynal's History of European Settlements in the East and West Indies, by Justamond. Lond. 1776, 8vo, iii. p. 41.
NOTE L.
The course of Tees.—P. 260.

The view from Barnard Castle commands the rich and magnificent valley of Tees. Immediately adjacent to the river, the banks are very thinly wooded; at a little distance they are more open and cultivated; but, being interspersed with hedge rows, and with isolated trees of great size and age, they still retain the richness of woodland scenery. The river itself flows in a deep trench of solid rock, chiefly limestone and marble. The finest view of its romantic course is from a handsome modern built bridge over the Tees, by the late Mr. Morriss at Rokey. In Leland's time, the marble quarries seem to have been of some value. "Hard under the cliff by Egliston, is found on one side of Tese very fair marble, wont to be taken up whole by many hets of Barnard's Castelle and of Egliston, and partly to have been wrought by them, and partly sold unwrought to others."—Itinerary. Oxford, 1768, 8vo, p. 88.

NOTE M.
Egliston's grey ruins.—P. 261.

The ruins of this abbey, or priory, (for Tanner calls it the former, and Leland the latter,) are beautifully situated upon the angle, formed by a little dell called Thorsgill, at its junction with the Tees. A good part of the religious house is still in some degree habitable, but the church is in ruins. Egliston was dedicated to St. Mary and St. John the Baptist, and is supposed to have been founded by Ralph de Merton about the end of Henry the Second's reign. There were formerly the tombs of the families of Rokey, Bowes, and Fitz-Hugh.

NOTE N.
The mound, Raised by that Legion long renowned, Whose votive shrine asserts their claim, Of pious, faithful, conquering fame.—P. 261.

Close behind the George Inn at Greta Bridge, there is a well-preserved Roman encampment, surrounded with a triple ditch between the river Greta and a brook called the Tutta. The four entrances are easily to be discerned. Very many Roman altars and monuments have been found in the vicinity, most of which are preserved at Rokey by my friend Mr. Morriss. Among others is a small votive altar, with the inscription, LEG. VI. VIC. P. F. P., which has been rendered, Legio. Sexta. Victor. Pia. Fortis. Fidelis.

NOTE O.
Rokey's turrets high.—P. 261.

This ancient manor long gave name to a family by whom it is said to have been possessed from the Conquest downward, and who are at different times distinguished in history. It was the Baron of Rokey who finally defeated the insurrection of the Earl of Northumberland, tempore Hen. IV., of which Holinshed gives the following account:—"The King, advertised hereof, caused a great armie to be assembled, and came forward with the same towards his enemies; but yet the King came to Nottingham, Sir Thomas, or (as other name) Sir Rafe Rokeshe, Sheriff of Yorkshire, assembled the forces of the country to resist the Earle and his power: coming to Grimbautbries, beside Knaresborough, there to stop them the passage; but they returning aside, got to Weatherbee, and so to Tadcaster, and finally came forward unto Branham-moor, near to Harizlewood, where they chose their ground meet to fight upon. The Shrinne was for to giue battell as the Earle to receiue it; and so with a standard of S. George spread, set fiercely upon the Earle, who, vnder a standard of his owne armes, encountered his adversaries with great manhood. There was a sore encounter and cruel conflict betwixt the parties, but in the end the victorie fell to the Shrinne. The Lord Bardolie was taken, but sore wounded, so that he shortly after died of the hurts. As for the Earle of Northumberland, he was slaine outright: so that now the prophecy was fulfilled, which gave an inkling of this his heavy hap long before, nameleth, "Stirps Pereitina perier confusa ruina." For this Earle was the stocke and maine root of all that were left alone, called by the name of Perse; and of manie more by divers slaughters dispatched. For whose misfortune the people were not a little sorrie, making report of the gentlemans valiantnesse, renowne, and honour, and applieing vnto him certeine lamentable verses out of Lucaine, smeng.

NOTE P.
A stern and lone, yet lovely road. As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode.—P. 261.

What follows is an attempt to describe the romantic glen, or rather ravine, through which the Greta finds a passage between Rokey and Mortham; the former situated upon the left bank of Greta, the latter on the right bank, about half a mile nearer to its junction with
the Tees. The river runs with very great rapidity over a bed of solid rock, broken by many shelving descents, down which the stream dashes with great noise and impetuosity, vindicating its etymology, which has been derived from the Gothic, Grundan, to clamour. The banks partly of the same wild and romantic character, being chiefly lofty cliffs of limestone rock, whose grey colour contrasts admirably with the various trees and shrubs which find root among their crevices, as well as with the hue of the ivy, which clings around them in profusion, and hangs down from their projections in long sweeping tendrils. At other points the rocks give place to precipitous banks of partaking large trees intermixed with capeswood. In one spot the dell, which is elsewhere very narrow, widens for a space to leave room for a dark grove of yew trees, intermixed here and there with aged pines of uncommon size. Directly opposite to this sombre thicket, the cliffs on the other side of the Greta are tall, white, and fringed with all kinds of deciduous shrubs. The whole scene of this spot is so much adapted to the ideas of superstition, that it has acquired the name of Blockula, from the place where the Swedish witches were supposed to hold their Sabbath. The dell, however, has superstitions of its own growth, for it is supposed to be haunted by a female spectre, called the Doe of Mortham. The cause assigned for her appearance is a lady's having been whom murdered in the wood, in evidence of which, her blood is shown upon the stairs of the old tower at Mortham. But whether she was slain by a jealous husband, or by savage banditti, or by an uncle who coveted her estate, or by a rejected lover, are points upon which the traditions of Roekey do not enable us to decide.

Note Q.

How whistle rash bids tempests roar.—P. 262.

That this is a general superstition, is well known to all who have been on ship-board, or who have conversed with seamen. The most formidable whistler that I remember to have met with was the apparatus of a certain Mrs. Leakey, who, about 1636, resided, as we are told, at Mynehead, in Somerset, where her only son drove a considerable trade between that port and Waterford, and was owner of several vessels. This old gentlewoman was of a social disposition, and no other acceptor of her friends, that they used to say to her and to each other, it was pity such an excellent good-natured old lady should die; to which she was wont to reply, that whatever pleasure they might find in her company just now, they would not greatly like to see or converse with her after death, which nevertheless she was apt to think might happen. Accordingly, after her death and funeral, she began to appear to various persons by night and by noonday, in her own house, in the town and fields, at sea and upon shore. So far had she departed from her former urbanity, that she is recorded to have kicked a doctor of medicine for his impolite negligence in omitting to hand her over a stile. It was also her humour to appear upon the quay, and call for a boat. But especially so soon as any of her son's ships approached the harbour, "this ghost would appear in the same garb and likeness as when she was alive, and, standing at the mainmast, would blow with a whistle, and though it were never so great a calm, yet immediately there would arise a most dreadful storm, that would break, wreck, and drown ship and goods." When she had thus proceeded until her son had neither credit to freight a vessel, nor could have procured men to sail in it, she began to attack the persons of his family, and actually strangled their only child in the cradle. The rest of her story, showing how the spectre looked over the shoulder of her daughter-in-law while dressing her hair at a looking-glass, and how Mrs. Leakey the younger took courage to address her, and how the beldam dispatched her to an Irish prelate, famous for his crimes and misfortunes, to exhort him to repentance, and to apprise him that otherwise he would be hanged, and how the bishop was satisfied with replying, that if he was born to be hanged, he should not be drowned;—all these with many more particulars, may be found at the end of one of John Dunton's publications, called Athenianism, London, 1710, where the tale is engrossed under the title of The Apparition Evidence.

Note R.

Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light.—P. 262.

"This Ericus, King of Sweden, in his time was held second to none in the magical art; and he was so familiar with the evil spirits, which he exceedingly adored, that which way soever he turned his cap, the wind would presently blow that way. From this occasion he was called Windy Cap; and many men believed that Regnerus, King of Denmark, by the conduct of this Ericus, who was his nephew, had happily extended his power into the most remote parts of the earth, and conquered many countries and fenced cities by his cunning, and at last was his coadjutor; that by the consent of the nobles, he should be chosen King of Sweden, which continued a long time with him very happily, until he died of old age."—Olaus, ut supra, p. 45.

Note S.

The Demon Frigate.—P. 262.

This is an allusion to a well-known nautical superstition concerning a fantastic vessel, called by sailors the Flying Dutchman, and supposed to be seen about the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. She is distinguished from earthly vessels by bearing a press of sail when all others are prunable, from stress of weather, to show an inch of canvas. The cause of her wandering is not altogether certain; but the general account is, that she was originally a vessel loaded with great wealth, on board of which some horrid act of murder and piracy had been committed; that the plague broke out among the wicked crew who
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had perpetrated the crime, and that they sailed in vain from port to port, offering, as the price of shelter, the whole of their ill-gotten wealth; that they were excluded from every harbour, for fear of the contagion which was devouring them; and that, as a punishment of their crimes, the appurtenance of the ship still continues to haunt those seas in which the catastrophe took place, and is considered by the mariners as the worst of all possible omens.

My late lamented friend, Dr. John Leyden, has introduced this phenomenon into his Scenes of Infancy, imputing, with poetical ingenuity, the dreadful judgment to the first ship which commenced the slave trade:—

"Stout was the ship, from Benin's holy shore That first the weight of heter'd captives bore; Bedlam'd with blood, the sun with shrieking beams Bheed her bounding o'er the ocean streams; But ere the moon her silver horde had seen'd, And on her decks the specter played; Paint'd and desiring, on their watery tier, To every friendly shore the sailors steer; Reswell'd from port to port, they sue in vain, And track with slow upsteady sail the main. Where ne'er the bright and buoyant wave is seen To steal with wandering foam the sea weeds green, Tenders the tall maid, a lone and leeky tree, Till self-impal'd amid the waveless sea; Where summer breezes ne'er w'e're heard to sing, Nor hovering snow-birds spread the dewy wing, Fix'd his abode amid the boundless space, The yellow stream round pollutes the stagnant sluice, Till far through night the funeral flames aspire, As the red lightning smites the ghastly pyre."

"Still don't ye on molten hills a rolly Abro transit their restless course to hold; Becting the storm, the shadowy sailors glide The prow with sails apposed to wind and tide; The Spectre Ship, in livid glimpsing light, O'er her back辞 the shivering waves play night. Unbless of God and man!—Till time shall end, Its view strange horror to the storm shall lead."

NOTE T.

By some desert isle or key.—P. 262.

What contributed much to the security of the Bucaniers about the Windward Islands, was the great number of little islets, called in that country keys. These are small sandy patches, appearing just above the surface of the ocean, covered over with a few bushes and weeds, but sometimes affording springs of water, and, in general, much frequented by turtle. Such little uninhabited spots afforded the pirates good harbours, either for refitting or for the purpose of concealment: they were occasionally the lodgment-place of their treasures, and often afforded a shelter to themselves. As many of the atrocities which they practised on their prisoners were committed in such spots, there are some of these keys which even now have an indifferent reputation among seamen, and where they are with difficulty prevailed on to remain ashore at night, on account of the visionary terrors incident to places which have been thus contaminated.

NOTE U.

Before the gate of Mortham stood.—P. 263.

The castle of Mortham, which Leland terms "Mr. Rokesby's place, in ripa citri, scant a quarter of a mile from Greta Bridge, and not a quarter of a mile beneath into Tees," is a picturesque tower, surrounded by buildings of different ages, now converted into a farmhouse and offices. The battlements of the tower itself are singularly elegant, the architect having broken them at regular intervals into different heights; while those at the corners of the tower project into octagonal turrets. They are also from space to space covered with stones laid across them, as in modern embasures, the whole forming an uncommon and beautiful effect. The surrounding buildings are of a less happy form, being pointed into high and steep roofs. A wall, with embrasures, encloses the southern front, where a low portal arch affords an entry to what was the castle-court. At some distance is most happily placed, between the stems of two magnificent elms, the monument alluded to in the text. It is said to have been brought from the ruins of Eglinton Pryory, and from the armoury with which it is richly curved, appears to have been a tomb of the Fitz-Hughs.

The situation of Mortham is eminently beautiful, occupying a high bank, at the bottom of which the Greta winds out of the dark, narrow, and romantic dell, which the text has attempted to describe, and flows onward through a more open valley to meet the Tees about a quarter of a mile from the castle. Mortham is surrounded by old trees, happily and widely grouped with Mr. Morriss's new plantations.

NOTE V.

There dig, and tomb your precious heap; And bid the dead your treasure keep.—P. 263.

If time did not permit the Bucaniers to lavish away their plunder in their usual debaucheries, they were wont to hide it, with many superstitious solemnities, in the desert islets with keys which they frequented, and where much treasure, whose lawless owners perished without reclaiming it, is still supposed to be concealed. The most cruel of mankind are often the most superstitious; and these pirates are said to have had recourse to a horrid ritual, in order to secure an unearthly guardian to their treasures. They killed a Negro or Spaniard, and buried him with the treasure, believing that his spirit would haunt the spot, and terrify away all intruders I cannot produce any other authority on which this custom is ascribed to them than that of maritime tradition, which is, however, amply sufficient for the purposes of poetry.

NOTE W.

The power

That subdued and lurking lies
To take the fellon by surprise,
And force him, as by magic spell,
In his despite his guilt to tell.—P. 264.

All who are conversant with the administration of criminal justice, must remember many
and these fines were often bestowed upon such persons as had deserved well of the Commons. In some circumstances it happened, that the oppressed cavaliers were fain to form family alliances with some powerful person among the triumphant party. The whole of Sir Robert Howard's excellent comedy of The Committee turns upon the plot of Mr. and Mrs. Day to enrich their family, by compelling Arabella, whose estate was under sequestration, to marry his son Abel, as the price by which she was to compound with Parliament for delinquency; that is, for attachment to the royal cause.

Note Z.
The Indian, prowling for his prey, 
Who hears the settlers track his way. — P. 266.

The patience, abstinence, and ingenuity, exerted by the North American Indians, when in pursuit of plunder or vengeance, is the most distinguished feature in their character; and the activity and address which they display in their retreat is equally surprising. Adair, whose absurd hypothesis and turgid style do not affect the general authenticity of his anecdotes, has recorded an instance which seems incredible:

"When the Chickasah nation was engaged in a former war with the Muskhoge, one of their young warriors set off against them to revenge the blood of a near relation. He went through the most unfrequented and thick parts of the woods, as such a dangerous enterprise required, till he arrived opposite to the great and old beloved town of refuge, Koosnh, which stands high on the eastern side of a bold river, about 250 yards broad, that runs by the late dangerous Albehama-Port, down to the black poisoning Mohile, and so into the Gulf of Mexico. There he concealed himself under cover of the top of a fallen pine-tree, in view of the ford of the old road. It was later night, when he was permitted to enter the town and pass the river in their light popular canoes. All his war-store of provisions consisted of three stands of barbecued venison, till he had an opportunity to revenge blood, and return home. He waited with watchfulness and patience almost three days, when a young man, a woman, and a girl, passed a little wide of him an hour before sunset. The former he shot down, tomahawked the other two, and scalped each of them in a trice, in full view of the town. By way of bravado, he shook the scalp before them, sounding the awful death-whoop, and set off along the trading-path, trusting to his heels, while a great many of the enemy ran to their arms and gave chase. Seven miles from thence he entered the great blue ridge of the Apalache, Mountains. A short hour he had run over seventy miles of that mountainous tract; then, after sleeping two hours in a sitting posture, leaning his back against a tree, he set off again with fresh speed. As he threw away the venison when he found himself pursued by the enemy, he was obliged to support nature with such herbs, roots, and nuts, as his sharp eyes, with a running glance, directed him to snatch up
in his course. Though I often rode that war-path alone, when delay might have proved dangerous, and with as fine and strong horses as any in America, it took me five days to ride from the aforesaid Kossuth to this sprightly warrior's place in the Chickasah country, the distance of 300 computed miles; yet he ran it, and got home safe and well at about eleven o'clock of the third day, which was only one day and a half and two nights." — *Adair's History of the American Indians.* Lond. 1775, 4to., p. 385.

**NOTE A.**

In Redesdale his youth had heard
Each art her wiry dalesmen dared,
When Roonen edge, and Redswair high,
To buyle rung and blood-bound’d: cry. — P. 266.

"What manner of cattle-stealers they are that inhabit these valleys in the marches of both kingdoms, John Lesley, a Scotch man himself, and Bishop of Ross, will inform you. They sally out of their own borders in the night, in troops, through unfrequented by-ways and many intricate dealings. All the day-time they refresh themselves and their horses in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrive in the dark in those places they have a design upon. As soon as they have seized upon the booty, they, in like manner, return home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skilful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists, his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon as a man of an excellent head. And they are so very cunning, that they seldom have their booty taken from them, unless sometimes when, by the help of blood-hounds following them exactly upon the tract, they may chance to fall into the hand of their adversaries. When being taken, they have so much persuasive eloquence, and so many smooth insinuating words at command, that if they do not move their judges, nay, and even their adversaries, (notwithstanding the severity of their natures,) to have mercy, yet they invite them to admiration and compassion." — *Canuden’s Britannia.*

The inhabitants of the valleys of Tyne and Reed were, in ancient times, so unequally addicted to these depredations, that in 1561, the Incorporated Merchant-adventurers of Newcastle made a law that none born in these districts should be admitted apprentice. The inhabitants are stated to be so generally addicted to rapine, that no faith should be reposed in those proceeding from "such lewd and wicked progenitors." This regulation continued to stand unrepelled until 1772. A beggar, in an old play, describes himself as "born in Redesdale, in Northumberland, and come of a wight-riding surname, called the Robsons, good honest men and true, saving a little shifting for their living, God help them!"—a description which would have applied to most Borderers on both sides.

Reidswair, famed for a skirmish to which it gives name, [see Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 15.] is on the very edge of the Carterfell, which divides England from Scotland. The Roonen is a place upon Reewater. Bertram, being described as a native of these dales, where the habits of hostile depredation long survived the union of the crowns, may have been a man, in some degree, prepared for the exercise of a similar trade in the wars of the Bucaniers.

**NOTE B.**

*Hiding his face, lest foemen spy*—The sparkle of his swarthy eye.—P. 266.

After one of the recent battles, in which the Irish rebels were defeated, one of their most active leaders was found in a bog, in which he was immersed up to the shoulders, while his head was concealed by an illuminating ledge of turf. Being detected and seized, notwithstanding his precaution, he became solicitous to know how his retreat had been discovered.

"I caught," answered the Sutherland Highlander, by whom he was taken, "the sparkle of your eye." Those who are accustomed to mark harps upon their form usually discover them by the same circumstance.

**NOTE C.**

*Here stood a wretch prepared to change*—His soul’s redemption for revenge!—P. 267.

It is agreed by all the writers upon magic and witchcraft, that revenge was the most common motive for the pretended compact between Satan and his vassals. The ingenuity of Reginald Scot has very happily stated how such an opinion came to root itself, not only in the minds of the public and of the judges, but even in that of the poor wretches themselves who were accused of sorcery, and were often firm believers in their own power and their own guilt.

"One sort of such as are said to be witches, are women which be commonly old, lame, bare-eyed, foul, and full of wrinkles; poor, sullen, superstitious, or papists, or such as have no religion; in whose drowse minding the devil hath gotten a fine seat; so as what mischief, mischance, calamity, or slaughter is brought to pass, they are easily persuaded the same is done by themselves, imprinting in their minds an earnest and constant imagination thereof. . . . These go from house to house, and from door to door, for a pot of milk, or in some other way, prepared by education, without the which they could hardly live: neither obtaining for their service or pains, nor yet by their art, nor yet at the devil’s hands, (with whom they are said to make a perfect and visible bargain,) either beauty, money, promotion, wealth, pleasure, honour, knowledge, learning, or any other benefit whatsoever.

"It falleth out many a time, that neither their necessities nor their expectation is answered or served in those places where they
beg or borrow, but rather their lewdness is by their neighbours reproved. And farther, in tract of time the witch waxeth odious and te-"dious to her neighbours, and they again are despised and despised of her; so as sometimes she curseth one, and sometimes another, and that from the master of the house, his wife, children, cattle, &c., to the little pig that ieth in the stie. Thus, in process of time, they have all displeased her, and she hath wished evil luck unto them all; perhaps with curses and imprecations made in form. Doubtless (at length) some of her neighbours die or fall sick, or some of their children are visited with diseases that vex them strangely, as apoplexies, epilepsies, convulsions, hot fevers, worms, &c., which, by ignorant parents, are supposed to be the vengeance of witches. . . . .

"The witch, on the other side, expecting her neighbours’ mischances, and seeing things sometimes come to pass according to her wishes, curses, and incantations, (for Bodin himself confesses, that not above two in a hundred of their witchings or wishings take effect,) being called before a justice, by due examination of the circumstances, is driven to see her imprecations and desires, and her neighbours’ harms and losses, to concur, and, as it were, to take effect; and so confesseth that she (as a goddess) hath brought such things to pass. Wherein not only she, but the accuser, and also the justice, are foolish deceived and abused, as being, through her con-"fession, and other circumstances, persuaded (to the injury of God’s glory) that she hath done, or can do, that which is proper only to God himself."—Scott’s Discovery of Witchcraft. Lond, 1655, fol. p. 4, 5.

Note 2 E.

When Spain waged warfare with our land.—P. 270.

The hands of the Greta, below Rutherford Bridge, abound in seams of greyish slate, which are wrought in some places to a very great depth under ground, thus forming artificial caverns, which, when the seam has been ex-"hausted, are gradually hidden by the under-wood which grows in profusion upon the ro-"matic banks of the river. In times of public confu-"sion, they might be well adapted to the pur-poses of banditti.

Note 2 F.

Our comrade’s strife.—P. 270.

The laws of the Bucaniers, and their suc-cessors the Pirates, however severe and equa-"ble, were, like other laws, often set aside by the stronger party. Their quarrels about the di-vision of the spoil fill their history, and they as frequently arose out of mere frolic, or the tyrannical humour of their chiefs. An anec-do"te of Teach, (called Blackbeard,) shows that their habitual indifference for human life ex-"tended to their companions, as well as their enemies and captives.

"One night, drinking in his cabin with Hands, the pilot, and another man, Blackbeard, without any provocation, privately draws out a small pair of pistols, and cocks them under the table, which, being perceived by the man, he withdrew upon deck, leaving Hands, the pilot, and the captain together. When the pistols were ready, he blew out the candles, and crossing his hands, discharched them at his company. Hands, the master, was shot through the knee, and lamed for life; the other pilot did no execution."—Johnson’s History of Pi-"rates. Lond. 1724, 5vo, vol. i. p. 38.

Another anecdote of this worthy man he also mentioned. "The hero of whom we are writing was thoroughly accomplished this way, and some of his frolics of wickedness were so extravagant, as if he aimed at making his men believe he was a devil incarnate; for, being
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one day at sea, and a little flushed with drink, 'Come,' says he, 'let us make a hell of our own, and try how long we can bear it.' Accordingly, he, with two or three others, went down into the hold, and, lifting up all the hatches, filled several pots full of brimstone and other combustible matter, and set it on fire, and so continued till they were almost suffocated, when some of the men cried out for air. At length he opened the hatches, not a little pleased that he held out the longest."—Ibid, p. 90.

NOTE 2 H.

Even now to track a milk-white doe.—P. 270.

"Immediately after supper, the huntsman should go to his master's chamber, and if he serve a king, then let him go to the master of the game's chamber, to know in what quarter he determineth to hunt the day following, that he may know his own quarter; that done, he may go to bed. In the end that he may serve the earlier in the morning, according to the time and season, and according to the place where he must hunt: then when he is up and ready, let him drink a good draught, and fetch his hound, to make him break his fast a little: and let him not forget to fill his bottle with good wine; that done, let him take a little vinegar into the palace of his hand, and put it in the nostrils of his hound, for to make him suelive, to the end his scent may be the perfect, then let him go to the wood.... When the huntsman perceiveth that it is time to begin to heat, let him put his hound before him, and beat the outsides of springs or tuckets; and if he find an hart or deer that likes him, let him mark well whether it be fresh or not, which he may know as well by the manner of his hounds running, as also by the eye.... When he hath well considered what maner of hart it may be, and hath marked every thing to judge by, then let him draw till he come to the court where he is gone to; and let him harbour him if he can, still marking all his tokens, as well by the slot as by the entries, foyles, or such-like. That done, let him plash or bruse down small twigges, some aloft and some below, as the art requireth, and therewithall, whilst his hound is hot, let him beat the outsides, and make his ring-walkes, twice or thrice about the wood."—The Noble Art of Venerie, or Hunting. Lond. 1611, 4to, p. 76, 77.

NOTE 2 I.

Song—Adieu for evermore.—P. 271.

The last verse of this song is taken from the fragment of an old Scottish ballad, of which I only recollected two verses when the first edition of Rokeby was published. Mr. Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful song, which seems to express the fortunes of some follower of the Stuart family:

"It was a' for our rightfull king That we left fair Scotland's strand, It was a' for our rightfull king That we e'er saw Irish land, My dear, That we e'er saw Irish land.

Now all is done that man can do, And all is done in vain? My love! my naiive land, adieu! For I must cross the main, My dear, For I must cross the main.

"He turn'd him round and right about, All on the Irish shore, He gave his bride-rose a shake, With, Adieu for evermore, My dear! Adieu for evermore!

"The soldier fain the war returns, And the merchant fain the main, But I have parted with my love, And never to meet again, My dear, And never to meet again.

"When day is gone and night is come, And we are soon to sleep, I think on them that's afar, The lee-lang night, and weep, The lee-lang night, and weep."
"Before the King I come to report to make,  
Then haste and peace for noble Tristram's sake..."  
So I hear, I went this morning on my quest.  
My horse did stand, and seemed to wait some beast.  
I held him short, and drawing after him,  
I might behold the bark was feeding trim:  
His head was high, and large; in each degree,  
Well panned over, and seemed full sound to be.  
Of colour brown, he beareth eight and twenty  
Of sunbeams, from his height; and long, he seemed.  
His beam seemed great, in good proportion led,  
Well barred and round, well pearled near his head.  
He seemed faire grey with blacke and berrie brownes;  
He seemed well fed by all the spices found.  
For when I had well marked him with eye,  
I stept saide, to watch where he would ly.  
And when I had so watch'd as he seemed then,  
That he might be at large and in his bower,  
I cast about to harbour him full sure;  
My bound by sent did me thereof assure..."  
Then if he ask what sloe or view I found,  
I say the sloe or view was long on ground;  
The loss were great, the joyous bones round and short,  
The shaine bones large, the dew-claws close in port;  
Short Izivated was he, hollow-footed eke,  
Aa hart to hunt as any man can see."

The Art of Venere, ut supra, p. 97.

Note 2 M.

When Denmark's raven soar'd on high,  
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,  
Till, hovering near, her facial crook  
Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke.—P. 271.

About the year of God 866, the Danes,  
Under their celebrated leaders Ingvar (more properly Aagnar) and Hubba, sons, it is said,  
Of the still more celebrated Reggar Lodbrok,  
Invaded Northumberland, bringing with them  
The magical standard, so often mentioned in  
Poetry, called Reafen, or Rumfan, from its  
Bearing the figure of a raven;—

"Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,  
Of famous war in a bright day's fight,  
While the sick moon, at their enchanted song  
Wrept in pale tempest, labour'd through the clouds,  
The demons of destruction then, they say,  
Were all abroad and mixing with the woe;  
Their baleful power: The sisters ever sung,  
"Shake, standard, shake this ruin on our foes."

Thomson and Mallet's Alfred.

The Danes renewed and extended their  
Inursions, and began to colonize, establishing  
A kind of capital at York, from which they  
Spread their conquests and inursions in every  
Direction. Stanmore, which divides the  
Mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, was  
probably the boundary of the Danish kingdom  
In that direction. The district to the west,  
Known in ancient British history by the name  
of Reged, had never been conquered by the  
Saxons, and continued to maintain a precarious  
Independence until it was ceded to Malcolm,  
The King of Scots, by William the Conqueror,  
Probably on account of its similarity in  
Language and manners to the neighbouring British  
Kings of Strath-Glyde.  
Upon the extent and duration of the Danish  
Sovery in Northumberland, the curious  
May consult the various authorities quoted in  
The Gesta et Vita Regum Danorum exta Danim.,  
Tom. ii. p. 40. The most powerful of their  
Northumbrian leaders seems to have been  
Ivar, called, from the extent of his conquests,  
Widfam, that is, The Strider.

Note 2 N.

Beneath the shade the Northmen came.  
Fix'd on each vale a Runic name.—P. 272.

The heathen Danes have left several traces of  
Their religion in the upper part of Teesdale,  
Balder-garth, which derives its name from  
The unfortunate son of Odin, is a tract of waste  
Land on the very ridge of Stanmore: and a  
Brook, which falls into the Tees near Barnard  
Castle, is named after the same deity. A field  
Upon the banks of the Tees is also termed  
Woden-ford, from the supreme deity of the  
Edda. Thorsgil, of which description is  
Attempted in stanza IX., is a beautiful little  
Brook and dell, running up behind the ruins  
of Egliston Abbey. Thor was the Hercules  
Of the Scandinavian mythology, a dreadful  
Giant-queller, and in that capacity the  
Champion of the gods, and the defender of Asgard,  
The northern Olympus, against the frequent  
Attacks of the inhabitants of jotunheim. There  
Is an old poem on the Edda, called  
The Song of Thrym, which turns upon the loss  
And recovery of the Mace, or Hammer, which  
Was Thor's principal weapon, and on which  
Much of his power seems to have depended.  
It may be read to great advantage in a version  
Equally spirited and literal, among the  
Miscellaneous Translations and Poems of the  
Outstanding William Herbert.
who had lost husbands and children in the Irish wars, from singing durt and stones at the earle as he passed, and from reviling him with bitter words; yet, when the earle had been at court, and there obtaining his majesty's direction for his personal and performance of all conditions promised him by the Lord Mountjoy, was about September to return, he durst not pass by those parts without direction to the shiriffes, to convey him with troops of horse from place to place, till he was safely embarked and put to sea for Ireland."—Itinerary, p. 296.

Note 2 P.

But chief arose his victor pride,
When that brave Marshal fought and died.

The chief victory which Tyrone obtained over the English was in a battle fought near Blackwater, while he besieged a fort garrisoned by the English, which commanded the passes into his country.

"This capture, and his few warders did with no less courage suffer hunger, and, having eaten the few horses they had, lived upon heathes growing in the ditches and wals, suffering all extremities, till the lord-lieutenant, in the moneth of August, sent Sir Henry Bagnal, marshall of Ireland, with the most choice companies of foot and horse-troopes of the English army to victorious this fort, and to raise the rebels assembled. When the English entered the place and thickes woods beyond Armagh, on the east side, Tyrone (with all the rebels assembled to him) prickd forward with rage, enuy, and settled rancour against the marshall, assayed the English, and turning his full force against the marshall's person, had the successe to kill him, valiantly fighting among the thickest of the rebels. Whereupon the English being dismayered with this death, the rebels obtained a great victory against them. I term it great, since the English, from their first arrival in that kingdome, never had received so great an overthrow as this, commonly called the Defeat of Blackwater; thirteen valiant captains and 1500 common scoulders (whereof many were of the old companies which had servd in Britaine under General Norreys) were slain in the field. The yielding of the fort of Blackwater followed this disaster, when the assaulted guard saw no hope of relief; but especially upon messages sent to Captain Williams from our broken forces, retired to Armagh, professing that all their safety depended upon his yielding the fort into the hands of Tyrone, without which danger Captain Williams professed that no want or miserie should have induced him thereunto."—TYNES MORISON'S ITINERARY. London, 1617, fol part ii. p. 24.

Tyrone is said to have entertained a personal animosity against the knight-marshall, Sir Henry Bagnal, whom he accused of detaining the letters which he sent to Queen Elizabeth, explanatory of his conduct, and offering terms of submission. The river, called by the English, Blackwater, is termed in Irish, Avon-Duff, which has the same signification. Both names are mentioned by Spenser in his "Marriage of the Thames and the Medway." But I understand that his verses relate not to the Blackwater of Ulster, but to a river of the same name in the south of Ireland:

"Swift Avon-Duff, which of the Englishmen
Is called Blackwater"

Note 2 Q.

The Tanist he to great O'Neale.—P. 273.

"Eudox. What is that which you call Tanist and Tanistry? These be names and terms never heard of nor known to us.

"Iren. It is a custom amongst all the Irish, that presently after the death of one of their chiefes lords or captains, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place generally appointed and knowne unto them, to choose another in his stead, where they do nominate and elect, for the most part not the eldest sonne, nor any of the children of the lord deceased, but the next to him in blood, that is, the eldest and worthiest, as commonly the next brother unto him, if he have any, or the next cousin, or so forth, as any is elder in that kindred or sept; and then next to them doe they choose the next of the blood to be Tanist, who shall next succeed him in the saidcaptainry, if he live thereunto.

"Eudox. Do they not use any ceremony in this election, for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonies and superstitious rites?

"Iren. They use to place him that shall be their capitaine upon a stone, always reservd to that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill. In some of which I have beene formed and engraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first capitaine's foot: whereon hee standing, receives an oath to preserve all the ancient former customes of the countrey inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanist, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is; after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himself round, thrice forwards and thrice backwards.

"Eudox. But how is the Tanist chosen?

"Iren. They say he setteth but one foot upon the stone, and receiveth the like oath that the capitaine did."—Spenser's View of the State of Ireland, apud Works, Lond. 1605, 8vo. vol. viii. p. 306.

The Tanist, therefore, of O'Neale, was the heir-apparent of his power. This kind of succession appears also to have regulated, in very remote times, the succession to the crown of Scotland. It would have been imprudent, if not impossible, to have asserted a minor's right of succession in those stormy days, when the principles of policy were summed up in my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines:

...... "the good old rule
Sufficeth them: the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."
Note 2 R.

His plaited hair in elf-locks spread, &c.—P. 273.

There is here an attempt to describe the ancient Irish dress, of which a poet of Queen Elizabeth's day has given us the following particulars:

"I marvelde in my mynde, and thereupon did muse,
To see a bride of heavene howe an anglie fere to chase.
This bride it is the soils, the bridegroome in the karne.
With writhed glibbes, like wicked spirits,
With vioage rough and stearnar;
With seales upon their poules, instead of civil caps.
With speares in hand, and swordes bysides,
So beare off after clapper;
With jetteten long and bale,
Which shroud simplicite,
Though spifall daris which they do bear.

Their shirtes be very strange,
Not reaching past the thie;
With pleates on pleates thei pleated arra,
As thick as pleates may lye.
Whose sleeves hang trailing downe,
Almost into the shoe;
And with a mastel commonis
The irish karne do goe.
Now some amongst the rest
Do be another weede;
A ceste fayrnesse, of strange devise,
Which fancy first did breede.
His shirts be very shortes,
With pleates erect this think about,
And Irish trousses moe to put
Their strange protectours out."


Some curious wooden engravings accompany this poem, from which it would seem that the ancient Irish dress was (the bonnet excepted) very similar to that of the Scottish Highlanders. The want of a covering on the head was supplied by the mode of plaiting and arranging the hair, which was called the glibbe. These glibbes, according to Spenser, were fit marks for a thief, since when he wished to disguise himself, he could either cut it off entirely, or so pull it over his eyes as to render it very hard to recognize him. This, however, is a mere re-proof with which the same poet regards that favourite part of the Irish dress, the mantle.

"It is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloke for a thief. First, the outlaw being for his many crimes and villanies banished from the towns and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his home, and under his mantle himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his pent-house; when it bloweth, it is his tent; when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close; at all times he can use it: never heavy, never cumbersome; Like one for a rebel, it is so serviceable; for in his warre that he maketh, (if at least it deserve the name of warre,) when he still flyeth from his foe, and lurketh in the thick woods and strait passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff. For the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep in. Therein he wrappeth himself round, and coucheth himself strong against the gnats, which, in that country, doe more annoy the naked rebels while they keep the woods, and doe more sharply wound them, than all their enemies swords or speares, which can seldom come nigh them: yea, and oftentimes their mantle serveth them when they are neere driven, being wrapped about their left arme, instead of a target, for it is hard to cut thorough with a sword; besides, it is light to beare, light to throw away, and being (as they commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thieve it is so handsame as it may seem it was first invented for him; for under it he may cleanly convey any fit pallare that cometh handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abroad in the night in freebooting, it is his best and surest friend; for lying, as they often do, two or three nights together abroad to watch for their booty, with that they can prettily shroud themselves under a bush or hanks till they may conveniently do thither and thence. And in all this, he can in his mantle passe through any town or company, being close hooded over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is indangler. Besides this, he or any man that is disposed to mischief or villany may, under his mantle, goe privily armed without suspicion of any, carry his head-piece, his skean, or pistol, if he please, to be always in readiness."—Spenser's View of the State of Ireland, apud Works, nt supra, vii. 367.

The javelins, or darts, of the Irish, which they threw with great dexterity, appear, from one of the prints already mentioned, to have been about four feet long, with a strong steel head and thick knotted shaft.

Note 2 S.

With wild majestic port and tone,
Like envoy of some barbarous throne.—P. 273.

The Irish chiefs, in their intercourse with the English, and with each other, were wont to assume the language and style of independent royalty. Morrison has preserved a summons from Tyrone to a neighbouring chieftain, which runs in the following terms:

"O'Neale commendeth him unto you, Morish Fitz-Thomas; O'Neale requesteth you, in God's name, to take part with him, and fight for your common peace and ransom, and in so doing, O'Neale will spend to see you righted in all your affairs, and will help you. And if you come not at O'Neale betwixt this und to-morrow at twelve of the clocke, and take his part, O'Neale is not beholdng to you, and will doe to the uttermost of his power to overthrow you, if you come not to him at furthest by Saturday at noone. From Knocke Dunnyng in Antrim, the fourth of February, 1599.

"O'Neale requesteth you to come speake with him, and doth give you his word that you shall receive no harme neither in comming nor going from him, whether you be friend or not, and bring with you to O'Neale Gerat Fitz-gerald.

(Submitted) "O'NEALE."
Nur did the royalty of O'Neale consist in works alone. Sir John Harrington paid him a visit at the time of his truce with Essex, and, after mentioning his "farn table, and fen forms, spread under the stately canopy of heaven," he notices what constitutes the real power of every monarch, the love, namely, and allegiance of his subjects. "His guards, for the most part, were beardless boys without shirts; who in the frost wade as familiarly through rivers as water-samplers. With what charm such a master makes them love him, I know not; but if he bid them, they come; if go, they do go; if he say do this, they do it." — Nute Antiquæ. Lond. 1794, 8vo., vol. 1. p. 251.

NOTE 2 T.

His foster-father was his guide.—P. 274.

There was no tie more sacred among the Irish than that which connected the foster-father, as well as the nurse herself, with the child they brought up.

"Foster-fathers spend much more time, money, and affection on their foster-children than their own; and in return take from them clothes, money for their several professions, and arms, and, even for any vicious purposes, fortunes and cattle, not so much by a claim of right as by extortion; and they will even carry those things off as plunder. All who have been nursed by the same person preserve a greater mutual affection and confidence in each other than if they were natural brothers, whom they will even hate for the sake of these. When chil by their parents, they fly to their foster-fathers, who frequently encourage them to make open war on their parents, train them up to every excess of wickedness, and make them most abandoned nuiscreants: as, on the other hand, the nurses make the young women, whom they bring up for every excess. If a foster-child is sick, it is incredible how soon the nurses hear of it, however distant, and with what solicitude they attend it by day and night." — Giraldus Cambrensis, quoted by Camden, iv. 369.

This custom, like many other Irish usages, prevailed till of late in the Scottish Highlands, and was cherished by the chiefs as an easy mode of extending their influence and connexion; and even in the Lowlands, during the last century, the connexion between the nurse and foster-child was seldom dissolved but by the death of one party.

NOTE 2 U.

Great Nial of the Pledges Nine.—P. 274.

Neal Naighvallach, or Of the Nine Hostages, is said to have been monarch of all Ireland, during the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century. He exercised a predatory warfare on the coast of England and of Bretagne, or Armorica; and from the latter country brought off the celebrated Saint Patrick, a youth of sixteen, among other captives, whom he transported to Ireland. Neal derived his epithet from nine nations, or tribes, whom he held under his subjection, and from whom he took hostages. From one of Neal's wars were derived the Kinel-eogain, or Race of Tyrone, which afforded monarchs both to Ireland and to Ulster. Neal (according to Sir Fisherton O'Neale) was killed by a poisoned arrow, in one of his descents on the coast of Bretagne.

NOTE 2 V.

Shane-Dymas wild.—P. 274.

This Shane-Dymas, or John the Wanton, held the title and power of O'Neale in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, against whom he rebelled repeatedly.

"This chieftain is handed down to us as the most proud and profigate man on earth. He was immutably addicted to women and wine. He is said to have had 200 tuns of wine at once in his cellar at Dandram, but neque-bunghi was his favourite liquor. He spared neither age nor condition of the fair sex. Altho' so illiterate that he could not write, he was not destitute of address, his understanding was strong, and his courage daring. He had 600 men for his guard; 4000 foot, 1000 horse for the field. He claimed superiority over all the lords of Ulster, and called himself king thereof. When commissioners were sent to taken with him, he said, 'That, the Queen were his sovereign lady, he never made peace with her but at her lodging; that she had made a wise Earl of Macartymore, but that he kept as good a man as he; that he cared not for so mean a title as Earl; that his blood and power were better than the best; that his ancestors were Kings of Ulster; and that he would give place to none.' His kinsman, the Earl of Killarde, having persuaded him of the folly of contending with the crown of England, he resolved to attend the Queen, but in a style suited to his princely dignity. He appeared in London with a magnificent train of Irish Galloglasses, arrayed in the richest habiliments of their country, their heads bare, their hair flowing on their shoulders, with their long arms open sleeves bound with saffron. Thus dressed, and surcharged, with military harness, and armed with battle-axes, they afforded an astonishing spectacle to the citizens, who regarded them as the intruders of some very distant part of the globe. But at Court his versatility now prevailed; his title to the sovereignty of Tyrone was pleaded from English laws and Irish institutions, and all allegations were so summed, that the Queen dismissed him with presents and assurances of favour. In England this transaction was looked on as the humiliation of a repeating rebel: in Tyrone it was considered as a treaty of peace between two potentates." — Camden's Britannia, by Gough. Lond. 1806. 6to., vol. iv. p. 442.

When reduced to extremity by the English, and forsaken by his allies, this Shane-Dymas fled to Claudeboy, then occupied by a colony of Scottish Highlanders of the family of MacDonell. He was at first courteously received; but by degrees they began to quarrel about the slaughter of some of their friends whom Shane-Dymas had put to death, and advancing
from words to deeds, fell upon him with their 
broadwords, and cut him to pieces. After his 
death a law was made that none should pre-
sume to take the name and title of O'Neale.

**NOTE 2 W.**

_Geraldine._—P. 274.

The O'Neales were closely allied with this 
powerful and warlike family; for Henry Owen 
O'Neale married the daughter of Thomas 
Earl of Kildare, and their son Con-More mar-
ned his cousin-german, a daughter of Gerald 
Earl of Kildare. This Con-More cursed any 
of his posterity who should learn the English 
language, sow corn, or build houses, so as to 
invite the English to settle in their country. 
Others ascribe this anathema to his son Con-
Baco. Fearfatha O'Goive, bard to the 
O'Neales of Clannabay, complains in the 
same spirit of the towers and ramparts with 
which the strangers had disfigured the fair 
sporting fields of Erin.—See Walker's Irish 
Bards, p. 140.

**NOTE 2 X.**

_He chose that honour'd flag to bear._—P. 275.

Lacy informs us, in the old play already 
quoted, how the cavalry raised by the country 
gentlemen for Charles's service were usually 
oficered. "You, cornet, have a name that's 
proper for all cornets to be called by; for they 
are all bearless boys in our army. The most 
part of our horse were raised thus:—The 
honest country gentleman raises the troop at 
his own charge; then he gets a Low-country 
lieutenant to fight his troop safely; then he 
sends for his son from school to be his cornet; 
and then he puts off his child's coat to put on 
a buffcoat: and this is the constitution of our 
army."

**NOTE 2 Y.**

_in that old time to chivalry._—P. 275.

Originally, the order of chivalry embraced 
three ranks:—1. The Page; 2 The Squire; 3. 
The Knight;—a gradation which we have 
been imitated in the mystery of free-
masonry. But, before the reign of Charles I., 
the custom of serving as a squire had 
fallen into disuse, though the order of the page 
was still, to a certain degree, in observance. 
This state of servitude was so far from inferring 
anything degrading, that it was considered as 
the regular school for acquiring every quality 
necessary for future distinction. The proper 
nature, and the decay of the institution, are 
pointed out by old Ben Jonson, with his own 
torcible moral colouring. The dialogue occurs 
between Lovell, "a compleat gentleman, a 
soldier, and a scholar, known to have been 
page to the old Lord Beaumont, and so to have 
followed him in the French wars, after com-
panion of his studies, and left guardian to his 
son," and the facetious Goodstock, host of the 
Light Heart. Lovell had offered to take Good-

stock's sun for his page, which the latter, in 
reference to the recent abuse of the establish-
ment, declares as "a desperate course of 
life:"—

"Lowell, Call you that desperate, which by 
a line
Of institution, from our ancestors
Hath been derived down to us, and received
In a succession, for the noblest way
Of breeding up our youth, in letters, arms,
Fair mien, discourses, civil exercise,
And all the blazon of a gentleman!
Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,
To move his body gracefully; to speak
His language purer; or to tune his mind,
Or manners, more to the harmony of nature,
Than in the nurseries of nobility?

"Host. Ay, that was when the nursery's
self was noble,
And only virtue made it, not the market,
That titles were not vented at the drum,
Or common outcry. Goodness gave the great-
ness,
And greatest worship: every house became
An academy of honour; and those parts
We see departed, in the practice, now,
Quite from the institution.

"Lowell. Why do you say so?
Or think so enviously? Do they not still
Learn there the Centaur's skill, the art of
Thrace.
To ride? or, Pollux' mystery, to fence?
The Pyrrhic gestures, both to dance and
spring
In armour, to be active in the wars?
To study figures, numbers, and proportions,
May yield them great in counsels, and the arts
Grave Nestor and the wise Ulysses practised
To make their English sweet upon their
tongue.
As reverend Chaucer says!

"Host. Sir, you mistake;
To play Sir Pandarus, my copy hath it,
And carry messages to Madame Cressida;
Instead of backing the brave steed o' mornings,
To court the chambermaid: and for a lean
O'the vaulting horse, to ply the vaulting house;
For exercise of arms, a bale of dice,
Or two or three packs of cards to show the
cheat,
And nimbleness of hand; mistake a cloak
Upon my lord's back, and pawn it; ease his
pocket.
Of a superfluous watch; or gelt a jewel
Of an odd stone or so; twinge two or three
buttons.
From off my lady's crown: These are the arts
Or seven liberal deadly sciences
Of pagery, or rather paganism.
As the tides run; to which if he apply him,
He may perhaps take a degree at Tyburn
A year the earlier: came to take a lecture
Upon Aquinas at St. Thomas a Watering's,
And so go forth a laureat in hemp circle!"

Ben Jonson's _New Inn, Act I. Scene III._

**NOTE 2 Z.**

_Seem'd half abandon'd to decay._—P. 278.

The ancient castle of Rupeibu stood exactly 
upon the site of the present mansion, by which
APPENDIX TO ROKEBY.

a part of its walls is enclosed. It is surrounded by a profusion of fine wood, and the park in which it stands is adorned by the junction of the Greta and of the Tees. The title of Baron Rokeby of Armagh was, in 1777, conferred on the Right Reverend Richard Robinson, Primate of Ireland, descended of the Robinsons, formerly of Rokeby, in Yorkshire.

NOTE 3 A.

Rokeby's lords of martini fame,
I can count them name by name.—P. 290.
The following brief pedigree of this very ancient and once powerful family, was kindly supplied to the author by Mr. Rokeby of Northamptonshire, descended of the ancient Barons of Rokeby:—

"Pedigree of the House of Rokeby.
1. Sir Alex. Rokeby, Knt. married to Sir Hump. Litle's daughter.
2. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Tho. Lumley's daughter.
4. Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Biggot's daughter.
5. Sir Thos. Rokeby, Knt. to Sir John de Melsass's daughter of Bennet-Hall, in Holderness.
6. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Sir Brian Stapleton's daughter of Weighill.
7. Sir Thos. Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Ury's daughter.
8. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to daughter of Mansfield, heir of Morton.
10. Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. to John de Strangways's daughter.
12. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Danby of Yafforth's daughter and heir.
14. Christopher Rokeby, Esq. to Lassells of Brackenburgh's daughter.
15. Thos. Rokeby, Esq. to daughter of Thweng.
16. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Lawson's daughter of Brough.
17. Francis Rokeby, Esq. to Faucett's daughter, citizen of London.
18. Thos. Rokeby, Esq. to the daughter of Wickliffe of Gales.

High Sheriff of Yorkshire.
1337. 11 Edw. 3. Ralph Hastings and Thos. de Rokeby.
1343. 17 Edw. 3. Thos. de Rokeby, pro sept. annis.
1358. 25 Edw. 3. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Justiciary of Ireland for six years; died at the castle of Kilcri.

1340. 8 Hen. 4. Thos. Rokeby Miles, defeated and slew the Duke of Northumberland at the battle of Bramham Moor.
1411. 12 Hen. 4. Thos. Rokeby Miles.
1486 . . . . . Thomas Rokeby. Esq.
Jn. Rokeby, LL.D. one of the Council.
Jo Rokeby, Esq. one of the Council.
Jo. Rokeby, LL.D ditto.
Ralph Rokeby, Esq. one of the Secretaries.
7 Will. 3. Sir J. Rokeby, Knt. one of the Justices of the King's Bench.

The family of De Rokeby came over with the Conqueror.
The old motto belonging to the family is In Bino Dextra.
The arms, argent, chevron sable, between three rooks proper.
There is somewhat more to be found in our family in the Scottish history about the affairs of Dun-Bretton, but what it is, and in what time, I know not, nor can have convenient leisure to search. But Parson Blackwood, the Scottish chaplain to the Lord of Shrewsbury, recited to me once a piece of a Scottish song, wherein was mentioned, that William Wallis, the great deliverer of the Scots from the English bondage, should, at Dun-Bretton, have been brought up under a Rokeby, captain then of the place; and as he walked on a cliff, should thrust him on a sudden into the sea, and thereby have gotten that hold, which, I think, was about the 33d of Edw. I. or before. Thus, leaving our ancestors of record, we must also with them leave the Chronicle of Malmesbury Abbey, called Historiarum, of which Mr. Leland reporteth this history, and copyeth down no-written story, the which have yet the testimony of later times, and the fresh memory of men yet alive, for their warrant and credit, of whom I have learned it, that in K. Henry the 7th's reign, one Ralph Rokeby, Esq. was owner of Morton, and I guess that this was he that deceived the friars of Richmond with his felon swine, on which a jargon was made."

The above is a quotation from a manuscript written by Ralph Rokeby; when he lived is uncertain.
To what metrical Scottish tradition Parson Blackwood alluded, it would be now in vain to enquire. But in Blind Harry's History of

5 From him is the house of Holtham, and of the second brother that had issue.
Sir William Wallace, we find a legend of one Rukkie, whom he makes keeper of Stirling Castle under the English usurpation, and whom Wallace slays with his own hand:—

"In the great press Wallace and Rukkie met,

With his good sword a stroke upon him set;

Death to him fell, for his two sons escaped among the live."

These sons, according to the romantic Minstrel, surrendered the castle on conditions, and went back to England, but returned to Scotland in the days of Bruce, when one of them became again keeper of Stirling Castle. Immediately after this achievement follows another engagement, between Wallace and those Western Highlanders who embraced the English interest, at a pass in Glenlochy, where many were precipitated into the lake over a precipice. These circumstances may have been confused in the narrative of Parson Blackwood, or in the recollection of Mr. Rokeby.

In the old ballad of Chevy Chase, there is mentioned, among the English warriors, "Sir Raff the ryeche Ruche," which may apply to Sir Ralph Rokeby, the tenth baron in the pedigree. The more modern copy of the ballad runs thus:

"Good Sir Ralph Raby that was slain,

Whose prowess did ammount."

This would rather seem to relate to one of the Nevilles of Raby. But, as the whole ballad is romantic, accuracy is not to be looked for.

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**Note 3 B.**

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**The Felon Sow of Rokeby and the Friars of Richmond.**

Ye men that will of auters¹ winne,

That late within this land hath beene,

Of one I will you tell;

And of a sew² that was see³ strang,

Als that ever she lived sae lang,

For fell⁴ folk did she whell.⁵

She was mare⁶ than other three,

The grisliest beast that ere might be,

Her head was great and gray:

She was bred in Rokey wood.

There were few that thither good⁷ That came on live⁸ away.

Her walk was endlong⁹ Greta side;

There was no bren¹⁰ that durst her bide,

That was froe¹¹ heaven to hell;

Nor never man that had that might,

That ever durst come in her siglt,

Her force it was so fell.

Ralph of Rokey, with good will,

The Fryers of Richmond gave her till,¹²

Full well to garre¹³ them fare.

Fryer Middleton by his name,

He was sent to fetch her hame,

That rued him sines¹⁴ full sae.

With him tooke he wight men two,

Peter Dale was one of thoe,

That ever was brim as heare;¹⁵

And well durst strike with sword and knife,

And fight full manly was his life,

What time as mister ware.¹⁶

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¹ Both the MS. and Mr. Whitaker's copy read ancestors, evidently a corruption of cousins, adventures, as corrected by Mr. Evans.—² Sow, according to provincial pronunciation. — ⁸ So; Yorkshire dialect. — ⁴ Fele, many; ⁵ Sax. — ⁶ A corruption of gale, to kill. — ⁸ More, greater. — ⁷ Whil. — ⁸ Alive. — ⁹ Along the side of Greta. — ¹⁵ Bate, child.
APPENDIX TO ROKEBY.

These three men went at God's will,
This wicked sew while they came till,
Liggan1 under a tree;  
Rugg and rusty was her hair; 
She raise up with a felon fare,2
'To fight against the three.

She was so grisly for to meete,
She rave the earth up with her feete,
And bark came fro the tree; 
Where Fryer Middleton her saught,3
Weet ye well he might not laugh,
Full earnestly look't bee.

These men of antlers that was so wight,4
They bound them haudly5 for to fight,
And strike at her full sere: 
Until a kih she gaurred her fleo,
Wold God send them the victory,
The wold ask him non mare.

The sew was in the kih hole down,
As they were on the halke aboon,6
For hurting of their feet; 
They were so sauited7 with this sew,
That among them was a stalworth sew,
The kihn began to reeke.

Durst noe man neigh her with his hand,
But put a rape9 down with his wand,
And haltered her full meete;
They hurled her forth against her wall,
Whiles they came into a hill,
A little fro the street.10

And there she made them such a fray,
If they should live to Doomes-day,
They thourrow11 it ne'er forget;
She braded12 upon every side,
And ran on them gaping full wide,
For nothing would she let13

She gave such brades14 at the band
That Peter Dale had in his hand,
He might not hold his feet.
She chappled them to and fro,
The wight man was never so woe,
Their measure was not so meete.

She bound her boldy to abide;
To Peter Dale she came aside,
With many a hideous yell;
She gaped soe wide and cried soe hee,
The Fryar seid,15 I conjure thee,16
Thou art a fiend of hell.

"Thou art come hither for some trea\nI conjure thee to go againe
Where thou wast wont to dwell."
He sayned17 him with crosse and creede,
Took forth a book, begun to reade
In St. John his gospel.

The sew she would not Latin heare,
But rudeily rushed at the Fryer,
That binked all his bee;18
And when she would have taken her hold,
The Fryar leaped as Jesus wold,
And bicaled him19 with a tree.

She was as brim20 as any beare,
For all their meete to labour there,21
To them it was no booke;
Upon trees and bushes that by her stood,
She ranged as she was wood,22
And rave them up by roote.

He sayd, "Alas, that I was Fryer!
And I shall be rugged23 in sunder here,
Hard is my destinie!
Wist24 my brethern in this houre,
That I was set in such a stoure,25
They would pray for me."

This wicked beast that wrought this woe,
Tooke that rape from the other two,
And then they feld all three;
They fled away by Wathig-street,
They had no succour but their feet,
It was the more pity.

The feild it was both lost and wonne;26
The sew went hame, and that full soone,
To Morton on the Greene;
When Ralph of Rokeby saw the rape,27
He wist28 that there had been debate,
Whereat the sew had beene.

He had them stand out of her way,
For she had had a sudden fray,—
"I saw never so keene;
Some new things shall we heare
Of her and Middleton the Fryer,
Some battell hath there beene."17

But all that served him for nought
Had they not better succour sought,
If they were served therefore loe.
Then Mistress Rokeby set them free,
And for her brought shee meete full soone,
The sew came her unto.

She gave her meete upon the flower,
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

When Fryar Middleton came home,
His brethern was full fain ilkome,30
And thanked God of his life;
He told them all unto the end.
How he had foughten with a fiend,
And lived through mickle strife.

"We gave her battell half a day,
And sithein31 was fain to fly away,

1 Lying. — 2 A fierce constenance or manner. — 3 Saw. —
4 Wight, brave. — 5 The Rokeby MS. reads fountauns, and Mr. Whitaker, souncesters. — 6 Boldly. — 6 On the beam above. — 7 Per se. — 8 Assaulted. — 9 Rope. — 10 Watting. — 11 Bound. — 12 Rushed. — 13 Leave it. — 14 Falls. — 15 This line is wanting in Mr. Whitaker's copy, whence it has been conjectured that something is wanting after this stanza, which now there is an occasion to propose. — 16 Evil device. — 17 Besecked. — 18 Fr. — 19 Lost his colour. — 20 Sheltered himself. — 21 Fierc. — 22 The MS. reads, to labour were. The text seems to mean, that all their labour to obtain their intended meat was of no use to them. Mr. Whitaker reads,
For saving of our life;¹
And Peter Dale would never blinn,²
But as fast as he could ryn,³
Till he came to his wife.⁴

The warden said, "I am full of woe,
That ever ye should be torment so,
But were with you had been,
Had we been there your brethren all.
Wee should have garred the warle fall,
That wrought you all this tye.⁵"

Fryar Middleton said soon, "Nay,
In faith you would have fled away,
When most master ⁶had beene;
You will all speake words at hame,
A man would sing ⁷you verily like anon,
And if it he as I weene."⁸

He look't so grievly all that night,
The warden said, "You man will fight
If you say ought but good;
You guest ⁹ hath grieved him so sore.
Hold your tongues and speake noe mate,
He looks as he were woode."¹⁰

The warden waged¹¹ on the morne,
Two bold men that ever were borne,
I weene, or ever shal be;
The one was Gibbert, Griffin's son,
Full nicker waxh up he wonne,
Both by land and sea.

The other was a bastard son of Spain,
Many a Sarazin hath he slain,
His dint¹² hath gart them die.
These two men the battle undertooke,
Against the sew, as says the booke,
And sealed security.

That they should boldly hide and fight,
And skomnit her in maine and might,
Or therefore should they die.
The warden sealed to them a booke,
And said, "In feild ye be shun,
This condition make I:¹³

"We shall for you pray, sing, and read
To doomesday with hearty speede,
With all our progeny."
Then the letters well was made,
Bands bound with scales brade,¹⁴
As deedes of armes should be.

These men of armes that were so wight,
With armour and with brandes bright,
They went this sew to see;
She made on them shike a rerd,¹⁵
That for her they were sure afer'd,
And almost bound to flee.

She came raving them egaine;
That saw the bastard son of Spaine,

He braded¹⁶ out his brand;
Full spiteously at her he strake,
For all the fence that he could make,
She set sword out of hand;
And rane in sunder half his shielde,
And bare him backward in the field,
He might not her gainstend.

She would have riven his privich gear,
But Gilbert with his sword of warre,
He strake at her full strong.
On her shoulder till she held the sword;
Then was good Gilbert sore afer'd,
When the blade brake in two.¹⁷

Since in his hands he hath her tane,
She tooke him by the shoulder bane,¹⁸
And held her hold full fast;
She strave so stilly in that stower,¹⁹
That through all his rich armour
The blood came at the last.

Then Gilbert grieved was sea sare,
That he rave off both hide and hair,
The feast came fro the booke;
And with all force he felled her there,
And wann her worthily in warre,
And band her him alone.

And lift her on a horse sea hee,
Into two paniers well-made of a ree,
And to Richmond they did play:¹¹
When they saw her come,
They sung merrily Te Deum,
The Fryers on that day.¹²

They thanked God and St. Francis,
As they had won the best of pris,¹³
And never a man was slaine:
There did never a man more manly,
Knight Marcus, nor yet Sir Gui,
Nor Loth of Louthyane.⁴⁰

If ye will any more of this,
In the Fryers of Richmond 'tis
In parchment good and fine;
And how Fryar Middleton that was so kerd,²¹
At Greta Bridge conjured a feind
In likeness of a swine.

It is well known to many a man,
That Fryar Theobald was warden than,
And this fell in his time;
And Christ them blesse both farre and neare,
All that for solace list this to heare,
And him that made the rhyme.

Ralph Rokeyh with full good will,
The Fryers of Richmond he gave her till,
This sew to mende their fare:
Fryar Middleton by his name,
Would needs bring the fat sew hame,
That rued him since full sare.

¹ The above lines are wanting in Mr. Whitaker's copy.
² Cease, stop. — ³ Run. — ⁴ Warlock, or wizard. — ⁵ Harm — ⁶ Need. — ⁷ Beat. The copy in Mr. Whitaker's History of Cranees reads, perhaps better, —
"The bend would dieg yone down ilk one."
⁸ "You guest," may be you jest, i.e., that adventure; or it may mean you guest, or appertains, which in old poems is applied sometimes to what is supernaturally hideous. The printed copy reads,—"The beast hath," &c.

²¹ Well known, or perhaps kind, well disposed.
Note 3 C.

The Filia of O'Neale was the. — P. 280.

The Filia, or Ollamh Re Dan, was the proper bard, or, as the name literally implies, poet. Each chieftain of distinction had one or more in his service, whose office was usually hereditary. The late ingenious Mr. Cooper Walker has assembled a curious collection of particulars concerning this order of men, in his Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards. The Filia were sometimes bard of the first rank, but all were held in the highest veneration.

The English, who considered them as chief supporters of the spirit of national independence, were much disposed to proscribe this race of poets, as Edward I. is said to have done in Wales. Spenser, while he admits the merit of their wild poetry, as "savouring of sweet wit and good invention, and sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device," yet rigorously condemns the whole application of their poetry, as abased to "the gracing of wickedness and vice." The household minstrel was admitted even to the feast of the prince whom he served, and sat at the same table. It was one of the customs of which Sir Richard Vernon, son to Sir Thomas Vernon, then the son of Sir Richard II. committed the instruction of four Irish monarchs in the Civilization of the Period, found it most difficult to break his royal disciples, though he had also much ado to subject them to other English rules, and particularly to reconcile them to wear breeches. "The kung, my souereignge lord's entent was, that in maner, countenance, and apparel of clothes, as they shalde use according to the maner of England, for the kung thought to make them all four knyghtes: they had a fayre house to lodge in, in Duvelyn, and I was charged to abyde styll with them, and not to departe; and so two or three dayes I suffered them to do as they lust, and sayde no thinge to them, but folowed their owne appeteytes: they wolde sitte at the table, and make countenance nother good, nor faverable. Then I thought that they shulde cause them to chaunge that maner: they wolde cause their mynystrels, their seruantes, and varlettes, to sytte with them, and to eate in their owne dysche, and to drinke of their cuppes; and they shewed me that the usage of their countrye was good, for they sayd in all thinges (except their beddes) they were and lyved as comen. So the fourthe day I or- dayned other tables to be cowered in the hall, after the usage of England, and I made these four knyghtes to sytte at the hysehe table, and there mynystrels at another borde, and their seruantes and varlettes at another byneth them, whereof by snymghe they were displeased, and beheld each other, and wolde not eate, and sayde, how I wolde take fro them the maner. And I thought them to chaunge so to order them. When they hard that, they sware they had beene brought under the obesance of the Kyngge of England, and parcellered in the same as long as I was with them; yet they had one use which I knew was well used in their countrye, and that was, they dyde were no breches; I caused broches of lyem clothe to be made for them. Whyte I was with them I caused then to leave many rude thynges, as well in clothying as in other causes. Mochie ado I had at the first to cause them to weare wounes of sylke, forred with myneuerie and gray; for before these kynges thought themselfe well apparell when they had on a mantell. They rade alwayes without saddles and styropes, and with great pride I made them to ride after our usage." — Lord Berners's Transl. Lond. 1812. 4to. Vol. ii p. 621.

The influence of these bard upon thair patrons, and their admitted title to interfere in matters of the weighhest concern, may be also proved from the behaviour of one of them at an interview between Thomas Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Kildare, then about to renounce the English allegiance, and the Lord Chancellor Cromer, who made a long and goodly oracion to dissuade him from his purpose. The young lord had come to the coun-
cil "armed and weaponed," and attended by seven score horsemen in their shiraks of mail; and we are assured that the chancellor, having set forth his oration, with such a lamentable action as his cheekes, were all behis, and with tears, the horsemen, namelie, such as understood not English, began to divine what the lord-chancellor meant with all this long circumstance; some of them reporting that he was preaching a sermon, others said that he stood making some heroncal poetry in the praise of the Lord Thomas. And thus as every idiot shot his foolish bolt, at the wise chancellor his discourse, who in effect had taught else but drop precious stones before hogs, one Bard de Nelam, an Irish rithmour, and a rotten sheepe to infect a whole flocke, was clathting of Irish verses, as though his toog had run on pattens, in commendation of the Lord Thomas, investing him with the title of Silken Thomas, because his horsemen's jacks were "goldene gorgys," and adorned with sylke; and in the end he told him that he lingered there over long; whereat the Lord Thomas being quickened, "I as Holesho expressed it, bid defiance to the chancellor, threw down contemptuously the sword of office, which, in his father's absence, he held as deputy, and rushed forth to engage in open insurrection.

Note 3 D.

Ah, Clandeboy! thy friendly floor
Slieve-Donard's oak shall light no more

P. 280.

Clandeboy is a district of Ulster, formerly possessed by the sepf of the O'Neales, and Slieve-Donard, a romantic mountain in the same province. The clan was ruined after Tyrone's great rebellion, and their places of abode laid desolate. The ancient Irish, wild and uncultivated in other respects, did not yield even to their descendants in practising the most free and extended hospitality; and

1 Hollnshed. Lond. 1568. 4to. Vol. vii. p. 201.
The hall of Cynddylan, gloomy seems its roof
Since the sweet smile of humanity is no more—
Woe to him that saw it, if he neglects to do
good!

The hall of Cynddylan, art thou not bereft of
thy appearance?
Thy shield is in the grave;
Whilst he lived there was no broken roof!

The hall of Cynddylan is without love this
night,
Since he that own'd it is no more—
Ah, death: it will be but a short time he will
leave me!

The hall of Cynddylan is not easy this night,
On the top of the rock of Hydwyth,
Without its lord, without company, without
the circling feasts!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without songs—
Tears affect the cheeks!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without family—
My overflowing tears gush out!

The hall of Cynddylan pierces me to see it,
Without a covering, without fire—
My general dead, and I alive myself!

The hall of Cynddylan is the seat of chill
grief this night,
After the respect I experienced:—
Without the men, without the women, who
reside there!

The hall of Cynddylan is silent this night,
After losing its master—
The great mournful God, what shall I do?"

Ibid. p. 77.

NOTE 3 E.

M'Curtin's harp — P. 291.

"Maccartun, hereditary Ollamh of North
Munster, and Eileen to Donough, Earl of Thom-
mond, and President of Munster. This noble-
man was amongst those who were prevailed
upon to join Elizabeth's forces. Soon as it was
known that he had basely abandoned the
interests of his country, Maccurtun presented
an adulatory poem to Maccarthy, chief of
South Munster, and of the Eugenian line, who,
with O'Neil, O'Donnel, Lacy, and others, were
deeper engaged in protecting their violated
country. In this poem he dwells on the rapture
on the courage and patriotism of Maccarthy:
but the verse that should (according to an
established law of the order of the bands) be
introduced in the praise of O'Brien, he turns
into severe satire. — How am I afflicted (says
he) that the descendant of the great Brian
Borromi cannot furnish me with a theme
worthy the honour and glory of his exalted
race?" Lord Thomond, hearing this, vowed
vengeance on the spirited bard, who fled for
refuge to the county of Cork. One day ob-
serving the exasperated nobleman and his
equipage at a small distance, he thought it
was in vain to fly, and pretended to be sud-
denly seized with the pangs of death; direct-
APPENDIX TO Rokeby. 317

ing his wife to lament over him, and tell his lordship, that the sight of him, by awakening the sense of his ingratitude, had so much affected him that he could not support it; and desired her at the same time to tell his lordship, that he entreated, as a dying request, his forgiveness. So soon as Lord Thomond arrived, the beloved lady was related to him. That nobleman was moved to compassion, and not only declared that he most heartily forgave him, but, opening his purse, presented the fair mourner with some pieces to inter him. This instance of his lordship's pity and generosity gave courage to the trembling hand; who, suddenly springing up, recited an extemporary ode in praise of Donough, and recommending his service, became once more his favourite."


NOTE 3 F.
The ancient English minstrel's dress.—P. 281.

Among the entertainments presented to Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, was the introduction of a person designed to represent a travelling minstrel, who entertained her with a soliloquy on one of the acts of King Arthur. Of this person's dress and appearance Mr. Lunniah has given us a very accurate account, transferred by Bishop Percy to the preliminary Dissertation on Minstrels, prefixed to his Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i.

NOTE 3 G.

Littlecote Hall.—P. 284.

The tradition from which the hall is founded, was supplied by a friend, (the late Lord Webb Seymour,) whose account I will not do the injustice to abridge, as it contains an admirable picture of an old English hall:

"Littlecote House stands in a low and lonely situation. On three sides it is surrounded by a park that extends over the adjoining hill; on the fourth, by meadows which are watered by the river Kennet. Close on one side of the house is a thick grove of lofty trees, along the verge of which runs one of the principal avenues to it through the park. It is an irregular building of great antiquity, and was probably erected about the time of the termination of feudal warfare, when defence came no longer to be an object in a country mansion. Many circumstances, however, in the interior of the house, seem appropriate to feudal times. The hall is very spacious, floored with stones, and lighted by large transom windows, that are clothed with casements. Its walls are hung with old military accoutrements, that have long been left a prey to rust. At one end of the hall is a range of coats of mail and helmet, and there is on every side abundance of old-fashioned pistols and guns, many of them with matchlocks. Immediately below the cornice hangs a row of heathern jerkins, made in the form of a shirt, supposed to have been worn as armour by the vassals. A large oak table, reaching nearly from one end of the room to the other, might have feasted the whole neighbourhood, and an appendage to one end of it made it answer at other times for the old game of shuffleboard. The rest of the furniture is in a suitable style, particularly an arm-chair of crimson workmanship constructed of wood, curiously turned, with a back which has been described as having been used by Judge Popham in the reign of Elizabeth. The entrance into the hall is at one end, by a low door, communicating with a passage that leads from the outer door in front of the house to a quadrangle within; at the other, it opens upon a gloomy staircase, by which you ascend to the first floor, and, passing the door of some bed chambers, enter a narrow gallery, which extends along the back front of the house from one end to the other of it, and looks upon an old garden. This gallery is hung with portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. In one of the bed chambers, which you pass in going towards the gallery, is a bedstead with blue furniture, which time has now made dingy and threadbare, and in the bottom one of the bed curtains you are shown a place where a small piece has been cut out and sewn in again,—a circumstance which serves to identify the scene of the following story:—

"It was on a dark rainy night in the month of November, that an old midwife sat musing by her cottage fireside, when on a sudden she was startled by a loud knocking at the door. On opening it she found a horseman, who told her that her assistance was required immediately by a person of rank, and that she should be handsomely rewarded; but that there were reasons for keeping the affair a strict secret, and, therefore, she must submit to be blindfolded, and to be conducted in that condition to the bed chamber of the lady. With some hesitation the midwife consented; the horseman bound her eyes, and placed her on a pillion behind him. After proceeding in silence for many miles through rough and dirty lanes, they stopped, and the midwife was led into a house, which from the length of her walk through the apartments, as well as the sounds about her, she discovered to be the seat of wealth and power. When the handmaiden was removed from her eyes, she found herself in a bed chamber, in which were the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and a man of a haughty and ferocious aspect. The lady was delivered of a fine boy. Immediately the man commanded the midwife to give him the child, and catching it from her, he hurried across the room, and threw it on the back of the fire that was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and, by its struggles, rolled itself upon the hearth, when the ruffian again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the intercession of the midwife, and the more piteous entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the grate, and, raking the live coals upon it, soon put an end to its life. The midwife, after spending some time in affording all the relief in her power to the wretched mother, was told that she must be gone. Her former conductor appeared, who again bound her eyes, and conveyed her behind him to her 1

1 I think there is a chapel on one side of it, but am not quite sure.
own home; he then paid her handsomely, and departed. The midwife was strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding night; and she immediately made a deposition of the facts before a magistrate. Two circumstances afforded hopes of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed; one was, that the midwife, as she sat by the bedside, had with a view to discover the place, cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and sewn it in again; the other was, that as she had descended the staircase she had counted the steps. Some suspicions fell upon one Darrell, at that time the proprietor of Littlecote House, and the domain around it. The house was examined, and identified by the midwife, and Darrell was tried at Salisbury for the murder. By corrupting his judge, he escaped the sentence of the law; but broke his neck by a fall from his horse in hunting, in a few months after The place where this happened is still known by the name of Darrell's Style,—a spot to be dreaded by the peasant whom the shadows of evening have overtaken on his way.

"Littlecote House is two miles from Hungerford, in Berkshire, through which the Bath road passes. The fact occurred in the reign of Elizabeth. All the important circumstances I have given exactly as they are told in the country; some trifles only are added, either to render the whole connected, or to increase the impression.

To Lord Webbe's edition of this singular story, the author can now add the following account, extracted from Aubrey's Correspondence. It occurs among other particulars respecting Sir John Popham:

"Sir ** Dayrell, of Littlecote, in Corn. Wilts, having got his lady's waiting woman with child, when her travell came, sent a servant with a horse for a midwife, whom he was to bring hood-winked. She was brought, and laid the woman, but as soon as the child was born, she saw the knight take the child and murther it, and burn it in the fire in the chamber. She having done her business, was extraordinarily rewarded for her pains, and sent blindfolded away. This horrid action did not pass without some consequences. He had a desire to discover it, but knew not where 'twas. She considered with herself the time that she was riding, and how many miles she might have rode at that rate in that time, and that it must be some great person's house, for the roome was 12 foot high; and she should know the chamber if she saw it. She went to a Judge of assize, and said, I saw a candle burned in - the very room which was mentioned. He had under my care a servant, which he had formerly stood, and which was now occupied by buildings of an inferior description. When the flames were at their height, the tumult, which usually attends such a scene, was suddenly suspended by an unexpected apparition. A beautiful female, in a night-dress, extremely rich, but at least half a century old, appeared in the very midst of the fire, amid these insidious words in her vernacular idiom; "Awes burned, twice burned; the third time I'll scare you all!" The belief in this story was formerly so strong, that on a fire breaking out, and seeming to approach the fatal spot, there was a good deal of anxiety testified, lest the apparition should make good her denunciation."
NOTE 3 H.
As thick a smoke these threats have given
At Hallow-tide or Christmas-eve.—P. 285.

Such an exhortation was, in similar circumstances, actually given to his followers by a Welsh chieftain:

"Enmity did continue betweene Howell ap Rys ap Howell Vaughan and the sonnes of John ap Meredith. After the death of Evan ap Robert, Griffith ap Grow (cosen-german to John ap Meredith's sonnes of Gwynfrin, who had been slain in France, and had charge there) coming home to live in the country, it happened that a servant of his, coming to fish in Stymlyn, his fish was taken away, and the fellow beaten by Howell ap Rys his servants, and by his commandment. Griffith ap John ap Grow took the matter in such dudgeon that he challenged Howell ap Rys to the field, which he accepted, assembling his cousins John ap Meredith's sonnes and his friends together, assaulted Howell in his own house, after the miner he ind seene in the French warres, and consumed with fire his barnes and his out-houses. Whilst he was thus assaulting the hall, which Howell ap Rys and many other people kept, being a very strong house, he was shut, out of a crevice of the house, through the sight of his beaver into the head, and slayne outright, being otherwise armed at all points. Notwithstanding his death, the assault of the house was continued with great vehemence, the doores fired with great bunches of straw; besides this, the smoke of the out-houses and barnes not farre distant annoyed greatly the defendants, for that most of them lay under bordours and benches upon the floor, in the hall, the better to avoid the smoke. During this scene of confusion onely the old man, Howell ap Rys, never stopped, but stood valiantly in the midst of the floor, armed with a glove in his hand, and called unto them, and bid 'em arise like men, for shame, for he had known there as great a smoke in that hall upon Christmas eve. In the end, seeing the house could not long be defended by them, being overlaid with a multitude, upon parley betweene them, Howell ap Rys was content to yeald himself prisoner to Morris ap John ap Meredith, John ap Meredith's eldest sonne, soe as he would swear unto him to bring him safe to Carnarvon Castle, to abide the trial of the law for the death of Griffith ap Grow, who was cosen-german removed to the said Howell ap Rys, and of the very same house he was of. Which Morris ap John ap Meredith undertaking, did put a guard about the said Howell of his trustiest friends and servants, who kept and defended him from the rage of his kindred, and especially of Oweno ap John ap Meredith, his brother, who was very angry against him. They passed by leisure thence like a campe to Carnarvon: the whole country being assembled, Howell his friends posted a horseback from one place or other by the way, who brought word that he was come thither safe, for they were in great fear lest he should be murthered, and that Morris ap John ap Meredith could not be able to defend him, neither durst any of Howell's friends be there, for fear of the kin-
informed by the sexton, that it was meant as a challenge to any one who should take it down. Mr. Gilpin ordered the sexton to reach it to him; but upon his utterly refusing to touch it, he took it down himself, and put it into his breast. When the people were assembled, he went into the pulpit, and, before he concluded his sermon took occasion to rebuke them severely for these inhuman challenges. 'I hear,' said he, 'that one among you hath hung up a glove, even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down; see, I have taken it down;' and, pulling out the glove, he held it up to the congregation, and then showed them how unsuitable such savage practices were to the profession of Christianity, using such persuasive means as he thought would most affect them."—Life of Barnard Gilpin, Lond. 1753, 8vo, p. 177.

**Note 3 K.**

A Horseman arm'd, at headlong speed.—P. 292.

This, and what follows, is taken from a real achievement of Major Robert Philipson, called from his desperate and adventurous courage, Robin the Devil; which, as being very inaccurately noticed in this note upon the first edition, shall be now given in a more authentic form. The chief place of his retreat was not Lord's Island, in Derwentwater, but Curwen's Island, in the Lake of Windermere:

"This island formerly belonged to the Philipsons, a family of note in Westmoreland. During the Civil Wars, two of them, an elder and a younger brother, served the King. The former, who was the proprietor of it, commanded a regiment; the latter was a major.

"The major, whose name was Robert, was a man of great spirit and enterprise; and for his many feats of personal bravery had obtained, among the Oliverians of those parts, the appellation of Robin the Devil.

"After the war had subsided, and the direful effects of public opposition had ceased, revenge and malice long kept alive the animosity of individuals. Colonel Briggs, a steady friend to usurpation, resided at this time at Kendal, and, under the double character of a leading magistrate (for he was a Justice-of-Peace) and an active commander, held the country in awe. This person having heard that Major Philipson was at his brother's house on the island in Windermere, resolved, if possible, to seize and punish a man who had made himself so particularly obnoxious. How it was conducted, my authority does not inform us—whether he got together the navigation of the lake, and blockaded the place by sea, or whether he landed and carried on his approaches in form. Neither do we learn the strength of the garrison within, nor of the works without. All we learn is, that Major Philipson endured a siege of eight months with great gallantry, till his brother, the Colonel, raised a party and relieved him.

"It was now the Major's turn to make reprisals. He put himself, therefore, at the head of a little troop of horse, and rode to Kendal. Here, being informed that Colonel Briggs was at prayers, (for it was on a Sunday morning,) he stationed his men properly in the avenues, and himself armed, rode directly into the church. It probably was not a regular church, but some large place of meeting. It is said he intended to seize the Colonel and carry him off; but as this seems to have been totally impracticable, it is rather probable that his intention was to kill him on the spot, and in the midst of the confusion to escape. Whatever his intention was, it was frustrated, for Briggs happened to be elsewhere.

"The congregation, as might be expected, was thrown into great confusion on seeing an armed man on horseback make his appearance among them; and the Major, taking advantage of their astonishment, turned his horse round, and rode quietly out. But having given an alarm, he was presently assaulted as he left the assembly, and being seized, his girths were cut, and he was unhorsed.

"At this instant his party made a furious attack on the assailants, and the Major killed with his own hand the man who had seized him, elapped the saddle ungirded as it was, upon his horse, and, vaulting into it, rode full speed through the streets of Kendal, calling his men to follow him; and, with his whole party made a safe retreat to his asylum in the lake. The action marked the man. Many knew him; and they who did not knew as well from the exploit that it could be nobody but Robin the Devil."

1 Dr. Burn's History of Westmoreland.
The Bridal of Triermain:

OR,

The Vale of St. John.

A LOVER’S TALE.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION. 1

In the Edinburgh Annual Register for the year 1809, Three Fragments were inserted, written in imitation of Living Poets. It must have been apparent, that by these prolixions, nothing burlesque, or disrespectful to the authors, was intended, but that they were offered to be public as serious, though certainly very imperfect, imitations of that style of composition, by each of the works of its supposed, to be distinguished. As these exercises attracted a greater degree of attention than the author anticipated, he has been induced to complete one of them, and present it as a separate publication.

It is not in this place that an examination of the works of the master whom he has here adopted as his model, can, with propriety, be introduced; since his general acquirement in the favourable suffrage of the public must necessarily be inferred from the attempt he has now made. He is induced, by the nature of his subject, to offer a few remarks on what has been called Romantic Poetry;--the popularity of which has been revived in the present day, under the auspices, and by the unparalleled success, of one individual.

The original purpose of poetry is either religious or historical, or, as must frequently happen, a mixture of both. To modern readers, the poems of Homer have many of the features of pure romance; but in the estimation of his contemporaries, they probably derived their chief value from their supposed historical authenticity. The same may be generally said of the poetry of all early ages. The marvels and miracles which the poet blended with his song, do not exceed in number or extravagance the figments of the historians of the same period of society; and, indeed, the difference between poetry and prose, as the vehicles of historical truth, is always of late introduction. Poets, under various denominations of Bards, Scalds, Chroniclers, and so forth, are the first historians of all nations.

Their intention is to relate the events they have witnessed, or the traditions that have reached them; and they clothe the relation in rhyme, merely as the means of rendering it more solemn in the narrative or more easily committed to memory. But as the poetical historian improves in the art of conveying information, the authenticity of his narrative unavoidably declines. He is tempted to dilate and dwell upon the events that are interesting to his imagination, and, conscious how different his audience is to the naked truth of his poem, his history gradually becomes a romance.

1 Published in March, 1825, by John Ballantyne and Co.


and, indeed, if the question be considered on its own merits, we must be satisfied that narrative poetry, if strictly confined to the great occurrences of history, would be deprived of the individual interest which it is so well calculated to excite.

Modern poets may therefore be pardoned in seeking simpler subjects of verse, more interesting in proportion to their simplicity. Two or three figures, well grouped, suit the artist better than a crowd, for whatever purpose assembled. For the same reason, a scene immediately presented to the imagination, and directly brought home to the feelings, though involving the fate of but one or two persons, is more favourable for poetry than the political struggles and convulsions which influence the fate of kingdoms. The former are within the reach and comprehension of all, and, if depicted with vigour, seldom fail to fix attention : The other, if more sublime, are more vague and distant, less capable of being distinctly understood, and infinitely less capable of exciting those sentiments which it is the very purpose of poetry to inspire. To generalize is always to destroy effect. We would, for example, be more interested in the fate of an individual soldier in combat, than in the grand event of a general action; with the happiness of two lovers raised from misery and anxiety to peace and union, than with the successful exertions of a whole nation. From what causes this may originate, is a separate and obviously an immaterial consideration. Before ascribing this peculiarity to causes decidedly and obviously selfish, it is proper to recollect, that while men see only a limited space, and while their affections and conduct are regulated, not by aspiring to an universal good, but by exerting their power of making themselves and others happy within the limited scale allotted to each individual, so long will individual history and individual virtue be the reader's and more accessible road to general interest and attention; and, perhaps, we may add, that it is the more useful, as well as the more accessible, inasmuch as it affords an example capable of being easily imitated.

According to the author's idea of Romantic Poetry, as distinguished from Epic, the former comprehends a fictional narrative, framed and combined at the pleasure of the writer; beginning and ending as he may judge best: which neither exacts nor refuses the use of supernatural machinery; which is free from the technical rules of the Epic; and is subject only to those which good sense, good taste, and good morals, apply to every species of poetry without exception. The date may be in a remote age, or in the present; the story may detail the adventures of a prince or of a peasant. In a word, the author is absolute master of his country and its inhabitants, and every thing is permitted to him, excepting to be heavy or prosaic, for which, free and unembarrassed as he is, he has no manner of apology. Those, it is probable, will be found the peculiarities of this species of composition; and before joining the outcry against the vitiated taste that fosters and encourages it, the justice and grounds of it ought to be made perfectly apparent. If the want of sieges, and battles, and great military evolutions, in our poetry, is complained of, let us reflect, that the campaigns and heroes of our days are perpetuated in a record that neither requires nor admits of the aid of fiction; and if the complaint refers to the inferiority of our bards, let us pay a just tribute to their modesty, limiting them, as it does, to subjects which, however indifferently treated, have still the interest and charm of novelty, and which thus prevents them from adding insipidity to their other more insuperable defects.

The Bridal of Triermain.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

Come, Lucy! while 'tis morning hour,
The woodland brook we needs must pass;
So, ere the sun assume his power,
We shelter in our poplar bower.
While canoe lies long upon the flower,
Though vanisht from the velvet grass.
Curbing the stream, this stone's highway
May serve us for a silvan bridge;
For here compell'd to dismount,
Round petty isles the runnels glide,
And cliafing off their puny spire,
The shallow murmurers waste their might.
Yielding to footstep free and light
A dry-shod pass from side to side.

II.

Nay, why this hesitating pause?
And, Lucy, as thy step withdraws,

Why sidelong eye the streamlet's brim
Titania's foot without a slip,
Like tume, though timid, light, and slim,
From pool to pool, stone might safely trip,
Nor risk the glow-worm clasp to dip
That binds her slipper's silken rim.
Or trust thy lover's strength: nor tear
That same stalwart arm of mine,
Which could yon oak's prone trunk uprear,
Shall shrink beneath the burden dear
Of form so slender, light, and fine—
So, now, the danger dared at last,
Look back, and smile at perils past.

III.

And now we reach the favourite glade,
Paled in by cowslip, clift, and stone,
Where never harsher sounds invade,
To break affection's whispering tone,
Than the deep breeze that waves the shade,
Than the small brooklet's feeble moan.
Come! rest thee on thy wonted seat;
Most'd is the stone, the turf is green,
A place where lovers best may meet,
Who would that not their love be seen.
The boughs, that dim the summer sky,
Shall hide us from each lurking spy,
That fain would spread the invades tale,
How Lucy of the lofty eye,
Noble in birth, in fortunes high.
She for whom lords and barons sigh,
Meets her poor Arthur in the dale.

IV.

How deep that blush!—how deep that sigh!
And why does Lucy shun mine eye?
Is it because that crimson draws
Its colour from some secret cause,
Some hidden movement of the breast.
She would not that her Arthur guess'd
O! quicker far is lover's ken
Than the dull glance of common men.
And, by strange sympathy, can spell
The thoughts the loved one will not tell
And mine, in Lucy's blush, saw met
The hues of pleasure and regret;
Pride mingled in the sigh her voice,
And shared with Love the crimson glow;
Well pleased that thou art Arthur's choice,
Yet shamed thine own is placed so low:
Thou turn'st thy self-confessing cheek,
As if to meet the breeze's cooling;
Then, Lucy, hear thy tutor speak,
For Love, too, has his hours of schooling.

V.

Too oft my anxious eye has spied
That secret grief thou fain wouldst hide,
The passing pang of humbled pride;
Too oft, when through the splendid hall,
The load-star of each heart and eye,
My fair one leads the glittering ball,
Will her stol'n glance on Arthur fall,
With such a blush and such a sigh!
Thou wouldst not yield, for wealth or rank,
The heart thy worth and beauty won,
Nor leave me on this mossy bank,
To mark with rival on a thing thy name,
Why, then, should vain repinings rise,
To thy lover fate denies
A nobler name, a wide domain,
A baron's birth, a memorial train,
Since Heaven assign'd him, for his part,
A lyre, a falchion, and a heart!

VI.

My sword — its master must be dumb;
But, when a soldier names my name,
Approach, my Lucy! fearless come,
Nor dread to hear of Arthur's shame.
My heart — mid all you courtly crew,
Of lordly rank and lofty line,
Is there to love and honour true,
That houds a pulse so warm as mine?
They praised thy dimness' lustre rare —
Match'd with thine eyes, I thought it faded;
They praised the pearls that shone thy hair—
I only saw the locks they wound;
They talked of wealthier dower and land,
And titles of high birth the token —
I thought of Lucy's heart and hand,
Nor knew the sense of what was spoken.

And yet, if rank'd in Fortune's roll,
I might have learnt their choice unwise,
Who rate the dower above the soul,
And Lucy's diamonds o'er her eyes.

VII.

My lyre — it is an idle toy,
That borrow'st accents not its own,
Like warbler of Columbian sky,
That sings but in a mimic tone.
Ne'er did it sound o'er sanctum well,
Nor honos it aught of Border spell;
Its strings no feudal stream pour,
Its heroes draw no broad clarmyre;
Nor youth's applause arise;
Because it sung their father's praise.
On Scottish moor, or English down,
It ne'er was traced by fair renown;
Nor won — best need to minstral true.
One favouring smile from fair Bucceuch!
By one poor streamlet sounds its tone,
And heard by one dear maid alone.

VIII.

But, if thou bid'st, these tones shall tell
Of errant knight, and damozelle;
Of the dread knot a Wizard tied,
In punishment of maiden's pride,
In notes of marvel and of fear,
That best may charm romantic ear.
For Lucy loves — like Collins, ill-starred name;
Whose lay's requitall, was that tardy fame,
Who bought no laurel round his living head.
Should hang it o'er his monument when dead.

For Lucy loves to tread enchanted strand,
And thread, like him, the maze of fairy land;
Of golden battlements to view the gleam,
And slumber soft by some Elysian stream:
Such lays she loves, — and, such my Lucy's choice.
What other song can claim her Poet's voice?

The Bridal of Triermain.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

Where is the maiden of mortal strain,
That may match with the Baron of Triermain?
She must be lovely, and constant, and kind,
Holy and pure, and humble of mind,
Blithe of cheer, and gentle of mood.
Courteous, and generous, and noble of blood—
Lovely as the sun's first ray,
When it breaks the clouds of an April day;
Constant and true as the widow'd love,
Kind as a minstrel that sings of love;
Pure as the fountain in rocky cave,
Where never sunbeam kiss'd the wave;
Humble as maiden that loves in vain,
Holy as Hermit's venerable strain;
Gentle as breeze that but whispers and dies,
Yet blithe as the light leaves that dance in its sighs;
Courtous as monarch the mor is crown'd,
Generous as spring-dews that bless the glad ground;
Nor her blood as the currents that met
In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet—
Such must her form be, her mood, and her strain,
That shall match with Sir Roland of Triermain.

II.
Sir Roland de Vaux he hath laid him to sleep,
His blood it was fever'd, his breathing was deep.
He had been pricking against the Scot,
The foray was long, and the skirmish hot;
His duted helm and his buckler's plight
Bore token of a stubborn fight.
All in the castle must hold them still,
Harpers must hush him to his rest,
With the slow soft tunes he loves the best,
Till sleep sink down upon his breast,
Like the dew on a summer hill.

III.
It was the dawn of an autumn day;
The sun was struggling with frost-fog grey,
That like a silvery crape was spread
Round Skiddaw's dim and distant head,
And faintly gleam'd each painted pane
Of the lordly halls of Triermain.
When that Baron hold awoke,
Starting he woke, and loudly did call,
Rousing his menials in bower and hall,
While hastily he spake.

IV.
"Hearken, my minstrels! Which of ye all
Touch'd his harp with that dying fall,
So sweet, so soft, so faint,
It seem'd an angel's whisper'd call
To an expiring saint?
And hearken, my merry-men! What time or where
Did she pass, that maid with her heavenly brow,
With her look so sweet and her eyes so fair,
And her graceful step and her angel hair,
And the eagle plume in her dark-brown hair,
That pass'd from my bower e'en now?"

V.
Answer'd him Richard de Bretville; he
Was chief of the Baron's minstrelsy,—
"Silent, noble chieftain, we
Have sat since midnight close,
When such lulling sounds as the brooklet sings,
Murmur'd from our melting strings,
And hush'd ye to repose.
Had a harp-note sounded here,
It had catch'd my watchful ear,
Although it fell as faint and shy
As hush'd maiden's half form'd sigh,
When she thinks her lover near!"
Answer'd Philip of Fasthwaite tall,
He kept guard in the outer-hall,
"Since at eve our watch took post,
Not a foot has th' portal cross'd;"

Else had I heard the steps, though low
And light they fell, as when earth receives,
In morn of frost, the wither'd leaves,
That drop when no winds blow."

VI.
"Then come thou hither, Henry, my page,
Whom I saved from the sack of Hermitage,
When that dark castle, tower, and spire,
Rose to the skies a pile of fire,
And redd'n all the Nine-stane Hill,
And the shrills of death, that wildly broke
Through the devouring flame and smothering smoke,
Made the warrior's heart-blood chill.
The trustiest thou of all my train,
My fleetest courser thou must rein,
And ride to Lyulph's tower,
And from the Baron of Triermain
Greet well that sage of power.
He is sprung from Druid sires,
And British bars that tuned their lyres
To Arthur's and Pendragon's praise,
And his who sleeps at Dunmuralraise.
Gifted like his gifted race,
He the characters can trace,
Graven deep in elder time
Upon Helvellyn's cliffs sublime;
Sign and sigil well doth he know,
And can breed of weal and woe,
Of kingdoms' fall, and fate of wars,
From mystic dreams and course of stars,
He shall tell if middle earth
To that enchanting shape gave birth,
Or if 'twas but an airy thing,
Such as fantastic sluimers bring,
Fram'd from the rainbow's varying dyes,
Or fading tints of western skies.
For, by the Blessed Rood I swear,
If that fair form breathe vital air,
No other maiden by my side
Shall ever rest De Vaux's bride!"

VII.
The faithful Page he mounts his steed,
And soon he cross'd green Ithling's mead,
Dash'd o'er Kirkoswald's verdant plain,
And Eden barr'd his course in vain.
He pass'd red Penrith's Thatle Round,
For feats of chivalry renown'd,
Left Mayburgh's around and stones of power,
By Druids raised in magic hour,
And traced the Eamont's winding way,
Till Ulio's lake beneath him lay.

VIII.
Onward he rode, the pathway still
Winding betwixt the lake and hill;
Till, on the fragment of a rock,
Struck from its base by lightning shock,
He saw the hoary Sage:
The silver moss and lichen twined,
With fern and deer-hair check'd and lined,
A cushion fit for age;
And o'er him shook the aspin-tree,
A restless rustling canopy.
Then sprung young Henry from his selle,
And greeted Lyulph grave,
And then his master's tale did tell,
And then for counsel crave.
The Man of Years mused long and deep,
Of time's lost treasures taking keep,
And then, as rousing from a sleep,
His solemn answer gave.

IX.
"That maid is born of middle earth,
And may of man be won,
Though there have glistened since her birth
Five hundred years and one.
But where's the Knight in all the north,
That dare the adventure follow forth,
So perilous to knightly worth?
In the valley of St. John!
Listen, youth, to what I tell,
And bind it on thy memory well;
Nor muse that I commence the rhyme
Far distant 'mid the wrecks of time,
The mystic tale, by hark and sage
Is handed down from Merlin's age.

X.
LYULPH'S TALE.
"King Arthur has ridden from merry Carlisle
When Pentecost was o'er;
He journey'd like errant-knight the while,
And sweetly the summer sun did smile
On mountain, moss, and moor.
Above his solitary track
Rose Glaramara's rugged back,
Amid whose yawning guls the sun
Cast slumber'd radiance and dun.
Though never sunbeam could discern
The surface of that sable torn,
In whose black mirror you may spy
The stars, while noontide lights the sky.
The gallant King he skirted still
The margin of that mighty hill;
Rock upon rocks incumbent hung,
And torrents, down the gullies flung,
Joint'd the rude river, braw'd it on,
Reeling now from crag and stone,
Now diving deep from human ken,
And raving down its darksome glen,
The Monarch judged this desert wild,
With such romantic ruin piled,
Was theatre by Nature's hand
For feat of high achievement plann'd.

XI.
"O rather he chose, that Monarch bold,
On vent'rous quest to ride,
In plate and mail, by wood and wold,
Thou, with ermine trapp'd and cloth of gold,
In princely bower to ride;
The bursting crash of a foeman's spear,
As it shiver'd against his mail,
Was merrier music to his ear.
Than courtier's whisper'd tale:
And the clash of Caliburn more dear,
When on the horn casque it rung,
Than all the lays
To their monarch's praise.
That the harpers of Reged sung,
He loved better to rest by wood or river,
Than in bower of his bride, Dame Guenever,
For he left that lady, so lovely of cheer,
To follow adventures of danger and fear;
And the frank-hearted Monarch full little did wot,
That she smiled, in his absence, on brave Lancelot.

XII.
"He rode, till over down and dell
The shade more broad and deeper fell;
And though around the mountain's head
Flow'd streamis of purple, and gold, and red,
Dark at the base, unblest by beam,
Frown'd the black rocks, and roard the stream.
With toil the King his way pursued
By lonely Threlkeld's waste of wood and wood,
Till on his course obliquely shone
The narrow valley of Saint John,
Down sloping to the western sky.
Where lingering sunbeams love to lie,
Right glad to feel those beams again,
The King drew up his charger's rein;
With gauntlet raised he screen'd his sight,
As dazzled with the level light;
And, from beneath his glove of mail,
Scann'd at his ease the lovely vale,
While 'gainst the sun his armour bright
Glean'd ruddy like the beacon's light.

XIII.
"Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.
But, midst of the vale, a mound
Arose with airy turrets crowned,
Buttress, and rampire's circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower;
Seem'd some primeval giant's hand
The castle's massive walls had plann'd,
A ponderous pilion to withstand
Ambitious Nimrod's power.
Above the mounted entrance slung,
The ballad of the charge bawling hung,
As jealous of a foe;
Wicket of oak, as iron hard,
With iron studded, clench'd, and barr'd,
And proud portcullis, join'd to guard
The gloomy pass below.
But the grey walls no banners crown'd,
Upon the watch-tower's airy round
No warler stood his horn to sound,
No guard beside the bridge was found,
And, where the Gothic gateway frown'd
Gianced neither hill nor bow.

XIV.
"Beneath the castle's gloomy pride,
In ample round did Arthur ride
Three times; nor living thing he spied,
Nor heard a living sound,
Save that, awakening from her dream
The owlet now began to scream.
In concert with the rushing stream,
That wash'd the battled mound.
He lighted from his goodly steed,
And he left him to graze on bank and mead;
And slowly he climb'd the narrow way,
That reach'd the entrance grim and grey,
And he stood the outward arch below,
And his bugle-born prepared to blow,
and so completely hidden from the sun, that it is said its beams never reach it, and that the reflection of the stars may he seen at mid-day.

1 The small lake called Scales tarn lies so deeply embossed in the recesses of the huge mountain called Saddle back, more portically Glaramara, is of such great depth,
In summons blithe and bold,
Deeming to raise from iron sleep
The guardian of this dismal Keep,
Which well he guess’d the hold
Of wizard stern, or goblin grim,
Or prince of goblin limit.
The tyrant of the wold.

XV.
"The ivory hagel's golden tip
Twice touch’d the Monarch’s manly lip,
And twice his hand withdrew.
—Thy rule not but Arthur’s heart was good!"
His shield was cross’d by the blessed rood,
Had a pagan host before him stood,
He had charg’d them through and through;
Yet the silence of that ancient place
Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space
Ere yet his horn he blew.
But, instant as its larum rang,
The castle gate was open flung,
Portcullis rose with crashing groan
Full harshly up its grove of stone;
The balance-beams obey’d the blast,
And down the trembling drawbridge cast;
The vaulted arch before him lay,
With nought to bar the gloomy way,
And onward Arthur paced, with hand
On Caliburn’s 1 resistless brand.

XVI.
"A hundred torches, flashing bright,
Dispell’d at once the gloomy night
That lour’d along the walls,
And show’d the King’s astonish’d sight
The inmates of the halls.
Nor wizard stern, nor goblin grim,
Nor giant huge of form and limb;
Nor heathen knight, was there;
But the crescents, which odours hung aloft,
Show’d by their yellow light and soft,
A band of damsels fair.
Onward they came, like summer wave
That dances to the shore;
An hundred voices welcome gave,
And welcome o’er and o’er!
An hundred lovely hands assail
The bucklers of the monarch’s mail,
And busy labour’d to unhasp
Rivet of steel and iron clasp.
One wrapp’d him in a mantle fair,
And one flung odours on his hair;
His short curl’d ringlets one smooth’d down,
One wreath’d them with a myrtle crown.
A bride upon her wedding-day,
Was tendr’d ne’er by troop so gay.

XVII.
"Loud laugh’d they all,—the King, in vain,
With questions task’d the giddy train;
Let him entreat, or crave, or call.
’Twas one reply,—loud laugh’d they all
Then o’er him mimic chains they fling,
‘Framed of the fairest flowers of spring.
While some their gentle force unite,
Onward to drag the wondering knight,
Some, bolder, urge his pace with blows,
Dealt with the lily or the rose.
Behind him were in triumph borne
The warlike arms he late had worn.

Four of the train combined to rear
The terrors of Tintadgel’s spear; 2
Two, laughing at their lack of strength,
Dragg’d Caliburn in cumbrous length;
One, while she aped a martial stride,
Placed on her brow the helmet’s pride:
Then sequel’d with twixt laughter and surprise,
To feel its depth o’erwhelm her eyes.
With revel-shout, and triumph-song,
Thus gaily march’d the giddy throng.

XVIII.
"Through many a gallery and hall
They led, I ween, their royal thrall;
At length, beneath a fair arcade
Their march and song at once they staid.
The eldest maiden of the band,
(‘The lovely maid was scarce eighteen,)
Raised, with imposing air, her hand,
And reverent silence did command,
On entrance of their Queen,
And they were mute.—But as a glance
They steal on Arthur’s countenance
Bewild’d with surprise,
Their smoker’d mirth again ‘gan speak,
In archly dimpled chin and cheek,
And laughter-lighted eyes.

XIX.
"The attributes of those high days
Now only live in minstrel-lays;
For Nature, now exhausted, still
Was then profuse of good and ill.
Strength was gigantic, valour high,
And wisdom sound, beyond the sky,
And beauty had such matchless beam
As lights not now a lover’s dream.
Yet e’en in that romantic age,
Ne’er were such charms by mortal seen,
As Arthur’s dazzled eyes enjag.
When forth on that enchanted stage,
With glittering train of maid and page,
Adventured the castles near;
While up the hall she slowly pass’d,
Her dark eye on the King she cast,
That flash’d expression strong;
The longer dwell that lingering look,
Her cheek the livelier colour took,
And scarce the shame-faced King couldbrook
The gaze that lasting long.
A sage, who had that look espied,
Where kindling passion strove with pride,
Had whisper’d, ‘Prince, beware!
From the chased tiger read the prey,
Rush on the lion when at bay,
Bar the fell dragon’s blighted way
But shun that lovely snare!’—

XX.
"At once that inward strife suppress’d,
The dame approach’d her warlike guest,
With greeting in that fair degree,
Where female pride and courtesy
Are blended with such passing art
As awes at once and charms the heart.
A courteously welcome first she gave,
Then of his goodness ‘gan to crave
Construction fair and true
Of her light damsel’s idle worth,
Who drew from lonely weeks their birth,
Nor knew to pay to stranger worth

1 This was the name of King Arthur’s well-known sword, sometimes also called Excaliburr.
2 Tintadgel Castle, in Cornwall, is reported to have been the birth-place of King Arthur.
And dignity their due;
And then she pray'd that he would rest
That night her castle's honour'd guest.
The Monarch meekly thanks express'd;
The banquet rose at her behest,
With lay and tale, and laugh and jest,
Apace the evening flew.

XXI.
"The Lady sate the Monarch by,
Now in her turn abash'd and shy,
And with indifference seem'd to hear
The toys he whisper'd in her ear.
Her bearing modest was and fair,
Yet shadows of constraint were there,
That show'd an over-cautious care
Some inward thought to hide;
Oft did she pause in full reply,
And oft cast down her large dark eye,
Oft check'd the soft volupitous sigh,
That heav'd her bosom's pride.
Slight symptoms these, but shepherds know
How hot the mid-day sun shall glow,
Arthur, in the midst of morning sky;
And so the wily Monarch guess'd,
That, this assumed restraint express'd
More ardent passions in the breast,
Than ventured to the eye.
Closer he press'd, while beakers rang,
While maidens laugh'd and minstrels sang,
Still closer to her ear —
But why pursue the common tale?
Or wherefore show how knights prevail
When ladies dare to hear?
Or wherefore trace, from what slight cause
Its source one tyrant passion draws,
Till, mastering all within,
Where lives the man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!"

The Bridal of Triermain.

CANTO SECOND.

I.
LYULPH'S TALE, CONTINUED.

"Another day, another day,
And yet another glides away!
The Saxon stern, the pegan Dane,
Maraud on Britain's shores again.
Arthur, of Christendom the flower,
Lies loitering in a lady's bower;
The horn, that foemen wont to fear,
Sounds but to wake the Cumbrian deer,
And Caliburn, the British pride,
Hangs useless by a lover's side.

"Another day, another day,
And yet another, glides away!
Herculean plans in pleasure drown'd,
He thinks not of the Table Round;
In lawless love dissolved his life,
He thinks not of his beauteous wife:
Better he loves to snatch a flower
From bosom of his paramour,
Than from a Saxon knight to wrest
The honours of his heathen crest!
Better to wrestle, 'mid tresses brown,
The heron's plume his hawk struck down,
Than o'er the altar give to flow
The banners of a Paynium foe.
Thus, week by week, and day by day,
His life inglorious glides away;
But she, that soothes his dream, with fear
Beholds his hour of waking near!

III.
"Much force have mortal charms to stay
Our peace in Virtue's toilsome way;
But Guendolen's might far outshine
Each maid of merely mortal line.
Her mother was of human birth,
Her sire a Genie of the earth,
In days of old deem'd to preside
O'er lovers' wiles and beauty's pride.
By youth and virgins worship'd long,
With festive dance and choral song,
Till, when the cross to Britain came,
On heathen altars died the flame.
Now, deep in Wastdale solitude.
The downfall of his rights he rue'd,
And, born of his resentment heir,
He train'd to guile that lady fair,
To sink in slothful sin and shame.
The champion of the Christian name.
Well skill'd to keep vain thoughts alive,
And all to promise, nought to give,—
The timid youth had hope in store,
The bold and pressing gain'd no more.
As wilder'd children leave their home,
After the rainbow's arc to roam,
Her lovers barter'd fair esteem,
Faith, fame, and honour, for a dream.

IV.
"Her sire's soft arts the soul to tame
She practis'd thus—till Arthur came;
Then, frail humanity had part,
And all the mother claim'd her heart.
Forgot each rule her father gave,
Sunk from a princess to a slave,
Too late must Guendolen deplore,
He, that has all, can hope no more!
Now must she see her lover strain,
At every turn, her feeble chain;
Watch, to new-bind each knot, and shrink
To view each fast-decaying link.
Art she invokes to Nature's aid,
Her vest to zone, her locks to braid;
Each varied pleasure heard her call,
The feast, the tourney, and the ball:
Her storied lore she next applies,
Taxing her mind to aid her eyes;
Now more than mortal wise, and then
In female softness sunk again;
Now, raptur'd, with each wish complying,
With feign'd reluctance now denying;
Each charm she varied, to retain
A varying heart, and all in vain!

V.
"Thus in the garden's narrow bound,
Flank'd by some castle's Gothic round,
Fain would the artist's skill provide,
The limits of his realms to hide,
The walks in labyrinths he twines,
Shade after shade with skill combines,
With many a varied flowery knot,
And cape, and arbour, decks the spot,
Tempting the hasty foot to stay,
And linger on the lovely way—
Vain art! vain hope! 'tis fruitless all!
At length we reach the bounding wall,
And sick of flower and trim dress’d tree,
Long for rough glades and forest free.

VI.

"Three summer months had scantily flown
When Arthur, in embarras’d tone,
Spoke of his liege-men and his throne;
Said, all too long had been his stay,
And duties, which a Monarch sways,
Duties, unknown to humbler men,
Must bear her knight from Guendolen.—
She listen’d silently the while,
Her mood express’d in bitter smile;
Beneath her eye must Arthur quail,
And oft resume the unfinished tale,
Confessing, by his doughty feet,
The wrong he sought to justify.
He ceased. A moment mute she gazed,
And then her looks to heaven she raised.
One palm her temples veil’d, to hide
The tear that spring’d in spirit’s pride!
The other for an instant press’d
The foldings of her silken vest!

VII.

"A mer reproachful sign and look,
The hint the Monarch’s conscience took.
Eager he spoke—'No, lady, no!—
Deem not of British Arthur so,
Nor think he can deserter prove
To the dear pledge of mutual love,
I swear by sceptre and by sword,
As best the knight and Briton’s lord,
That if a boy shall claim my care,
That boy is born a kingdom’s heir;
But, if a maiden Fate allows,
To choose that maid a fitting spouse,
A summer-day in lists shall strive
My knights,—the bravest knights alive.—
And he, the first and bravest tried,
Shall Arthur’s daughter claim for bride.'—
He spake, with voice resolved and high—
The lady deign’d him not reply.

VIII.

"At dawn of morn, ere on the brake
His matins did a warbler make,
Or stirr’d his wing to brush away
A single dew-drop from the spray.
Ere a sunbeam, through the mist,
The castle-battlements had kiss’d,
The gates revolve, the drawbridge falls,
And Arthur sallies from the walls.
Doff’d this soft garb of Persia’s loom,
And steel from spurr to helmet-pume,
His Lybian steed full proudly trode,
And joyful neigh’d beneath his lead.
The Monarch gave a passing sigh
To penitence and pleasures by
When, lo! to his astonish’d ken
Appear’d the form of Guendolen.

IX.

"Beyond the utmost wall she stood,
Attire like huntress of the wood
Sandall’d her feet, her ankles bare,
And eekle-plume deck’d her hair;
Firm was her look, her bearing bold,
And in her hand a cup of gold.
‘Thou guest!’ she said, ‘and ne’er again
Must we two meet, in joy or pain.
Full fain would I this hour delay,
Though weak the wish—yet, wilt thou stay?
—No! thou look’st forward. Still attend,—
Part we like lover and like friend,
She rais’d the cup—’Not this the juice
The sluggish vines of earth produce;
Pledge we, at parting, in the draught
Which Genii love!’—she said, and quaff’d;
And strange unwonted lustres fly
From her flush’d cheek and sparkling eye.

X.

"The courteous Monarch bent him low,
And, stooping down from saddlebow,
Lifted the cup, in act to drink.
A drop escaped the goblet’s brink—
Intense as liquid fire from hell,
Upon the charger’s neck it fell.
Screaming with agony and fright,
He bolted twenty feet upright—
The peasant still can show the dint,
Where his hoofs lighted on the flint.—
From Arthur’s hand the goblet flew,
Scattering a shower of fiery dew,
That burn’d and blighted where it fell; 1
The frantic steed rush’d up the dell,
As whistles from the bow the reed,
Nor hit nor rein could check his speed,
Until he gain’d the hill;
Then breath and snow fail’d apace,
And, reeling from the desperate race,
He stood, exhausted, still.
The Monarch, breathless and amazed,
Blew on the fatal castle-gaze—
Nor tower nor dojon could he spy,
Darkening against the morning sky; 2
But, on the spot where once they frown’d,
The lonely streamlet brawl’d around
A tufted knoll, where dimly shone
Fragments of rock and rifted stone.
Musing on this strange hap the while,
The king wends back to fair Carlisle;
And cares, that cumber royal sway,
Wore memory of the past away.

XI.

"Full fifteen years, and more, were sped,
Each brought new wreath to Arthur’s head.
Twelve bloody fields, with glory fought,
The Saxons to subjection brought: 3
Rythou, the mighty giant, slain
By his good brand, relievelh Bretagne;
The Pictish Gillamore in sight.
And Roman Lucius, own’d his might;
And wide were through the world renown’d
The glories of his Table Round.
Each knight who sought adventurous fame,
To the bold court of Britain came.

1 The author has an indistinct recollection of an adven-
ture, somewhat similar to that which is here ascribed to
King Arthur, having befallen one of the ancient Kings of
Denmark. The horn in which the burning liquor was
presented to that Monarch, is said still to be preserved in
the Royal Museum at Copenhagen.

2 See Appendix, Note E.

3 Arthur is said to have defeated the Saxons in twelve
pitched battles, and to have achieved the other feats al-
cited in the text.
And all who suffer'd causeless wrong,
From tyrant proud, or faultier strong,
Sought Arthur's presence to complain,
Nor there for aid implor'd in vain.

XII.

"For this the King, with pomp and pride,
Held solemn court at Whitsunside,
And summoned Prince and Peer,
All who owed homage for their land,
Or who craved knighthood from his hand,
Or who had succour to demand,
To come from far and near.
At such high tide, were glee and game
Mingled with feats of martial fame,
For many a stranger champion came
In lists to break a spear;
And not a knight of Arthur's host,
Save that he trode some foreign coast,
But at this feast of Pentecost
Before him must appear.
Ah, Minstrels! when the Table Round
Arose, with all its warriors crown'd,
There was a theme for bards to sound
In triumph to their string!
Five hundred years are past and gone,
But time shall draw his dying groan,
Ere he behold the British throne
Begirt with such a ring!

The heralds named the appointed spot,
As Caerleon or Camelot,
Or Carlisle fair and free.
At Penrith, now, the feast was set,
And in fair Eamont's vale were met
The flower of Chivalry,
There Galaad sate with many grace,
Yet maiden meekness in his face;
There Morolt of the iron mace,
And love-born Tristan there;
And Dinadain with lively glance,
And Lanval with the fairy lance,
And Murdred with his look askance,
Brunor and Bevidere.
Why should I tell of numbers more!
Sir Kay, Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
Sir Caradoc the keen.
The gentle Gawain's courteous lore,
Hector de Mares and Pellinore,
And Lancelot, that ever more
Look'd stol'n-wise on the Queen.

XIV.

"When wine and mirth did most abound,
And harpers play'd their blithest round,
A shrilly trumpet shook the ground,
And marshals clear'd the ring;
A maiden, on a palfrey white,
Heading a band of damsels bright,
Paced through the circle, to alight
And kneel before the King.
Arthur, with strong emotion, saw
Her graceful boldness check'd by awe,
Her dress, like huntress of the wold,
Her bow and baldrick trimm'd with gold,
Her sandal'd feet, her ankles bare,
And the eagle-plume that deck'd her hair.
Graceful her veil she backward flung——
The King, as from his seat he sprang,
Almost cried, 'Guendolen!'

But 'twas a face more frank and wild,
Betwixt the woman and the child,
Where less of magic beauty smiled
Than of the race of men;
And in the forehead's haggy grace,
The lines of Britain's royal race,
Pendragon's you might ken.

XV.

"Faltering, yet gracefully, she said—
'Great Prince! behold an orphan maid,
In her departed mother's name,
A father's vow'd protection claim!
The vow was sworn in desert lone,
In the deep valley of St. John.'
At once the King the suppliant rais'd,
And kiss'd her brow, her beauty praised;
His vow, he said, should well be kept,
Ere in the sea the sun was dipp'd,—
Then, conscious, glanced upon his queen;
But she, unruffled at the scene
Of human frailty, constru'd mild,
Look'd upon Lancelot and smiled.

XVI.

"'Up! up! each knight of gallant crest
Take buckler, spear, and brand!
He that to-day shall bear him best,
Shall win my Gyneth's hand.
And Arthur's daughter, when a bride,
Shall bring a noble dower;
Both fair Strath-Clyde and Reged wide,
And Carlisle town and tower,'
Then might you hear each valiant knight,
To page and squire that cried,
'Bring my armour bright, and my courser wight!
'Tis not each day that a warrior's might
May win a royal bride.'
Then cloaks and caps of maintenance
In haste aside they fling;
The helmets glince, and gleams the lance,
And the steel-weaved hauberk's ring.
Small care had they of their peaceful array,
They might gather it allwhole;
For brake and bramble glitter'd gay,
With pearls and cloth of gold.

XVII.

"Within trumpet sound of the Table Round
Were fifty champions free,
And they all arise to fight that prize,—
They all arise but three.
Nor love's fond troth, nor wedlock's oath,
One gallant could withhold,
For priests will allow of a broken vow,
For penance or for gold.
But sigh and glance from ladies bright
Among the troop were thrown,
To plead their right, and true-love plight,
And 'plain of honour flown.
The knights they busied them so fast,
With buckling spur and belt,
That sigh and look, by ladies cast,
Were neither seen nor felt,
From pleading, or upbraiding glance,
Each gallant turns aside,
And only thought, 'If speed my lance,
A queen becomes my bride!'
She has fair Strath-Clyde, and Reged wide,
And Carlisle tower and town;
She is the loveliest maid, beside,
That ever heir'd a crown.

So in haste their couriers they bestride,
And strike their visors down.

XVII.
"The champions, arm'd in martial sort,
Have throng'd into the list,
And but three knights of Arthur's court
Are from the tourney miss'd.
And still these lovers' fame survive,
For faith so constant shown,
There were two who loved their neighbour's wives,
And one who loved his own."
The first was Lancelot de Lac,
The second Tristrem bold,
The third was valiant Caradoc,
Who won the cup of gold,
What time, of all King Arthur's crew,
(Thereof came jear and laugh),
He, as the name of lady true,
Would make his cup could quaff.

Though envy's tongue would fain surmise,
That but for very shame,
Sir Caradoc, to fight that prize,
Had given both cup and dame;
Yet, since but one of that fair court
Was true to bedlam's shrine,
Braunh him who will with base report,—
He shall be free from mine.

XIX.
"Now caracole the steeds in air,
Now plumes and pennons wanton'd fair,
As all around the lists so wide,
In panoply the champions ride.
King Arthur saw with startled eye,
The flower of chivalry march by,
The bulwark of the Christian creed,
The kngdom's shield in hour of need.
Too late he thought him of the woeful knight from their civil conflict flow;
For well he knew they would not part
Till cold was many a gallant heart.
His hasty vow he 'gan to rue,
And Gyneth then apart he drew;
To her his leading-staff resign'd,
But added caution grave and kind.

XX.
"Thou see'st, my child, as promise bound,
I bid the trump for tourney sound.
Take thou my warder as the queen,
And umpire of the martial scene;
But mark thou this,—as Beauty bright
Is polar star to valiant knight,
As at her word his sword he draws,
His fairest guardian her appliance,
So gentle maid should never ask
Of knighthood vain and dangerous task;
And Beauty's eyes should ever be
Like the twin stars that soothe the sea,
And Beauty's breath shall whisper peace,
And bid the storm of battle cease.
I tell thee this, lest all too far,
These knights urge tourney into war;
Blithe at the trumpet let them go,
And fairly counter blow for blow;—
No stripping these, who succour need
For a razed helm or falling steed.

XXI.
"A proud and discontented glow
O'er shadow'd Gyneth's brow of snow;
She put the wrader by:

But, Gyneth, when the strife grows warm,
And threatens death or deadly harm,
Thy sire entreats, thy king commands,
Thou drop the wrader from thy hands.
Trust thou thy father with thy fate,
Doubt not he choose thee fitting mate;
Nor be it sad, through Gyneth's pride
A rose of Arthur's chaplet died."

XXII.
"He frown'd and sigh'd, the Monarch bold:
'I give—what I may not withhold;
For, not for danger, dread, or death,
Must British Arthur break his faith.
Too late I mark, thy mother's art
Hath taught thee this relentless part.
I blame her not, for she had wrong,
But not to these my faults belong.
Use, then, the wrader as thou wilt;
But trust me, that, if life be spilt,
In Arthur's love, in Arthur's grace,
Gyneth shall lose a daughter's place.'
With that he turn'd his head aside,
Nor brook'd to gaze upon her pride,
As, with the truncheon read, she sate
The arbiter of mortal fate;
Nor brook'd to mark, in ranks disposed,
How the bold champions stood opposed,
For shorn the trumpet-flourish fell
Upon his ear like passing hell!
Then first from sight of martial fray
Did Britain's hero turn away.

XXIII.
"But Gyneth heard the clangour high,
As hears the hawk the partridge cry.
Oh, blame her not! the blood was hers,
That at the trumpet's summons stirs!—
And e'en the gentlest female eye
Might the brave strife of chivalry
A while untroubled view;  
So well accomplish'd was each knight,  
To strike and to defend in sight,  
Their meeting was a gladly sight,  
While plate and mail held true.  
The lists with painted plumes were strown,  
Upon the wind at random thrown,  
But helm and breastplate bloodless shone,  
It seem'd their feather'd crests alone  
Should this encounter sue.  
And ever, as the combat grows,  
The trumpet's cheery voice arose,  
Like lark's shrill song the flourish flows,  
Heard while the gale of April blows  
The merry Greenwood through.  

XXIV.  
"But soon to earnest grew their game,  
The spears drew blood, the swords struck flame,  
And, horse and man, to ground there came  
Knights, who shall rise no more!  
Gone was the pride the war that graced,  
Gay shields were cleft, and crests defaced,  
And steel coats riven, and helms unbraced,  
And pennons stream'd with gore.  
Gone, too, were fence and line of array,  
And desperate strength made deadly way  
At random through the bloody fray,  
And blows were dealt with lightning sway,  
Unheeding where they fell;  
And now the trumpet's clamours seem  Like the shrill sea-bird's wailing stream,  Heard o'er the whirlpool's galling stream,  
The sinking seaman's kneel!  

XXV.  
"Seem'd in this dismal hour, that Fate  Would Camlan's ruin antedate;  
And spare dark Murdred's crime;  
Already gasping on the ground  
Lies twenty of the Table Round,  
Of chivalry the prime.  
Arthur, in anguish, tore away  
From head and beard his tresses grey,  
And she, proud Gyneth, felt dismay,  
And quaked with ruth and fear;  
But still she deem'd her mother's shade  Hung o'er the tumult, and forbade  
The sign that had the slaughter staid,  
And chid the rising fear.  
Then Brunor, Taulas, Mador, fell,  
Helins the White, and Lionel,  
And many a champion more;  
Rochemont and Dinadum are down,  
And Ferrand of the Forest Brown  
Lies gasping in his gore  
Vanoc, by mighty Morolt press'd  
Even to the confines of the list,  
Young Vanoc of the heartless face,  
(Fame spoke the youth of Merlin's race,)  
O'erpower'd at Gyneth's footstool bled,  
His heart's-blood dyed her sandals red.  
But then the sky was overcast.  
Then howl'd at once a whirlwind's blast,  
And, rent by sudden thunders,  
Yawn'd in mid lists the quaking earth,  
And from the gulf—tremendous birth!—  
The form of Merlin rose.  

XXVI.  
"Sterlyn the Wizard Prophet eyed  
The dreary lists with slaughter dyed,  
And sternly raised his hand:—  
'Madmen,' he said, 'your strife forbear;  
And thou, fair cause of mischief, hear  
The doom thy fates demand!  
Long shall close in story sleep  
Eyes for ruth that would not weep;  
Iron lottery shall seal  
Hearst that listless heart to feel.  
Yet, because thy mother's art  
Warp'd thine unsuspicuous heart,  
And for love of Arthur's race,  
Punishment is bent with grace,  
Thou shalt bear thy penance lone  
In the Valley of Saint John,  
And this weird I shall overtake thee;  
Sleep, until a knight shall wake thee,  
For feats of arms as far renown'd  
As warrior of the Table Round.  
Long endurance of thy slumber  
Well may teach the world to number  
All their woes from Gyneth's pride,  
When the Red Cross champions died.'  

XXVII.  
"As Merlin speaks, on Gyneth's eye  
Slumber's load begins to lie;  
Fear and anger vainly strive  
Still to keep its light alive.  
Twice, with effort and with pause,  
O'er her brow her hand she draws:  
Twice her strength in vain she tries,  
From the fatal chair to rise.  
Merlin's magic doom is spoken,  
Vanoc's death must now be woken.  
Slow the dark-fringed eyelids fall,  
Curtaining each azure ball,  
Slowly as on summer eves  
Violets fold their dusky leaves.  
The weighty baton of command  
Now bears down her sinking hand.  
On her shoulders droops her head;  
Net of pearls and golden hair  
Bursting, gave her locks to flow  
O'er her arm and breast of snow.  
And so lovely seem'd she, there,  
Spell-bound in her ivory chair,  
That her angry sire, repenting,  
Craved stern Merlin for relenting,  
And the champions, for her sake,  
Would azain the contest take;  
Till, in necromantic night,  
Gyneth vanish'd from their sight.  

XXVIII.  
"Still she bears her weird alone,  
In the Valley of Saint Jolin:  
And her semblance oft will seem,  
Mingling in a champion's dream,  
Of her weary lot to plain,  
And crave his aid to burst her chain.  
While her wondrous tale was new,  
Warriors to her rescue drew.  
East and west, and south and north,  
From the Lifty, Thaines, and Forth.  
Most have sought in vain the gleam,  
Tower nor castle could they ken;  
Not at every time or tide,  
Nor by every eye, descried.  
Fast and vigil must be borne,  
Many a night in watching worn,
Ere an eye of mortal powers
Can discern those magic towers,
Of the persevering few,
Some from hopeless task withdrawd,
When they read the dismal threat
Grave like such the gloomy doom.
Few have waved the yawning door,
And those few return'd no more.
In the lapse of time forgot,
Wellnigh lost is Gyneth's lot;
Sound her sleep as in the tomb,
Till wak'n'd by the trumpet of doom."

END OF LYULPH'S TALE.

I.
Here pause my tale; for all too soon,
My Lucy, comes the hour of noon.
Already from thy lofty dome
Its courtly inmates 'gin to roam,
And each, to kill the goodly day
That God has granted them, as way
Of lazy sauntering has sought:
Lordlings and witlings not a few,
Incapable of doing aught,
Yet ill at ease with nought to do.
Here is no longer place for me;
For, Lucy, thou wouldst blush to see
Some phantom, fashionably thin,
With limb of lath and kerchief'd chin,
And lounging gape, or sneering grin,
Steal sudden on our privacy.
And how should I, so humbly born,
Endure the graceful spectre's scorn?
Faith! ill, I fear, while conjuring wand
Of English oak is hard at hand.

II.
Or grant the hour be all too soon
For Hessian boot and pantaloons,
And grant the loungier seldom strays
Beyond the smooth and gravel'd maze,
Laud we the gods, that Fashion's train
Holds hearts of more adventurous strain,
Artists are hers, who scorn to trace
Their rules from Nature's boundless grace,
But their right paramount assert
To limit her by pedant art
Dumbing whate'er of vast and fair
Exceeds a canvass three feet square.
This thicket, for their gumption fit,
May furnish such a happy bit
Bards, too, are hers, wont to recite
Their own sweet lays by waxen light,
Half in the salver's tingle drownd,
While the chase-cafe glides around;
And such may hither secret stray,
To labour an extemp'rous lays
Or sportsman, with his boisterous hollo,
May here his wiser spaniel follow,
Or stage-struck Juliet may presume
To choose this bower for firing-room;
And we alike must shun regard,
From painter, player, sportman, bard.
Insects that salm in Fashion's sky,
Wasp, blue-bottle, or butterfly,
Lucy, have all alarms for us.
For all can hum and all can buzz.

III.
But oh, my Lucy, say how long
We still must dread this trifling throng,
And stoop to hide, with coward art,
The genuine feeling of the heart!
No parents thine whose lost command
Should rule their child's obedient hand;
Thai guardians, with contending voice,
Press each the glistening choice.
And which is Lucy's?—Can it be
That puny top, trimm'd cap-a-pee,
Who loves in the saloon to show
The arms that never knew a foe;
Whose sabre trails along the ground,
Whose legs in shapeless boots are drown'd;
A new Achilles, sure,—the steel
Fled from his breast to fence his heel;
One, for the simple manly grace
That wont to deck our martial race,
Who comes in foreign trushery
Of tinkling chain and spur,
A walking haberdashery,
Of feathers, lace, and fur:
In Rowley's antiquated phrase,
Horse-milliner of modern days?

IV.
Or is it he, the wady youth,
So early truss'd for statesman's part,
Who talks of honour, faith, and truth,
As them's that he has got by heart;
Whose ethics Chesterfield can teach,
Whose logic is from Single-speech;
Who scorns the meanest thought to vent,
Save in the phrase of Parliament;
Who in a tale of cat and mouse,
Calls "order," and "divides the house,
Who "craves permission to reply,"
Whose "noble friend is in his eye;"
Whose loving tender some have reckon'd
A motion, you should gladly second?

V.
What, neither? Can there be a third,
To such resistless swains prefer'd I—
O why, my Lucy, turn aside,
With that quick glance of injured pride
Forgive me, love, I cannot bear
That alter'd and resentful air.
Were all the wealth of Russel mine,
And all the rank of Howard's line,
All would I give for leave to dry
That dewdrop trembling in thine eye.
Think not I fear such tops can wire
From Lucy more than careless smile;
But yet if wealth and high degree
Give gilded counters currency.
Must I not fear, when rank and birth
Stamp the pure ore of genuine worth?
Nobles there are, whose martial fires
Rival the flame that raised their sires,
And patriots, skill'd through storms of fate
To guide and guard the reeling state.
Such, such there are—if such should come,
Arthur must tremble and be dumb,
Self-exiled seek some distant shore,
And mourn till life and grief are o'er.

VI.
What sight, what signal of alarm,
That Lucy clings to Arthur's arm?
Or is it, that his rugged choice,
Makes Beauty lean on lover's stay?
Oh, no! for on the vale and brake,
Nor sight nor sounds of danger wake,
And this trim sword of velvet green,
Were carpet for the Fairy Queen.
That pressure slight was but to tell,
That Lucy loves her Arthur well,
And pain would marish from his mind
Suspicious fear and doubt unkind.

II.

While Lucy blush'd beneath his eye,
Courteous and cautious, shrewd and sly.

IV.

Enough of him.—Now, ere we lose,
Plunged in the vale, the distant views,
Turn thee, my love! look back once more
To the blue lake's retiring shore.

On its smooth breast the shadows seem
Like objects in a morning dream,
What time the slumberer is aware
He sleeps, and all the vision's air:
Even so, on tender liquid lawn,
In hues of bright reflection drawn,
Distinct the shaggy mountains lie,
Distinct the rocks, distinct the sky;
The summer-clouds so plain we note,
That we might count each dappled spot:
We gaze and we admire, yet know
The scene is all delusive show,
Such dreams of bliss would Arthur draw,
When first his Lucy's form he saw;
Yet sigh'd and sicken'd as he drew,
Despairing they could ere prove true!

III.

But, Lucy, turn thee now, to view
Up the fair glen, our destined way.
The fairy path that we pursue,
Distinguish'd but by greener hue,
Winds round the purple brae,
While Alpine flowers of varied dye
For carpet serve, or tapestry.
See how the little runnels leap,
In threads of silver, down the steep.
To swell the brooklet's moon!
Seems that the Highland Nauid grieves,
Fantastic while her crown she weaves,
Of rowan, birch, and alder leaves,
So lovely, and so lone.
There's no illusion there; these flowers,
That wailing brook, these lovely bowers,
Are, Lucy, all our own;
And, since thine Arthur call'd thee wife,
Such seems the prospect of his life,
A lovely path, on-winding still,
By gurgling brook and sloping hill.
'tis true, that mortals cannot tell
What waits them in the distant dell;
But be it hap, or be it harm,
We tread the pathway arm in arm.

The Bridal of Triermain.

— CANTO THIRD. —

INTRODUCTION.

I.

Long loved, long wood, and lately won,
My life's best hope, and now mine own!
Doth not this ruele and Alpine glen
Recall our favourite haunts aye?
A wild resemblance we can trace,
As the rough warrior's brow may bear
A likeness to a sister fair.
Full well advised our Highland host,
That this wild pass on foot be cross'd,
While round Ben Crouch's mighty base
Wheel the slow steeds and lingering chaise.
The keen old carle, with Scottish pride,
He praised his glen and mountains wide;
An eye he bears for nature's face,
Ay, and for woman's lovely grace.
Even in each mean degree we find
The subtle Scott's observing mind,
For, nor the chariot nor the train
Could gape of vulgar wonder gain,
But when old Allan would expand
Of Beal na paish! the Celtic sound.
His bonnet don't, and bow, applied
His legend to my happy bride;

1 Beul na paish, the Vale of the Bridal.
V.

Again the summons I denied
In your fair capital of Clyde:
My Harp—or let me rather choose
The good old classic form—my Muse,
(For Harp's an over-scratched phrase,
Worn out by hands of modern days.)
My Muse, then—seldom will she wake,
Save by dim wood and silent lake;
She is the wild and rustic Maid,
Whose foot unsanctu'd loves to tread
Where the soft greenwood is inlaid
With varied moss and thyme;
And, lest the simple fly-braid
That coronets her temples, fade,
She hides her still in Greenwood shade,
To meditate her rhyme.

VI.

And now she comes! The murmur dear
Of the wild brook hath caught her ear,
The glade hath won her eye;
She longs to join with each blithe rill
That dances down the Highland hill,
Her blithest melody.
And now, my Lucy's way to cheer,
She bids Ben-Cruach's echoes hear
How closed the tale, my love whiere
Loved for its chivalry,
List how she tells, in notes of flame,
"Child Roland to the dark tower came I".

---

The Bridal of Triermain.

Canto Third.

I.

Bewcastle now must keep the Hold,
Speir-Adam's steeds must hide in stall,
Of Hartley-burn the bowmen bold
Must only shoot from battled wall;
And Liddesdale may buckler spur,
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Taras and Eves keep nightly stir,
And Eskdale foray Cumberland.
Of wasted fields and plunder'd flocks
The Borderer's boast may complain;
They lack the sword of brave De Vaux,
There comes no aid from Triermain.
That lord, on high adventure bound,
Hath wander'd forth alone,
And day and night keeps watchful round
In the valley of Saint John.

II.

When first began his vigil bold,
The moon twelve summer nights was old,
And shone both fair and full;
High in the vault of cloudless blue,
O'er streamlet, dale, and rock, she threw
Her light composed and cool.
Stretch'd on the brown hills' heathy breast,
Sir Roland eyed the vale;
Chief where, distinguish'd from the rest,
Those clustering rocks uprear'd their crest,
The dwelling of the fair distress'd,
As told grey Lyulph's tale.

Thus as he lay, the lamp of night
Was quivering on his armour bright,
In beams that rose and fell,
And danced upon his buckler's boss,
That lay beside him on the moss,
As on a crystal well.

III.

Ever he watch'd, and oft he deem'd,
While on the round the moonlight stream'd,
It alter'd to his eyes.
Fain would he hope the rocks 'gan change
To buttress'd wails their shapeless range,
Fain think. by transmutation strange,
He saw grey turrets rise,
But scarce his heart with hope throb'd high,
Before the wild illusions fly,
Which fancy had conceived,
Abetted by an anxious eye
That long'd to be deceived.
It was a fond deception all,
Such as, in solitary hall,
Beguiles the musing eye,
When, gazing on the sinking fire,
Bulwark, and battlement, and spire,
In the red gulf we spy.
For, seen by moon of middle night,
Or by the blaze of noontide bright,
Or by the dawn of morning light,
Or evening's western flame,
In every tide, at every hour,
In mist, in sunshine, and in shower,
The rocks remain'd the same.

IV.

Oft has he traced the charmed mound,
Oft climb'd its crest, or paced it round,
Yet nothing might explore,
Save that the crags so rudely piled,
At distance seen, resemblance wild
To a rough fortress bore.
Yet still his watch the Warrior keeps,
Peeds hard and square, and seldom sleeps,
And drinks but of the well;
Ever by day he walks the hill,
And when the evening gale is chill,
He seeks a rocky cell.
Like hermit poor to bid his bead,
And tell his Ave and his Creed,
Invoking every saint at need,
For aid to burst his spell.

V.

And now the moon her orb has bid,
And dwindled to a silver thread,
Dim seen in middle heaven,
While o'er its curve careering fast,
Before the fury of the blast
The midnight clouds are driven.
The brooklet raved, for on the hills
The upland showers had swolin the rills,
And down the torrents came,
Mutter'd the distant thunder dread,
And frequent o'er the vale was spread
A sheet of lightning flame.
De Vaux, within his mountain cave,
(No human step the storm burst brave,)
To moody meditation gave
Each faculty of soul,
Till, luil'd by distant torrent sound,
And the sad winds that whistled round,
Upon his thoughts, in musing drown'd,
A broken slumber stole.
Return the lurid gleam,  
With battled walls and buttress fast,  
And barbican's and balleau's vast,  
And miry flanking towers, that cast  
Their shadows on the stream.  

Theis decline!—distinctly clear  
Crenell & parapet appear,  
While o'er the pile that meteor drear  
Makes momentary pause;  

Then forth its solemn path it drew,  
And fainter yet and fainter grew  
Those gloomy towers upon the view,  
As its wild light withdraws.

X.  
Forth from the cave did Roland rush,  
O'er crag and stream, through brier and bush;  
Yet far he had not sped,  
Ere sunk was that portentous light  
Behind the hills, and utter night.  

Was on the valley spread.  
He paused perforce, and blew his horn,  
And, on the mountain-echoes borne,  
Was heard an answering sound,  
A wild and lonely trumpet-note,—  
In middle air it seemed to float  
High o'er the battled mound;  
And sounds were heard, as when a guard,  
Of some proud castle, holding ward,  
Face forth their nightly round.  

The valiant Knight of Triermain  
Rung forth his challenge-blast again,  
But answer came there none;  
And 'mid the mingled wind and rain,  
Darklime he sought the vale in vain,  
Until the dawning shine;  
And when it dawn'd, that wondrous sight,  
Distinctly seen by meteor light,  
It all had pass'd away!  
And that enchanted mount once more  
A pile of granite fragments bore,  
As at the close of day.

XI.  
Steel'd for the deed, De Vaux's heart,  
Scorn'd from his vent'rous quest to part,  
He walks the vale once more;  
But only sees, by night or day,  
That shatter'd pile of rocks so grey,  
Hears but the torrent's roar.  
Till when, through hills of azure borne,  
The moon renew'd her silver horn,  
Just at the time her waning ray  
Had faded in the dawning day,  
A summer mist arose;  
Adown the vale the vapours float,  
And cloudy undulations mount  
That tufted mound of mystic note,  
As round its base they close.  
And higher now the fleecy tide  
Ascends its stern and shaggy side,  
Until the airy billows hide  
The rock's majestic isle;  
It seem'd a veil of silmy lawn,  
By some fantastic fairy drawn  
Arouna the enchanted pile.

XII.  
The breeze came softly down the brook,  
And, sighing as it blew,  
The veil of silver mist it shook,  
And to De Vaux's eager look  
Renew'd that wondrous view.

The Bridal of Triermain.
For, though the loitering vapour braved
The gentle breeze, yet oft it wavered
Its mantle's dewy fold;
And still, when shook that filmy screen,
Were towers and bastions dimly seen,
And Gothic battlements between
Their gloomy length unroll'd,
Speed, speed, De Vaux, ere on thine eye
Once more the fleeting vision die!
—The gallant knight 'gan speed
As prompt and light as, when the hound
Is opening, and the horn is wound,
Career the hunter's steed.
Down the steep dell his course amain
Hath rivia'd archer's shaft;
But ere the moment he could attain,
The rocks their shapeless form regain,
And, mocking loud his labour vain,
The mountain spirits laugh'd.
Far up the echoing dell was borne
Their wild unearthly shout of scorn.

XIII.
Wroth wax'd the Warrior—"Am I then
Fool'd by the enemies of men,
Like a poor hind, whose homeward way
Is haunted by malicious lay?
Is Triermain become your taunt,
De Vaux your scorn? False fiends, avaunt!
A weighty curtail-axe he bare;
The baleful blade so bright and square,
And the tough shaft of lichen wood,
Were oft in Scottish gore imbrued.
Backward his stately form he drew,
And at the rocks the weapon threw,
Just where one crag's projected crest
Hung broadly balanced o'er the rest.
Hurl'd with main force, the weapon's shock
Rent a huge fragment of the rock.
If by mere strength, 'tware hard to tell,
Or if the blow dissolved some spell,
But down the headlong ruin came,
With cloud of dust and flash of flame.
Down bank, o'er bush, its course was borne,
Cruelt'ly lay the cope, the earth was torn,
Till staid at length, the ruin dread
Cumler'd the torrent's rocky bed,
And bade the waters' high-swoln tide
Seek other passage for its pride.

XIV.
When ceased that thunder, Triermain
Survey'd the mound's rude front again;
An, lo! the ruin had bare,
Hewn in the stone, a winding stair,
Whose moss'd and fractured steps might lend
The means the summit to ascend;
And by whose base the brave De Vaux
Began to scale these magic rocks,
And soon a platform won.
Where, the wild witchery to close,
Within three lances' length arose
The Castle of Saint John!
No misty phantom of the air,
No meteor-blandoned show was there;
In morning splendour, full and fair,
The massive fortress shone.

XV.
Enbattled high and proudly tower'd,
Shaded by ponderous flankers, lower'd
The portal's gloomy way,
Though for six hundred years and more,
Its strength had brook'd the tempest's roar,
The scutcheon'd emblems which it bore
Had suffer'd no decay:
But from the eastern battlement
A turret had made sheer descent,
And, down in recent ruin rent,
In the mid torrent lay.
Else, o'er the Castle's brow sublime,
Insults of violence or of time
Unfelt had pass'd away.
In shapeless characters of yore,
The gate this stern inscription bore:

XVI.
Inscription.
"Patience waits the destined day,
Strength can clear the cumber'd way.
Warrior, who hast waited long,
Firm of soul, of sinew strong,
It is given thee to gaze
On the pile of ancient days.
Never mortal baulk'd thy hand
This enduring fabric plan'd;
Sign and sigil, word of power
From the earth raise'd keep and tower.
View it o'er, and pace it round,
Rampart, turret, battled mound.
Dare no more! To cross the gate
Were to tamper with thy fate;
Strength and fortitude were vain,
View it o'er—and turn again." —

XVII
"That would I," said the Warrior bold,
"If that my face were bent and old,
And my thin blood dropp'd slow and cold
As icicle in thaw;
But while my heart can feel it dance,
Blithe as the sparkling wine of France,
And this good arm wields sword or lance,
I mock these words of awe!"
He said; the wicket fell the way
Of his strong hand, and straight gave way,
And, with rude crash and jarring bray,
The rusty bolts withdraw'd;
But o'er the threshold as he strode,
And forward took the vaulted road,
An unseen arm, with force amain,
The ponderous gate flung close again,
And rusted bolt and bar
Spontaneous took their place once more,
While the deep arch with sullen roar
Return'd their surly jar.
"Now closed is the gin and the prey within
By the Rood of Lanercost!"-
But he that would win the war-wolf's skin,
May rue him of his boast."
Thus muttering, on the Warrior went,
By dubious light down steep descent.

XVIII.
Unbarr'd, unlock'd, unwatch'd, a port
Led to the Castle's outer court;
There the main fortress, broad and tall,
Spread its long range of bower and hall,
And towers of varied size,
Wrought with each ornament extreme,
That Gothic art, in wildest dream
Of fancy, could devise;
But full between the Warrior's way
And the main portal arch, there lay
An inner mout; 
Nor bridge nor boat
Affords De Vaux the means to cross
The clear, profound, and silent fosse.
His arms aside in haste he flings,
Curvass of steel and hauberking rings,
And down falls helm, and down the shield, 
Ranged with the dints of many a field.
Fair was his manly form, and fair
His keen dark eye, and close curl'd hair,
When, all unarm'd, save that the brand
Of well-proved metal graced his hand,
With nought to fence his dauntless breast
But the close gipon's 1 under-vest,
Whose sullied buff the subtle stains
Of hauberk and of mail retains,—
Roland De Vaux upon the brim
Of the broad moat stood prompt to swi

XIX.
Accounted thus he dared the tide,
And soon he reach'd the farther side,
And enter'd soon the Hold,
And paced a hall, whose walls so wide
Were blazeon'd all with feats of pride,
By warriors done of old.
In middle lists they counter'd here,
With trumpets sound'd to blow;
And there, in den or desert dear,
They quell'd gigantic foe,
Braved the fierce griffon in his ire,
Or faced the dragon's breath of fire.
Strange in their arms, and strange in face,
Heroes they seem'd of ancient race,
Whose deeds of arms, and race, and name,
Forgotten long by later fame.
Were here depicted, to appal
Those of an age degenerate,
Whose bold intrusion brav'd their fate
In this enchanted hall.
For some short space the venturous knight
With these high marvels fed his sight,
Then sought the chamber's upper end,
Where three broad easy steps ascend
To an arch'd portal door
In whose broad folding leaves of state
Was framed a wicket window-grate,
And, ere he ventured more,
The gallant Knight took earnest view
The grated wicket-window through.

XX.
O, for his arms! Of martial weed
Had never mortal Knight such need!—
He spied a stately gallery; all
Of snow-white marble was the wall,
The vaulting, and the floor;
And, contrast strange! on either hand
The stolid array'd in a single band
Four Mauds whom Afric bore;
And each a Lybian tiger led,
Held by as bright and frail a thread
As Lucy's golden hair,—
For the leash that bound these monsters dread
Was but of gossamer.
Each Maiden's short barbaric vest
Left all unclosed the knee and breast,
And limbs of shapely jet;
White was their vest and turban's fold,
On arms and ankles rings of gold
In savage pomp were set;

A quiver on their shoulders lay,
And in their hand an assagay.
Such and so silent stood they there,
That Roland welligh hop'd
He saw a band of statues rare,
Station'd the gazer's soul to scare;
But when the wicket open'd,
Each grisly beast 'gin upward draw,
Roll'd his grim eye, and spread his claw,
Scented the air, and lick'd his jaw;
While these weird Mauds, in Moorish tongue,
A wild and dismal warning sung.

XXI.
"Rash Adventurer, bear thee back! 
Dread the spell of Dahomay!
Fear the race of Zaharak, 2
Daughters of the burning day!
"When the whirlwind's gusts are wheeling,
Ours is the dance to brind;
Zaharak's sand in pillars reeling,
Join the measure that we tread,
When the Moon has don'd her cloak,
And the stars are red to see,
Shrill when pipes the sad Siroc,
Music meet for such as we.
"Where the shatter'd columns lie,
Showing Carthage once had been,
If the wandering Santon's eye
Our mysterious rites hath seen,—
Of he cons the prayer of death,
To the nations preaches doom.
'Azrael's brand hath left the sheath!
Moslem's, think upon the tomb!"
"Ours the scorpion, ours the snake,
Ours the hydra of the fen,
Ours the tiger of the brake.
All that plague the sons of men.
Ours the tempest's midnight wrack,
Pestilence that wastes by day—
Dread the race of Zaharak!
Fear the spell of Dahomay!"

XXII.
Uncouth and strange the accents shrill
Rung those vaulted roofs among,
Long it was ere, faint and still,
Dread the far resounding song.
While yet the distant echoes roll,
The Warrior commun'd with his soul.
"When first I took this venturous quest,
I swore upon the rood,
Neither to stop, nor turn, nor rest,
For evil or for good;
My forward path too well I ween,
Lies yonder fearful ranks between!
For man unarmed, 'tis boastless hope
With tigers and with fiends to cope—
Yet, if I turn, what waits me there,
Save famine dire and fell despair?—
Other conclusion let me try,
Since, choose how e'er I list, I die.
Forward, lies faith and knightly fame;
Behind, are perjury and shame.
In life or death I hold my word!"
With that he drew his trusty sword,
Caught down a banner from the wall,
And enter'd thus the fearful hall.

1 A sort of doublet, worn beneath the armour.
2 Zaharak or Zaharah is the Arab name of the Great Desert.
XXIII.
On high each wayward Maiden threw
Her swarty arm, with wild hallow
On either side a tiger sprang—
Against the leftward he fell hung
The ready banner, to engage
With waving folds the brutal rage,
The right-hand monster in mid air
He struck so fiercely and so fair,
Through gristle and through spinal bone,
The trenchant blade had sheerly gone.
His grisly bREthren ramp'd and yelling,
But the slight leach their rage withheld.
Whilst, 'twixt their ranks, the dangerous road
Firmly, though swift, the champion strode,
Safe to the gallery's bound he drew,
Safe pass'd an open portal through;
And when against pursuit he flung
The gate, judge if the echoes rung
Onward his daring course he bore,
While, mix'd with dying growl and roar,
Wild jubilee and loud hurra
Pursued him on his venturous way.

"Hurra, hurra! Our watch is done
We hail once more the tropic sun.
Palpit beams of northern day,
Farewell, farewell! Hurra, hurra!

"Five hundred years o'er this cold glen
Hath the pale sun come round again;
Foot of man, till now, hath ne'er
Dared to cross the Hall of Fear.

"Warrior! thon, whose dauntless heart
Gives us from our ward to part,
Be as strong in future trial,
Where resistance is denyal.

"Now for Afric's glowing sky,
Zwanga wide, and Atlas high,
Zaharak and Dahomay!—
Mount the winds! Hurra, hurra!"

XXV.
The wizard song at distance died,
As if in ether borne astray,
While through waste halls and chambers wide
The Knight pursued his steady way,
Till to a lofty dome he came
That flash'd with such a brilliant flame,
As if the wealth of all the world
Were there in rich confusion hurl'd.
For here the gold, in saudy heaps,
With duller earth, incorporate, sleeps;
Was there in ingots piled, and there
Coin'd badge of empery it bare;
Yonder, luga bars of silver lay,
Dimm'd by the diamond's neighbouring ray,
Like the pale moon in morning day;
And in the midst four Maidens stand,
The daughters of some distant land.
Their hue was of the dark-red dye,
That fringes oft a thunder sky;
Their hands palmetto baskets bare,
And cotton filets bound their hair;
Slim was their form, their men was shy,
To earth they bent the humbled eye,
Folded their arms, and suppliant kneel'd,
Thus and their proffer'd gifts reveal'd.

XXVI.
CHORUS.
"See the treasures Merlin piled,
Portion meet for Arthur's child.
Bathe in Wealth's unbounded stream,
Wealth that Avarice ne'er could dream!"

FIRST MAIDEN.
"See these clots of virgine gold!
Sever'd from the sparry mould,
Nature's mystic alchemy
In the mine thus bade them lie;
And their orient smile can win
Kings to stoop, and saints to sin.—"

SECOND MAIDEN.
"See these pearls, that long have slept:
These were tears by Naiads wept
For the loss of Marinel.
Tritons in the silver shell
Treasured them, till hard and white
As the teeth of Amphitrite."—

THIRD MAIDEN.
"Does a livelier hue delight?
Here are rubies blazing bright,
Here the emerald's fairy green,
And the topaz glows between;
Here their varied hues unite,
In the changeful chrysolite."—

FOURTH MAIDEN.
"Leave these gems of poorer shine,
Leave them all, and look on mine!
While their glories I expand,
Shade thine eyebrows with thy hand.
Mid day sun and diamond's blaze
Blind the rash beholder's gaze."

CHORUS.
"Warrior, seize the splendid store:
Would 'twere all our mountains bore!
We should ne'er in future story
Read, Peru, thy perish'd glory!"

XXVII.
Calmly and unconcern'd, the Knight
Waved aside the treasures bright—
"Gentle Maidens, rise, I pray!
Bar not thus my destined way.
Let these boasted brilliant toys
Braid the hair of girls and boys!
Bid your streams of gold expand
O'er proud London's thirsty land.
De Vaux of wealth saw never need;
Save to purvey him arms and steed,
And all the ore he deign'd to hoard
Inlays his helm, and hilt's his sword.
Thus gently parting from their hold,
He left, unmoved, the dome of gold.

XXVIII.
And now the morning sun was high,
De Vaux was weary, faint, and dry;
When, lo! a plashing sound be hears,
A gladsome signal that he hears
Some frolic water-run;
And soon he reach'd a court-yard square,
Where, dancing in the sultry air,
Toss'd high aloft, a fountain fair
Was sparkling in the sun.
On right and left, a fair arcade,
In long perspective view display'd
Alleys and bowers, for sun or shade:
But, full in front, a door,
Low-brow'd and dark, seem'd as it led
To the lone dwelling of the dead,
Whose memory was no more.

XXXIX.
Here stopp'd De Vaux an instant's space,
To bathe his parched lips and face,
And mark'd with well-pleased eye,
Reflected on the fountain stream,
In rainbow hues the dazzling beam
Of that gay summer sky.
His senses felt a mild control,
Like that which lulls the weary soul,
From contemplation high
Relaxing, when the ear receives
The music that the greenwood leaves
Make to the breezes' sigh.

XXX.
And oft in such a dreamy mood,
The half-shut eye can frame
Fair apparitions in the wood,
As if the nymphs of field and flood
In gay procession came.
Are these of such fantastic mien,
Seen distant down the fair arcade,
These Moulds enlínk'd in sister-fold,
Who, late at bashful distance staid,
Now tripping from the greenwood shade,
Nearer the musing champion draw,
And, in a pause of seeming awe,
Again stand doubtful now?—
Ah, that sly pause of witching powers!
That seems to say, "To please be ours,
Be yours to tell us bow."
Their hue was of the golden glow
That suns of Candahar bestow,
O'er which in slight suffusion flows
A frequent tinge of pale rose;
Their limbs were fashion'd fair and free,
In nature's justest symmetry;
And, wreath'd with flowers, with odours grace'd,
Their raven ringlets reach'd the waist:
In eastern pomp, its gilding pale
The hennam lent each shapely nail,
And the dark sumah gave the eye
More liquid and more instrious dye.
The spotless veil of misty lawn,
In studied disarrangement, drawn
The form and bosom o'er,
To win the eye, or tempt the touch,
For modesty show'd all too much—
Too much—yet promised more.

XXXI.
"Gentle Knight, a while delay,"
Thus they sung, "thy toilsome way,
While we pay the duty due
To our Master and to you.
Over Avarice, over Fear,
Love triumphant led thee here;
Warrior, list to us, for we
Are slaves to Love, are friends to thee.
Though no treasured gems we have,
To proffer on the bended knee,
Though we boast nor arm nor heart,
For the assagay or dart,
Swains allow each simple girl
Ruby lip and teeth of pearl;
Or, if dangers more you prize,
Flutterers find them in their eyes.

"Stay, then, gentle Warrior, stay,
Rest till evening steal on day;
Stay, O, stay!—in yonder bower
We will braid thy locks with flowers,
Spread the feast and fill the wine,
Charmed to hear with sounds divine,
Weave our dances till delight
Yield to languour, day to night.
"Then shall she you most approve,
Sing the lays that best you love,
Soft thy musy couch shall spread,
Watch thy pillow, prop thy head.
Till the weary night be o'er—
Gentle Warrior, wouldst thou more?
Wouldst thou more, fair Warrior,—she
Is slave to Love and slave to thee."

XXXII.
O, do not hold it for a crime
In the bold hero of my rhyme,
For Stone look,
And meet rebuke,
He lack'd the heart or time;
As round the band of sirens trip,
He kiss'd one damsel's laughing lip,
And press'd another's proffer'd hand.
Spoke to them all in accents bland,
But broke their magic circle through;
"Kind Maids," he said, "adieu, adieu!"
My fate, my fortune, forward lies.
He said, and vanish'd from their eyes;
But, as he durst that darksome way,
Still heard behind their lovely lay—
"Fair Flower of Courtesy, depart!
Go, where the feelings of the heart
With the warm pulse in concord move;
Go, where Virtue sanctions Love!"

XXXIII.
Downward De Vaux through darksome ways
And ruin'd vaults has gone,
Till issue from their wilder'd maze,
Or safe retreat, seem'd none,—
And e'en the dismal path he strays
Grew worse as he went on.
For cheerful sun, for living air,
Foul vapours rise and mine-fiery glare,
Whose fearful light the dangers shou'd
That dogg'd him on that dreadful road.
Deep pits, and lakes of waters dun,
They shou'd, but shou'd not how to shun.
These scenes of desolate despair,
These smothering clouds of poison'd air,
How gladly had De Vaux exchanged,
Though 'twere to face yon tigers range'd!—
Nay, sou'thful bards have said
So penious his state seem'd now,
He wish'd him, under arbour bough
With Asia's willing maid.
When, joyful sound! at distance near
A trumpet flourish'd loud and clear,
And as it ceased, a lofty lay
Seem'd thus to chide his lagging way.

XXXIV.
"Son of Honour, theme of story,
Think on the reward before ye!
Danger, darkness, toil despise;"—
Tis Ambition bids thee rise.
"He that would her heights ascend,
Many a weary step must wend;
Hand and foot, and knee he tries;
Thus Ambition's minions rise.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

"Lag not now, though rough the way,
Fortune's mood brooks no delay;
Grasp the boon that's spread before ye,
Monarch's power, and Conqueror's glory!"

It ceased. Advancing on the sound,
A steep ascent the Wanderer found
And then a turret stair:
Nor climb'd he far its sleepy round
Till fresher blew the air,
And next a welcome glimpse was given,
That cheer'd him with the light of heaven.

At length his toil had won
A long hall with trophies dress'd,
Where, as to greet imperial guest,
Four Maidens stood, whose crimson vest
Was bound with golden zone.

XXXV.
Of Europe seem'd the damsels all;
The first a nymph of lively Gaul,
Whose easy step and laughing eye
Her borrow'd air of awe belie;
The next a maid of Spain,
Dark-eyed, dark-hair'd—tall, yet bold;
White ivory skin and tress of gold,
Her shy and bashful comrade told
For daughter of Almaine.

These maidens bore a royal robe,
With crown, with sceptre, and with globe,
Emblems of empery;
The fourth a space behind them stood,
And lent upon a harp, in mood
Of minstrel ecstacy.
Of merry England she, in dress
Like ancient British Druidess.
Her hair an azure fillet bound,
Her graceful vesture swept the ground,
And, in her hand display'd,
A crown did that fourth Maiden hold,
But unwieldi'd with gems and gold,
Of glossy laurel made.

XXXVI.
At once to brave De Vaux kneel'd down
These foremost Maidens three,
And proffer'd sceptre, robe, and crown,
Liegedom and seigniorie.
O'er many a region wide and fair,
Destined, they said, for Arthur's heir;
But homage would he none:
"Rather," he said, "De Vaux would ride,
A Warden of the Border-side,
In plate and mail, then, robed in pride,
A monarch's empire own;
Rather, far rather, would he be
A free-born knight of England free,
Than sit on Despot's throne."
So pass'd he on, when that fourth Maid,
As starting from a trance,
Upon the harp her finger laid;
Her magic touch the chords obey'd,
Their soul awaked at once!

SONG OF THE FOURTH MAIDEN.
"Quake to your foundations deep,
Stately Towers, and Banner'd Keep,
Bid your vaulted echoes moan,
As the dreaded step they own.

"Friends, that wait on Merlin's spell,
Hear the foot-fall! mark it well!
Spread your dusky wings abroad,
Bouye ye for your homeward road!

"It is His, the first who e'er
Dared the dismal Hall of Fear;
His, who hath the snares denied
Spread by Pleasure, Wealth, and Pride
Quake to your foundations deep,
Bastion huge, and 'Turret steep!
Tremble, Keep! and totter, Tower!
This is Gylfoth's waking hour."

XXXVII.
Thus while she sung, the venturous Knight
Has reach'd a bow'er, where milder light
Through crimson curtains fell;
Sach soften'd shade the hill receives,
Her purple veil when twilight leaves
Upon its western swell.
That bow'er, the gazer to bewitch,
Hath wondrous store of rare and rich
As e'er was seen with eye;
For there by magic skill, I wis,
Form of each thing that living is
Was limni'd in proper dye.
All seem'd to sleep—like the realm bare
On form, the stag upon his lair,
The eagle in her eyrie fair
Between the earth and sky.
But what of pictured rich and rare
Could win De Vaux's eye-glance, where,
Deep slumbering in the fatal chair,
He saw King Arthur's child!
Doubt, and aper, and dismay,
From her brow had pass'd away,
Forg't was that fell tourney-day,
For, as she slept, she smiled:
It seem'd, that the repentant Seer
Her sleep of many a hundred year
With gentle dreams beguiled.

XXXVIII.
That form of maiden loveliness
'Twixt childhood and 'twixt youth,
That ivory chair, that silvan dress,
The arms and ankles bare, express
Of Lynph's the tale the truth.
Still upon her garment's hem
Vanoc's blood made purple gem,
And the warder of command
Cumber'd still her sleeping hand;
Still her dark locks dishevell'd flow
From net of pearl o'er breast of snow;
And so fair the slumberer seems,
That De Vaux impench'd his dreams,
Vapid all and void of might,
Hiding half her charms from sight.
Motionless a while he stands,
Folds his arms and clasps his hands,
Trembling in his fiunit joy,
Doubtful how he should destroy
Long-enduring spell;
Doubtful, too, when slowly rise
Dark-fringed lids of Gyneth's eyes,
What these eyes shall tell.
"St. George! St. Mary! can it be,
That they will kindly look on me!"

XXXIX.
Gently, lo! the Warrior kneels,
Soft that lovely hand he steals,
Soft to kiss, and soft to clasp—
But the warder leaves his grasp;
Lightning flashes, rolls the thunder!
Gyneth startles from her sleep.
Totters Tower, and trembles Keep,
Burst the castle-walls asunder!
Fierce and frequent were the shocks,—
Melt the magic halls away;
But beneath their mystic rocks,
In the arms of bold De Vaux,
Safe the princess lay:
Safe and free from magic power,
Blushing like the rose’s flower
Opening to the day;
And round the Champion’s brows were bound
The crown that Druidess had wound,
Of the green laurel-bay.
And this was what remained of all
The wealth of each enchanted hall,
The Garland and the Dame:
But where should Warrior seek the meed,
Due to high worth for daring deed,
Except from Love and Fame!

CONCLUSION.

I.
My Lucy, when the maid is won,
The Minstrel’s task, thou know’st, is done:—
And to require of hard
That to his dregs the tale should run,
Were ordinance too hard.
Our lovers, briefly be it said,
Wedded as lovers wont to wed,
When tale or play is o’er;
Lived long and blest, loved food and true,
And saw a numerous race renew
The honours that they bore.
Know, too, that when a pilgrim strays,
In morning mist or evening maze,
Along the mountain lone,
That fairy fortress oft mock’d
His gaze upon the castled rocks
Of the Valley of St. John;
But never man since brave De Vaux
The charmed portal won,
’Tis now a vain illusive show,
That melts whenever the sunbeams glow
Or the fresh breeze hath blown.

II.
But see, my love, where far below
Our lingerings wheels are moving slow,
The whites, up-gazing still,
Our nienials eye our steepy way,
Marvelling, perchance, what whim can stay
Our steps, when eye is sinking grey,
On this gigantic hill,
So think the vulgar—Life and time
Ring all their joys in one dull chime
Of luxury and ease;
And, O! beside these simple knaves,
How many better born are slaves
To such coarse joys as these,—
Dead to the nobler sense that grows
When natures grander scenes unclose!
But, Lucy, we will love them yet,
The mountain’s misty coronet,
The greenwood, and the wold;
And love the more, that of their maze
Adventure high of other days
By ancient bards is told,
Bringing, perchance, like my poor tale,
Some moral truth in fiction’s vei;
Nor love them less, that o’er the hill
The evening breeze, as now, comes chill:—
My love shall wrap her warm,
And, fearless of the slippery way,
While safe she trips the heathy brae,
Shall hang on Arthur’s arm.

APPENDIX.

Note A.

Like Collins, thread the maze of Fairy land. P. 323

Collins, according to Johnson, “by indulging
some peculiar habits of thought, was emi-
nently delighted with those flights of imagina-
tion which pass the bounds of nature, and to
which the mind is reconciled only by a passive
acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved
fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he de-
lighted to rove through the meanders of en-
chantment, to gaze on the magnificence of
golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of
Blyssian gardens.”

Note B.

The Baron of Triermain.—P. 323.

Triermain was a fief of the Barony of Gil-
sland, in Cumberland; it was possessed by a
Saxon family at the time of the Conquest,
but, “after the death of Gilmore, Lord of
Triermaine and Torcrossock, Hubert Vaux
gave Triermaine and Torcrossock to his
second son, Ranulph Vaux; which Ranulph
afterwards became heir to his elder brother
Robert, the founder of Lanercost, who died
without issue. Ranulph, being Lord of all
Gilsonland, gave Gilmore’s lands to his younger
son, named Roland, and let the Baroncy de-
scent to his eldest son Robert, son of Ra-
ulph. Roland had issue Alexander, and be
Ranulph, after whom succeeded Robert, and
they were named Rolands successively, that
were lords thereof, until the reign of Edward
the Fourth. That house gave for arms, Vert,
a bend dexter, chequy, or and gules.”—
Burn’s Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumber-
land. vol. ii. p. 482.

This branch of Vaux, with its collateral
alliances, is now represented by the family of
Bradyly of Conishead Priory, in the county
palatine of Lancaster; for it appears that
about the time above mentioned, the house
of Triermain was united to its kindred family Vaux of Caterlen, and, by marriage with the heiress of Delamore and Leybourne, became the representative of these noble families. The male line failing in John de Vaux, about the year 1665, his daughter and heiress, Mabel, married Christopher Richmond, Esq., of Highhead Castle, in the county of Cumberland, descended from an ancient family of that name, Lords of Corby Castle, in the same county, soon after the Conquest, and which they alienated about the 30th of Edward the Second, (surnamed Hotspur) to the Earl of Carlisle. Of this family was Sir Thomas de Raigemont, (miles auratus) in the reign of King Edward the First, who appears to have greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Kaerlaveroc, with William, Baron of Leybourne. In an ancient heraldic poem, now extant, and preserved in the British Museum, describing that siege, his arms are stated to be: Or, 2 Bars Gules, Argent, and a Chief Or, the same borne by his descendants at the present day. The Richmonds removed to their Castle of Highhead in the reign of Henry the Eighth, when the then representative of the family married Margaret, daughter of Sir Hugh Lowther, by the Lady Dorothy de Clifford, only child by a second marriage of Henry Lord Clifford, great grandson of John Lord Clifford, by Elizabeth Percy, daughter of Henry (surnamed Hotspur) by Elizabeth Mortimer, which said Elizabeth was daughter of Edward Mortimer, third Earl of Marche, by Philippa, sole daughter and heiress of Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

The third in descent from the above-mentioned John Richmond, became the representative of the families of Vaux, of Triermain, Caterlen, and Tercrossock, by his marriage with Mabel de Vaux, the heiress of them. His grandson, Henry Richmond, died without issue, leaving five sisters co-heiresses, four of whom married; but Margaret, who married William Gale, Esq., of Whitehaven, was the only one who had male issue surviving. She had a son, a daughter married to Henry Curwen of Workington, Esq., who represented the county of Cumberland for many years in Parliament, and by her had a daughter, married to John Christian, Esq. (now Curwen.) John, son and heir of William Gale, married Sarah, daughter and heiress of Christopher Wilson of Bardsea Hall, in the county of Lancaster, by Margaret, aunt and co-heiress of Thomas Bradly, Esq., of Bradford, and Conshothead Priory, in the same county, and had issue four sons and two daughters. 1st, William Wilson, died an infant; 2d, Wilson, who, upon the death of his cousin, Thomas Bradly, without issue, succeeded to his estates, and took the name of Bradly, in pursuance of his will, by the King's sign-manual; 3d, William, died young; and, 4th, Henry Richmond, married Sarah, daughter of the Rev. R. Baldwin; Margaret married Richard Greaves Townley, Esq., of Fulborne, in the county of Cambridge, and of Bellfield, in the county of Lancaster; Sarah married to George Bigland of Bigland Hall, in the same county. Wilson Bradly, eldest son of John Gale, and grandson of Mar-

garet Richmond, married Jane, daughter and heiress of Matthias Gale, Esq., of Cattgill Hall, in the county of Cumberland, by Jane, daughter and heiress of the Rev. S. Bennett, D.D.; and, as the eldest surviving male branch of the families above-mentioned, he quartered, in addition to his own, their paternal coats in the following order, as appears by the records in College of Arms. 1st, Argent, a fess azure, between 3 salters of the same, charged with an anchor between 2 lions' heads erased, or,—Gale. 2d, Or, 2 bars gules and argent, or, a fess sable charged with 3 demi-lions passant or and gules between 2 barry gules and or,—Vaux of Caterlen. 3d, Gules, a fess chequy, or and gules between 6 bars gules or,—Vaux of Tercrossock. 5th, Argent, (not vert, as stated by Burn,) a bend chequy, or and gules, for Vaux of Triermain. 6th, Gules, a cross patonce or,—Delamore. 7th, Gules, 6 lions rampant argent, 3, 2, and 1,—Leybourne. This more detailed genealogy of the family of Triermain was obligingly sent to the author by Major Braddy of Conshothead Priory.

**NOTE C.**

He pass'd red Penrith's Table Round.—P. 324.

A cicular intrenchment, about half a mile from Penrith, is thus popularly termed. The circle within the ditch is about one hundred and sixty paces in circumference, with openings, or approaches, directly opposite in each other. As the ditch is on the inner side, it could not be intended for the purpose of defence, and it has reasonably been conjectured, that the enclosure was designed for the solemn exercise of feats of chivalry, and the embankment around for the convenience of the spectators.

**NOTE D.**

Mayburgh's mound.—P. 324.

Higher up the river Eamont than Arthur's Round Table, is a prodigious enclosure of great antiquity, formed by a collection of stones upon the top of a gently sloping hill, called Mayburgh. In the plain which it encloses there stands erect an unhewn stone of twelve feet in height. Two similar masses are said to have been destroyed during the memory of man. The whole appears to be a monument of Druidical times.

**NOTE E.**

The Monarch, breathless and amazed, Back on the fatal castle gazed Nor tower nor donjon could he spy, Darkening against the morning sky.—P. 328.

"We now gained a view of the Vale of St. John's, a very narrow dell, hemmed in by mountains, through which a small brook makes many meanderings, washing little enclosures of grass-ground, which stretch up the rising of the hills. In the widest part of the date you are struck with the appearance
of an ancient ruined castle, which seems to stand upon the summit of a little mount, the mountains around forming an amphitheatre. This massive bulwark shows a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and Gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets and ragged battlements; we traced the galleries, the bending arches, the buttresses. The greatest antiquity stands characterised in its architecture; the inhabitants near it assert it is an antediluvian structure.

"The traveller's curiosity is roused, and he prepares to make a nearer approach, when that curiosity is put upon the rack, by his being assured, that, if he advances, certain genii who govern the place, by virtue of their supernatural art and necromancy, will strip it of all its beauties, and by enchantment, transform the magic walls. The vale seems adapted for the habitation of such beings; its gloomy recesses and retirements look like haunts of evil spirits. There was no delusion in the report; we were soon convinced of its truth; for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near, changed its figure, and proved no other than a shaken massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, disunited from the adjoining mountains, and have so much the real form and resemblance of a castle, that they bear the name of the Castle Rocks of St. John." — Hutchinson's Excursion to the Lakes, p. 121.

NOTE F.

The flower of Chivalry.
There Galaad sore with manly grace,
Yet maiden meekness in his face;
There Morolt of the iron mace,
And love-born Tristrem there.—P. 339.

The characters named in the stanza are all of them more or less distinguished in the romances which treat of King Arthur and his Round Table, and their names are strong together according to the established custom of minstrels upon such occasions; for example, in the ballad of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine:—

"Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,
They rode with them that daye,
And, foremost of the company,
There rode the stewarde Kaye.

"Soo did Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
And eke Sir Garratte keen,
Sir Trisrem too, that gentle knight,
To the forest fresh and greene."

NOTE G.

Lancelot, that ever more
Look'd stolen-wise on the Queen.—P. 329.

Upon this delicate subject hear Richard Robinson, citizen of London, in his Assertion of King Arthur:—"But as it is a thing sufficiently apparent that she (Guenever, wife of King Arthur,) was beautiful, so it is a thing doubted whether she was chaste, yea or no. Truly, so far as I can with honesty, I would spare the impayed honour and fame of noble women. But yet the truth of the historie pluckes me by the ear, and willith not onely, but commandeth me to declare what the ancients have deemed of her. To wrestle or contend with so great authoritie were indee unto me a controversie, and that greate."—Assertion of King Arthur. Imprinted by John Wolfe, London, 1582.

NOTE II.

There were two who loved their neighbour's wives,
And one who loved his own.—P. 330.

"In our forefathers' tyme, when Papistrie, as a standing poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe books were read in our tongue, sayying certaine booke of chevalrie, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in the monasteries, by idle monks or wanton chanoins. As one, for example, La Morte d'Arthure; the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two special points, in open manslaughter and bold bawdrye; in which booke they be counted the noblest knyghtes that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adulteries by suiesth shields; as Sir Launcelot, with the wife of King Arthur, his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Marke, his uncle; Sir Lamerocke, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stufie for wise men to laugh at; or honest men to take pleasure at; yet I know when God's Bible was banished the Court, and La Morte d'Arthure received into the Prince's chamber."—Ascham's Schoolmaster.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

The Lord of the Isles:
A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS.

NOTICE TO EDITION 1833.

The composition of "The Lord of the Isles," as we now have it in the Author's MS., seems to have been begun at Abbotsford, in the autumn of 1814, and it ended at Edinburgh the 18th of December. Some part of Canto I. had probably been committed to writing in a rougher form earlier in the year. The original quarto appeared on the 2d of January, 1815.

It may be mentioned, that those parts of this Poem which were written at Abbotsford were composed almost all in the presence of Sir Walter Scott's family, and many in that of casual visitors also: the original cottage which he then occupied not affording him any means of retirement. Neither conversation nor music seemed to disturb him.

INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1833.

I could hardly have chosen a subject more popular in Scotland, than any thing connected with the Bruce's history, unless I had attempted that of Wallace. But I am decidedly of opinion, that a popular, or what is called a taking title, though well qualified to ensure the publishers against loss, and clear their shelves of the original impression, is rather apt to be hazardous than otherwise to the reputation of the author. He who attempts a subject of distinguished popularity, has not the privilege of awakening the enthusiasm of his audience; on the contrary, it is already awakened, and glows, it may be, more ardently than that of the author himself. In this case, the warmth of the author is inferior to that of the party whom he addresses, who has, therefore, little chance of being, in Bayes's phrase, "elevated and surprised" by what he has thought of with more enthusiasm than the writer. The sense of this risk, joined to the consciousness of straining against wind and tide, made the task of composing the proposed Poem somewhat heavy and hopeless; but, like the prize-fighter in "As You Like It," I was to wrestle for my reputation, and not neglect any advantage. In a most agreeable pleasure-voyage, which I have tried to commemorate in the Introduction to the new edition of the "Pirate," I visited, in social and friendly company, the coasts and islands of Scotland, and made myself acquainted with the localities of which I meant to treat. But this voyage, which was in every other effect so delightful, was in its conclusion saddened by one of those strokes of fate which so often mingle themselves with our pleasures. The accomplished and excellent person who had recommended to me the subject for "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and to whom I proposed to inscribe what I already suspected might be the close of my poetical labours, was unexpectedly removed from the world, which she seemed only to have visited for purposes of kindness and benevolence. It is needless to say how the author's feelings, or the composition of his trifling work, were affected by a circumstance which occasioned many tears and so much sorrow. True it is, that "The Lord of the Isles" was concluded, unwillingly and in haste, under the painful feelings of one who has a task which must be finished, rather than with the ardour of one who endeavours to perform that task well. Although the Poem cannot be said to have made a favourable impression on the public, the sale of fifteen thousand copies enabled the author to retreat from the field with the honours of war.

In the meantime, what was necessarily to be considered as a failure, was much reconciled to my feelings by the success attending my attempt in another species of composition. "Waverley" had, under strict injunction, taken its flight from the press just before I set out upon the voyage already mentioned; it had now made its way to popularity, and the success of that work and the volumes which followed, was sufficient to have satisfied a greater appetite for applause than I have at any time possessed.

I may as well add in this place, that, being much urged by my intimate friend, now unhappily no more, William Erskine, (a Scottish judge, by the title of Lord Kinedder,) I agreed to write the little romantic tale called the "Bridal of Triermain," but it was on the condition, that he should make no serious effort to disown the composition, if report should lay it at his door. As he was more than suspected of a taste for poetry, and as I took care, in several places, to mix something which might resemble (as far as was in my power) my friend's feeling and manner, the train easily caught, and two large editions were sold. A third being called for, Lord Kinedder became unwilling to aid any longer a deception which was going farther than he expected or desired, and the real author's name was given. Upon another occasion, I sent up another of these trifles, which, like schoolboy's kites, served to show how the wind of popular taste was setting. The manner was supposed to be that of a rude minstrel or Scald, in opposition to the "Bridal of Triermain:" visiting the Giant's Causeway, and immediately returned home.

1 Published by Archibald Constable and Co., 22. 2s.
2 Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, died 24th August 1814.
3 Sir Walter Scott received the mournful intelligence while
main," which was designed to belong rather to the Italian school. This new fugitive piece was called "Harold the Dauntless;" and I am still astonished at my having committed the gross error of selecting the very name which Lord Byron had made so famous. It encountered rather an odd fate. My ingenious friend, Mr. James Hogg, had published, about the same time, a work called the "Poetic Mirror," containing imitations of the principal living poets. There was in it a very good imitation of my own style, which bore such a resemblance to "Harold the Dauntless," that there was no discovering the original from the imitation; and I believe that many who took the trouble of thinking upon the subject, were rather of opinion that my ingenious friend was the true, and not the fictitious Simon Pure. Since this period, which was in the year 1817, the Author has not been an intruder on the public by any poetical work of importance.

Abbotsford, April, 1830.

W. S.

The Lord of the Isles.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The Scene of this Poem lies, at first, in the Castle of Artornish, on the coast of Argyleshire; and, afterwards, in the Islands of Skye and Arran, and upon the coast of Ayrshire. Finally, it is laid near Stirling. The story opens in the spring of the year 1297, when Bruce, who had been driven out of Scotland by the English, and the Earls who adhered to that foreign interest, returned from the Island of Rachiun on the coast of Ireland, again to assert his claims to the Scottish crown. Many of the personages and incidents introduced are of historical celebrity. The authorities used are chiefly those of the venerable Lord Hailes, as well entitled to be called the restorer of Scottish history, as Bruce the restorer of Scottish monarchy; and of Archdeacon Barbour, a correct edition of whose Metrical History of Robert Bruce, is soon, I trust, appear, under the care of my learned friend, the Rev. Dr. Jameson.

Abbotsford, 10th December, 1814.

Deem'st thou these sadder scenes have pleasure still,
Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms to stray,
To see the heath-flower wither'd on the hill,
To listen to the wood's expiring lay,
To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
To mark the last bright tint the mountain stain,
On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way,
And moralize on mortal joy and pain—
Ol if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the minstrel strain.

Not do not scorn, although its hoarser note
Scarcely with the cushion's homely song can vie.
Though faint its beauties as the tints remote
That gleam through mist in Autumn's evening sky,
And few as leaves that tremble, soar and dry,
When wild November hath his bugle wound:
Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,
Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest bound.

Where happier hords of yore have richer harvest found.

So shalt thou list, and haply not unmoved,
To a wild tale of Albion's warrior day;
In distant lands, by the rough West reproved,
Still live some relics of the ancient lay

1 "Harold the Dauntless" was first published in a small 12mo. volume, January, 1817

2 The work alluded to appeared in 1820, under the title of "The Bruce and Wallace." 2 vol. 4to.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

For, when on Coolin's hills the lights decay,
With such the Seer of Skye the eve beguiles;
'Tis known amid the pathless wastes of
Thy flay.
In Harries known, and in Iona's piles,
Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles.

I.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!" the Minstrels sung,
Thy rugged halls, Artoimish! rung,
And the dark seas; thy towers that lave,
Heavened on the beach a softer wave,
As 'o'uld the tuneful chair to keep
The dinapson of the Deep.
Lull'd were the winds on Immimore,
And green Loch-Alline's woodland shore.
As if wild woods and waves had pleasure
In listing to the lovely measure
And de'er to symphony more sweet
Gave mountain echoes answer meet.
Sings, nay! from her cheeks and from isle,
Ross, Arran, Ilay, and Argyle,
Each minstrel's tributary lay
Paid homage to the festal day.
Dull and dishonour'd were the bard,
Worthless of guardian and regard,
Deaf to the hope of minstrel fame,
Or lady's smiles, his noblest aim,
Who on that mora's resister call
Were silent in Artoimish hall.

II.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!" twas thus they sung,
And yet more proud the descant rung,
"Wake, Maid of Lorn! high right is ours,
To charm dull sleep from Beauty's bowers;
Earth, Ocean, Air, have nought so shy
But owns the power of minstrelsy.
In Lettermore the timid deer
Will pause, the harp's wild chime to hear;
Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark; 2
To list his notes, the eagle proud
Will posse him on Ben-Cuillach's cloud;
Then let not Maiden's ear disdain
The summons of the minstrel train.
But, while our harps wild music make,
Edith of Lorn, awake, awake!

III.

"O wake, while Dawn, with dewy shine,
Wakes Nature's charms to vie with thine!
She bids the muffled thrush rejoice
To mate thy melody of voice;
The dew that on the violet lies
Mocks the dark lustre of the eye!
But, Edith, wake, and all we see
Of sweet and fair shall yield to thee!"
"She comes not yet," gray Ferrand cried;
"Brethren, let softer spell be tried,
These notes prolong'd, that soothing theme,
Which best may mix with Beauty's dream,
And whisper, with their silvery tone,
The hope she loves, yet fears to own."
He spoke, and on the harp-strings died
The strains of flattery and of pride;
More soft, more low, more tender fell
The lay of love he had them tell.

IV.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn! the moments fly,
Which yet that maiden-name allow;
Wake, Maiden, wake! the hour is nigh,
When Love shall claim a plighted vow.
By Fear, thy bosom's flattering guest,
By Hope, that soon shall fears remove,
We bid thee break the bonds of rest,
And wake thee at the call of Love!"

"Wake, Edith, wake! in yonder bay
Lies many a galley sally manned,
We hear the merry pibrochs play,
We see the streamers' silken band,
What Chieftain's praise these pibrochs swell,
What crest is on these banners wove,
The harp, the minstrel, dare not tell—
The riddle must be read by Love."

Retired her maiden train among,
Edith of Lorn received the song,
But tamed the minstrel's pride had been
That had her cold demeanour seen;
Still not upon her cheek did wake
The glow of pride when Flattery spoke,
Nor could their tenderest numbers bring
One sigh responsive to the string.
As vainly had her maidens vied
In skill to deck the princely bride,
Her locks, in dark-brown length array'd,
Cathleen of Uline, 'twas thine to braid;
Young Eva with meet reverence drew
On the light foot the silken shoe,
While on the ankle's slender round
Those strings of pearl fair Bertha wound;
That, bleach'd Lochryan's depths within,
Seem'd dusky still on Edith's skin.
But Einion, of experience old,
Had weightiest task—the mantle's fold
In many an artful plait she tied,
To show the form it seem'd to hide,
Till on the floor descending roll'd
Its waves of crimson blend with gold.

VI.

O! live thee now so cold a maid,
Who thus in beauty's pomp array'd,
In beauty's proudest pitch of power,
And conquist won—the bridal hour—
With every charm that wins the heart,
By Nature given, enhanced by Art,
Could yet the fair reflection view,
In the bright mirror pictured true,
And not one dimple on her cheek
A tell-tale consciousness bespeak?—
Lives still such maid?—Fair damsels, say,
For further vouches not my lay,
Save that such lived in Britain's isle,
When Lorn's bright Edith scorn'd to smile.

VII.

But Morag, to whose fostering care
Proud Lorn had given his daughter fair,
Morag, who saw a mother's aid
By all a daughter's love repaid,
(Straight was that bond—most kind of all—
Involute in Highland hall)!
Gray Morag sat a space apart,
In Edith's eyes to read her heart.
In vain the attendants' fund appeal
To Morag's skill, to Morag's zeal;

1 See Appendix, Note A.
2 See Appendix, Note B.
She mark'd her child receive their care,
Cold as the image sculptured fair,
(From some sainted paternal rose)
Which cloister'd maidens combine to dress;
She mark'd—and knew her nursing's heart
In the van pump took little part.
Wiseful a while she gazed—then press'd
The maiden to her anxious breast
In finish'd loneliness—and led
To where a turret's airy head,
Slender and steep, and battlement round,
O'erlook'd, dark Mull! thy mighty Sound,
Where thwailing tides, with mingled roar,
Part thy swarthy hills from Morven's shore.

VII.
"Daughter," she said, "these seas behold,
Round two a hundred Islands rol'd,
From Hirt, that hears their northern roar,
To the green fluy's fertile shore; 2
Or mainland turn, where many a tower
Owns thy bold brother's feudal power,
Each on its own dark cape reclined,
And listening to its own wild wind,
From where Mungarry, sternly placed,
O'er awes the woodland and the waste; 3
To where Dunstaffnage hears the raging
Of Connel with his rocks engaging.
Think'st thou, amid this ample round,
A single brow but thine has crown'd,
To saddened this auspicious morn,
That bids the daughter of high Loru
Imply her spousal faith to wed
The heir of mighty Somerled; 4
Ronald, from many a hero sprung,
The fair, the valiant, and the young.
Lord of the Isles, whose lofty name 5
A thousand bards have given to fame,
The mate of monarchs, and allied
On equal terms with England's pride,—
From chieftains' tower to boudsman's cot,
Who hears the tale, and triumphs not?
The danseil dons her best attire,
The shepherd lights his beltane fire,
Joy, joy! each warler's horn hath sung,
Joy, joy! each matin bell hath rung;
The priest shouts in the grateful bower,
Loud shouts each hardy gallow-ska,
No mountain den holds outcast boor,
Of heart so dull, of soul so poor,
But he hath flung his task aside,
And claim'd this morn for holy-tide;
Yet, empress of this joyful day,
Edith is sad while all are gay." —

IX.

Proud Edith's soul came to her eye,
Resentment check'd the struggling sigh.
Her hurrying hand indignant dried
The burning tears of injured pride—
"Morag, forbear! I lend thy praise
To wind in thy hireling harper's lay:
Make to thy maids thy boast of power,
That they may waste a wondering hour,
Telling of banners proudly borne,
Of pealing bell and bugle-horn,
Or, theme more dear, of robes of price,
Crownlets and gauds of rare device.
But thou, experienced as thou art,
Think'st thon with these to cheat the heart.

That, bound in strong affection's chain,
Looks for return and looks in vain?
No! sum thine Edith's wretched lot
In these brief words—He loves her not.

X.
"Debate it not—too long I strove
To call his cold observancy love,
All blinded by the league that styled
Edith of Loru,—while yet a child.
She tripp'd the heath by Morag's side,—
The brave Lord Ronald's destined bride.
Ere yet I saw him, while afar
His broadsword blazed in Scotland's war,
Train'd to believe our fates the same,
My bosom throbb'd when Roland's name
Came gracing Fame's heroic tale,
Like perfume on the summer gale.
What purest of the House of Lorn, 6 told
Of Roland's deeds in battle bold;
Who touch'd the harp to heroes' praise,
But his achievements swell'd the lays?
Even Morag—not a tale of fame
Was hers but closed with Ronald's name.
He came! and all that had been told
Of his high worth seem'd poor and cold,
Tame, lifeless, void of energy,
Unjust to Ronald and to me!

XI.
"Since then, what thought had Edith's heart
And gave not plighted love its part—
And what requital! cold delay—
Excuse that shunn'd the spousal day—
It dawns, and Ronald is not here!—
Hunts he Bantalla's nimble deer,
Or loiters he in secret dell
To bid some lighter love farewell,
And swear, that though he may not scorn
A daughter of the House of Lorn
Yet, when these formal rites are o'er,
Again they meet, to part no more!"

XII.
"Hush, daughter, hush! thy doubts remove,
More nobly think of Ronald's love.
Look, where beneath the castle grey
His fleet unmoor from Aros bay!
See'st not each galleys' topmast bend,
As on the yards the sails ascend!
Hiding the dark-blue land, they rise
Like the white-clouds on April skies;
The shouting vassals nant the ears
Behind them sink Mull's mountain shores,
Onward their merry course they keep,
Through whistling breeze and foaming deep.
And mark the headmost, seaward cast,
Stoop to the refreshing gale her mast,
As if she veil'd its banner'd pride,
To greet afar her prince's bride!
Thy Ronald comes, and while in speed
His galley mates the flying gale.
He chides her sloth!—"Fair Edith sigh ill,
Blush'd, sadly smiled, and thus replied:

XIII.
"Sweet thought, but vain!—No, Morag! I mark,
Type of his course, you lonely bark,
That oft hath shifted helm and sail,
To win its way against the gale.

1 See Appendix, Note G.  2 Ibid, Note D.
3 See Appendix, Note E.  4 Ibid, Note F.
5 See Appendix, Note G.  6 Ibid, Note H.
Since peep of morn, my vacant eyes
Have view'd by fits the course she tries;
Now, though the darkening cloud comes on,
And dawn's fair promises be gone.
And though the weary crew may see
On sheltering haven on their lee,
Still, closer to the rising wind
They strive her shivering sail to bind,
Still nearer to the shades' drear verge
At every tack her course they urge,
As if they fear'd Artornish more
Than adverse winds and breakers' roar."

Sooth spoke the maid.—Amid the tide
The skiff she mark'd lay tossing sore,
And shifted oft her cooing side,
In weary tack from shore to shore.
Yet on her destined course no more
She gain'd, of forward way,
Than what a minstrel may compare
To the poor meed which peasants share.
Who toil the livelong day;
And such the risk her pilot braves,
That o'er, before she wore,
Her bolst'rit kiss'd the broken waves,
Where in white foam the ocean raves
Upon the shelving shore.
Yet, to their destined purpose true,
Undaunted toil her hardy crew,
Nor look'd where shelter lay,
Nor steer'd for Arros bay.

Thus while they strove with wind and seas,
Borne onward by the willing breeze,
Lord Ronald's fleet swept by,
Stream'd with silk, and trick'd with gold,
Mann'd with the noble and the bold
Of island chivalry.
Around their prouds the ocean roars,
And chafes beneath their thousand oars,
Yet bears them on their way:
So chafes the war-horse in his might,
That fieldward bears some valiant knight,
Champs, till both bit and boss are white,
But, foaming, must obey,
On each gay deck they might behold
Lances of steel and crests of gold,
And hauberks with their burnish'd fold,
That shimmer'd fair and free;
And each proud galley, as she pass'd,
To the wild cadence of the blast
Gave wilder minstrelsy.

Full many a shrill triumphant note
Saline and Scalastle bade float
Their misty shores around;
And Morven's echoes answer'd well,
And Duart heard the distant swell
Come down the darksome Sound.

So bore they on with mirth and pride,
And if that labouring bark they spied,
'Twas with such idle eye
As nobles cast on lowly boor,
When, toiling in his task obscure,
They pass him careless by.
Let them sweep on with heedless eyes!
But, had they known what mighty prize

In that frail vessel lay,
The famish'd wolf, that prowls the wold,
Had scatheless pass'd the unguarded fold,
Ere, drifting by these galleys bold,
Unchallenged were her way! And thou, Lord Ronald, sweep thou on
With mirth, and pride, and minstrel tone!
But had'st thou known, who said'st so nigh,
Far other glance were in thine eye!
Far other flush were on thy brow,
That, shaded by the bonnet, now
Assumes but ill the bithomess cheer
Of bridegroom when the bride is near!

Yes, sweep they on!—We will not leave,
For them that triumph, those who grieve.
With that armada gay
Be laughter loud and jocund shout,
And harps to cheer the wassail mute,
With tale, romance, and lay;
And of old mirth each clamorous art
Which, if it cannot cheer the heart,
May stupify and stunt its smart,
For one loud busy day.

Yes, sweep they on!—But with that skiff
Abides the minstrel tale,
Where there was dread of surge and cliff,
Labour that strain'd each sinew stiff;
And one sad Maiden's wail.

All day with fruitless strife they toil'd,
With eve the ebbing currents boil'd
More fierce from strait and lake;
And midway through the channel met
Conflicting tides that foam and fret,
And high their mingled billows jet,
As spear's, that, in the battle set,
Spring upward as they break.

Then, too, the lights of eve were past,
And louder sung the wave's blast
On rocks of Innnmore;
Rent was the soil, and strain'd the mast,
And many a leak was gaping fast,
And the pale steersman stood aghast,
And gave the conflict o'er.

'Twas then that One, whose lofty look
Nori labour don't nor terror shook,
Thus to the Leader spoke:—
"Brother, how hopest thou to abide
The fury of this wilder tide,
Or how avoid the rock's rude side,
Until the day has broke?"
Didst thou not mark the vessel reel
With quivering rings, and groaning keel,
At the last hillows' shock?
Yet how of better counsel tell.
Though here thou see'st poor Isabel
Half dead with want and fear;
For look on sea, or look on land,
On your dark sky—on every hand
Despair and death are near.
For her alone I grieve.—on me
Danger sits light, by land and sea,
I follow where thou wilt;
Either to hide the tempest's roar,
Or wend to thy unfriendly tower,
Or rush amid their naval power,
With war-cry wake their wassail-hour,
And die with hand on hilt."—
XX.

That elder Leader's calm reply
In steady voice was given,
"In man's most dark extremity
Oft succour down from Heaven
Edward, trim thou the shatter'd sail,
The helm be mine, and down the gale
Let our free course be driven;
So shall we 'scape the western bay,
The hostile fleet, the unequal fray,
So safely hold our vessel's way
Beneath the Castle wall;
For if a hope of safety rest,
*Tis on the sacred name of guest,
Who seeks for shelter, storm-distress'd,
Within a chieftain's hall
If not—it best beseems our worth,
Our name, our right, or lofty birth,
By noble hands to fall." 9

XXI.

The helm, to his strong arm consign'd,
Gave the reef'd sail to meet the wind,
And on her alter'd way,
Fierce bounding, forward sprung the ship,
Like greyhound starting from the ship
To seize his flying prey.
Awaked before the rushing pmw,
The mimic fires of ocean gow,
Those lightnings of the wave; 1
Wild sparkles crest the broken tides;
And, flashing round, the vessel's sides
With elvish lustre have,
While, far behind, their livid light
To the dark hollows of the night
A gloomy splendour gave.
It seems as if old Ocean shak'd
From his dark brow the lucid flakes
In envious pageantry,
To match the meteor-light that streaks
Grim Hecla's midnight sky.

XXII.

Nor lack'd they steadier light to keep
Their course upon the darken'd deep;—
Astarte, on her frowning steep
"Twixt cloud and ocean hung.
Glanced with a thousand lights of glee,
And landward far, and far to sea,
Her festal radiance flung
By that hithe beacon-light they steer'd,
Whose lustre mingled well
With the pale beam that now appear'd,
As the cold moon her head uprear'd
Above the eastern fell.

XXIII.

Thus guided, on their course they bore,
Until they near'd the mainland shore,
When frequent on the hollow blast
Wild shouts of merriment were cast,
And wind and wave and sea-birds' cry
With wassail sounds in concert vie,
Like funeral shrieks with revery,
Or like the battle-shout
By peasants heard from cliffs on high,
When Triumph, Rage, and Agony
Madden the fight and route.
Now nearer yet, through mist and storm
Dimly arise the Castle's form,
And deepen'd shadow made,
Far lengthen'd on the main below,
Where, dancing in reflected glow,
A hundred torches play'd,
Spangling the wave with lights as rain
As pleasures in this vale of pain,
That dazzle as they fade.

XXIV.

Beneath the Castle's sheltering lee,
They staid their course in quiet sea.
Hewn in the rock, a passage there
Sought the dark fortress by a stair,
So straight, so high, so steep.
With peasants' staff one valiant hand
Might well the dizzy pass have mann'd,
'Gainst hundreds aru'd with spear and brand,
And plunged them in the deep 2
His bugle then the helmsman wound,
Loud answer'd every echo round,
From turret, rock, and bay,
The postern's hinges crash and groan,
And soon the warden's cresset shone
On those rude steps of slippery stone,
'To light the upward way
"Thrice welcome, holy Sire!" he said;
"Full long the spousal train have staid,
And, vex'd at thy delay
Fear'd lest, amidst these wildering seas,
The darksome night and freshening breeze
Had driven thy bark astray."—

XXV.

"Warder," the younger stranger said,
"Thine erring guess some mirth had made
In mirthful hour; but night's like these,
When the rough winds wake western seas,
Brook not of glee. We crave some aid
And needful shelter for this maid
Until the break of day;
For, to ourselves, the deck's rude plank
Is easy as the mossy bank
That's breath'd upon by May.
And for our storm-toss'd skiff we seek
Short shelter in this leeward creek,
Prompt when the dawn the east shall streak
Again to bear away."
Answer'd the Warder,—"In what name
Assert ye hospitable claim?
Whence come, or whither bound?
Hath Erin seen your parting sails?
Or come ye on Norwegian gales?
And seek ye England's fertile vales,
Or Scotland's mountain ground?"—

XXVI.

"Warriors—for other title none
For some brief space we list to own,
Bound by a vow—warriors are we;
In strife by land, and storm by sea,
We have been known to fame:
And these brief words have import dear,
When sound'd in a noble ear,
To harbour safe, and friendly cheer,
That gives us rigid claim.
Grant us the trivial boon we seek,
And we in other realms will speak
Fair of your courtesy;
Deny—and be your nugget hold
Scorn'd by the noble and the hold,
Shunn'd by the pilgrim on the wold,
And wanderer on the sea!"—

1 See Appendix, Note I.
2 See Appendix, Note K.
"Bold stranger, no—'gainst claim like thine,
No bolt revolves by hand of mine,
Though urged in tone that more express'd
A monarch than a suppliant guest.
Be what ye will, Artorish Hall
On this glad eve is free to all.
Though ye had drawn a hostile sword
Gainst our ally, great England's Lord,
Or mit upon your shoulders borne,
To battle with the Lord of Lorn.
Or, outlaw'd, dwelt by Greenwood Tree
With the fierce Knight of Ellerslie,
Or aided even the murderous strife,
When Comyn fell beneath the knife
Of that fell homicide The Bruce,
This night had been a term of truce—
Ho, vassals! give these guests your care,
And show the narrow postern stair."

To land these two bold brethren leapt,
(The weary crew their vessel kept.)
And, lighted by the torches' glare,
That seaward flung their smoky glare,
The younger knight that maiden bare
Half lifeless up the rock;
On his strong shoulder leant'd her head,
And down her long dark tresses shed,
As the wild vine in tendrils spread,
Droops from the mountain oak.
Him follow'd close that elder Lord,
And in his hand a sheathed sword.
Such as few arms could wield;
But when he boun'd him to such task,
Well could it cleave the strongest casque,
And rend the surest shield.

The raised portcullis' arch they pass,
The wicket with its bars of brass,
The entrance long and low,
Blank'd at each turn by loop-holes strait,
Where bowmen might in ambush wait,
(If force or fraud should burst the gate,)
To call an entering foe.
But many jealous of ward
Was now defenceless and unbar'd,
And all the passage free
To one low-brow'd and vaulted room,
Where squire and yeoman, page and groom,
Plied their loud revelry.

"Rest ye here," the Warder bade,
"Till to our Lord your suit is said—
And, comrades, gaze not on the maid,
And on these men who ask our aid,
As if ye never had seen
A damsel tired of midnight bark,
Or wanderers of a moulding stark,
And hearing martial mien."
But not for Eachin's reproof
Would page or vassal stand afoof,
But crowded on to stare,
As men of courtesy untaught,
Till fiery Edward roughly caught,
From one the foremost there,
His chequer'd plaid, and in its shroud,
To hide her from the vulgar crowd,
Involved his sister fair.

His brother, as the clansman beat
His sullen brow in discontent,
Made brief and stern excuse:—
"Vassal, were thine the cloak of pall
That decks thy Lord in bridal hall,
"Twere honour'd by her use."

Proud was his tone, but calm; his eye
Had that compelling dignity,
His mien that bearing haughty and high,
Which common spirits fear!
Needed nor word nor signal more,
Nod, wink, and laughter, all were o'er;
Upon each other they came,
And gazed like startled deer.
But now appear'd the Seneschal,
Commission'd by his Lord to call
The strangers to the Baron's hall,
Where feasted fair and free
That Island Prince in nuptial bire,
With Edith there his lovely bride,
And her bold brother by her side,
And many a chief, the flower and pride
Of Western land and sea.

Here pause we, gentle, for a space;
And, if our tale hath won your grace,
Grant us brief patience, and again
We will renew the minstrel strain.

The Lord of the Isles.

CANTO SECOND.

I.
Fill the bright goblet, spread the festive board!
Summon the gay, the noble, and the fair!
Through the loud hall in joyous concert pour'd,
Let mirth and music sound the dirge of Care!
But ask thou not if Happiness be there,
If the loud laugh disguise convulsive throes,
Or if the brow the heart's true livery wear;
Lift not the festal mask!—enough to know,
No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal woe.

II.
With beakers' clang, with harpers' lay,
With all that olden time deemed gay,
The Island Chieftain feasted high;
But there was in his troubled eye
A gloomy fire, and on his brow
Now sudden flush'd, and faded now,
Emotions such as draw their birth
From deeper source than festal mirth,
By fits he paused, and harper's strain
And jesters' tale went round in vain,
Or fell but on his idle ear
Like distant sounds which dreamers hear.
Then would he raise him, and employ
Each art to aid the clamorous joy,
And call for pledge and lay,
And, for brief space, of all the crowd,
As he was loudest of the loud,
Seem gayest of the gay.
THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

III.
Yea sought amiss the bridal throng
Mark'd in brief mirth, or musing long;
The vacant brow, the unlistening ear,
They gave to thoughts of raptures near,
And his fierce starts of sudden glee
Seem'd bursts of bridegroom's ecstasy,
Not thus alone misjudged the crowd,
Since lufty Lorn, suspicious, proud,
And jealous of his honour'd line,
And that keen knight, De Argentine,
(From Englaend sent on errand high,
The western league more firm to tie,) 1
Both deem'd in Ronald's mood to find
A lover's transport-troubled mind.
But one sad heart, one tear did spring
Pierced deeper through the mystery,
And watch'd, with agony and fear,
Her wayward bridegroom's varied cheer.

IV.
She watch'd—yet fear'd to meet his glance,
And he shunn'd hers;—till when by chance
They met, the point of foeman's lance
Had given a milder pang!
Beneath the intolerable smart
He writhed—then sternly mann'd his heart
To play his hand but destined part,
And from the table sprung
"Fill me the mighty cup!" he said,
"Erst own'd by royal Somerled: 2
Fill it, till on the studded brim
In burning gold the bubbles swim,
And every gem of varieted shine
Glow doubly bright in rosy wine!
To you, brave lord, and brother mine,
Of Lorn, this pledge I drink—
The union of Our House with thine,
By this fair bridal-link!"—

V.
"Let it pass round!" quoth He of Lorn,
"And in good time—that winded horn
Must of the Abbot tell;
The laggard monk is come at last."
The Lord Ronald heard the bugle-blast,
And on the floor at random cast,
The untasted gullet fell.
But when the wander in his ear
Tells with her heart the woe of men;
Returns like sun of May,
When through a thunder-cloud it beams!—
Lord of two hundred isles, he seems
As glad of brief delay,
As some poor criminal might feel,
When, from the gibbet or the wheel,
Respite for a day.

VI.
"Brother of Lorn!" with hurried voice
He said, "And you, fair lords, rejoice!
Here, to augment our glee,
Come wandering knights from travel far,
Well laden, they, in strife of war,
And tempest on the sea.
Ho! give them at your board such place
As best their presences may grace,
And bid them welcome free!"

With solemn step, and silver wand,
The Seneschal the presence scand'd
Of these strange guests; and well he knew
How to assign their rank its due; 3
For though the costly furs
That erst had deck'd their caps were torn,
And their gay robes were over-worn,
And sodi'd their gilded spurs,
Yet such a high commanding grace
Was in their mien and in their face,
As suited best the princely dais, 4
And royal canopy:
And there he marshall'd them their place,
First of that company.

VII.
Then lords and ladies spake aside,
And angry looks the error chide,
That gave to guests unnamed, unknown,
A place so near their prince's throne;
But Owen Erraught said,
"For forty years a seneschal,
To marshal guests in bower and hall
Has been my honor'd grade,
Worship and birth to me are known,
By look, by hearing, and by tone,
Not by fur'r'd robe or broader'd zone;
And 'gainst an oaken bough
I'll gage my silver wand of state,
That these three strangers oft have sate
In higher place than now."—

VIII.
"I, too," the aged Ferrand said,
"Am qualified by minstrel trade
Of rank and place to tell;—
Mark'd ye the younger stranger's eye,
My mates, how quick, how keen, how high,
How fierce its flashes fell,
Glancing among the noble rout
As if to seek the noblest out,
Because the owner might not brook
On any save his peers to look!
And yet it moves me more,
That stony, calm, majestic brow,
With which the elder chief even now
Scand'd the gay presence o'er,
Like being of superior kind,
In whose high-toned impartial mind
Degrees of his rank and state
Seem objects of indifferent weight.
The lady too—though closely tied
The mantle veil both face and eye,
Her motions' grace it could not hide,
Nor could her form's fair symmetry."

IX.
Suspicious doubt and lordly scorn
Lour'd on the haughty front of Lorn.
From underneath his brows of pride,
The stranger guests he sternly eyed,
And whisper'd closely what the ear
Of Argentine alone might hear;
Then question'd, high and brief,
If, in their voyage, aught they knew
Of the rebellious Scottish crew,
Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew,
—With Carrick's outlaw'd Chief? 5

1 See Appendix, Note L.
2 See Appendix, Note M.
3 See Appendix, Note N.
4 Dais—the great hall-table—elevated a step or two above the rest of the room.
5 See Appendix, Note O.
And if, their winter’s exile o’er,
They harbour’d still by Ulster’s shore,
Or launch’d their galleys on the main,
To vex their native land again!

X.

That younger stranger, fierce and high,
At once confronts the Cheiftain’s eye
With look of equal scorn:
“Of rebels have we nought to show;
But if of Royal Bruce thou’dst know,
Ere thrice three days shall come and go,
His banner Scotti.sh winds shall blow,
Despite each mean or mighty foe,
From England’s every hill and bow,
From Allan of Lorn.”

Kindled the mountain Cheiftain’s ire,
But Ronald quench’d the rising fire;
“Brother, it better suits the time
To chase the night with Ferrand’s rhyme,
Than war with munition and wine, the jars
That flow from these unhappy wars.”

“Content,” said Lorn; and spoke apart
With Ferrand, master of his art,
Then whisper’d Argentine,
“The lay I named will carry smart
To these bold strangers’ haughty heart,
If right this guess of mine.”
He ceased, and it was silence all,
Until the minstrel waked the hall.

XI.

THE BROCH OF LORN.¹

“Well, the brooch of burning gold,
That clasps the Cheiftain’s mantle-fold,
Wrought round with gems of price,²
Studded fair with rare device,
On the varied tartans beaming,
As through night’s pale rainbow gleaming,
Flower now, now seen afar,
Fitful shines the northern star!

“Gem! ne’er wrought on Highland mountain,
Did the fairy of the fountain,
Or the mermaid of the wave,
Frame thee in some coral cave?
Did, in Iceland’s darksome mine,
Dwarf’s swart hands thy metal twine?
Or, mortal-moulded, comest thou here,
From England’s love, or France’s fear?”

XII.

SONG CONCLUDED.

“No!—thy splendours nothing told
Foreign art or faery spell.
Moulded thou for monarch’s use,
By the overweening Bruce,
When the royal robe he tied
‘O’er a heart of wrath and pride;
The once in triumph wert thou born,
By the victor hand of Lorn!”

“When the gem was won and lost,
Widely was the war-cry toss’d!
Rune aloud Bendournish fell,
Answer’d Douchart’s sounding dell,
Fled the deer from wild Teyrdrum,
When the homicide, o’ercome,
Hardly ‘scaped, with scathe and scorn.
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn!”

XIII.

SONG CONCLUDED.

“Vain was then the Douglas brand,³
Vain the Campbell’s vaunted hand,
Vain Kirkpatrick’s bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder’s work; ⁴
Bare down fled fast away,
Fled the fiery De la Haye,⁵
When this brooch, triumphant borne,
Beam’d upon the breast of Lorn.

“Farthest fled its former Lord,
Left his men to brand and curb,
Bloody brand of Highland steel,
English gibbet, axe, and wheel.
Leaping fly from coast to coast,
Dogz’d by Comyn’s vengeful ghost,
While his spoils, in triumph worn,
Long shall grace victorious Lorn!”

XIV.

As glares the tiger on his foes,
Hemm’d in by hunters, spears, and bows,
And, ere he bounds upon the ring,
Selects the object of his spring,—
Now on the hard, now on his Lord,
So Edward glared and grasped his sword—
But stern his brother spoke,—“Be still.
What! Art thou yet so wild of will,
After high deeds and sufferings long,
To chafe thee for a menial’s song?—
Well hast thou framed, Old Man, thy strains,
To praise the hand that pays thy pains!⁶
Yet something might thy song have told
Of Lorn’s three vassals, true and bold,
Who rent their Lord from Bruce’s hold,
As underneath his knee he lay,
And died to save him from the way.
I’ve heard the Bruce’s cloak and clasp
Was clenched within their dying grasp,
What time a hundred foesmen more
Rush’d in, and back the victor bore,
Long after Lorn had left the strife,
Full glad to spare with limb and life.
—Enough of this—and, Minstrel, hold,
As minstrel-hire, this chasm of gold,
For future lays a fair excuse,
To speak more nobly of the Bruce.”—

XV.

“Now, by Columba’s shrine, I swear,
And every saint that’s buried there,
’Tis he himself!” Lorn sternly cries,
“And for my kin’sman’s death he dies.”
As loudly Ronald calls,—“Forbear!
Not in my sight while brand I wear,
O’ermatch’d by odds, shall warrior fall,
Or blood of stranger stain my ha’l
This ancient fortress of my race
Shall he misfortune’s resting-place,
Shelter and shield of the distress’d,
No slaughter-house for shipwreck’d gneat.
—Talk not to me,” fierce Lorn replied,
“Of odds or match!—when Comyn died,
Three daggers clash’d within his side!”

¹ See Appendix, Note P.
² Ibid, Note Q.
³ Ibid, Note R.
⁴ Ibid, Note S.
⁵ See Appendix, Note T.
⁶ Ibid, Note U.
THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

Talk not to me of sheltering hail,
The Church of God saw Conyn fall!
On God's own altar stream'd his blood,
While o'er my prostrate kinsman stood
The ruthless murderer—'en as now—
With armed hand and scornful brow—
Up, all who love me! blow on blow!
And lay the outlaw'd felon low!"

XVI.
Then up sprang many a mainland Lord,
Obedient to their Chieftain's word.
Barcadine's arm is high in air,
And Kinloch-Alline's blade is bare,
Black Murthok's dirk has left its sheath,
And clearch'd is Dermid's hand of death.
Their mutter'd threats of vengeance swell
Into a wild and warlike yell:
Onward they press with weapons high,
The affrighted females shriek and fly,
And Scotland, then thy brightest ray
Had darken'd ere its noon of day,—
But every chief of birth and fame,
That from the Isles of Ocean came,
At Ronald's side that hour withstood
Fierce Lorn's relentless thirst for blood.

XVII.
Brave Torquil from Dunvegan high,
Lord of the misty hills of Skye,
Mac-Niel, wild Bara's ancient thane,
Duart, of bold Clan-Gilliam's strain,
Fergus, of Cann's castled bay,
Mac-Duffith, Lord of Colonsay,
Soon as they saw the broadswords glance,
With ready weapons rose at once.
More prompt, that many an ancient feud,
Full oft suppress'd, full oft renewed.
Glow'd twixt the chieftains of Argyle,
And many a lord of ocean's isle.
Wild was the scene—each sword was bare,
Back stream'd each chieftain's shaggy hair,
In gloomy opposition set.
Every hand, and brandish'd weapons met;
Blue gleaming o'er the social board,
Flash'd to the torches many a sword;
And soon those bridled lights may shine
On purple blood for rosy wine.

XVIII.
While thus for blows and death prepare,
Each heart was up, each weapon bared,
Each foot advanced,—a surly pause
Still reverenced hospitable laws.
All menaced violence, but alike
Reluctant each the first to strike,
(For aye accused in minstrel line
Is he who brawls 'mid song and wine.)
And, match'd in numbers and in might,
Doub'tful and desperate seem'd the fight.
Thus threat and murrain died away,
Till on the crowded hall there lay
Such silence, as the deadly still,
Ere bursts the thunder on the hill.
With blade advanced, each Chieftain bold
Show'd like the Sworder's form of old,
As wanting still the torch of life,
To make the marble into strife.

XIX.
That awful pause the stranger maid,
And Edith, seized to pray for aid.
As to De Argentine she clung,
Away her veil the stranger flung,
And, lovely 'mid her wild despair,
Fast stream'd her eyes, wide flow'd her hair,
"O thou, of knighthood once the flower,
Sure refuge in distressful hour,
Thou, who in Jotham well hast fought
For our dear faith, and oft hast sought
Renown in knightly exercise,
When this poor hand has dealt the prize,
Say, can thy soul of hoarly brook
On the unequal strife to look,
When, butcher'd thus in peaceful hall,
Those once thy friends, my brethren, fall!"
To Argentine she turn'd her word,
But her eye sought the Island Lord.
A flash like evening's setting flame
Glow'd on his cheek; his hardy frame,
As with a brief convulsion shook:
With hurried voice and eager look,
"Fear not," he said. "My Isabel!
What said I—Edith!—all is well—
Nay, fear not—I will well provide
The safety of my lovely bride—
My bride!"—but there the accents clung
In tremor to his faltering tongue.

XX.
Now rose De Argentine, to claim
The prisoners in his sovereign's name,
To England's crown, who, vassals sworn,
'Gainst their liege lord had weapon borne—
(Such speech, I ween, was but to hide
His care their safety to provide;
For knight more true in thought and deed
Than Argentine ne'er spurr'd a steed)—
And Ronald, who his meaning guess'd,
Seem'd half to sanction the request.
This purpose fiery Torquil broke:
"Something we've heard of England's yoke,"
He said, "and, in our islands, Fame
Hath whisper'd of a lawful claim.
That calls the Bruce fair Scotland's Lord,
Though dispossess'd by foreign sword.
This craves reflection—but though right
And just the charge of England's Knight,
Let England's crown her rebels seize
Where she has power—in towers like these,
'Midst Scottish Chieftains summon'd here
To bridal mirth and bridal cheer,
Be sure, with no consent of mine,
Shall either Lorn or Argentine
With chains or violence, in our sight,
Oppress a brave and banish'd Knight."

XXI.
Then waked the wild debate again,
With brawling threat and clamour vain.
Vassals and menials, thronging in,
Lent their brute rage to swell the din;
When, far and desperate seemed the clang.
From the dark ocean upward rang
"The Abbot comes!" they cry at once,
"The holy man, whose favour'd glance
Hath sainted visions known:
Angels have met him on the way,
Beside the blessed martyrs' bay,
And by Columbia's stone.
His margin have heard their hymnings high
Sound from the summit of Dun-Ya,
To cheer his penance lone,
When at each cross, on girth and wold,
(Their number thrice a hundred-fold.)
His prayer he made, his beads he told,
With Aves many a one—
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

He comes our fees to reconcile,
A sainted man from sainted isle;
We will his holy doom abide,
The Abbot shall our strife decide."

XXII.
Scarcely this fair accord was o'er,
When through the wide revolving door
The black-stoiled brethren wind;
Twelve sandal'd monks, who relics bore,
With many a torch-bearer before,
And many a cross behind.
Then sunk each fierce uplifted hand,
And dagger bright and flashing brand
Dropp'd swiftly at the sight;
They vanish'd from the Churchman's eye,
As shooting stars, that glance and die,
Dart from the vault of night.

XXIII.
The Abbot on the threshold stood,
And in his hand the holy rood;
Back on his shoulders flow'd his hood,
The torch's glaring ray
Show'd, in its red and flashing light,
His wither'd cheek and amice white,
His blue eye glistening cold and bright,
His tresses scant and grey.
"Fair Lords," he said, "Our Lady's love,
And peace be with you from above,
And Benedicte!"—
—But what means this? no peace is here!—
Do dirks unsheathed suit bridal cheer?
Or are these naked brands
A seemingly show for Churchman's sight,
When he comes summon'd to unite
Betrothed hearts and hands?"

XXIV.
Then, cloaking hate with fiery zeal,
Proud Lorn first answer'd the appeal:—
"Thou comest, O holy Man,
True sons of blessed church to greet,
But little deeming here to meet
A wretch, beneath the ban
Of Pope and Church, for murder done
Even on the sacred altar-stone!—
Well mayst thou wonder we should know
Such meaner hate, nor lay him low,
Or dream of greeting, peace, or truce,
With excommunicated Bruce!
Yet well I grant, to end debate,
Thy sainted voice decide his fate."

XXV.
Then Ronald pled the stranger's cause,
And knighthood's oath and honour's laws;
And Isabel, on bended knee,
Brought prayers and tears to back the plea:
And Edith lent her generous aid,
And wept, and Lorn for mercy pray'd.
"Hence," he exclaim'd, "degenerate maid!
Was't not enough to Ronald's bower
I brought thee, like a paramour;—
Or bondmaid at her master's gate,
His careless cold approach to wait!—
But the cold Lord of Cumberland,
The gallant Clifford, seeks thy hand;
Hs it shall be—Nay, no reply!—
Hence! till those rebel eyes be dry."
With grief the Abbot heard and saw,
Yet nought relax'd his brow of awe.

XXVI.
Then Argentine, in England's name,
So highly urged his sovereign's claim,
He waked a spark, that, long suppress'd,
Had smoulder'd in Lord Ronald's breast;
And now, as from the flint the fire,
Flash'd forth at once his generous ire.
"Enough of noble blood," he said,
"By English Edward had been shed,
Since matchless Wallace first had been
In mock'ry crown'd with wreaths of green,²
And done to death by felon hand,
For guarding well his father's land.
Where's Nigel Bruce! and De la Haye,
And valiant Seton—where are they?
Where Somerville, the kind and free?
And Fraser, flower of chivalry?³
Have they not been on gibeet bound,
Their quarters flung to hawk and hound,
And hold we here a cold debate,
To yield more victims to their fate?
What! can the English Leopard's mood
Never be gorgered with northern blood?
Was not the life of Athole shed,
To soothe the tyrant's wanton head?⁴
And must his word, till dying day,
Be nought but quarter, hang, and slay!—⁵
Thou brown'tst, De Argentine,—My gage
Is prompt to prove the strife I wage."—

XXVII.
"Nor deem," said stout Dunvegan's knight,
"That thou shalt brave alone the fight;
By saints of isle and mainland both,
By Woden wild, (my grandsire's oath,)="
Let Rome and England do their worst,
How'er attainted or accursed.
If Bruce shall ever find friends again,
Once more to brave a battle-plain,
If Douglas couch again his lance,
Or Randolph dare another chance,
Old Torquil will not be to lack
With twice a thousand at his back,—
Nay, chafe not at my hearing bold,
Good Abbot! for thou know'st of old,
Torquil rode the thurdon, and the thorn will
Smack of the wild Norwegian steel;
Nor will I barter Freedom's cause
For England's wealth, or Rome's applause."—

XXVIII.
The Abbot seem'd with eye severe
The hardy Chieftain's speech to hear;
Then on King Robert turn'd the Monk,
But twice his courage came and sunk,
Confronted with the hero's look;
Twice fell his eye, his accents shook;
At length, resolved in tone and brow,
Sterily he question'd him:
And thou, Unhappy! what hast thou to plead,
Why I denounced not on thy deed
That awful doom which canons tell
Shuts paradise, and opens hell;
Anathema of power so dread.
It blends the living with the dead,
Bids each good angel soar away,
And every ill one claim his prey;
Expects thee from the church's care,
And deafens Heaven against thy prayer;

1 See Appendix, Note V.  2 Ibid, Note W.  3 See Appendix, Note X.  4 See Appendix, Note Y.  5 Ibid, Note Z.
Arms every hand against thy life,  
Bans all who would thee in the strife,  
Nay, each whose succour, cold and scant,  
With meanest aims relieves thy want;  
Haunt thee while living.—and, when dead,  
Dwell on thy yet devoured head.  
Rends Honour's scutcheon from thy hearse,  
Still o'er thy bier the holy verse,  
And spurs thy corpse from hallow'd ground,  
Flung like vile carrion to the hound;  
Such is the dire and desperate doom  
For sacrilege, decreed by Rome;  
And such the well-deserved meed  
Of thine unhallowed, ruthless deed.”—

XXXIX.
“A Both!” The Bruce replied, “thy charge  
It boots not to dispute at large.  
This much, however, I bid thee know,  
No selfish vengeance deaitl the blow.  
For Conyns died his country's foe.  
Nor blame I friends whose ill-timed speed  
Fell only seen-repeated dead.  
Nor censure those from whose stern tongue  
The dire anathema has rung,  
I only blame mine own wild ire,  
By Scotland's wrongs incensed to fire.  
Heaven knows my purpose to atone,  
Far as I may, the evil done,  
And hears a penitent's appeal  
From papal curse and private's zeal.  
My first and dearest task, achieved,  
Fair Scotland from her thrall relieved,  
Shall many a priest in cope and stole  
Say requem for Red Conyn's soul,  
While I the blessed cross advance,  
And expiate this unhappy chance  
In Palestine, with sword and lance.  
But, while content the Church should know  
My conscience owns the debt I owe,  
Unto De Argentine and Lorn  
The name of traitor I return,  
Bid them defiance stern and high.  
And give them in their threats the lie!  
These brief words spoke, I speak no more.  
Do what thou wilt; my shrift is o'er.”

XXX.
Like man by prodigy amazed,  
Upon the King the Abbot gazed;  
Then o'er his pallid features glance  
Convulsions of ecstatic trance.  
His breathing came more thick and fast,  
And from his pale blue eyes were cast  
Strange rays of wild and wandering light;  
Uprise his locks of silver white,  
Flush'd is his brow, through every vein  
In azure tide the currents strain,  
And undistinguish'd accents broke  
The awful silence ere he spoke.

XXXI.  
“De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread  
To speak my curse upon thy head,  
And give thee as an outcast o'er  
To him who burns to shun thy gore;—  
But, like the Midianite of old,  
Who stood on Zophim, heaven-controll'd,  
I feel within mine aged breast  
A power that will not be repriess'd;  
It prompts my voice, it swells my veins,  
It burns, it madens, it constrains!—

The Lord of the Isles.

CANTO THIRD.

I.
Hast thou not mark'd, when o'er thy startled head  
Sudden and deep the thunder-heap has roll'd,  
How, when its echoes fell, a silence dead  
Sunk on the wood, the meadow, and the wold!  
The rye-grass shakes not on the sod-built field,  
The rustling aspen leaves are mute and still,  
The wall-flower waves not on the wind's hold,  
Till, murmuring distant first, then near and shrill,  
The savage whirlwind wakes, and sweeps the groaning hill.

II.
Artornish! such a silence sunk  
Upon thy halls, when that grey Monk  

1 See Appendix, Note 3 A.  2 Ibid. Note 2 B.  3 See Appendix, Note 2 C.  4 Ibid. Note 2 D.
His prophet-speech had spoke;
And his obedient brethren's sail
Was stretch'd to meet the southern gale
Before a whisper woke.

Then murmuring sounds of doubt and fear,
Close pour'd in many an anxious ear,
The ocean stillness broke;
And still they gazed with eager guess,
Where, in an o'er's deep recess,
The Island Prince seem'd bent to press
What Lorn, by his impatient cheer,
And gesture fierce, scarce deign'd to hear.

III.
Starting at length, with frowning look,
His hand he clench'd, his head he shook,
And sternly fining apart:
"And deemst thou me so mean of mood,
As to forget the mortal feud,
And clasp the hand with blood imbred
From my dear Kinsman's heart?
Is this thy refe?—a dnie return
For ancient league and friendship sworn!
But well our mountain proverb shows
The faith of Islesmen ebs and flows.
Be it even so—believe, ere long,
I'll bear that now bears shall wreath the wrong.—
Call Edith—call the Maid of Lorn!
My sister, slaves!—for further scorn,
Be sure nor she nor I will stay—
Away, De Argentine, away!—
We nor ally nor brother know,
In Bruce's friend, or England's foe."

IV.
But who the Chief'sain's rage can tell,
When, sought from lowest dungeon cell
To highest tower the castle round,
No Lady Edith was there found!
He shun'd, "Falsehood!—treachery!—
Revenge and blood!—a lordly need
To him that will avenge the deed!
A Baron's lands!"—His frantic mood
Was scarcely by the news withstood,
That Morag shared his sister's night,
And that, in hurry of the night,
'Scaped rootless, and without remark,
Two strangers sought the Abbot's bark.—
"Man every galley!—fly!—pursue!
The priest his treachery shall rue!
Ay, and the time shall quickly come,
When we shall hear the thanks that Rome
Will pay his feigned prophecy!"
Such was fierce Lorn's indifferent cry;
And Cormac Doil in haste obey'd;
Hoist'd his sail, his anchor weight'd,
(For, glad of each pretext for spoil,
A pirate sworn was Cormac Doil)
But others, lingering, spoke apart,—
"The Maid has given her maiden heart
To Ronald of the Isles,
And, fearful lest her brother's word
Bestow on her that English Lord,
She seek's Lorn's piles,
And wisely deems it best to dwell
A votaress in the holy cell,
Until these fends so fierce and fell
The Abbot reconciles."
Advancing then his taper's flame,
Ronald sallied forth, and with him came
Dunvegan's chief—each bent the knee
To Bruce in sign of fealty.
And proffer'd him his sword,
And hail'd him, in a monarch's style,
As king of mainland and of isle,
And Scotland's rightful lord.
"And O," said Ronald, "Own'd of Heaven!
Say, is my errant youth forgiven,
By falsehood's arts from duty driven,
Who rebel lachion drew,
Yet ever to thy deeds of fame,
Even while I strive against thy claim,
Paid homage just and true?"—
"Alas! dear youth, the unhappy time.
Answer'd the Bruce, 'must hear the crime,
Since, guiltier far than you,
Even I"—he paused; for Falkirk's woes
Upon his conscious soul arose.
The Chief, to his breast he press'd,
And in a sigh conceal'd the rest.

IX.

They proffer'd aid, by arms and might,
To repossess him in his right;
But well their counsels must be weigh'd
Ere banners raised and muster made,
For English hire and Lorn's intrigues
Bound many chiefs in southern leagues.
In answer, Bruce his purpose told
To his new vassals frankly told.
"The winter worn in exile o'er,
I long'd for Carrick's kindred shore.
I thought upon my native Ayr,
And long'd to see the burlie fare
That Clifford makes, whose lordly call
Now echoes through my father's hall.
But first my course to Arran led,
Where valiant Lennox gathers head,
And on the sea, by tempest toss'd,
Our hearts dispars'd, each to his cross'd,
Mine own, a hostile sail to shun.
Far from her destined course had run,
When that wise will, which masters ours,
Cumpell'd us to your friendly towers."

X.

Then Torquhil spoke:—"The time craves speed!
We must not linger in our deed,
But instant pray our Sovereign Liege,
To shun the perils of a siege.
The vengeful Lorn, with all his powers,
Lies but too near Arthorn's turn,sholm,
And England's light-arm'd vessels ride,
Not distant far, the waves of Clyde,
Prompt at these tidings to unmoor,
And sweep each strait, and guard each shore.
Then, till this fresh alarm pass by,
Secret and safe my Liege must be
In the far bounds of friendly Skye,
"Torquhil thy pilot! and thy guide"
"Not so, brave Chief-tain," Ronald cried;
"Myself will on my Sovereign wait,
And raise in arms the men of Sleate,
Whilst thou, renown'd where chiefs debate,
Shalt sway their souls by counsel sage,
And awe them by thy looks of age;"
"And if my words in weight shall fail,
This ponderous sword shall turn the scale."

XI.

"The scheme," said Bruce, "contents me well;"
Meantime, "twere best that Israel,
For safety, with my bark and crew,
Again to friendly Erin drew.
There Edward, too, shall with her rend,
In need to cheer her and defend,
And muster up each scatter'd friend;"
Then said, "it as Lord Ronald's ear
Would other counsel gladlier hear.
But, all achieved as soon as plan'd,
Both bars, in secret arm'd and mann'd,
From out the haven bore;—
On different voyage forth they ply,
This for the coast of winged Skye,
And that for Erin's shore.

XII.

With Bruce and Ronald bides the tale.
To favouring winds they saw the sail,
Till Mull's dark headlands scarce they knew,
And Ardanaichan's hills were blue.
But then the squalls blew close and hard,
And, fain to strike the galley's yard,
And take them to the our,
With these rude seas, in weary plight,
They strove the livelong day and night,
Nor till the dawning had a sight
Of Skye's romantic shore.
Where Coulin stous'd him to the west,
They saw upon his shiver'd crest
'The sun's arising gleam;
But such the labour and delay,
Ere they were moor'd in Scavish bay,
(For calmer heaven compell'd to stay),
He shot a western beam,
Then Ronald said, "If true mine eye,
These are the savage wilds that lie
North of Strathmardill and Dunskye;"
No human foot comes here,
And, since these adverse breezes blow,
If my good Liege love hunter's bow,
What hinders that on land we go,
And strike a mountain-deer?
Allan, my page, shall with us pend;
A bow full deftly can he bend,
And, if we meet a herd, may lead
A shaft shall bend our joy.
Then each took bow and bolts in hand,
Their row-boat launch'd and leapt to land,
And left their skiff and train.
Where a wild stream, with headlong shock,
Came brawling down its bed of rock,
To mingle with the main.

XIII.

A while their route they silent made,
As men who stalk for mountain-deer,
Till the good Bruce to Ronald said,
"St. Mary! what a scene is here!
I've traversed many a mountain-strand,
Abroad and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led;
Thus, many a waste I've wander'd o'er,
Clombe many a crag, cross'd many a moor,
But, by my haddome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in byrness,
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where'er I happen'd to roam."
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

XIV.
No marvel thus the Monarch spake;
For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone.
Seems that primeval earth's suavest ray
 Hath rent a strange and thwart'd way
Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,
Sublime, as if the dark and cold
Tells of the outrage still.
The wildest glen, but this, can show
Some touch of Nature's genial glow;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencoe,
And cope on Cruchan-Ben;
But here—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Norught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side.

And wilder, forward as they wound,
Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.
Huge terraces of granite black
Afforded rude andumber'd track:
For from the mountain hoar,
Hur'd headlong in some night of fear,
When yell'd the wolf and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er;
And some, chance-posed and balanced, say,
So that a stripping arm might sway
A mass no host could raise,
In Nature's rage at random thrown,
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone
On its precarious base.
The evening mists, with tearless change
Now rode the mountains' lofty range,
Now left their foreheads bare,
And round the skirts their mantle furl'd,
Or on the sable waters curl'd,
Or in the eddying breezes whirl'd,
Dispersed in middle air.
And oft, condensed, at once they lower,
When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower
Pours like a torrent down,
And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown.

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose barriers drear
Are precipices sharp and sheer,
Yielding no track for goat or deer,
Save the black shelves we tread,
How term you its dark waves, and how
You northern mountain's pathless brow,
And yonder peak of dread,
That to the evening sun uplifts
The grisly gulls and sly rats,
Which seem its shiver'd head?"
"Coriolis call the dark lake Caledane,
Coolin the ridge, as bard proclaims,
From old Cuchillin, chief of fame;"

But bards, familiar in our isles
Rather with Nature's frowning than smiles,
Full oft their careless humour's please
By sportive names for scenes like these.
I would old Torquil were to show
His maidens with their breasts of snow,
Or that my noble liege were nigh
To hear his Nurse sing lullably!
(The Maid—tall cliffs with breakers white,
The Nurse—a torrent's roaring might)
Or that young Cluny could see the mood
Of Corryrken's whirlpool rude.
When does the Hag her whiten'd hood—
'Tis thus our islemen's fancy frames,
For scenes so stern, fantastic names;"

XVII.
Answer'd the Bruce, "And musings mind
Might here a graver moral find.
These mighty cliffs, that heave on high
Their made brows to midst the sky,
Indifferent to the sun or snow,
Where nought can fade, and nought can blow,
May they not mark a Monarch's fate,—
Raised high 'mid storms of strife and state,
Beyond life's lowlier pleasures placed,
His soul a rock, his heart a waste!
O'er hope and love and fear aloft
High rears his crowned head.—But soft:
Look, underneath, you jutting crag
Are hunters and a slaughter'd stag.
Who may they be? But late you said
No steps these desert regions tread?"

XVIII.
"So said I—and believed in sooth,"
Ronald replied, "I spoke the truth.
Yet now I spy, by yonder stone,
Five men—they mark us. and come on;
And by their hagde on bonnet borne,
I guess them of the land of Lorn.
Foes to my Liege!—" "So let it be;
I've faced worse odds than five to three—
But the poor page can little aid;
Then be our battle. let it be.
If our free passage they contest;
Cope thou with two, I'll match the rest."
"Not so, my Liege—for, by my life,
This sword shall meet the treble strife;
My strength, my skill in arms, more small,
And less the loss should Ronald fall.
But isismen soon to soldiers grow,
Allan has sword as well as bow,
And were my Monarch's order given,
'Two shafts should make our number even;"—
"No! not to save my life!" he said;
"Enough of blood rests on my head,
Too rashly spill'd—we soon shall know,
Whether they come as friend or foe;"

XIX.
Nigh came the strangers, and more nigh;
Still less they pleased the Monarch's eye.
Men were they all of evil mind,
Down-look'd, unwilling to be seen;¹
They moved with half-resolved pace,
And bent on earth each gloomy face.
The foremost two were fair array'd,
With barge and bonnet, livery and plaid,
And bore the arms of mountaineers.
Daggers and broadswords, bows and spears.
The three, that lagg'd small space behind,
Seem'd serfs of more degraded kind;
Goat-skins or deer-hides o'er them cast,
Made a rude fence against the blast;

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 H.
Their arms and feet and heads were bare, Matted their beards, unshorn their hair; For arms, the caflirs bore in hand, A club, an axe, a rusty brand.

XX.

Onward, still mute, they kept the track;— "I tell who ye be, or else stand back," Said Bruce; "In deserts when they meet, Men pass not as in peaceful street." Still, at his stern command, they stood, And proffer'd greeting brief and rude, But acted courtesy so ill, As seem'd of fear, and not of will. "Wanderers we are, as you may be; Men hither driven by wind and sea, Wha, if you list to taste our cheer, Will share with you this fallow deer."— "If from the sea, where lies your bark?"— "Ten fathom deep in ocean dark! Wreck'd ye'st辰ay: but we are men, Who little sense of peril ken. The shades come down—the day is shut— Will you go with us to our hut?"— "Your vessel puts us in the bay; Thanks for your proffer—have good-day."— "Was that your galley, then, which rode Not far from shore when evening glow'd?"— "It was."— Then spare your needless pain, There will she soon be sought in vain. We saw her from the mountain head, When, with St. George's biazon red, A southern vessel bore in sight, And yours raised sail, and took to flight."

XXI.

"Now, by the rood, unwelcome news!" Thus with Lord Ronald communed Bruce; "Nor rests there light enough to show If this their tale be true or no. The men seem bred of churlish kind, Yet mellow nuts have hardest rind; We will go with them—food and fire And sheltering roof our wants require. Sure guard 'gainst treachery will we keep, And watch by turns our comrades' sleep— Good fellows, thanks! your guests we'll be, And well will pay the courtesies Come, let the break of day be seen Where your lodging lies.— Nay, soft! we mix not companies.— Show us the path o'er crag and stone, And we will follow you;—lead on."

XXII.

They reach'd the dreary cabin, made Of sails against a rock display'd. And there, on entering, found A slender boy, whose form and mien Ill suited with such savage scene, In cap and cloak of Velvet green, Low seated on the ground. His garb was such as minstrels wear, Dark was his hue, and dark his hair, His youthful cheek was marred by care, His eyes in sorrow drov'n. "Whence this poor boy?"—As Ronald spoke, The voice his trance of anguish broke; As if awak'd from ghastly dream, He rais'd his head with start and scream, And wildly gazed around; Then to the wall his face he turn'd, And his dark neck with blushes burn'd.

XXIII.

"Whose is the boy?" again he said. "By chance of war our captive made; He may be yours, if you should hold That music has more charms than gold; For, though from earliest childhood mute, The lad can deftly touch the lute, And on the rose and viol play, And well can drive the time away For those who love such glee; For me, the favouring breeze, when loud It pipes upon the galley's shroud, Makes blithter melody, "— "Hath he, then, sense of spoken sound?"— "Ay; so his mother bade us know, A crone in our late shipwreck drown'd, And hence the silly stripping's woe. More of the youth I cannot say, Our captive but since yesterday; When wind and weather wax'd so grim, We little list'd think of him.— But what else time in idle words? Sit to your cheer—unbelt your swords." Sudden the captive turn'd his head, And one quick glance to Ronald sped. It was a keen and warning look, And well the Chief the signal took.

XXIV.

"Kind host," he said, "our needs require A separate board and separate fire; For show, that on a pilgrimage Wend I, my comrade, and this page. And, sworn to vigil and to fast, Long as this hallow'd task shall last, We never duff the plaid or sword, Or feast us at a stranger's board; And never share one common sleep, But one must still his vigil keep. Thus, for our separate use, good friend, We'll hold this hut's remoter end."— "A churlish vow," the eldest said, "And hard, methinks, to be obey'd. How say you, if, to wreak the scorn That pays our kindness harsh return? We should refuse to share our meal!"— "Then say we, that our swords are steel! And our vow binds us not to fast, Where gold or force may buy repast."— Their host's dark brow grew keen and fell, His teeth are clenched, his features swell; Yet sunk the felon's moody ire Before Lord Ronald's glance of fire, Nor could his craven courage brook The Monarch's calm and dauntless look. With laugh constrain'd,— "Let every man Follow the fashion of his cast— Each to his separate quarters keep, And feed or fast, or wake or sleep."

XXV.

Their fire at separate distance burns. By turns they eat, keep guard by turns; For evil seem'd that old man's eye, Dark and designing, fierce yet shy. Still he avoided forward look, But slow and circumspectly took A circling, never-ceasing glance, By doubt and cunning mark'd at once, Which shot a mischief-frightening ray. From under eyebrows shagg'd and grey.
The younger, too, who seem'd his son,
Had that dark look the timid shone;
The half-clad sort behind them sate,
And scowl'd a glare 'twixt fear and hate—
Till all, as darkness onward crept,
Couch'd down, and seem'd to sleep, or slept.

Nor he, that boy, whose powerless tongue
Must trust his eyes to wail his wrong,
A longer watch of sorrow made,
But stretch'd his limbs to slumber laid.


Not in his dangerous host confides
The King, but wary watch provides.
Ronald keeps ward till midnight past,
Then wakes the King, young Allan last;
Thus rank'd, to give the youthful page
The rest required by tender age.

What is Lord Ronald's wakeful thought,
To chase the languor too had brought?

(For deem not that he design'd to throw
Much care upon such coward foe.)—
He thinks of lovely Isabel,
When at her foe man's feet she fell,
Nor less when, placed in princely selle,
She glanced on him with favouring eyes,
At Woodstock when he won the prize.

Nor, fair in joy, in sorrow rare,
In pride of place as true'st espier,
Must she alone engross his care.
His thoughts to his betrothed bride,
To Edith, turn—O how decide,
When here his love and heart are given,
And there his faith stands plighted to Heaven!

No drowsy ward 'tis he to keep,
For seldom lovers long for sleep,
Till sung his midnight hymn the owl,
Answer'd the dog-fox with his howl,
Then wak'd the King—at his request,
Lord Ronald stretch'd himself to rest.


XXVII.

What spell was good King Robert's, say,
To drive the weary night away?
His was the patriot's burning thought,
Of Freedom's battle bravely fought,
Of castles storm'd, of cities freed,
Of deep design and daring deed,
Of Scotland's cross in triumph worn,
Of rout and rally, war and truce—
As heroes think, so thought the Bruce,
No marvel, 'mid such musings high,
Sleep slum'd the Monarch's thoughtful eye.
Now over Cooch's eastern head
The greyish light begins to spread,
The otter to his cavern drew,
And th'hour that shadd the evening mew;
Then watch'd the page—to needful rest
The King resign'd his anxious breast.


XXVIII.

To Allan's eyes was harder task,
The weary watch their safeties ask.
He trimm'd the fire, and gave to shine
With bickering light the splinter'd pine;
Then gazed awhile, where silent laid
Their horses, same brooded by the plaid.
But little fear was left in his soul.
For he was bred of martial kind,
And, to manhood he arrive,
May match the boldest knight alive.
Then thought he of his mother's tower,
His little sister's greenwood bower,
How there the Easter-gambols pass,
And of Dan Joseph's length'd mass.
But still before his weary eye
In rays prolong'd the blaze die—
Again he roused him—on the lake
Look'd forth, where now the twilight-fade
Of pale cold dawn began to wake.

On Cooch's cliffs the mist lay bur'd,
The morning breeze the lake had curl'd,
The short dark waves, heavy'd to the land,
With ceaseless bash kiss'd cliff or sand,—
It was a slumberous sound—he turn'd
To tales at which his youth had burn'd,
Of pilgrim's path by demon cross'd
Of sprightly elf or yelling ghost,
Of the wild witch's baneful cot,
And mermaid's alabaster groat,
Who hathes her limbs in sunless well,
Deep in Straithard's enchanted cell.

Thither in fancy rapt he flies,
And on his sight the vaults arise;
The hut's dark walls he sees no more,
His foot is on the marble floor,
And o'er his head the dazzling spars
Gleam like a firmament of stars!
—Hark! he hears he not the sea nymph speak
Her anger in that thrilling shriek—
No! all too late, with Allan's dream
Mingled the captive's mangled scream.
As from the ground the strifes to start,
A ruffian's dagger finds his heart!
Upward he casts his dizzy eyes,
Murmurs his master's name, ... and dies!

XXIX.

Not so awoke the King! his hand
Snatch'd from the flame a knotted brand,
The nearest weapon of his wrath;
With this he cross'd the murderer's path,
And vex'd young Allan well!
The spatter'd brain and bubbling blood
Hiss'd on the half-extinguish'd wood,
The scepter'd ruffian gasp'd and fell!
Nor rose in peace the Island Lord;
One caithf died upon his sword,
And one beneath his grasp lies prone,
In mortal grapple overthrown.

But while Lord Ronald's dagger drank
The life-blood from his panting flank,
The Father-ruffian of the band
Behind him rears a coward hand!
—O for a moment's aid,
Till Bruce, who deals no double blow,
Dash to the earth another foe,
Above his comrade laid!—
And it is gain'd—the captive sprung
On the ruffian's arm, and closely clung,
And ere he shook him loose,
The master'd felon press'd the ground,
And gasp'd beneath a mortal wound,
While o'er him stands the Bruce.

XXX.

"Miscreant! while lasts thy fitful spark,
Give me to know the purpose dark,
That arm'd thy hand with murderous knife,
Against offenceless stranger's life!"
—"No stranger thou!" with accent fell,
Murmur'd the wretch; "I know thee well;
And know thee for the foeman sworn
Of my high chief, the mighty Lorn!"
"Speak yet again, and speak the truth For thy soul's sake!—from whence this youth? His country, birth, and name declare, And thus one evil deed repair."—
--"Farewell! no more!—my blood runs cold... No more I know than I have told. We found him in a bark we sought With different purpose... and I thought..."  
Fate cut him short; in blood and boil, As he had lived, died Cormac Doil.

XXXI.
Then resting on his bloody blade,  
The valiant Bruce to Ronald said,  
"Now shame upon us both!—that boy  
Lifts his mute face to heaven,  
And claps his hands, to testify  
His gratitude to God on high,  
For strange deliverance given.  
His speechless gesture thanks hath paid,  
Which our free tongues have left unsaid!"
He raised the youth with kindly word,  
But mark'd him shudder at the sword:  
He cleasned it from its hue of death,  
And plunged the weapon in its sheath.  
"Alas, poor child! unfitting part  
Fate doom'd, when with so soft a heart,  
And form so slight as thine,  
She made thee first a pirate's slave,  
Then, in his stead, a patron gave  
Of wayward lot like mine:  
A landless prince, whose wandering life  
Is but one scene of blood and strife—  
Yet scant of friends the Bruce shall be,  
But he'll find resting place for thee.—  
Come, noble Ronald! o'er the dead  
Enough thy generous grief is paid,  
And well his Allan's fate bewreke;  
Come, wend we hence—the day has broke—  
Seek we our bark—I trust the tale  
Was false, that she had hoisted sail."

XXXII.
Yet, ere they left that charnel-cell,  
The Island Lord bade sad farewell  
To Allan:—"Who shall tell this tale,"  
He said, "in halls of Donagaile!  
Oh, oh, who his widow'd mother tell,  
That, ere his bloom, her fairest fell!—  
Rest thee, poor youth, and trust my care  
For mass and knoll and funeral prayer;  
While o'er those caiftifs, where they lie,  
The wolf shall snarl, the raven cry!"  
And now the eastern mountain's head  
On the dark lake threw illustre red;  
Bright gleams of gold and purple streak  
Ravine and precipice and peak—  
(As earthly power at distance shows;  
Reveals his splendour, hides his woe.)  
O'er sheets of granite, dark and broad,  
Rent and unequal, lay the road;  
In sad discourse the warriors wind,  
And the mute captive moves behind.

The Lord of the Isles.  
Canto Fourth.  
I.  
Stranger! if e'er thine ardent step hath traced  
The northern realms of ancient Caledon,
Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath placed,  
By lake and cataract, her lonely throne;  
Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known,  
Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,  
Listing where from the cliffs the torrents  
Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,  
And with the sounding lake, and with the  
moaning sky.

Yes! 'twas sublime, but sad.—The loneliness  
Loaded thy heart, the desert tired thine eye;  
And strange and awful fears began to press  
Thy bosom with a stern solemnity.  
Then hast thou wish'd some woodman's  
Cottage nigh,  
Something that showed of life, though low and mean;  
Glad sight, its curling wreath of smoke to spy,  
Glad sound, its cock's blithe carol would have been  
Or children whooping wild beneath the wil-  
loos green.

Such are the scenes, where savage grandeur  
Wakes  
An awful thrill that softens into sighs;  
Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's  
lakes,  
In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise  
Or farther, where, beneath the northern skies,  
Chides wild Loch-Eribol his caverns hoar—  
But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the  
prize  
Of desert dignity to that dread shore  
That sees grim Coedine rise, and hears Coriskin  
roar.

II.  
Through such wild scenes the champion  
pass'd,  
When bold halloo and haggle-blast  
Upon the breeze came loud and fast.  
"There," said the Bruce, "rung Edward's  
horn!  
What can have caused such brief return?  
And see, brave Ronald,—see him dart  
O'er stock and stone like hunted hart,  
Precipitate, as is the use,  
In war or sport, of Edward Bruce.  
—He marks us, and his eagle cry  
Will tell his news ere he be nigh."  

III.  
Loud Edward shouts, "What make ye here,  
Warring upon the mountain-deer,  
When Scotland wants her King?  
A bark from Lennox cross'd our track,  
With her in speed I hurried back,  
These joyful news to bring—  
The Stuart stirs in Teviotdale,  
And Douglas wakes his native vale;  
Thy storm-toss'd fleet hath won its way  
With little loss to Brodick-Bay,  
And Lennox, with a gallant band,  
Waits but thy coming and command  
To waft them o'er to Carrick strand.  
There are blithe news!—but mark the close!  
Edward, the deadliest of our foes,  
As with his host he northward pass'd,  
Hath on the Borders breathed his last."
Still stood the Bruce—his steady cheek
Was little wont his joy to speak,
But then his colour rose:

"Now, Scotland! shortly shalt thou see,
With God's high will, thy children free,
And vengeance on thy foes!
Yet to no sense of selfish wunners,
Bear witness with me, Heaven, belongs
My joy o'er Edward's bier;!
I took my knighthood at his hand,
And lordship held of him, and land,
And well may vouch it here.
That, biet the story from his page,
Of Scotland ruin'd in his rage,
You read a monarch brave and sage,
And to his people dear."—

"Let London'sburghers mourn her Lord,
And Croydon monks his praise record,"

The eager Edward said;

"Eternal as his own, my hate
Surmounts the bounds of mortal hate,
And dies not with the dead!
Such hate was his on Solway's strand,
When vengeance clenched his mailed hand,
That pointed yet to Scotland's land,"
As his last accents pray'd

Disgrace and curse upon his heir,
If he one Scottish head should spare,
Till stretch'd upon the bloody lair
Each rebel corpse was laid!
Such hate was his, when his last breath
Renounced the peaceful house of death,
And made his bones to Scotland's coast
Be borne by his remorseless host,
As if his dead and stony eye
Could still enjoy her misery!
Such hate was his—dark, deadly, long;
Mine,—as enduring, deep, and strong!"—

"Let women, Edward, war with words,
With curses monks, but men with swords:
Nor doubt of living foes, to save
Deepest revenge and deadliest hate.
Now, to the sea! behold the beach,
And see the galleys' pendants stretch
Their fluttering length down favouring gale!
Aboard, aboard! and hoist the sail.
Hold we our way for Arran first,
Where meet in arms our friends dispersed:
Lennox the loyal, De la Haye,
And Boyd the hold in battle fray.
I long the hardy band to head,
And see once more my standard spread.—
Does noble Ronald share our course,
Or stay to raise his island force?"

"Come weal, come woe, by Bruce's side,"
Replied the Chief, "will Ronald hide.
And since two galleys yonder ride,
Be mine, so please my liege, dismiss'd
To wake to arms the clans of Uist,
And all who hear the Munche's roar,
On the Long island's lonely shore,
The nearer Isles, with slight delay,
Ourselves may summon in our way;
And soon on Arran's shore shall meet,
With Torquil's aid, a gallant fleet,
If aught availe their Chief's chief,
Among the islesmen of the west."
To yonder turret grey
Stern was her Lord's suspicious mind,
Who in so rude a jail confin'd
So soft and fair a thrall!
And oft, when moon on ocean slept,
That lovely lady sate and wept
Upon the castle-wall,
And turn'd her eye to southern climes,
And thought perchance of happier times,
And touch'd her lute by fits, and sung
Wild dirges in her native tongue,
And still when on the cliff she lay,
Placid and pale the moonbeams play,
And every breeze is mute,
Upon the lone liebriden's ear
Steals a strange pleasure mix'd with fear,
While from that cliff she seems to hear
The murmur of a lute,
And sounds, as of a captive lone,
That mourns her woes in tongue unknown.—
Strange is the tale—but all too long
Already hath it staid the song—
Yet who may pass them by?
That crag and tower in ruins grey,
Nor to their hapless tenant pay
The tribute of a sigh!

1X.
Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,
O'er the broad ocean driven,
Her path by Ronin's mountains dark
The steersman's hand hath given.
And Ronin's mountains dark have sent
Their hunters to the shore,1
And each his ashen bow unbent,
And gave his pastime o'er,
And at the Island Lord's command,
For hunting-spear took warrior's brand,
On Scooreigg next a warming light
Summon'd her warriors to the fight;
A numerous race, ere stern MacLeod
O'er their bleak shores in vengeance strode,2
When all in vain the ocean cave
Its refuge to his victims gave.
The Chief, relentless in his wrath,
With blazing heath blockades the path;
In dense and stifling volumes roll'd,
The vapour fill'd the cavern's hold!
The warrior-threat, the infant's plain,
The mother's screams, were heard in vain;
The vengeful Chief maintains his fires,
Till in the vault a tribe expires!
The bones which strew that cavern's gloom,
Too well attest their dismal doom.

X.
Merrily, merrily goes the bark3
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,
Whose rank, at length, the eastern poised
The cormorant had found,
And the sky seal had quiet home,
And welter'd in that wondrous dome.
Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthy architect,
Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
A Minst'rer to her Maker's praise!4
Not for a meather use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone profound and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy name.
That Nature's voice might seem to say,
"Well hast thou done, frail Child of Clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shine
Task'd high and hard—but witness mine!"

XI.
Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.
They left Loch-Tun on their lee,
And they waken'd the men of the wild Tiere,
And the Chief of the sandy Coll;
They paused not at Columbia's isle,
Though peal'd the bells from the holy pile
With long and measured toll;
No time for matin or for mass,
And the sounds of the holy summons pass
Away in the billows' roll.
Lochlinnie's fierce and warlike Lord
Their signal saw, and grasp'd his sword,
And verdant flays call'd her host;
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast
Lord Ronald's call obey,
And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievreken's roar,
And lonely Colonsay;
—Scenes sung by him who sings no more5
His bright and brief career is o'er;
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains!

XII.
Ever the breeze blows merrily,
But the galley ploughs no more the sea.
Lest, rounding wild Cantyre, they meet
The southern foean's watchful fleet,
They held unwonted way:—
Up Tarbat's western lake they bore,
Then dragg'd their bark the isthmus o'er,6
As far as Kilmacoln's shore,
Upon the eastern bay,
It was a wondrous sight to see
Topmast and pennon glitter free,
High raised above the greenwood tree,
As on dry land the galley moves,
By cliff and copse and alder groves.
Deep import from that selcouthi sign,
Did many a mountain Seer divine,
For ancient legends told the Gael,
That when a royal bark should sail
O'er Kilmacoln's moss,
Old Albyn should in fight prevail,
And every foe should faint and quail
Before her silver Cross.

1 See Appendix, Note 2 N. 2 Ibid, Note 2 O. 3 See Appendix, Note 2 M. 4 Ibid, Note 2 P. 5 See Appendix, Note 2 Q. 6 Ibid, Note 2 R.
From worldly joy and hope estranged,
Much is the hapless mourner changed.
Perchance," here smiled the noble King,
"This tale may other musings bring.
Soon shall we know—you mountains hide
The little convent of Saint Bride;
There, saved by Edward, she must stay,
Till fate shall give more prosperous day;
And thither will I bear thy suit.
Nor will thine advocate be mute."

As thus they talk'd in earnest mood,
That speechless hoy beside them stood.
He stoop'd his head against the mast,
And bitter sobs came thick and fast.
A grief that would not be repress'd,
But seem'd to burst thy youthful breast.
His hands, against his forehead held,
As if by force his tears repelle'd.
But through his fingers, long and slight,
Fast trill'd the drops of crystal bright.
Edward, who walk'd the deck apart,
First spied this conflict of the heart.
Thoughtless as brave, with bluntness kind
He sought to cheer the sorrower's mind;
By force the slender hand he drew
From those poor eyes that stream'd with dew.
As in his hold the stippling strove.—
"(Twas a rough grasp, though meant in love,)\nAway his tears the warrior swept,
And hide shame on him that wept.
"I would to heaven, thy helpless tongue
Could tell me who hath wrought thee wrong!\nFor, were he of our crew the best,
The insult went unredress'd.
Come, cheer thee thou art now of age
To be a warrior's gallant page;
Thou shalt be mine—a palfrey fair
O'er hill and holt my boy shall hear,
To hold my bow in hunting grove,
Or speed on errand to my love;
For well I wot thou wilt not tell
The temple where my wishes dwell."

"Yeung Lord," the Royal Bruce replied,
"That question must the Church decide;\nYet seems it hard, since rumours state
Edith takes Clifford for her mate.
The very tie, which she hath broke,
To thee should still be binding yoke.
But, for my sister Isabel—\nThe mood of woman who can tell?\nI guess the Champion of the Rock,
Victorious in the tourney shock,
That knight unknown, to whom the prize
She dealt,—had favour in her eye;
But since our brother Nigel's fate,
Our ruin'd house and hapless state,
1 See Appendix, Note 28.
THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

Good Douglas then, and De la Haye,
Had in a glen a hart at bay,
And Lennox cheer’d the laggard hounds,
When waked that horn the Greenwood bounds.

"It is the foe!" said Boyd, who came
In breathless haste with eye of flame,—

"It is the foe!—Each valiant lord
Fling by his bow, and grasp his sword!"—

"Not so," replied the good Lord James;
"That blast was no English bugle claims.
Oft have I heard it fire the flight,
Cheer the pursuit, or stop the flight.
Dead were my heart, and deaf mine ear,
If Bruce should call, nor Douglas hear!
Each to Loch Ranza’s margin spring;
That blast was winded by the King!"—

Fast to their mates the tidings spread,
And fast to shore the warriors sped.

Burstering from glen and greenwood tree,
High waked their loyal jubilee!—

Around the royal Bruce they crowd,
And clasp’d his hands, and kneeled and bow’d.
Veterans of early days were there,
Whose helmets press’d their hoary hair,
Whose swords and axes bore a stain
From life-blood of the red-haired Dane;
And boys, whose hands scarce brook’d to wield
The heavy sword or bosky shield.

Men too were there, that bore the scars
Impress’d in Albion’s woof wars,
At Falkirk’s fierce and fatal fight,
Teyrnar’s dread rout, and Myleth’s flight;

The might of Douglas there was seen,
There Lennox with his graceful mien;
Kirkpatrick, Closeburn’s dreaded Knight;
The Lindsay, fiery, fierce, and light;
The Heir of murdered De la Haye,
And Boyd the grave, and Seton gay.

Around their King regain’d they press’d,
Wept, shout’d, clasp’d him to their breast,
And young and old, and serf and lord,
And he who ne’er unsheathe’d a sword,
And he in many a peril tried,
Alike resolved the brunt to ride,
And live or die by Bruce’s side!—

Oh, War! thou hast thy fierce delight,
Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright!
Such gleams, as from thy polish’d shield
Fly dazzling o’er the battle-field!

Such transports wake, severe and high,
Amid the pealing conquest-cry;
Scarce less, when, after battle lost,
Muster the remnants of a host,
And deed of comrades’ dearest they tell,
Who in the well-fought conflict fell,
Knitting stern brow o’er flashing eye,
Vow to avenge them or to die!—

Warriors!—and where are warriors found,
If not on martial Britain’s ground?—
And who, when waked with note of fire,
Love more than they the British lyre?—

Knew ye not,—hearken to honour dear,
That joy, deep thrilling, severe,
At which the heartstrings vibrate high,
And wake the fountains of the eye?
And blame ye, then, the Bruce, if trace
Of tear is on his manly face,
When, scanty relics of the train
That hair’d at Scone his early reign,

This patriot hand around him hung,
And to his knees and bosom clung;—

Blame ye the Bruce?—his brother blamed,
But shared the weakness, while ashamed.
With haughty laugh his head he turn’d,
And dash’d away the tear he scorn’d.2

XXI.

’Tis morning, and the Convent bell
Long time had ceased its matin knell,
Within thy walls, Saint Bride!—

An aged Sister sought the cell
Assign’d to Lady Isabell;—

And hurried she cried,
"Haste, gentle Lady, haste, where waits
A noble grace at the gates;—
Saint Bride’s poor vot’ress ne’er has seen
A Knight of such a princely mien;
His errand, as I bade me tell,
Is with the Lady Isabell."

The princess rose,—for on her knee
Low bent she told her rosary,—

"Let him by thee his purpose teach;
I may not give a stranger speech."

"Saint Bride forfend, thou royal Maid!"

The portress cross’d herself, and said,—

"Not to be prieress might I
Debate his will, his suit deny,—

"Has earthily show then, simple fool,
Power o’er a sister of thy rule,
And art thou, like the wordly train,
Subdued by splendours light and vain?"—

XXII.

"No, Lady! in old eyes like mine,
Gauss have no glitter, gems no shine;
Nor grace his rank attendants vain,
One youthful page is all his train.
It is the form, the eye, the word,
The bearing of that stranger Lord;
His stature, manly, bold, and tall,
Built like a castle’s batt’d wall,
Yet moulded in such just degrees,
His giant strength seems lightsome ease.

Close as the tendrils of the vine
His locks upon his forehead twine,
Jet-black, save where some touch of grey
Has t’enn the youthful hue away.
Weather and war their rougher trace
Have left on that majestic face;—
But his dignity of eye;
There, if a suppliant, would I fly,
Secure, mid danger, wrongs, and grief,
Of sympathy, redress, relief—
That glance, if guilty, would I dread
More than the doom that spoke me dead!"—

"Enough, enough," the princess cried,
"Tis Scotland’s hope, her joy, her pride!
To lasting fame was ne’er assign’d,
Such mystery o’er the common mind—
Bestow’d thy high designs to aid,
How long, O Heaven! how long delay’d!—
Haste, Morn, haste, to introduce
My darling brother, royal Bruce!"

XXIII.

They met like friends who part in pain,
And meet in doubtful hope again.

But when subdu’d that fitful swell
The Bruce survey’d the humble cell;—

"And this is thine, poor Isabell—
That pallet-couch, and naked wall,
For room of state, and bed of pall;—

2 See Appendix, Note 2 U.
For costly rables and jewels rare,
A string of beads and zone of hair:
And for the trumpet's shrill and call
To sport or banquet, grove or hall,
The bell's grim voice divides thy care,
'Twixt hours of penitence and prayer!
O fill a Tilting-ground with outcome
From the First David's sainted name!
O woe for thee, that while he sought
His right, thy brother feebly fought!"

XXIV.
"Now lay these vain regrets aside,
And be the unshaken Bruce!" she cried.
"For more I glory to have shared
The bolder, but not venturous blade,
When raising first thy valiant hand
In rescue of thy native land,
Than had fair Fortune set me down
The partner of an empire's crown.
And grieve not that on Pleasure's stream
No more I drive in giddy dream,
For Heaven the erring pilot knew,
And from the gulf the vessel drew;
Then me with judgment's stern and great,
My house's ruin, thy defeat,
Poor Nigel's death, till, tamed, I own
My hopes are fix'd on Heaven alone;
Nor e'er shall earthly prospects win,
My heart to this van world of sin."-

XXV.
"Nay, Isabel, for such stern choice,
First wilt thou wait thy brother's voice;
Then art thou in inconstant scene
No softer thoughts might intervene—
Say they were of that unknown Knight,
Victor in Woodstock's tourney-fight—
Nay, if his name such blush you owe,
Victorious o'er a fairer foe!"

Truly his penetrating eye
Cath up that blush in passing dye.—
Like the last beam of evening down
On a white cloud,—just seen and gone.
Soon with calm cheek and steady eye,
The princess made composed reply:—
"I guess my brother's meaning well;
For not so silent is the cell,
But we have heard the islemen all
Arm in thy cause at Ronald's call,
And nine eye proves that Knight unknown.
And the brave Island Lord are one,—
Had then his suit been earlier made,
In his own name, with thee to aid;
(But that his pitied faith forbade.)
I know not . . . . . But thy peace so near?—
This is no tale for menial's ear."

XXVI.
Still stood that page, as far apart
As the small cell would space afford;
With dizzy eye and bursting heart,
He leant his weight on Bruce's sword,
The monarch's mantle too he bore,
And drew the fold his visage o'er.
"Fear not for him—in murderous strife.
Said Bruce, "his warning saved my life;
Full seldom part's he from my side,
And in his silence I confide,
Since he can tell no tale again.
He is a boy of gentle strain,
And I have purposed he shall dwell
In Augustin the chaplain's cell,
And wait on thee, my Isabel."—

Mind not his tears; I've seen them flow,
As in the thaw dissolves the snow.
'Tis a kind youth, but fanciful,
Unfit against the tide to sail,
And those that with the Bruce would sail.
Must learn to strive with stream and gale.—
But forward, gentle Isabel,
My answer for Lord Ronald tell."—

XXVII.
"This answer be to Ronald given—
The heart he asks is fix'd on heaven.
My love was like a summer flower,
That wither'd in the wintry hour,
Born but of vanity and pride,
And with these sunny visions died.
If further press his suit—then say,
He should his plighted troth obey,
Truly plighted both with ring and word,
And sworn on crucifix and sword.—
Oh, shame thee, Robert! I have seen
Thou hast a woman's guardian been!
Even in extremity's dread hour,
When press'd on thee the Southern power,
And safety, to all human sight,
Was only found in rapid flight.
Thou heard'st a wretched female plain
In agony of travail-pain,
And thou didst bid thy little hand
Upon the instant turn and stand,
And dare the worst the foe might do,
Rather, than, like knight untruc,
Leave to pursuers merciless.
A woman in her last distress.——
And wilt thou now deny thine aid
To an oppress'd and injured maid,
Even plead for Ronald's perfidy,
And press his fickle faith on me?—
So witness Heaven, as true I vow,
Had I those earthly feelings now,
Which could my former bosom move.
Ere taught to set its hopes above,
I'd spurn each proffer he could bring,
Till at my feet he laid the ring.
The ring and spouse conspired both,
And fair acquittal of his oath,
By her who breaks his perjured scorn,
The ill-required Maid of Lorn!"

XXVIII.
With sudden impulse forward sprung
The page, and on her neck he hung;
Then, recollected instantly,
His head he stoop'd, and bent his knee,
Kiss'd twice the hand of Isabel,
Arose, and sudden left the cell—
The princess, loosen'd from his hold,
Blush'd angry at his bearing bold;
But good King Robert cries,
"Chafe not—by signs he speaks his mind,
He heard the plan my care design'd,
Nor could his transports hide—
But, sister, now bethink thee well;
No easy choice the convent cell;
Trust, I shall play no tyrant part,
Either to force thy hand or heart,
Or suffer that Lord Ronald's scorn,
Or wrong for thee, the Maid of Lorn.
But think—not long the time has been,
That thou Wert wont to sigh unseen,
And wouldst the ditties best approve,
That told some lay of hapless love.

1 See Appendix, Note 2 V.
The Lord of the Isles.

Canto Fifth.

I.

On fair Loch-Ranza stream'd the early day,
Thin wreaths of cottage-smoke are upward cur'd
From the lone hamlet, which her inland bay
And circling mountains sever from the world.

And there the fisherman his sail unfurl'd,
The goat-herd drove his kids to steep Ben-Gholl,
Before the hut the dame her spindle twirl'd,
Courting the sunbeam as she plied her toil,—
For, wake wherever he may, Man wakes to
care and toil.

But other duties call'd each convent maid,
Roused by the summons of the moss-grown bell;
Sung were the matins, and the mass was said,
And every sister sought her separate cell,
Such was the rule, her rosary to tell.
And Isabel has knelt in lonely prayer;
The sunbeam, through the narrow lattice, fell
Upon the snowey neck and long dark hair,
As stoop'd her gentle head in meek devotion there.

II.

She raised her eyes, that duty done,
When glanced upon the pavement-stone,
Gem'd and encased, a golden ring,
Bound to a scroll with silken string,
With few brief words inscribed to tell,
"This for the Lady Isabel!"
Within, the writing farther bore,—
"I was with this ring his plighted love swore,
With this his promise I restore;
To her who can the heart command,
Well may I yield the plighted hand.
And O! for better fortune born,
Grudge not a passing such to mourn
Her who was Edith once of Lorn!"
One single flash of glad surprise
Just glanced from Isabel's dark eyes,
But vanish'd in the blush of shame,
That, as its penance, instant came.
"O thought unworthy of my race!
Selfish, ungenerous, mean, and base,
A moment's thrill of joy to own,
That rose upon her hopes o'erthrown!
Thou pledge of vows too well believed,
Of man ingrate and maid deceived,
Think not thy boast here shall remain,
Another heart to hope in vain!
For thou shalt rest, thou tempting gaunt,
Where worldly thoughts are overawed,
And worldly splendours sink dehased."
Then by the cross the ring she placed.

III.

Next rose the thought,—its owner far,
How came it here through bolt and bar?—
But the dim lattice is ajar—
She looks abroad, the morning dew.
A light short step had brush'd it anew,
And there were foot-prints seen
On the curved buttress rising still,
Till on the mossy window-sill
Their track effaced the green.
The ivy twigs were torn and fray'd,
As if some climber's steps to aid.—
But who the hardy messenger,
Whose venturous path these signs infer?—
"Strange doubts are mine!—Mona, draw nigh;—
Nought 'scapes old Mona's curious eye—
What strangers, gentle mother, say,
Have sought these holy walls to-day?"—
"None, Lady, none of name or name;
Only your brother's foot-page came,
At peep of dawn—I pray'd him pass
to chapel where they said the mass;
But like an arrow he shot by,
And tears seem'd bursting from his eye."

IV.
The truth at once on Isabel,
As darted by a sunbeam, fell,—
"Tis Edith's self,—her speechless woe
Her form, her looks, that sorrowful show!
—Instant, good Mora, to the bay,
And to my royal brother say,
I do conjure him seek my cell,
With that mute page he loves so well.—
"What I know'st thou not his warlike host
At break of day has left our coast?
My old eyes saw them from the tower.
At eve they coach'd in greenwood bower,
At dawn a bagle signal made.
By their bold Lord, their ranks array'd;
Up sprung the spears through bush and tree,
No time for benedicite!
Like deer, that, rousing from their lair,
Just shake the dewdrops from their hair,
And toss their armed crests aloft,
Such matus theirs!"—"Good mother, soft—
Where does my brother bend his way?"
"As I have heard, for Brodick-Bay,
Across the isle—of banks a score
Lie there, 'tis said, to wait them o'er,
On sudden news, to Carrick-shore."
"If such their purpose, deep the need;
Said anxious Isabel, "of speed!
Call Father Augustine, good dame."—
The non obey'd, the Father came.

V.
"Kind Father, he without delay,
Across the hills to Brodick-Bay.
This message to the Bruce be given;
I pray him, by his hopes of Heaven,
That, till he speak with me, he stay!
Or, if his haste brook no delay,
That he deliver, on my suit.
Into thy charge that stripling mute.
Thus prays his sister Isabel,
For causes more than she may tell—
Away, good father! and take heed,
That life and death are on thy speed."
His cowl the good old priest did on,
Took his piked staff and sandal'd shoon,
And, like a palmer bent by old,
O'er moss and moor his journey held.

VI.
Heavy and dull the foot of age,
And rugged was the pilgrimage;
But none was there beside, whose care
Might such important message bear.
Through hirchen copse he wander'd slow,
Stunted and sapless, thin and low;
By many a mountain stream he pass'd,
From the tall cliffs in tumult cast,
Dashing to foam their waters dun,
And shone in foam the sun's burnish'd sun.
Round his grey head the wild curlew
In many a fearless circle flew.
O'er chasms he pass'd, where fractures wide
Craded wary eye and ample stride; 1
He cross'd his brow beside the stone
Where Druids erst head'd victims groan,
And at the cairns upon the wild.
O'er many a heathen hero piled, 2

He breathed a timid prayer for those
Who died ere Shiloh's sun arose.
Beside Macfarlane's Cross he stood,
There told his hours within the shade,
And at the stream his thirst allay'd.
Thence onward journeying slowly still,
As evening closed he reach'd the hill,
Where, rising through the woodland green,
Old Brodick's gothic towers were seen,
From Hastins, late their English lord,
Douglas had won them by the sword. 3
The sun that sunk behind the isle,
Now tinged them with a parting smile.

VII.
But though the beams of light decayed,
'Twas bustle all in Brodick-Bay.
The Bruce's followers crowd the shore,
And boats and barges some unmoor.
Some raise the sail, some seize the oar;
Their eyes oft turn'd where glimmer'd far.
What might have seem'd an early star
On heaven's blue arch, save that its light
Was all too flickering, fierce, and bright.
Far distant in the south, the ray
Shone pale amid retiring day,
But as, on Carrick shore,
Dim seen in outline faintly blue,
The shades of evening closer drew,
It kindled more and more.
The monk's slow steps now press the sands,
And now amid a scene he stands,
Full strange to churchman's eye;
Warriors, who, arming for the fight,
Rivet and clasp their harness light,
And twinkling spears, and axes bright,
And helmets flashing high.
Oft, too, with unaccustom'd ears,
A language much unmeet he hears, 4
While, fastening all on board,
As stormy as the swelling surge—
That mild'd its roar, the partiers urge.
Their followers to the ocean verge,
With many a haughty word.

VIII.
Through that wild throng the Father pass'd,
And reach'd the Royal Bruce at last.
He leant against a stranded boat,
That the approaching tide must float,
And counted every rippling wave,
As higher yet her sides they lay,
And oft the distant fire he eyed,
And closer yet his hauberk tied,
And loosened in its sheath his brand.
Edward and Lennox were at hand,
Douglas and Ronald had the care.
The soldiers to the harks to share.—
The Monk approach'd and homage paid;
"And art thou come," King Robert said,
"So far to toil, as earn'd the 'Lauda.'"—
—"My Liege, and with a loyal heart!
But other charge I have to tell,"—
And spoke the host of Isabel. —
—"Now by Saint Giles," the monarch cried,
"This moves me much!—this morning tide,
I sent the stripping to Saint Bride,
With my commandment there to hide."—
—"Tither he came the fortress show'd,
But there, my Liege, made brief abode."—

1 See Appendix, Note 2 W.  2 Ibid, Note 2 X.
3 See Appendix, Note 2 Y.  4 Ibid, Note 2 Z.
THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

IX.

"I was I," said Edward, "found employ
Of noble import for the boy.
Deep pondering in my anxious mind,
A faithful messenger to find.
To hear thy written mandate o'er
To Cuthbert on the Carrick shore,
I chanced, at early dawn, to pass
The chapel gate to snatch a mass.
I found the stripling on a tomb
Low-scam'd, weeping for the doom
That gave his youth to convent gloom.
I told my purpose, and his eyes
Flash'd joyful at the glad surprise,
He bounded to the skiff, the sail
Was spread before a prosperous gale,
And well my charge he hush obey'd;
For, see! the ruddy signal made,
That Clifford, with his merry-men all,
Guards carelessly our father's hall."—I

X.

"O wild of thought, and hard of heart!"
Answer'd the Monarch, "on a part
Of such deep duxer to employ
A mute, an orphan, and a boy!
Unfit for flight, unfit for strife,
Without a tongue to plead for life!
Now, were my right restored by Heaven,
Edward, my crown I would have given,
Ere, thrust on such adventure wild,
I peril'd thus the helpless child."—
—Offended half, and half submiss
"Brother and Liege, of blame like this,"
Edward replied, "I little dre'd
A stranger messenger. I deem'd,
Might'st safest seek the headsmen's cell,
Where all thy squires are known so well.
Noteless his presence, sharp his sense,
His imperfection his defence.
If seen, none can his errand guess;
If ta'en, his words no tale express—
Methinks, too, yonder beacon's shine
Might mote the greater fault to sliore.—
"Rash!" said King Robert, "was the deed—
But it is done.—Embark with speed!—
Good Father, say to Isabel
How this unhappy chance befell;
If well we thrive on yonder shore,
Soon shall my care her page restore.
Our greeting to our sister bear,
And think of us in mass and prayer."—

XI.

"Aye!" said the Priest, "while this poor
Hand can chalice raise or cross command,
While my old voice has accents' use,
Can Augustine forget the Bruce!"
Then to his side Lord Ronald press'd,
And whisper'd, "Bear thou this request,
That when by Bruce's side I fight,
For Scotland's crown and freedom's right,
The princess grace her knight to bear
Some token of her favouring care;
It shall be shown where England's best
May shrink to see it on my crest.
And for the boy—since weightier care
For royal Bruce the times prepare,
The helpless youth is Ronald's charge.
His couch my plaid, his fence my targe."—

1 See Appendix, Note 3 A.

He ceased; for many an eager hand
Had urged the barge from the strand.
Their number was a score and ten,
Their aim three score chosen men.
With such small force did Bruce at last
The die for death or empire cast!

XII.

Now on the darkenmg main afloat
Ready and man'n'd rocks every boat;
Beneath their oars the ocean's might
Was dash'd to sparks of glimmering light.
Faint and more faint, as off they bore,
Their armour glanced against the shore,
And, mingled with the dashing tide,
Their murmuring voices distant died.—
"God speed them!" said the Priest, as dark
On distant billows glides each bark;
"O Heaven! when swords for freedom shine,
And Monarch's right, the cause is thine!
Edge doubly every patriot blow!
Beat down the banners of the foe
And be it to the nations known,
That Victory is from God alone!"
As up the hill his path he drew,
He turn'd his blessings to renew,
Oft turn'd, till on the dark'd coast
All traces of their course were lost;
Then slowly bent to Brodick tower,
To shelter for the evening hour.

XIII.

In night the fairy prospects sink,
Where Cumray's isles with verdant link
Close the fair entrance of the Clyde;
The woods of Bute, no more descried,
Are gone—and on the placid sea,
The rowers ply their task with glee,
While hands that knightly lances bore
Impatient aid the labouring ear.
The half-faced moon shine dim and pale,
And glanced against the whiten'd sail,
But on that ruddy beacon-light
Each steersman kept the helm aight,
And oft, for such the King's command,
That all at once might reach the strand,
From boat to boat loud shout and hail
Warn'd them to crowd or slacken sail.
South and by west the armada bore,
And near at length the Carrick shore.
As less and less the distance grows,
High and more high the beacon rose;
The light, that seem'd a twinkling star,
Now blazed portentous, fierce, and far.
Dark-red the heaven above it glow'd,
Dark-red the sea beneath it flow'd,
Red rose the rocks on ocean's brim,
In blood-red light her islets swim;
Wild scream the dazzled sea-fowl gave,
Dropp'd from their crews on flashing wave
The deer to distant covert drew,
The black-cock deem'd it day, and crew.
Like some tall castle given to flame,
O'er half the land the fire came.
"Now, good my Liege, and brother sage,
What think ye of mine ellin pace?"—
"Row on!" the noble King replied,
"We'll learn the truth whatever be;
Yet sure the headsman and the child
Could ne'er have waked that beacon wild.'

XIV.

With that the boats approach'd the land,
But Edward's grounded on the sand;
The eager Knight leap'd in the sea,
Waist-deep, and first on shore was he,
Though every harge's hardy band
Contended which should gain the land,
When that strange light, which, seen afar,
Seem'd steady as the polar star,
Now, like a prophet's fiery chair,
Seem'd travelling the realms of air.
With o'er the sky the splendour glows,
And that portentous meteor rose;
Helm, axe, and faclion glitter'd bright,
And in the red and dusky light
His comrade's face each warrior saw,
Nor marvell'd it was pale with awe.
Then high in air the beams were lost,
And darkness sunk upon the coast.—
Ronald to Heaven a prayer address'd,
And Douglas cross'd his dauntless breast;
"Saint James protect us!" Lennox cried,
But reckless Edward spoke aside,
"Deem'st thou, Kirkpatrick, in that flame
Red Comyn's angry spirit came.
Or would thy dauntless heart endure
Once more to make assurance sure?"—
"Hush!" said the Bruce, "we soon shall know
If this be sorcerer's empty show,
Or stratagem of sortherm foe.
The moon shines out—upon the sand
Let every leader rank his band."

Faintly the moon's pale beams supply
That redder light's unnatural dye;
The dubious cold reflection lay
On the wet sands and quiet bay.
Beneath the rocks King Robert drew
His scatter'd files to order due,
Till shield compact and serried spear
In the cool light shone blue and clear.
To make a path that sought the tide.
That speechless page was seen to glide;
He knelt him lowly on the sand,
And gave a scroll to Robert's hand.
"A torch," the Monarch cried, "What, hol
Now shall we Cuthbert's tidings know."
But evil news the letters bare,
The Clifford's force was strong and bare,
Augmented, too, that very morn,
By mountaineers who came with Lorn.
Long harrow'd by oppressor's hand,
Courage and faith had fled the land,
And over Carrick, dark and deep,
Had sunk dejection's iron sleep.—
Cuthbert had seen that beacon-flame,
Unwriting from what source it came.
Doubtful of perilous event,
Edward's mute messenger he sent,
If Bruce deceived should venture o'er,
To warn him from the fatal shore.

As round the torch the leaders crowd,
Bruce read these chilling news aloud.
"What council, nobles, have we now?"
To Ochiltree in greenwood bough,
And take the chance which fate may send
To bring our enterprise to end,
Or shall we turn to the main
As exiles, and embark again?"—
Answer'd fierce Edward, "Hap what may,
In Carrick, Carrick's Lord must stay.
I would not minstrels told the tale,
Wildfire or meteor made us quail."—
Answer'd the Douglas, "If my Liege
May win you walls by storm or seize,
Then were each brave and patriot heart
Kindled of new for loyal part."—
Answer'd Lord Ronald, "Not for shame
Would I that aged Tornquil came,
And found, for all our empty boast,
Without a blow we fled the coast.
I will not credit that this land,
So famed for warlike heart and hand,
The nurse of Wallace and of Bruce,
Will long with tyrants hold a truce."—
"Prove we our fate—the brunt we'll ride!"
So Boyd and Have and Lennox cried;
So said, so vow'd, the leaders all;
So Bruce resolved: "And in my hall
Since the Bold Southern make their home,
The hour of payment soon shall come,
When with a rough and rugged host
Clifford may reckon to his cost.
Meantime, through well-known bosh and dell,
I'll lead where we may shelter well."

Now ask you whence that wondrous light,
Whose fairy glow besought their sight?—
It ne'er was known!—yet grey-hair'd eld
A superstitious credence held,
That never did a mortal hand
Wake its broad glare on Carrick strand;
Nay, and that on the self-same night
When Bruce cross'd o'er, still gleams the light.
Tearly it gleams o'er mount and moor,
And glittering wave and crom'd shore—
But whether beam celestial
By Heaven to aid the King's descent,
Or fire hell-kindled from beneath,
To lure him to defeat and death.
Or were it but some meteor strange,
Of such as oft through midnight range,
Startling the traveller late and lone,
I know not—and it ne'er was known.

Now up the rocky pass they drew,
And Ronald, to his promise true,
Still made his arm the striplin's stay,
To aid him on the rugged way.
"Now cheer thee, simple Madamine!
Why throbs that silly heart of thine?"
—"That name the pirates to their slave
(In Gaelic 'tis the Changeling) gave—
"Dost thou not rest thee on my arm?
Do not my plaid-folds hold thee warm?
Hath not the wild bull's treble hide
This target for thee and me supplied?
Is not Clan-Colla's sword of steel?
And, trembler, canst thou terror feel?
Cheer thee, and still that throbbing heart:
From Ronald's guard thou shalt not part."—
"O! many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken!
Half soothe'd, half grieved, half terrified,
Close drew the page to Ronald's side:
A wild delirious thrill of joy
Was in that hour of agony,
As up the steeply pass he strove.
Fear, toil, and sorrow, lost in love!
1 See Appendix, Note 3 B.
XIX.

The barrier of that iron shute,
The rock's steep ledge, is now climb'd o'er;  
And from the castle's distant wall,
From tower to tower the warders call:

The sound swings over land and sea,
And marks a watchful enemy;

They gain'd the Chase, a wide domain
Left for the Castle's silv'ry reign,¹
(Speak not the scene—the axe, the plough.
The hoar dull fence, have murr'd it now.)

But then, soft swept in velvet green
The plain with many a glade between,
Whose tangled alleys far invade
The depth of the brown forest shade.

Here the tall fern obscured the lawn,
Fair shelter for the sportive fawn;

There, tufted close with copsewood green,
Was many a swelling hillock seen;

And all around was verdure meet
For pressure of the fairies' feet.

The glossy holly loved the park,
The yew-tree lent its shadow dark,
And many an old oak, worn and bare,
With all its shiver'd boughs, was there.

Lovely between, the moonbeams fell
On lawn and hillock, glade and dell.

The gallant Monarch sigh'd to see
These glades so loved in childhood free.

Bethinking that, as outlaw now,
He ranged beneath the forest bough.

XX.

Fast o'er the moonlight Chase they sped,
Well knew the band that measured tread,
When, in retreat or in advance,
The serried warriors move at pace;

And evil were the luck, if dawn
Described them on the open lawn.

Copes they traverse, brooks they cross,
Strain up the bank and o'er the moss.

From the exsated page's brow
Cold drops of toil are streaming now;
With effort faint and lengthen'd pause,
He weary step the stripping draws.

"Nay, daunt not yet!" the warrior said;
"Come, let me give thee ease and aid!

Strong are mine arms, and little care
A weight so slight as thine to bear.

What! wilt thou not?—capricious boy!
Then thine own limbs and strength employ.
Pass but this night, and pass thy care,
I'll place thee with a lady fair,
Where thou shalt tune thy lute to tell
How Ronald loves fair Isabella!"

Worn out, dishearten'd, and dismay'd,
Here Amadine let go the plaid;

His trembling limbs their aid refuse,
He sunk among the midnight dew.

XXI.

What may be done?—the night is gone—
The Bruce's band moves swiftly on—

Eternal slum're, if at the brunt
Lord Ronald grace not battle's front!—

"From yonder oak, with whom whose trunk
Droops a dark'ned cell hath sunk;

Enter, and rest thee there aright;
Wrap in my plaid thy limbs, thy face.

I will not be, believe me, far;
But must not quit the ranks of war.

Well will I mark the bosky hou'ne,
And soon, to guard thee hence, return,—
Nay, weep not so, thou simple boy!

But sleep in peace, and wake in joy."

In sylvan lodging close bestow'd
He placed the page, and onward strode
With strength put forth, o'er moss and brook,
And soon the marcing band o'ertook.

XXII.

Thus strangely left, long sobb'd and wept
The page, till, wearied out, he slept.

A rough voice wak'd his dream—"Nay, here,
Here by this thicket, pass'd the deer—

Beneath that oak old Ryno staid—
What have we here?—a Scottish plaid,
And in its folds a stripping laid?

Come forth I thy name and business tell!—
What, silent?—then I guess thee well.

The spy that sought old Cuthbert's cell,
Wafted from Arran yester morn.

Come, comrades, we will straight return.
Our Lord may choose the rack should teach
To this young lurcher use of speech.

Thy bow-string, till I bind him fast."—

"Nay, but he weeps and stands aghast;
Unbound we'll lead him, fear it not;
'Tis a fair stripping, though a Scot.

The hunters to the castle sped,
And there the hapless captive led.

XXIII.

Stout Clifford in the castle court
Prepared him for the morning sport;
And now with Lorn held deep discourse,
Now gave command for hound and horse.

War-steeds and palfreys pow'd the ground,
And many a deer-dog howl'd around.

To Amadine, Lorn's well-known word.
Replying to that Southern Lord.

Misch'd with this clanging din, might seem
The phantasm of a fever'd dream.

The tone upon his ringing ears
Came like the sounds which fancy hears,
When in rude waves or roaring winds
Some words of woe the muser finds;

Until more loudly and more near,
Their speech arrests the page's ear.

XXIV.

"And was she thus," said Clifford, "lost?"
The priest should rue it to his cost!

What says the Monk?—"The holy Sirè
Owes, that in masquers quaint attire
She sought his skiff, disguised, unknown
To all except to him alone.

But, says the priest, a bark from Lorn
Laid them aboard that very morn.

And pirates seized her for their prey.
He proffer'd ransom-gold to pay,
And they agreed—but ere told o'er,
The winds how loud, the billows roar;
They search, and still they search in vain.

He deems, such tempest vex'd the coast,
Ship, crew, and fugitive, were lost,
So let it be, with the disgrace
And scandal of her lofty race!

Thrice better she had never been born,
Than brought her infamy on Lorn!"

XXV.

Lord Clifford now the captive spied:—
"Whom, Herbert, hast thou there?" he cried.
Scott's Poetical Works.

"A spy we seized within the Chase,
A hollow oak his lurking place."—
"What tidings can the youth afford?"—
"He plays the mute."—"Then noose a cord—
Unless brave Lorn reverse the doom
For his plaid's sake."—"Clan-Colla's loom,
Said Lorn, whose careless glances trace
Rather the venture than the face,
'Clan-Colla's daines such tartans twine;
Weaver nor plaid can claim mine.
Give him, if my advice you crave,
His own scathed oak; and let him wave
In air, unless, by terror wrung,
A frank confession find his tongue.—
Nor shall he die without his rite;
'Thou, Angus Roy, attend the sight,
And give Clan-Colla's dirge thy breath,
As they convey him to his death."
"O brother! cruel to the last!"
Through the poor captive's bosom pass'd
The thought, but, to his purpose true,
He said not, though he sigh'd, "Adieu!"

XXVI.

And will he keep his purpose still,
In sight of that last closing ill,
When one poor breath, one single word,
May freedom, safety, life afford?
Can he resist the instinctive call
For life that bids us hark all round?
Love, strong as death, his heart hath steel'd,
His nerves hath string—he will not yield!
Since that poor breath, that little word,
May yield Lord Ronald to the sword—
Clan-Colla's dirge is pealing wide,
The griesly headman's by his side;
Along the greenwood Chase they bend,
And now their march hath ghastly end!
That old and shatter'd oak beneath,
They destine for the place of death.
What thoughts are his, while all in vain
His eye for aid explores the plain?
What thoughts, while, with a dizzy ear,
He hears the death-prayer mutter'd near?
And must he die such death accurst,
Or will that bosom-secret burst?
Cold on his brow breaks terror's dew,
His trembling heart the livid blue;
The agony of parting life
Has sought to match that moment's strife!

XXVII.

But other witnesses are nigh,
Who mock at fear, and death defy!
Soon as the dire lament was play'd,
It waked the lurking ambushade.
The Island Lord look'd forth, and spied
The castle, and the cloud in fury o'er it.
"By Heaven, they lead the page to die,
And mock me in my agony!"
They shall abuse it!"—On his arm
Bruce laid strong grasp, "They shall not harm
A ringlet of the stripling's hair;
But, till I give the word, forbear.
Douglas, lead fifty of our force
Up yonder hollow water-course,
And march thee hard in the wold,
Between the flyers and their hold:
A speer above the copse display'd,
Be signal of the ambush made.
Edward, with forty spearmen, straight
Through yonder copse approach the gate,
And, when thou hear'st the battle-din,
Rush forward, and the passage win,
Secure the drawbridge—storm the port,
And man and guard the castle-court.
The rest move slowly forth with me,
In shelter of the forest-tree,
Till Douglas at his post I see."

XXVIII.

Like war-horse eager to rush on,
Compell'd to wait the signal blown,
Hid, and scarce hid, by greenwood bough,
Trembling with rage, stands Ronald now,
And in his grasp his sword gleams blue,
Soon to be dyed with death's bright hue.—
Meanwhile the Bruce, with steady eye,
Sees the dark death-train moving by,
And, heedful, measures off the space
The Douglas and his hand must trace,
Ere they can reach their destined ground.
Now sinks the dirge's wailing sound,
Now cluster round the direful tree
That slow and solemn company,
While hymn mistuned and mutter'd prayer
The victim for his fate prepare. —
What glances o'er the greenwood shade?
The spear that marks the ambushade! —
"Now, noble Chief! I leave thee loose;
Upon them, Ronald!" said the Bruce.

XXIX.

"The Bruce, the Bruce!" to well-known cry
His native rocks and woods reply
"The Bruce, the Bruce!" in that dread word
The knell of hundred deaths was heard.
The astonish'd Southern gazed at first,
Where the wild tempest was to burst,
That waked in that presaging name.
Before, behind, around it came!
Half-arm'd, surprised, on every side
Hemm'd in, hew'd down, they bled and died.
Deep in the ring the Bruce engaged,
And fierce Clan-Colla's broadsword raged!
Full soon the few who fought were sped,
Nor better was their lot who fled,
And met, 'mid terror's wild career,
The Douglas's redoubled spear!
Two hundred yeomen on that morn
The castle left, and none return.

XXX.

Not on their flight press'd Ronald's brand,
A gentle duty claim'd his hand.
He raised the page, where on the plain
His fear had sunk him with the slain:
And twice that morn, surprise well near
Betray'd the secret kept by fear;
Once, when, with life returning, came
To the boy's lip Lord Ronald's name,
And hardly recollection drown'd
The accents in a murmuring sound;
And once, when scarce he could resist
The chieftain's care to lose the vest,
Drawn tightly o'er his labouring breast,
But then the Bruce's bugle blew,
For martial work was yet to do.

XXXI.

A harder task fierce Edward waits.
Ere signal given, the castle gates
His fury had assaill'd;—
Such was his wanton reckless mood,
Yet desperate valour oft made good,
Even by its daring, venture rude,
Where prudence might have fail'd.
Upon the bridge his strength he threw,
And struck the iron chain in twain,
By which its planks arose;  
The warder next his axe's edge  
Struck down upon the threshold ledge,  
"T'wixt door and post a ghastly wedge!  
The gate their may not close.  
Well feigned the Southern in the fray,  
Clifford and Lorn fought well that day,  
But stubborn Edward forced his way  
Against a hundred foes.  
Loud came the cry, "The Bruce, the Bruce!"  
No hope or in defence or truce,  
Fresh combatants pour in;  
Mad with success, and drunk with gore,  
They drive the struggling foe before,  
And ward on ward they win.  
Unsparing was the vengeful sword,  
And limbs were lorn'd and life-blood pour'd,  
The cry of death and conflict roard,  
And fearful was the din!  
The startling horses plunged and flung,  
Clamour'd the dogs till turrets rung,  
Nor sunk the fearful cry,  
Till not a foeman was there found  
Alive, save those who on the ground  
Groan'd in their agony!  

XXXII.  
The valiant Clifford is no more;  
On Ronald's broadsword stream'd his gore.  
But better hap he had of Lorn,  
Who, by the foemen backward borne,  
Yet gain'd with slender train the port,  
Where lay his bark beneath the fort,  
And cut the cable loose  
Short were his shrift in that debate,  
That hour of fury and of fate.  
If Lorn encounter'd Bruce!  
Then long and loud the victor shout  
From turret and from tower rung out,  
The rugged vaults replied;  
And from the donjon tower on high,  
The men of Carrick may descry  
Saint Andrew's cross in blissony  
Of silver, waving wide!  

XXXIII.  
The Bruce hath won his father's hall!  
— "Welcome, brave friends and comrades all,  
Welcome to mirth and joy!  
The first, the last, is welcome here,  
From lord and chieflain, prince and peer,  
To this poor speechless boy.  
Great God! once more my sire's abode  
is mine—behold the floor I trode  
In tottering infancy!  
And there the vaulted arch, whose sound  
Echo'd my joyful shout and bound  
In boyhood, and that rung around  
To youth's unthinking glee!  
O first to thee, all-gracious Heaven,  
Then to my friends, my thanks be given!" —  
He paused a space, his brow he cross'd—  
Then on the board his sword he toss'd,  
Yet steaming hot; with Southern gore  
From hilt to point 'twas crimson'd o'er.  

XXXIV.  
"Bring here," he said, "the mazers four,  
My noble fathers loved of yore.  
Three let them circle round the board,  
The pledge, fair Scotland's rights restored!  
And he whose lip shall touch the wine,  
Without a vow as true as mine,  
To hold both hands and life at nought,  
Until her freedom shall be bought,—  
Be brand of a disloyal Scot,  
And basing infancy his lot!  
Sit, gentle friends! our hour of glee  
Is brief, we'll spend it joyously!  
Blithest of all the sun's bright beams,  
When betwixt storm and storm he gleams.  
Well is our country's work begun,  
But more, far more, must yet be done.  
Speed messengers the country through;  
Arouse old friends, and gather new;  
Warn Lanark's knights to gather their mail,  
Rouse the brave sons of Teviotdale,  
Let Etrick's archers sharpen their darts,  
The fairest forms, the truest hearts!  
Call all, call all! from Reedsward-Path,  
To the wild confines of Cape-Wrath;  
Wide let the news through Scotland ring,  
The Northern Eagle claps his wing!"  

The Lord of the Isles.  

CANTO SIXTH.  

I.  
O who, that shared them, ever shall forget  
The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,  
When breathless in the murt the couriers met  
Early and late, at evening and at prime;  
When the loud cannon and the merry chime  
Hail'd news on news, as field on field was won  
When Hope, long doubtful, soared at length sublime,  
And our glad eyes, awake as day begun,  
Watch'd Joy's broad banner rise, to meet the rising sun!  

O these were hours, when thrilling joy repaid  
A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears!  
The heart-sick faintness of the hope delay'd,  
The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears  
That track'd with terror twenty rolling years,  
All was forgot in that blithe jubilee!  
Her downcast eye even pale Affliction rears,  
To sigh a thankful prayer, amid the glee,  
That hail'd the Despot's fall, and peace, and liberty!  

Such news o'er Scotland's hills triumphant rode,  
When 'gainst the invaders turn'd the battle's scale,  
When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd  
O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in Ury's vale;  
When English blood oft deluged Douglassdale,  
And fiery Edward routed stout St. John,  
When Randolph's war-cry swell'd the southern steep,  
And many a fortress, town, and tower, was won,  
And Fame still sounded forth fresh deeds of glory done.

1 See Appendix, Note 3 D.  
2 Ibid, Note 2 A.  
3 Ibid, Note 3 F.  
4 Ibid, Note 6 G.  
5 Ibid, Note 3 H.  
6 Ibid, Note 6 L.
For Neustria's knights obey'd,
Gascogne hath lent her horsemen good,
And Cambria, but of late subdued,
Sent forth her mountain-multitude,
And Connought pour'd from waste and wood
Hers no mend't tribes, whose sceptre rude
Dark O'Conor sway'd the land. 4

Right to devoted Caledon
The storm of war rolls slowly on,
With menace deep and dread;
So the dark clouds, with gathering power,
Suspend awhile the threaten'd shower,
Till every peak and summer lower
Round the pale pilgrim's head.
Not with such pilgrim's startled eye
King Robert mark'd the tempest nigh!
Resolved the brunt to hide,
His royal summons warm'd the land,
That all who own'd the King's command
Should instant take the spear and brand,
To combat at his side.
O who may tell the sons of fame
That at King Robert's bidding came,
To battle for the right!
From Cheviot to the shores of Ross,
From Solway-Sands to Marshal's-Moss,
All boun'd them for the fight,
Such news the royal courier tells,
Who came to rouse dark Arran's dells;
But further tidings must the ear
Of Isabel in secret hear.
These in her cloister walk, next morn,
Thus shared she with the Maid of Lorn.

"My Edith, can I tell how dear
Our intercourse of hearts sincere
Hath been to Israel?—
Judge then the sorrow of my heart,
When I must say the words, We part!
The cheerless convent-cell
Was we, sweet maiden, made for thee;
Go thou where thy vocation free
On happier fortunes fell.
Nor, Edith, judge thyself betray'd,
Though Robert knows that Lorn's high Maid
And his poor silent page were one.
Versed in the sickle heart of man,
Earnest and anxious hath he look'd
How Ronald's heart the message brook'd
That gave him, with her last farewell,
The charge of Sister Isabel,
To think upon thy better right,
And keep the faith his promise plight.
Forgive him for thy sister's sake,
At first if vain repinings wake—
Long since that mood is gone;
Now dwells he on thy juster claims,
And oft his breach of faith he blames—
Forgive him for thine own sake!"—

"No! never to Lord Ronald's bower
Will I again as paramour"—
"Nay, hush thee, too impatient maid,
Until my final tale be said!—
The good King Robert would engage
Edith once more his elfin page,
By her own heart, and her own eye,
Her lover's penitence to try—

1 See Appendix, Note 3 L.  2 Ibid, Note 2 M.
3 See Appendix, Note 3 N.  4 Ibid, Note 3 O.
Safe in his royal charge and free,
Should such thy final purpose be,
Again unknown to seek the cell,
And live and die with Israel's spell.

The poet's soul rests in King Robert's eye
Might have some glance of policy;
Dunstaffnage had the monarch taken,
And Lorn had sworn King Robert's reign;
Her brother had to England fled,
And there in banishment was dead;
Ampire, through exile, death, and flight,
O'er tower and land was Edith's right;
This ample right o'er tower and land
Were safe in Ronald's faithful hand.

VIII.
Embarrass'd eye and blushing cheek
Pleasure and shame, and fear bespeak
Yet much the reasoning Edith made:
"Her sister's faith she must uphold,
Who gave such secret, dark and dear,
In council to another's ear;
Why should she leave the peaceful cell?
How should she part with Israel?
How wear that strange attire again?
How risk herself 'midst martial men?
And how be guarded on the way?
At least she might entreat delay."
Kind Isabel, with secret smile,
Saw and forgave the maiden's wife,
Reluctant to be thought to move
At the first call of truant love.

IX.
Oh, blame her not—when zephyrs wake
The aspen's trembling leaves must shake;
When beams the sun through April's shower,
It needs must bloom, the violet flower;
And Love, how'er the maiden strive,
Must with reviving hope revive!
A thousand soft excuses came,
To plead his cause 'gainst virgin shame.
Pledged by their sires in earliest youth,
He had her pledged faith and truth—
There was no her Leese's steed command,
And she, beneath his royal hand,
A ward in person and in land:
And, last, she was resolved to stay
Only brief space—one little day—
Close hidden in her safe disguise
From all—but most from Ronald's eyes—
But once to see him more—nor blame
Her wish—to hear him name her name!
Then, to bear back to solitude
The thought he had of falsehoodnew,
But Isabel, who long had seen
Her pallid cheek and pensive mien.
And well herself the cause might know,
Though innocent, of Edith's woe,
Joy'd, generous, that revolving time
Gave means to expiate the crime.
High glow'd her bosom as she said,
"Well shall her sufferings he repaid!"
Now came the parting hour—a band
From Arran's mountains left the land;
Their chief, Fitz-Louis, had the care
The speechless A madine to hear
To Bruce, with honour, as behaved
To page the monarch dearly loved.

X.
The King had deem'd the maiden bright
Should reach him long before the fight,
But storms and fate her course delay;
It was on eve of battle-day.
When o'er the Gillie's hill she rode,
The landscape like a furnace glowed,
And far as o'er the eye was borne,
The lances waved like autumn corn.
In battles four beneath their eye,
The forces of King Robert lie;
And one below the hill was laid,
Reserved for rescue and for aid;
And three, advanced, form'd vaward-line,
"Twixt Bannock's brook and Ninian's shrine.
Detach'd was each, yet each so hugh
As well might mutual aid supply.
Beyond, the Southern host appears,
A boundless wilderness of spears.
Whose verge or rear the anxious eye
Strove far, but strove in vain, to spy.
Thick-flashing in the evening beam,
Glaives, lances, bills, and banners gleam;
And where the heaven join'd with the hill,
Was distant armour flashing still,
So wide, so far, the boundless host
Seem'd in the blue horizon lost.

XI.
Down from the hill the maiden pass'd
At the wild show of war array'd;
And traversed first the rearward host,
Reserved for aid where needed most.
The men of Carrick and of Ayr,
Lennox and Lanark too were there,
And all the western land;
With these the valiant of the Isles
Beneath their chieftains rank'd their files.
In many a plaited band,
There, in the centre, proud and raised,
The Bruce's royal standard glaz'd,
And there Lord Ronald's banner bore
A galley driven by sail and oar.
A wild, yet pleasing contrast, made
Warriors in mail and plate array'd,
With the plumed bonnet and the plaid,
By these Hebrideans worn:
But, O! unseen for three long years,
Dear was the garb of mountaineers
To the fair Maid of Lorn!
For one she look'd—but he was far
Buried amid the ranks of war—
Yet with affection's troubled eye
She mark'd his banner boldly fly,
Gave on the countless foe a glance,
And thought on battle's desperate chance.

XII.
To centre of the vaward-line
Fitz-Louis guided A madine.
Arm'd all on foot, that host appears
A serried mass of glimmering spears.
There stood the Marchers' warlike band,
The warriors there of Lodoun's land;
Etrick and Liddell bent the yew,
A band of archers fierce, though few;
The men of Nith and Annan's vale,
And the bold Spears of Teviotdale—
The dauntless Douglas these obey,
And the young Stuart's gentle sway.
North-eastward by Saint Ninian's shrine,
Beneath fierce Randolph's charge, combine
The warriors whom the hardy North
From Tay to Sutherland sent forth.
The rest of Scotland's war-array
With Edward Bruce to westward lay.
Where Bannock, with his broken bank
And deep ravine, protects their flank.
Behind them, screen'd by sheltering wood,
The gallant Keith, Lord Marshal, stood:
His men-at-arms bear mace and lance,
And plumes that wave, and helmets that glance.
Thus fair divided by the King,
Centre, and right, and leftward wing,
Composed his front; nor distant far
Was strong reserve to aid the war.
And 'twas to front of this array,
Her guide and Edith made their way.

XIII.
Here must theypause; for, to advance
As far as one might pitch a lance,
The Monarch rode along the van.¹
The foe's approaching force to scan,
His line to marshal and to range,
And ranks to square, and fronts to change.
Alone he rode—from head to heel,
Sheathed in his ready suit of steel;
Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight,
But, till more near the shock of fight,
Reming a palfrey low and light.
A diadem of gold was set
Above his bright steel basinet,
And clasp'd within its glittering twine
Was seen the glove of Argentum;
Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,
Burns, instead, a crimson heel.
He ranged his soldiers for the fight,
Accoutred thus, in open sight
Of either host.—Three bows shots far,
Paused the deep front of England's war,
And rested on their arms awhile.
To close and rank their warlike file,
And hold high council, if that night
Should view the strife, or dawnning light.

XIV.
O gay, yet fearful to behold,
Flashing with steel and rongh with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle-front! for there
Rode England's King and peers:
And who, that saw that monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,
Could then his direful doom foretell!—
Fair was his seat in knightly style,
And in his sprightly eye was set
Some spark of the Plantagenet.
Though light and wandering was his glance,
It flash'd at sight of shield and lance.
"Know'st thou," he said, "De Argentine,
Yon knight who marshals thus their line?"—
"The tokens on his helmet tell
The Bruce, my Liege: I know him well."—
"And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave?"—
"So please my Liege," said Argentine,
"Were he but harnessed on steed like mine,
To give him fair and knightly chance,
I would adventure forth my lance."—
"In battle-day," the King replied,
"Nice tourney rules are set aside.
—Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
Set on him—swipe him from our path!" And, at King Edward's signal, soon
Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Bounne.

XV.
Of Hereford's high blood he came,
A race renown'd for knightly fame.
He burn'd before his Monarch's eye
to do some deed of chivalry.
He spur'd his steed, he couched his lance,
And darted on the Bruce at once.
—As motionless as rocks, that bide
The wrath of the advancing tide,
The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast heat high,
And dazzled was each razing eye—
The heart had hardly time to think,
The eyelid scarce had time to wink.
While on the King, like flash of flame,
Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse came!
The partridge may the falcon mock,
If that slight palfrey stand the shock—
But, swerving from the Knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear.
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course—but soon his course was o'er!—
Righ't in his stirrups stood the King,
And gave his battle-axe the swing.
Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd,
Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—
Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crush'd like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
Was shiver'd to the ganglifter grasp.
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;
—First of that fatal field, how soon
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

XVI.
One pitying glance the Monarch sped,
Where on the field his foe lay dead;
Then gently turn'd his palfrey's head,
And, pacing back his sober way,
Slowly he gain'd his own array,
There round their King the leaders crowd,
And blame his recklessness aloud,
That risk'd 'gainst each adventurous spear
A life so valued and so dear.
His broken weapon's shaft survey'd
The King, and careless answer made,—
"My loss may pay my full's tax;
I've broke my trusty battle-axe."—
Twas then Fitz-Louis, bended low,
Did Isabel's commission show;
Edith, disguised at distance stands,
And hides her blushes with her hands.
The Monarch's brow has changed its hue,
Away the gore axe he threw,
While to the seeming page he drew,
Clearing war's terrors from his eye.
Her hand with gentle ease he took,
With such a kind protecting look,
As to a weak and timid soul.
Mighty, speak, that elder brother's care
And elder brother's love were there.

XVII.
"Fear not," he said, "young Amadine!"—
Then whisper'd, "Still that name be thine.
Fate plays her wonted fantasy,
Kind Amadine, with thee and me,
And sends thee here in doubtful hour.
But soon we are beyond her power;
For on this chosen battle-plain,
Victor or vanquish'd, I remain.
Do thou to yonder hill repair;
The followers of our host are there,
And all who may not weapons bear,—
Fitz Louis, have him in thy care.—
Joyful we meet, if all go well;
If not, in Arno’s holy cell
Thou must take part with Isabel;
For brave Lord Ronald, too, hath sworn,
Nor can she win the Maid of O’er
(The bliss on earth he covets most.)
Would he forsake his battle-post,
Or shun the fortune that may fall
To Bruce, to Scotland, and to all.—
But, hark! some news these trumpets tell;
Forgive my haste—farewell!—farewell!—
And in a lower voice he said,
“Be of good cheer—farewell, sweet maid!”

XVIII.

“What train of dust, with trumpet-sound
And glimmering spears, is wheeling round
Our leftward flank?!”—the Monarch cried,
To Moray’s Earl who rode beside.

“Lo! round thy station pass the foes!
Randolph, thy wreath has lost a rose.”
The Earl has visor closed; and said,
“My breast shall bloom, or life shall fade.—
Follow, my household!”—And they go
Like lightning on the advancing foe.

“My Lige,” said noble Douglas then,
“Earl Randolph has but one to ten:
Let me go forth his band to aid!”

—“Stir not. The error he hath made,
Let him amend it as he may;
I will not weaken mine array.”
Then loudly rose the conflict-cry,
And Douglas’s brave heart swelled high.

“My Lige,” he said, “with patient ear
I must not Moray’s death-knell hear!”

“Then go—but speed thee back again”
Forth sprung the Douglas with his train:
But, when they won a rising hill,
He bade his followers hold them still.

“See, see! the routed Southern fly!
The Earl hath won the victory.
Lo! where von steeds run masterless,
His banner towers above the press.
Rein up; our presence would impair
The fame we come too late to share.”
Back to the host the Douglas rode,
And soon glad tidings are abroad,
That, Dacnecourt by stout Randolph slain,
His followers fled with lost’nd rem.
That skirmish closed the busy day,
And couch’d in battle prompt array,
Each army on their weapons lay.

XIX.

It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless shine the moon,
Dennayet smiled beneath her ray;
Old Striing’s towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay.
Ah, gentle planet! other sight
Shall greet thee next returning night,
Of broken arms and banners tore,
And marshes dark with human gore,
And piles of slaughter’d men and horse,
And Forth that floats the frequent corse,
And many a wounded wretch to plain
Beneath thy silver light, and vain.
But now, from England’s heart the cry
Thou hearst of wassail revelry,
While from the Scottish legions pass
The murmurd’r prayer, the early mass!—
Here, numbers had presumption given;
There, hands o’er-match’d sought aid from Heaven.

XX.

On Gillie’s hill, whose height commands
The battle-field, fair Edith stands,
With serf and page unfit for war,
To eye the conflict from afar.
O! with what doubtful agony
She sees the dawning tint the sky!—
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
And glistens now Denayet dust;
Is it the lark that carols shrill?
Is it the bittorn’s early hum?
Not distant sound increasing still,
The trumpet’s sound swells up the hill,
With the deep murmurd of the drum.
Responsive from the Scottish host,
Pipe-clang and bugle sound were toss’d,
His breast and brow each soldier cross’d,
And started from the ground;
Arm’d and array’d for instant fight,
Rose arched and spear, and sun, and knight,
And in the pomp of battle bright
The dread battaliarown’d.

XXI.

Now onward, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew,
Dark-rolling like the ocean-tide.
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
And his deep roar sends challenge wide
To all that bars his way!
In front the gallant archers trode,
The men-at-arms behind them rode,
And midmost of the phalanx broad
The Monarch held his sway.
Beside him many a war-horse frames,
Around him waves a sea of plumes,
Where many a knight in battle known,
And some who spurs had first braced on.
And deem’d that fight should see them won,
King Edward’s hosts obey.
De Argentine attends his side,
With stout De Valence, Pembroke’s pride,
Selected champions from the train,
To wait upon his bridle-rein.
Upon the Scottish foe lie gaz’d
—At once, before his sight unzied,
Sunk banner, spear, and shield!
Each weapon-point is downward sent,
Each warrior to the ground is bent.

“The rebels, Argentine, repent!—
For pardon they have kneel’d.”

“Aye, but they bend to other powers,
And other pardon sue than ours!
See where you bare-foot Abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands!—
Upon the spot where they have kneel’d,
These men will die, or win the field.”

—“Then prove we if they die or win!
Bid Gloster’s Earl the fight begin.”

XXII.

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high
Just as the northern ranks arose,
Signal for England’s archery
To half and bend their bows.
Then step’d each yeoman forth a pace,
Glanced at the intervening space.
And raised his left hand high;
To the right ear the cords they bring—
—At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,
Ten thousand arrows fly!
Nor paused on the devoted Scot,
The ceaseless fury of their shot;
As fiercely and as fast,
Forth whistling came the grey-green wing
As the wild hallowed on and ring
Adown December's blast.
Nor mountain task nor tough hill-side,
Nor lowland mail that storm may bide;
Woe, woe to Scotland's banner'd pride,
If the fell shower may last!
Upon the right, behind the wood,
Each by his steed disembowled, stood
The Scottish chivalry;
With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart. his eager train,
Until the archers gain'd the plain;
Then, "Mount, ye gallants free!"
He cried; and, vaulting from the ground,
His saddle every horseman found.
On high their glittering crests they toss,
As springs the wild-fire from the foss;
The shield hangs down on every breast,
Each ready lance is in the rest,
And loud shouts Edward Bruce.—
"Forth, Marshal! on the peasant foe!
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the bow-string loose!"

XXIII.
Then spears were dash'd in chargers' flanks,
They rush'd among the archers ranks.
No spears were there the shock to let,
No stakes to turn the charge were set,
And how shall yeoman's armour slight,
Stand the long lance and mace of might?
Or what may their short swords avail,
'Gainst harbed horse and skirt of mail?
Amid their ranks the chargers sprang,
High o'er their heads the weapons swung,
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Give note of triumph and of rout!
Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,
The English hearts the steel made glad.
Borne down at length on every side,
Compell'd to flight, they scatter wide.—
Let stages of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee!
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the Greenwood ring no more!
Round Wakefield's merry Maypole now,
The maids may twine the summer-bough,
May northward look with longing glance,
For those that went to lead the dance,
For the little archers look in vain!
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'er-take!
Pierced through, trode down, by thousands slain,
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

XXIV.
The King with sworn beheld their flight.
"Are these," he said, "our yeoman wight
Each braggart churl could boast before?
Twelve Scottish lives his haldric bore!
Fitter to plunder chase or park,
Than make a many foe their mark.

Forward, each gentleman and knight
Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the right!"
To rightward of the wild affray,
The field show'd fair and level way;
But, in mid-space, the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit.
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
That formed a ghastly smite.
Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock!
With blazing cressets and banners spread,
And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,
The wide plain thunder'd to their tread,
As far as Stirling rock.
Down! down! on our headlong overthrow,
Horsemen and horse, the foremost go;
Wild floundering on the field!
The first are in destruction's gorge,
Their followers wildly o'er them urge;—
The knightly helm and shield.
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here!
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying war-horse's swelling sigh
And steeds that shriek in agony!
They came like mountain-torrent red,
That thunders o'er its rocky bed;
They broke like that same torrent's wave
When swallowed by a darksome cove.
Billows on billows burst and boil,
Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
And to their wild and tortured groan
Each adds new terrors of his own!

XXV.
Too strong in courage and in might
Was England yet, to yield the fight.
Her noblest all are here;
Names that to fear were never known,
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,
And Oxford's famed De Vere.
There Glover plied the bloody sword,
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,
Bottetuirt and Sanszavere.
Ross, Montague, and Manley, came,
And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame—
Names known too well in Scotland's war,
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
Blazed broder yet in after years,
At Cressy red and fell Poiants.
Pembroke with these, and Argentine,
Brought up the rearward battle-line.
With caution o'er the ground they tread,
Slippery with blood and piled with dead,
Till hand to hand in battle set,
The bills with spears and axes met,
And, closing dark on every side,
Raged the full contest far and wide.
Then wearied strength of Douglas tried,
Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,
And well did Stewart's actions grace
The sire of Scotland's royal race!
Firmly they kept their ground;
As firmly England onward press'd.
And down went many a noble crest,
And rent was many a valiant hearst,
And Slaughter revell'd round.

XXV.
Unfinching foot 'gainst foot was set,
Unceasing blow by blow was met;
The grooms of those who fell
Were drown'd amid the shriller clang,
That from the blades and harness rang,
And in the battle stuck.
Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,
Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot;
And O! amid that waste of life,
What various motives fired the strife!
The aspiring Noble bled for fame.
The Patriot for his country's claim;
This Knight his youthful strength to prove,
And that to win his lady's love;
Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,
'Fore shame or hatred, cold or warm;
But ruffian stern, and soldier good,
The noble and the slave.
From various cause the same wild road,
On the same bloody morning trod,
To that dark inn, the grave!

XXVII.
The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither losses yet nor wins.
High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
And feeler speeds the blow and thrust.
Douglas lends on his war-sword now,
And Randolph wipes his bloody brow;
Nor less Cecil to each Southern knight,
From morn till mid-day in the fight.
Strong Eremont for air must gasp,
Beauchamp undoes his visor clasp,
And Montague must quit his spear,
And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere!
The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
And gallant Pembroke's single-blast
Hath lost its lively tone;
Sink, Argentina, thy battle-ward,
And Percy's shout was fainter heard
"My merry men, fight on!"

XXVIII.
Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,
The slackening of the storm could spy.
"One effort more, and Scotland's free!
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa Rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;
Now, forward to the shock!"

At once the spears were forward thrown,
Against the sun the broadsword shone;
The phibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert's voice was known—
"Carrick, press on—they fail, they fail!
Press on, brave sons of Lussigair,
The foe is fainting fast!
Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
For Scotland, liberty, and life,—
The battle cannot last!"

XXIX.
The fresh and desperate onset bore
The foes three furiously back and more,
Leaving their noblest in their gore.
Alone, De Argentine
Yet bears on high his red-cross shield,
Gathers the relics of the foe,
Renews the ranks where they have reel'd,
And still makes good the line.
Brief strife, but fierce,—his efforts raise
A bright but momentary blaze.
Fair Edith heard the Southron shout,
Beheld them turning from the rout,
Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,
In notes 'twixt triumph and lament.
That rallying force, combined anew,
Appeared in her distracted view;
To hem the Islesmen round;
"O God! the combat they renew,
And is no rescue found!
And ye that look thus tamely on,
And see your native land o'erthrown,
O! are your hearts of flesh or stone?"

XXX.
The multitude that watch'd afar,
Reclined from the ranks of war,
Had not unmoved beheld the fight,
When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;
Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
Bondsmen and serfs—every female hand
Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand;
But, when mute Amadine they heard,
Give to their zeal hissignal-word,
A frenzy fired the throng;
"Portents and miracles impeach
Our sifcon—the dumb our duties teach—
And he that gives the mute his speech,
Can bid the weak be strong.
To us, as to our lords, are given
A native earth, a promised heaven;
To us, as to our lords, belongs
The vengeance for our nation's wrongs;
The choice, 'twixt death or freedom, warms
Our breasts as theirs—"To arms, to arms!"
To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,
And mimic ensigns high they rear;[^2]
And, like a manner'd host afar,
Bear down on England's wearied war.

XXXI.
Already scatter'd o'er the plain,
Reproof, command, and counsel vain,
The rearward squadrons fled amain;
Or made but doubtful stay:
But when they mark'd the seeming show
Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe,
The holdest broke array.
O give their hapless prince his due![^3]
In vain the royal Edward throw'd
His person o'ert the spears.
Cried, "Fight!" to terror and despair,
Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,
And cursed their cutifl fears;
Till Pembroke turn'd his bridle rein,
And forced him from the fatal plain.
With them rode Argentine, until
They gain'd the summit of the hill,
But quitted there the train:—
"In yonder field a gage I left,—
I must not live of fame bereft;
I needs must turn again.
Speed hence, my Liege, for on your trace
The fiery Douglas takes the chase;
I know his banner well.
God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,
And many a happier field than this!—
Once more, my Liege, farewell."

XXXII.
Again he faced the battle-field,—
Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.
"Now then," he said, and couched his spear,
"My course is run, the goal is near;
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

One effort more, one brave career,
Must close this race of mine."
Then in his stirrups rising high,
He shouted loud his battle-cry,
"Saint James for Argentine!"
And, of the bold pursuers, four
The gallant knight from saddles bore;
But not unharm'd—a lance's point
Has found his breastplate's loosen'd joint,
An axe has razed his crest;
Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,
Who press'd the chase with gory sword,
He rode with spear in rest.
And through his bloody tartans bored,
And through his gallant breast.
Nail'd to the earth, the mountaineer
Yet writhed him up against the spear,
And awung his broadsword round!
—Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuish gave way,
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway,
The blood gush'd from the wound;
And the grim Lord of Colosay
Hath turned him on the ground,
And laugh'd in death-pang, that his blade
The mortal thrust so well repaid.

XXXIII.

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle done,
To use his conquest boldly won;
And gave command for horse and spear
To press the Southeron's scatter'd rear,
Nor let his broken force combine,
—When the war-cry of Argentine
Fell faintly on his ear:
"Save, save his life," he cried, "O save
The kind, the noble, and the brave!"
The squadrons round free passage gave,
That wounded knight drew near;
He raised his red cross shield no more,
Helmet, cuish, and breastplate stream'd with gore,
Yet, as he saw the King advance,
He strove even then to cough his lance—
The effort was in vain!
The spear-stroke fail'd to rouse the horse;
Wounded and weary, in mid course
He stumbled on the plain.
Then foremost was the generous Bruce
To raise his head, his helm to lose;—
"Lord Earl, the day is thine!
My Sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,
Have made our meeting all too late:
Yet this may Argentine,
As soon from ancient condemnation,
A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave."

XXXIV.

Bruce press'd his dying hand—its grasp
Kindly replied; but, in his clasp,
It stiffen'd and grew cold—
"And, O farewell!" the victor cried,
"Of chivalry the flower and pride,
The arm in battle hold,
The courteous mien, the noble race,
The stainless faith, the manly face!—
Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine,
For late-wake of De Argentine.
O'er better knight on death-bier laid,
Torch never gleam'd nor mass was said!"

XXXV.

And rose the death-prayer's awful tone,
That yellow lustre glimmer'd pale,
On broken plate and bloodied mail,
Rent crest and shatter'd coronet.
Of Baron, Earl, and Banneret;
And the best names that England knew,
Claim'd in the death-prayer dismal due.
Yet mourn not, Land of Fame!
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field,
Since Norman William came.
Of the thine annals justly boast
Of battles stern by Scotland lost;
Grudge not her victory,
When for her freeborn rights she strove;
Rights dear to all who freedom love,
To none so dear as thee!

XXXVI.

Turn we to Bruce, whose curious ear
Must from Fitz-Louis tidings hear;
With him, a hundred voices tell
Of proclam and miracle.
"From the mute page had spoke."—
"Page!" said Fitz-Louis, "rather say,
An angel sent from realms of day,
To burst the English yoke.
I saw his plume and honnet drop,
When hurrying from the mountain top;
A lovely brow, dark locks that wave,
To his bright eyes new lustre gave,
A step as light upon the green,
As if his pinions waved unseen;"—
"Spoke he with none?"—"With none—one word
 Burst when he saw the Island Lord,
Returning from the battle-field."—
"What answer made the Chief?"—"He kneel'd,
Durst not look up, but matter'd low,
Some mingled sounds that none might know,
And greeted him twixt joy and fear,
As being of superior sphere."

XXXVII.

Even upon Bannock's bloody plain,
Heap'd then with thousands of the slain,
'Mid victor monarch's musings high,
Mirth laugh'd in good King Robert's eye.
"And borne he such angel air,
Such noble front, such waving hair?
Hath Ronald kneel'd to him?" he said,
"Then must we call the church to aid—
 Our will be to the Abbot known,
Ere these strange news are wider blown,
To Cambuskenneth straight ye pass,
And deck the church for solemn mass,
To pay for high deliverance given,
A nation's thanks to gracious Heaven.
Let him array, besides, such state,
As should on princes' nuptials wait,
Ourself the cause, through fortune's spite,
That once broke short that spousal rite,
Ourself will grace, with early morn,
The bridal of the Maid of Lorn!"

CONCLUSION.

Go forth, my Son, upon thy venturous way;
Go boldly forth; nor yet thy master blame,
Who chose no patron for his humble lay,
And graced thy numbers with no friendly name,

1 See Appendix, Note 4 F.
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES. 381

Whose partial zeal might smooth thy path to fame,
There was—and O! how many sorrows crowd
Into those two brief words!—there was a claim
By generous friendship given—had fate allowed,
It well had bid thee rank the proudest of the proud!

All angel now—yet little less than all,
While still a pilgrim in our world below!

What 'vails it us that patience to recall,
Which hid its own to soothe all other woe;
What 'vails to tell, how Virtue's purest glow
Shone yet more lovely in a form so fair:
And, least of all, what 'vails the world should know,
That on one poor Garland, twined to deck thy hair,
Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop and wither there!

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

Thy rugged halls, Artoernish! rung.—P. 316.

The ruins of the Castle of Artoernish are situated upon a promontory, on the Morven, or mainland side of the Sound of Mull, a name given to the deep arm of the sea, which divides that island from the continent. The situation is wild and romantic in the highest degree, having on the one hand a high and precipitous chain of rocks overhanging the sea, and on the other the narrow entrance to the beautiful salt-water lake, called Loch Aline, which is in many places finely fringed with copsewood. The ruins of Artoernish are not now very considerable, and consist chiefly of the remains of an old keep, or tower, with fragments of outward defences. But, in former days, it was a place of great consequence, being one of the principal strongholds, which the Lords of the Isles, during the period of their stormy independence, possessed upon the mainland of Argyleshire. Here they assembled what popular tradition calls their parliaments, meaning, I suppose, their cour pleniere, or assembly of feudal and patriarchal vassals and dependents. From this Castle of Artoernish, upon the 19th day of October, 1461, John de Yle, designing himself Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, granted, in the style of an independent sovereign, a commission to his trusty and well-beloved cousins, Ronald of the Isles, and Duncan, Arch-Dean of the Isles, for empowering them to enter into a treaty with the most excellent Prince Edward, by the grace of God, King of France and England, and Lord of Ireland. Edward IV., on his part, named Laurence, Bishop of Durham, the Earl of Worcester, the Prior of St. John’s, Lord Wem-lock, and Mr. Robert Stillington, keeper of the privy seal, his deputies and commissioners, to confer with those named by the Lord of the Isles. The conference terminated in a treaty, by which the Lord of the Isles agreed to become a vassal to the crown of England, and to assist Edward IV. and James Earl of Douglas, then in banishment, in subduing the mainland of Argyleshire. The first article provides, that John de Isle, Earl of Ross, with his son Donald Balloch, and his grandson John de Isle, with all their subjects, men, people, and inhabitants, become vassals and liegemen to Edward IV. of England, and assist him in his wars in Scotland or Ireland; and then follow the allowances to be made to the Lord of the Isles, in recompense of his military service, and the provisions for dividing such conquests as their united arms should make upon the mainland of Scotland among the confederates. These appear such curious illustrations of the period, that they are here subjoined:

"Item. The said John Erle of Ross shall, from the seid foste of Whitenosityte next comyng, yerely, during his lyf, have and take, for fees and wages in tyme of pees, of the seid most high and Christiane prince c. marc sterlyng of Englishysh monay; and in tyme of werre, as long as he shall entende with his myght and powre in the seid werres, in manner and fourrne abovesaid, he shall have wages of ce. th. sterlyng of English monay yearly; and after the rate of the tyme that he shall be ocupied in the seid werres—"

"Item. The said John, sonn and heir appa-rant of the seid Donald, shall have and take, yerely, from the seid fest, for his fees and wages, in the tyme of pees, x l. sterlyng of Englishysh monay; and, when he shall be ocupied and intend to the werre, with his myght and powre, in manner and fourrne abovesaid, he shall have and take, for his wages yearly, x l. sterlyng of Englishysh monay; or for the rate of the tyme of werre—"

"Item. The said John, sonn and heir appa-rant of the seid Donald, shall have and take, yerely, from the seid fest, for his fees and wages, in the tyme of pees, x l. sterlyng of Englishysh monay; and for tyme of werre, and his intendying thereeto, in manner and fourrne abovesaid, he shall have, for his fees and wages, yearly, xx l. sterlyng of Englishysh monay; or after the rate of the tyme that he shall be ocupied in the werre: And the seid John, th’ Erle Donald and John, and eche of them, shall have good and sufficient payment of the seid fees and wages, as well for tyme of pees as of werre, according to thes articles and appoyntments. Item. It is appointed, accorded, concluded, and finally determined, that, if it so be that hereafter the said reigne of Scotlantye, or the more part thereof, be con-
quered, subdued, and brought to the obedience of the seed most high and Christian prince, and his heirs, or successors, of the seed Lionell, in fourn abovesaid descendancy, be the assistance, help, and side of the seed John Erle of Rosse, and Donald, and of James Erle of Douglas, then, the seed fees and wages for the time of peas cessing, the same erles and Donald shall have, by the graunthe of the same most Christian prince, all the possessions of the seed reamne beyond Scotish see, they to be departed equally betwixt them: eche of them, his heirs and successors, to holde his parte of the seed most Christian prince, his heirs and successors, for evermore, in right of his crowne of England, by hommage and feate to be done therefore."

"Item, If so be that, by th' aide and assistance of the seed James Erle of Douglas, the seed reamne of Scotand be conquered and subdued as above, then shal he have, enjoe, and inherite all his own possessions, landes, and inheritance, on this syde the Scotish see; that is to saye, betwixt the seed Scotish see and Englande, such he hath rejoiced and be possessed of before this; there to holde them of the seed most high and Christian prince, his heirs, and successors, as is above-seid, for evermore, in right of the crowne of Englonde, as weel the seed Erle of Douglas as his heirs and successors, by hommage and feate to be done therefore."—Romer's Federow Conventiones Latere et cujuscunque genera Acta Publica, fol. vol. v., 1741.

Such was the treaty of Artornish; but it does not appear that the alleys ever made any very active effort to realize their ambitious designs. It will serve to show both the power of these regu1, and their independence upon the crown of Scotland.

It is only farther necessary to say of the Castle of Artornish, that it is almost opposite to the Bay of Aros, in the Island of Moll, where there was another castle, the occasional residence of the Lords of the Isles.

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**Note B.**

_Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark,_
_Will long pursue the minstrel's bark._—P. 346.

The seal displays a taste for music, which could scarcely be expected from his habits and local predilections. They will long follow a boat in which any musical instrument is played, and even a tune simply whistled has attractions for them. The Dean of the Isles says of Heiskar, a small uninhabited rock, about twelve (Scottish) miles from the isle of Uist, that an infinite slaughter of seals takes place there.

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**Note C.**

—a turret's airy head,
_Slender and steep, and battled round,
O'ertook'd, dark Mull! thy mighty Sound._

P. 347.

The Sound of Mull, which divides that island from the continent of Scotland, is one of the most striking scenes which the Hebrides afford to the traveller. Sailing from Oban to Aros, or Tobermory, through a narrow channel, yet deep enough to bear vessels of the largest burden, he has on his left the bold and mountainous shores of Mull; on the right those of that district of Argyleshire, called Morven, or Morvern, successively indented by deep saltwater lochs, running up many miles inland. To the south-eastward arises a prodigious range of mountains, among which Cruinan-Ben is pre-eminent: and to the north-east is the no less huge and picturesque range of the Arinamurchan hills. Many ruinous castles, situated generally upon cliffs overhanging the ocean, add interest to the scene. Those of Donolly and Dunstaffnage are first passed, then that of Duart, formerly belonging to the chief of the warlike and powerful sept of Macleans, and the scene of Miss Baillie's beautiful tragedy, entitled the Family Legend. Still passing on to the northward, Artornish and Aros become visible upon the opposite shores; and, lastly, Mingarry, and other ruins of less distinguished note. In fine weather, a grander and more impressive scene, both from its natural beauties, and associations with ancient history and tradition, can hardly be imagined. When the weather is rough, the passage is both difficult and dangerous, from the narrowness of the channel, and in part from the number of inland lakes, of which sally forth a number of conflicting and thwarting tides, making the navigation perilous to open boats. The sudden flaws and gusts of wind which issue without a moment's warning from the mountain glens, are equally formidable. So that in unsettled weather, a stranger, if not much accustomed to the sea, may sometimes add to the other sublime sensations excited by the scene, that feeling of dignity which arises from a sense of danger.

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**Note D.**

"these seas behold,
Round twice a hundred isles roll'd,
From Hirt, that hears their northern roar,
To the green Bay's fertile shore."—P. 347.

The number of the western isles of Scotland exceeds two hundred, of which St. Kilda is the most northerly, anciently called Hirth, or Hirt, probably from "earth," being in fact the whole globe. Of its inhabitants, its inhospitable shore now belongs almost entirely to Walter Campbell, Esq. of Shawfield, is by far the most fertile of the Hebrides, and has been greatly improved under the spirited and sagacious management of the present proprietor. This was in ancient times the principal abode of the Lords of the Isles, being, if not the largest, the most important island of their archipelago. In Martin's time, some relics of their grandeur are yet apparent. "Loch-Finlaggan, about three miles in circumference, affords salmon, trouts, and eels; this lake lies in the centre of the isle. The Isle Finlaggan, from which this lake hath its name, is in it. It's famous for being once the court in which the great MacDonald, King of the Isles, had his residence; his houses, chapel, &c. are now ruinous. His guards de corps, called Lutchtach, kept guard on the
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

Lake side nearest to the isle: the walls of their houses are still to be seen there. The high court of judicature, consisting of fourteen, sat always here; and there was an appeal to them from all the courts in the isles: the eleventh share of the sum in debate was due to the principal judge. There was a big square, overhanging, in which Argyle was a deep impression made to receive the feet of MacDonald; for he was crowned King of the Isles standing in this stone, and swore that he would continue his vassals in the possession of their lands, and do exact justice to all his subjects: and then his father's sword was put into his hand. The Bishop of Argyle and seven priests anointed him king, in presence of all the heads of the tribes in the isles and continent, and were his vassals; at which time the orator rehearsed a catalogue of his ancestors, " &c. — Martin's Account of the Western Isles, 8vo, London, 1716, p. 240.

NOTE E.

Minagarry sternly placed,
O'erawes the woodland and the waste.—P. 347.

The Castle of Minagarry is situated on the sea-coast of the district of Ardnamurchan. The ruins, which are tolerably entire, are surrounded by a very high wall, forming a kind of polygon, for the purpose of adapting itself to the projecting angles of a precipice overhanging the sea, on which the castle stands. It was anciently the residence of the Mac-Jams, a clan of MacDonalds, descended from Ian, or John, a grandson of Angus Og, Lord of the Isles. The last time that Minagarry was of military importance, occurs in the celebrated Leathar dearg, or Red-book of Clanronald, a MS. renewed in the Ossianic controversy. Allaster Mac-Donald, commonly called Colquito, who commanded the Irish auxiliaries, sent over by the Earl of Antrim during the great civil war for the assistance of Montrose, began his enterprise in 1614, by taking the castles of Kinloch-Alaine and Minagarry, the last of which made considerable resistance, as might, from the strength of the situation, be expected. In the meanwhile, Allaster Mac-Donald's ships, which had brought him over, were attacked in Loch Eisdor, in Skye, by an armament sent round by the coven- nanting parliament, and his own vessel was taken. This circumstance is said chiefly to have induced him to continue in Scotland, where there seemed little prospect of raising an army in behalf of the King. He had no sooner moved eastward to join Montrose, a junction which he effected in the braves of Athole, than the Marquis of Argyle besieged the castle of Minagarry, but to no other success. Among other warriours and chiefs whom Montrose summoned to his camp to assist upon this occasion, was John of Modart, the Captain of Clanronald. Clanronald appeared; but, far from yielding effectual assistance to Argyle, he took the opportunity of being in arms to lay waste the district of Sunart, then belonging to the adherents of Argyle, and sent part of the spoil to relieve the Castle of Minagarry. Thus the castle was maintained until relieved by Allaster Mac-Donald (Colquito), who had been detached for the purpose by Montrose. These particular are hardly worth mention- ing, were they not connected with the memorable successes of Montrose, related by an eyewitness, and hitherto unknown to Scottish historians.

NOTE F.

The heir of mighty Somerled.—P. 344.

Somerled was thane of Argyle and Lord of the Isles, about the middle of the twelfth century. He seems to have exercised his authority in both capacities, independent of the crown of Scotland, against which he often stood in hostility. He made various incursions upon the western lowlands during the reign of Malcolm IV., and seems to have made peace with him upon the terms of an independent prince, about the year 1157. In 1164, he resumed the war against Malcolm, and invaded Scotland with a large, but probably a tumultuary army, collected in the isles, in the mainland of Argyleshire, and in the neighbouring provinces of Ireland. He was defeated and slain in an engagement with a very inferior force, near Renfrew. His son Gilloch- lane fell in the same battle. This mighty chiefain married a daughter of Olans, King of Man. From him our genealogists deduce two dynasties, distinguished in the stormy history of the middle ages; the Lords of the Isles descended from his elder son Ronald,— and the Lords of Lorn, who took their surname of M'Dougal, as descended of his second son Donald. That Somerled's territories upon the mainland, and upon the islands, should have been thus divided between his two sons, instead of passing to the elder exclusively, may illustrate the uncertainty of descent among the great Highland families, which we shall presently notice.

NOTE G.

Lord of the Isles.—P. 347.

The representative of this independent principality, for such it seems to have been, though acknowledging occasionally the pre-eminence of the Scottish crown, was, at the period of the poem, Angus, called Angus Or; but the name has been, euphonically gratia, exchanged for that of Ronald, which frequently occurs in the genealogy. Angus was a protector of Robert Bruce, whom he received at his Castle of Dunnaverty, during the time of his greatest distress. As I shall be equally liable to censure for attempting to decide a controversy which has long existed between three distinguished chiefains of this family, who have long disputed the representation of the Lord of the Isles, or for leaving a question of such importance altogether untouched, I choose, in the first place, to give such information as I have been able to derive from Highland genealogists, and which, for those who have patience to investigate such subjects, really contains some curious information concerning the history of the Isles. In the second place, I shall offer a few remarks upon the rules of succession at that period, without pretending to decide their bearing upon the question at issue,
which must depend upon evidence which I have had no opportunity to examine.

"Angus Og," says an ancient manuscript translated from the Gaelic, "son of Angus Mor, son of Donald, son of Roderick, son of Sumeried, high chief and superior Lord of Innessall, (for the Isles of the Gaels, the general name given to the Hebrides,) he married a daughter of Cunbin, namely, Cathan; she was mother to John, son of Angus, and with her came an unusual portion from Ireland, viz., twenty-four clans, of whom twenty-four families descended. Angus gave another son, namely, young John Frach, whose descendants are called Clan-Ean of Glocene, and the M'Donalds of Frach. This Angus Og died in Isla, where his body was interred. His son John succeeded to the inheritance of Innessall. He had good descendants, namely, three sons procreate of Ann, daughter of Rodric, high chief of Lorn, and one daughter. Mary, married to Alex. Macdonald Laird of Duart, named Macloth, his brother, Laird of Col; she was interred in the church of the Black Nuns. The eldest sons of John were Ronald, Godfrey, and Angus. He gave Ronald a great inheritance. These were the lands which he gave him, viz., from Kilcummin in Abertarf to the river Seil, and from thence to Beillit, north of Igg and Rum, and the two Uists, and from thence to the foot of the river Ghianach, and threescore long ships. John married afterwards Margaret Stewart, daughter to Robert Stewart, King of Scotland, called John Fernyr; she bore him three good sons, Donald of the Isles, the heir, John the Tamister, (i.e. Than,) the second son, and Alexander Carrach. John had another son named Marcus, of whom the clan Macdonald of Neve, in Tirowen, are descended. This John lived long, and made donations to Icolmkill; he covered the chapel of Eor- say-Eilan, the chapel of Finlaggan, and the chapel of the Isle of Tsubhine, and gave the proper furniture for the service of God, upholding the clergy and monks; he built or repaired the church of the Holy Cross immediately before his death. He died at his own castle on the island of Mull, and his body was taken to the sacrament at his funeral, and they embalmed the body of this dear man, and brought it to Icolmkill; the abbot, monks, and vicar, came as they ought to meet the King of Fiongal,1 and out of great respect to his memory mourned eight days and nights over it, and laid it in the same grave with his father, in the church of Oran, 1390. He was son of John, son of Angus Og, was a great chief of the church and clergy; his descendants are called Clanronald. He gave the lands of Tinuma, in Uist, to the minister of it for ever, for the honour of God and Columkill; he was proprietor of all the lands of the north along the coast and the Isles; he died in the year of Christ 1386, in his own mansion of Castle Tirum, leaving five children. Donald of the Isles, son of John. Ronald, son of Donald; son of Roderick, son of Sumeried, high chief and superior Lord of Innessall by the consent of his brother and the gentry thereof; they were all obedient to him: he married Mary Lesley, daughter to the Earl of Ross, and by her came the Earldom of Ross to the Macdonalds. After his succession to that earldom, he was called M'Donald, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross. There are many things written of him in other places.

"He fought the battle of Garloch, (i.e. Har-law) against Duke Murdoch, the governor, the Earl of Mar commanded the army, in support of his claim to the earldom of Ross, which was ceded to him by King James the First, after his release from the King of England, and Duke Murdoch, his two sons and retainers, were beheaded: he gave lands in Mull and Isla to the ministers of the Isle of Mull, of which the minister of Iona had formerly, besides vessels of gold and silver to Columkill for the monastery, and became himself one of the fraternity. He left issue, a lawful heir to Innessall and Ross, namely, Alexander, the son of Donald; he died in Isla, and his body was interred in the south side of the temple of Oran. Alexander, called John of the Isles, son of Alexander, the heir of the Isles, son of Donald of the Isles. Angus, the third son of John, son of Angus Og, married the daughter of John. The son of Allan, which connexion caused some disagreement betwixt the two families about their marches and division of lands, the one party adhering to Angus, and the other to John: the differences increased so much that John obtained from Allan all the lands betwixt Abban Fada, (i.e. the long river) and old na sionnach, (i.e. the fox-horn brook,) in the upper part of Cantyre. Allan went to the king to complain of his son-in-law; in a short time thereafter, there happened to be a great meeting about this young Angus's lands to the north of Iverness, where he was murdered by his own harper, the Mac-Canice of Tiruma, by getting his throat with a long knife. He lived a year thereafter, and many of those concerned were delivered up to the king. Angus's wife was pregnant at the time of his murder, and she bore him a son who was named Donald, and called Donald Du. He was kept in confinement until he was thirty years of age, when he was released by the men of Glocene, by the strong hand. After his confinement, he came to the Isles, and was convened the gentry thereof. There happened great feuds betwixt these families while Donald Du was in confinement, insomuch that Mac-Cean of Ardmachan destroyed the greatest part of the posterity of John Mor of the Isles and Cantyre. For John Cathach, son of John, son of Donald Balloch, son of John Mor, son of John, son of Angus Og, the chief of Clanronald; and the descendant of John Mor, son of John Cathach, and young John, son of John Cathach, and young Donald Balloch, son of John Cathach, were treacherously taken by Mac-Cean in the island of Finlaggan, in Isla, and carried to Edinburgh.

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1 Western Isles and adjacent coast.
2 Innessall.
where he got them hanged at the Burrow-mair, and their bodies were buried in the Church of St. Anthony, called the New Church. There were none left alive at that time of the children of John Cathanach, except Alexander, the son of John Cathanach, and Donald Gald, a woman's son of Robert Gald, in the gnes of Ireland. Mac-Cean, hearing of their hiding-places, went to cut down the woods of these glens, in order to des roy Alexander, and extirpate the whole race. At length Mac-Cean and Alexander met, were reconciled, and a marriage alliance took place; Alexander married Mac-Cean’s daughter, and he brought Galds good children. The Mac-Donsils of the north also had descendants; for, after the death of John, Lord of the Isles, Earl of Ross, and the murder of Angus, Alexander, the son of Archibald, the son of Alexander of the Isles, took possession, and John was in possession of the earldom of Ross, and the north bordering country; he married a daughter of the Earl of Moray, of whom some of the male issue of the blood died; and the Mac-Kenzies rose against Alexander, and fought the battle called Blar na Poaire. Alexander had only a few of the men of Ross at the battle. He went after that battle to take possession of the Isles, and sailed in a ship to the south to see if he could find any of the posterity of John Mor alive, to rise along with him; but Mac-Cean of Ardnamurchan watched him as he sailed past, followed him to Oransay and Colonsay, went to the house where he was, and he and Alexander, son of John Cathanach, murdered him there.

“A good while after these things fell out, Donald Gald, son of Alexander, son of Archibald, became major; he, with the advice and direction of the Earl of Moray, came to the Isles, and Mac-Leod of the Lewis, and many of the gentry of the Isles, rose with him; they went by the promontory of Ardnamurchan, where they met Alexander, the son of John Carnach, were reconciled to him, he joined his men with theirs against Mac-Cean of Ardnamurchan, came upon him at a place called the Silver Craig, where he and his three sons, and a great number of his people, were killed, and 220 of them killed in battle, and Mac-Cean, brother of Mac-Donald: And, after the affair of Ardnamurchan, all the men of the Isles yielded to him, but he did not live above seven or eight weeks after it; he died at Carnaborgh, in Mull, without issue. He had three sisters’ daughters of Alexander, son of Archibald, who were portioned in the north upon the continent, but the lordship of Ross was kept for them. Alexander, son of Alexander, son of Gald, called John Cam, of whom is descended Achnacoichan, in Ramoch, and Donald Gorm, son of Ronald, son of Alexander Duson, of John Cam. Donald Du, son of Angus, son of John of the Isles, son of Alexander of the Isles, son of Donald of the Isles, son of John of the Isles, son of Angus Og, namely, the true heir of the Galds and Rosses, came to his release from captivity to the Isles, and convened the men thereof, and he and the Earl of Lennox agreed to raise a great army for the purpose of taking possession, and a ship came from England with a supply of money to carry on the war, which landed in Mull, and the money was given to Mac-Lean of Duart to be distributed among the commanders of the army, which they not receiving in proportion as it should have been distributed among them, caused the army to disperse, which, when the Earl of Lennox heard, he disbanded his men, and made it up with the king. Mac-Donald of Colonsay, to raise men, but he did his way to Dublin, at Drogheda, of a fever, without issue of either sons or daughters.”

In this history may be traced, though the Bard, or Seannachie, touches such a delicate discussion with a gentle hand, the point of difference between the three principal septs descended with the dynasty of the Isles. The first question, and one of no easy solution, where so little evidence is produced, respects the nature of the connexion of John, called by the Archdean of the Isles “the Good John of Ila,” and “the last Lord of the Isles,” with Anne, daughter of Roderick Mac-Dougal, high-chief of Lorn. In the absence of positive evidence, presumptive must be resorted to, and it was not difficult to reach just the highest degree improbable that this connexion was otherwise than legitimate. In the wars between David II. and Edward Baliol, John of the Isles espoused the Baliol interest, to which he was probably determined by his alliance with Roderick of Lorn, who was, from every family predilection, friendly to Baliol and hostile to Bruce. It seems absurd to suppose, that between two chiefs of the same descent, and nearly equal power and rank, (though the Mac-Dougals had been much crushed by Robert Bruce,) such a connexion should have been that of concubinage; and it appears more likely that the tempting offer of an alliance with the Bruce family, when they had obtained the decided superiority in Scotland, induced “the Good John of Ila” to disinherit, to a certain extent, his eldest son Ronald, who came of a stock so unpopular as the Mac-Dougals, and to call to his succession his younger family, born of Margaret Stewart, daughter of Robert, afterwards King of Scotland. The setting aside of this elder branch of his family was most probably a condition of his new alliance, and his being received into the favour of the dynasty he now espoused. Nor were the laws of succession at this early period so clearly understood as to bar such transactions. The numerous and strange claims set up to the crown of Scotland, when vacant by the death of Alexander III., make it manifest how very little the indefeasible hereditary right of primogeniture was valued at that period. In fact, the title of the Bruces was founded upon the very same idea, that as the great-grandson of David I., King of Scotland, and the nearest collateral relation of Alexander III., he was entitled to succeed in exclusion of the great-great-grandson of the same David, though by an elder daughter. This maxim favoured of the an-
cient practice of Scotland, which often called a brother to succeed to the crown as nearer in blood than a grand-child, or even a son of a deceased monarch. But, in truth, the maxims of chivalry in Scotland, as in so many other examples, might be quoted to show that the question of legitimacy is not always determined by the fact of succession; and there seems reason to believe, that Ronald, descendant of “John of Ilia,” by Anne of Lorn, was legitimate, and therefore Lord of the Isles de pare, though de facto his younger half-brother Donald, son of his father’s second marriage with Janet Beatson, is considered in history, and apparently by his own consent. From this Donald so preferred is descended the family of Steat, now Lords Mac-Donald. On the other hand, from Ronald, the excluded heir, upon whom a very large appanage was settled, descended the chiefs of Glengarry and Clan-ronald, each of whom had large possessions and a numerous vassalage, and boasted a long descent of warlike ancestry. Their common ancestor Ronald was murdered by the Earl of Ross, at the Monastery of Elcho, A. D. 1346. I believe it has been subject of fierce dispute, whether Donald, who carried on the line of Glengarry, or Allan of Moidart, the ancestor of the captains of Clan-ronald, was the eldest son of Ronald, the son of John of Ilia. A humble Lowlander may be permitted to waive the discussion, since a Sennachie of no small note, who wrote in the sixteenth century, expresses himself upon this delicate topic in the following words:—

“I have now given you an account of every thing you can expect of the descendants of the clan Colia, (i.e. the Mac-Donalds,) to the death of Donald Du at Drogheda, namely, the true line of those who possessed the isles of Ross, and the mountainous countries of Scotland. It was Donald, the son of Angus, that was killed at Inverness, (by his own harper Mac-r’Cairbre,) son of John of the Isles, son of Alexander, son of Donald, son of John, son of Angus Og. And I know not which of his kindred or relations is the true heir, except these five sons of John, the son of Angus Og, whom I here describe above, namely, Ronald and Godfrey, the two sons of the daughter of Mac-Donald of Lorn, and Donald and John Mor, and Alexander Carrach, the three sons of Margaret Stewart, daughter of Robert Stewart, King of Scotland.”—Leobar Dearn.

NOTE II.

The House of Lorn.—P. 347.

The House of Lorn, as we observed in a former note, was, like the Lord of the Isles, descended from a son of Somerled, slain at Renfrew, in 1164. This son obtained the succession of his mainland territories, comprehending the greater part of the three districts of Lorn, in Argyllshire, and of course might rather be considered as petty princes than feudal barons. They assumed the patronymic appellation of Mac-Dougal, by which they are distinguished in the history of the middle ages. The Lord of Lorn was among the first who availed himself of the rapid transition through the age of chivalry; in the first part of period of his reign, we shall have repeated occasion to notice. Bruce, when he began to obtain an ascendancy in Scotland, took the first opportunity in his power to refute these injuries. He marched into Argyllshire to lay waste the country. John of Lorn, son of the chiefman, was posted with his followers in the Forndal pass between Dalmainly and Buinaw. It is a narrow path on the verge of the huge and precipitous mountain, called Cruachan-Ben, and guarded on the other side by a precipice overhanging Loch Awe. The pass seems to the eye of a soldier as strong, as it is wild and romantic to that of an ordinary traveller. But the skill of Bruce had anticipated this difficulty. While his main body, engaged in a skirmish with the men of Lorn, detained their attention to the front of their position, James of Douglas, with Sir Alexander Fraser, Sir William Wiseman, and Sir Andrew Grey, ascended the mountain with a select body of archery, and obtained possession of the heights which commanded the pass. A volley of arrows descending upon them directly warned the Argyllshire men of their perilous situation, and their resistance, which had hitherto been bold and manly, was changed into a precipitate flight. The deep and rapid river of Awe was then (we learn the fact from Barbour with some surprise) crossed by a bridge. This bridge the mountaineers attempted to demolish, but Bruce’s followers were too close upon their rear; they were, therefore, without refuge and defence, and were thus dispersed and slain. John of Lorn, suspicious of the event, had early been taken to the gaillies which he had upon the lake; but the feelings which Barbour assigns to him, while witnessing the rout and slaughter of his followers, excite him from the charge of cowardice.

“To Jhose off Lorrie it said displease
I trow, quhen he his men mycht se,
Owte off his schippis fra the se,
Be slaye and clussat in the hill,
This mycht set till the tait till thair till.
Bot it ayngys als gretly
To gud harts that ar warthi
To se that fuyis jullih their will
As to thaim seift to thole the ill.”

B. vii., v. 391.

The same, according to Lord Hailes. But the genealogy is distinctly given by Wyntoun:—

“The thryd dochtryt of Red Cwunya,
Alygwydyr of Argyly syne
Tus, and wedyt til bny wyf,
And on byr he get in ill byrwyf.
John of Lorrie, the quhilk get
Ewyn of Lorrie syir that.”

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After this decisive engagement, Bruce laid waste Argyreshire, and besieged Dunstaffnage Castle, on the western shore of Lorn, compelled it to surrender, and placed in that principal stronghold of the MacDougals the chief and governor of his own. The elder MacDougall, now wearied with the contest, submitted to the victor; but his son, "rebellious," says Barbour, "as he went to be," fled to England by sea. When the wars were over the Bruce and Bahol factions again broke out in the reign of David II., the Lords of Lorn were again found upon the losing side, owing to their fidelity to the house of Bruce. Accordingly, upon the issue of that contest, they were deprived by David II. and his successor of by far the greater part of their extensive territories, which were conferred upon Stewart, called the Knight of Lorn. The house of MacDougall continued, however, to survive the loss of power, and afforded a very rare, if not a unique, instance of a family of Scottish chieftains, and similar families in France, during the middle ages, surviving the decay of their grandeur, and flourishing in a private station. The Castle of Dunolly, near Ohan, with its dependencies, was the principal part of what remained to them, with their right of chiefmanship over the families of their name and blood. These they continued to enjoy until the year 1715, when the representative interest of their family, the title of forfeitures, and the cession to the inscription of that period; thus losing the remains of his inheritance, to replace upon the throne the descendants of those princes, whose accession his ancestors had opposed at the expense of their feudal grandeur. The estate was, however, restored about 1745, to the father of the present proprietor, whom family experience had taught the hazard of interfering with the established government, and who remained quiet upon that occasion. He therefore regained his property when many Highland chiefs lost theirs.

Nothing can be more wildly beautiful than the situation of Dunolly. The ruins are situated upon a bold and precipitous promontory, overhanging Loch Etive, and distant about a mile from land and port. It is the principal part which remains the doonium or keep; but fragments of other buildings, overgrown with ivy, attest that it had been once a place of importance, as large apparently as Arromash or Dunstaffnage. These fragments enclose a courtyard, of which the keep probably formed one side: the entrance being by a steep ascent from the neck of the isthmus, built and defended with masonry, and their site doubtless by outworks and a drawbridge. Beneath the castle stands the present mansion of the family, having on the one hand Loch Etive, with its islands and mountains, on the other two romantic eminences tufted with heather. There are other accomplishments suited to the scene; in particular, a huge马上 defeated for Ross, and whose mound is marked by the foot of rock called plum-pudding stone, upon the shore, about a quarter of a mile from the castle. It is called Cuch na-cou, or the Dog's Pillar, because Fingal is said to have used it as a stake to which he bound his celebrated dog Bran. Others say, that when the Lord of the Isles came upon a visit to the Lord of Lorn, the dogs brought for his sport were kept beside this pillar. Upon the whole, a more delightful and romantic spot can scarce be conceived; and it receives a moral interest from the considerations attached to the residence of a family once powerful enough to confront and defeat Robert Bruce, and now sunk into the shade of private life. It is at present possessed by Patrick MacDougall, Esq., the lineal and undisputed representative of the ancient Lords of Lorn. The heir of Dunolly felt lately in Spain, fighting under the Duke of Wellington,—a death well becoming his ancestry.

NOTE I.

Awaked before the rushing prow,
The mimic fires of ocean glow,
Those lightnings of the wave.—P. 349.

The phenomenon called by sailors Sea fire, is one of the most beautiful and interesting which is witnessed in the Hebrides. At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated around the vessel, and a long train of lambent evolutions are perpetually hissing upon the sides of the vessel, or pursuing her wake through the darkness. These phosphoric appearances, concerning the origin of which naturalists are not agreed in opinion, seem to be called into action by the rapid motion of the ship through the water, and are probably owing to the water being saturated with fish-spawn, or other animal substances. They remind one strangely of the description of the sea-snakes in Mr. Coleridge's wild, but highly poetical ballad of the Ancient Mariner:—

"Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watch'd the water snakes,
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reard, the elvish light
Fell off in hoary flakes."

NOTE K.

The fortress of a Hebridean chief was almost always on the sea-shore, for the facility of communication which the ocean afforded. Nothing can be more wild than the situations which they chose, and the devices by which the architects endeavoured to defend them. Narrow stairs and arched vaults were the usual mode of access; and the drawbridge appears at Dunstaffnage, and elsewhere, to have fallen from the gate of the building to the top of such a staircase; so that any one advancing with hostile purpose, found himself in a state of exposed and precarious elevation, with a gulf between him and the object of his attack.

These fortresses were guarded with equal care. The duty of the watch devolved chiefly upon an officer called the Cockman, who had the charge of challenging all who approached the castle. The very ancient family of MacNiel of Barra kept this attendant at their castle about a hundred years ago, Martin gives the following account of the difficulty which attended his procuring entrance there:—

"The little island Kasmul lies about a quar-
ter of a mile from the south of this island (Barra); it is the seat of Mackney of Barra; there is a stone wall round it two stories high, reaching the sea; and within the wall there is an old tower and an hall, with other houses about it. There is a little magazine in the tower, to which no stranger has access. I saw the officer called the Cockman, and an old cock he is; when I bid him ferry me over the water to the island, he told me that he was but an inferior officer, his business being to attend in the tower; but if (says he) the constable, who then stood on the wall, will give you access, I'll ferry you over. I desired him to procure me the constable's permission, and I would reward him; but having waited some hours for the constable's answer, and not receiving any, I was obliged to return without seeing this famous fort. Mackney and his lady being absent, was the cause of this difficulty, and of my not seeing the place. I was told some weeks after, that the constable was very apprehensive of some design I might have in viewing the fort, and thereby to expose it to the hazard of falling into the hands of pirates; of which I supposed there was no great cause of fear."

Note L.

"That keen knight, De Argentine.―P. 350."

Sir Egidius, or Giles de Argentine, was one of the most accomplished knights of the period. He had served in the wars of Henry of Luxemburgh with such high reputation, that he was, in popular estimation, the third worthy of the age. Those to whom fame assigned precedence over him were, Henry of Luxemburgh himself, and Robert Bruce. Argentine had warred in Palestine, encountered thrice with the Saracens, and had slain two antagonists in each engagement:—an easy matter, he said, for one Christian knight to slay two Pagan dogs. His death corresponded with his high character. With Aymen de Valance, Earl of Pembroke, he was appointed to attend immediately upon the person of Edward II. at Bannockburn. When the day was utterly lost they forced the king from the field. De Argentine saw the king safe from immediate danger, and then took his leave of him:—" God be with you, sir," he said, "it is not my wont to fly." So saying, he turned his horse, cried his war-cry, plunged into the midst of the combatants, and was slain. Boston, a rhyme was composed by Edward to celebrate his expected triumph, and who was compelled by the victors to compose a poem on his defeat, mentions with some feeling the death of Sir Giles de Argentine:

Nobilis Argentum, puell inclytæ, dulcis Egidii, Vix scieram mentem cum te succumbere vidi.

"The first line mentions the three chief requisites of a true knight, noble birth, valour, and courteousness. Few Leonine couplets can be imagined that have so much sentiment. I wish that I could have collected more ample memorials concerning a character altogether different from modern manners. Sir Giles d'Argentine was a hero of romance in real life." So observes the excellent Lord Hailes.

Note M.

"Fill me the mighty cup!" he said, "Erst o'med' by royal Somerset."—P. 351.

A Hebridian drinking cup, of the most ancient and curious workmanship, has been long preserved in the castle of Dunvegan, in Skye, the romantic seat of MacLeod of MacLeod, the chief of that ancient and powerful clan. The burn of Rorie Mura, preserved in the same family, and recorded by Dr. Johnson, is not to be compared with this piece of antiquity, which is one of the greatest curiosities in Scotland. The following is a pretty accurate description of its shape and dimensions, but cannot, I fear, be perfectly understood without a drawing.

This very curious piece of antiquity is nine inches and three-quarters in inside depth, and ten and a half in height on the outside, the extreme measure over the lips being four inches and a half. The cup is divided into two parts by a wrought ledge, beautifully ornamented, about three-fourths of an inch in breadth. Beneath this ledge the shape of the cup is rounded off, and terminates in a flat circle, like that of a tea-cup; four short feet support the whole. Above the projecting ledge the shape of the cup is nearly square, projecting outward at the brim. The cup is made of wood, (oak to all appearance,) but most curiously wrought and embossed with silver work, which projects from the vessel. There are a number of regular projecting sockets, which appear to have been set with stones; two or three of them still hold pieces of coral, the rest are empty. At the four corners of the projecting ledge, or cornice, are four sockets, much larger, probably for pellites or precious stones. The workmanship of the silver is extremely elegant, and appears to have been highly gilded. The ledge, brim, and legs of the cup, are of silver. The family tradition bears that it was the property of Neil Grahame, or Begg, but who this Neil was, no one pretends to say. Around the edge of the cup is a legend, perfectly legible, in the Saxem block-letter, which seems to run thus:


The inscription may run thus at length: Ufo Johnis Mich Magni Principis de Hr Manae Vichi Liahua Magni operum Domini tres dextrae centum illorum invenit. Auctore Fecto Auctori Domini 993 Onli Oimi. Which may run in English: Ufo, the son of John, the son of Magnus, Prince of Man, the grandson of Liahua Maegrineil, trusts in the Lord Jesus that their works (i.e. his own and those of his ancestors) will obtain mercy. Oonli Oimi made this in the year of God nine hundred and ninety-three.

But this version does not include the puzzling letters Hr before the word Manae. Within the mouth of the cup the letters Jis. (Jesus) are repeated four times. From this and other circumstances it would seem to have been a chalice. This circumstance may
perhaps account for the use of the two Arabic numerals 93. These figures were introduced by Pope Sylvester, A. D. 991, and might be used in a vessel formed for church service so early as 993. The workmanship of the whole cup is extremely elegant, and resembles, I am told, suriques of the same kind that were served in Ireland.

The cups, thus elegantly formed, and highly valued, were by no means utensils of mere show. Martin gives the following account of the festivals of his time, and I have heard similar instances of brutality in the Lowlands at a very distant period.

"The manner of drinking used by the chief men of the isles is called in their language Sleenagh, i.e. a Round; for the company sat in a circle, the cup-bearer fill'd the drink round to them, and all was drank out, whatever the liquor was, whether strong or weak; they continued drinking sometimes twenty-four, sometimes forty-eight hours: It was reckoned a piece of manhood to drink until they became drunk, and there were two men with a barrel, distributing punctually on each side. They continued at the table until some became drunk, and they carry'd them upon the barrow to bed, and returned again to their post as long as any continued fresh, and so carried off the whole company, one by one, as they became drunk. Several of my acquaintance have been witnesses to this custom of drinking; but it is now abolished."

This savage custom was not entirely done away within this last generation I have heard of a gentleman who happened to be a water-drinker, and was permitted to abstain from the strong potations of the company. The bearers carried away one man after another, till no one was left but this Scottish Mrrgip. They then came to do him the same good office, which, however, he declined as unnecessary, and insisted on going to bed for himself. It was a permission he could not obtain. Never such a thing happened, they said, in the castle! that it was impossible but he must require their assistance; at any rate he must submit to receive it, and carried him off in the barrow accordingly. A classical penalty was sometimes imposed on those who balked the rules of good fellowship by evading their share of the banquet. The same author continues:

"Among persons of distinction it was reckoned an affront put upon any company to broach a piece of wine, ale, or aquavitæ, and not to see it all drunk out at one meeting. If any man chance to go out from the company, though but for a few minutes, he is obliged, upon his return, and before he takes his seat, to make an apology for his absence in rhyme; which if he cannot perform, he is liable to such a share of the reckoning as the company thinks fit to impose: which custom obtains in many places still, and is called Bianchiz Bard, which, in their language, signifies the poet's congratulating the company."

Few cups were better, at least more actively employed in the rude hospitality of the period, than those of Dunvegan; one of which we have just described. There is in the Leabhar Dearg, a song, intimating the overflowing gratitude of a bard of Clan-Ronald, after the exoberrance of a Hebridean festival at the patriarchal fortress of Mac-Leod. The translation being obviously very literal, has greatly flattened, as I am informed, the enthusiastic gratitude of the ancient bard; and it must be owned that the works of Homer or Virgil, to say nothing of Mac-Vuirich, might have suffered by their translation through such a medium. It is pretty plain, that when the tribute of poetical praise was bestowed, the horn of Rorie More had not been inactive.

Upon Sir Roderic Mor MacLeod, by Niall Mor Mac-Vuirich.

"The six nights I remained in the Dunvegan, it was not a show of hospitality I met with there; but a plentiful feast in thy fair hall among thy numerous host of heroes."

"The family placed all around under the protection of their great chief, raised by his prosperity and respect for his warlike feats, now enjoying the company of his friends at the feast.—Amidst the sound of harps, over-flowing cups, and happy youth unaccustomed to guile, or feed, partaking of the generous fare by a flame of the old."

"Mighty Chief, liberal to all in thy princely mansion, filled with thy numerous warlike host, whose generous wine would overcome the hardest heroes, yet we continued to enjoy the feast, so happy our host, so generous our fare."—Translated by D. MacIntosh.

It would be unpardonable in a modern bard, who has experienced the hospitality of Dunvegan Castle in the present day, to omit paying his own tribute of gratitude for a reception more elegant indeed, but not less kindly sincere, than Sir Roderick More himself could have afforded. But Johnson has already described a similar scene in the same ancient patriarchal residence of the Lords of Mac-Leod:—"Whatever is imaged in the wildest tales, if giants, dragons, and enchantment be excepted, would be felt by him who, wandering in the mountains without a guide, or upon the sea without a pilot, should be carried, amidst his terror and uncertainty, to the hospitality and elegance of Raasay or Dunvegan."

With solemn step, and silver wand,
The Seneschal the presence scannd;
Of these strange guests.—P. 351.

The Sewer, to whom, rather than the Seneschal, the office of arranging the guests of an island chief appertained, was an officer of importance in the family of a Hebridean chief:—"Every family had commonly two stewards, which, in their language, were called Marschal Tach; the first of these served always at home, and was obliged to be versed in the pedigree of all the tribes in the isles, and in the highlands of Scotland; for it was his province to assign every man at table his seat according to his quality; and this was done without one word speaking, only by drawing a score with a white rod, which this Marschal had in his hand, before the person who was bid by him to sit down; and this was necessary to prevent disorder and contention; and though the Marschal might sometimes be
mistaken, the master of the family incurred no censure by such an escape; but this custom has been had aside of late. They had also cup-bearers, who always filled and carried the cup round the company, and he himself always drank off the first draught. They had likewise purse masters, who kept their money. Both these officers had an hereditary right to their office in writing; and each of them had a town and land for his service; some of these rights I have seen fairly written on good parchment."—Martin's Western Isles.

Note O.
The rebellions Scottish crew,
Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew,
With Carrick's outlaw'd Chief—P. 351.

It must be remembered by all who have read the Scottish history, that after he had slain Comyn at Dumfries, and asserted his right to the Scottish crown, Robert Bruce was reduced to the greatest extremity by the English and their adherents. He was crowned at Scone by the general consent of the Scottish barons, but his authority endured but a short time. According to the phrase said to have been used by his wife, he was for that year "a summer king, but not a winter one." On the 23rd March, 1306, he was crowned king at Scone. Upon the 19th June, in the same year, he was totally defeated at Methven, near Perth; and his most important adherents, with few exceptions, were either executed or compelled to embrace the English interest, for safety of their lives and for their property. After this disaster, his life was that of an outlaw, rather than a candidate for monarchy. He separated himself from the females of his retinue, whom he sent for safety to the Castle of Kildrurnmie, in Aberdeenshire, where they afterwards became captives to England. From Aberdeenshire, Bruce retreated to the mountaneous parts of Kincardineshire, and afterwards to the borders of Argyshire. There, as mentioned in the Appendix, Note H, and more fully in Note P, he was defeated by the Lord of Lorn, who had assumed arms against him in revenge of the death of his relative, John the Red Comyn. Escaped from this peril, Bruce, with his few attendants, subsisted by hunting and fishing, until the weather compelled them to seek better sustenance and shelter than the Highland mountains afforded. With great difficulty they crossed, from Rowardennan probably, to the western banks of Lochlomond, partly in a miserable boat, and partly by swimming. The valiant and loyal Earl of Lennox, to whose territories they had now found their way, welcomed them with tears, but was unable to assist them to make an effectual retreat. The Lennoxes, in possession of great part of Cantyre, received the fugitive monarch and future restorer of his country's independence, in his castle of Dunnaverty, in that district. But treason, says Barbour, was so general, that the King durst not abide there. Accordingly, with the remnant of his followers, Bruce embarked for Rath-Erin, or Rachiwrine, the Recina of Pilomy, a small island lying almost opposite to the shores of Ballycastle, on the coast of Ire

land. The islanders at first fled from their new and armed guests, but upon some explanation submitted themselves to Bruce's sovereignty. He resided among them until the approach of spring (1306,) when he again returned to Scotland, with the desperate resolution to reconquer his kingdom, or perish in the attempt. The progress of his success, from its commencement to its completion, forms the brightest period in Scottish history.

Note P.
The Brooch of Lorn.—P. 352.

It has been generally mentioned in the preceding notes, that Robert Bruce, after his defeat at Methven, being hard pressed by the English, endeavoured, with the dispirited remnant of his followers, to escape from Breadalbane and the mountains of Perthshire into the Argyshire Highlands. But he was encountered and repulsed, after a very severe engagement, by the Lord of Lorn Bruce's personal strength and courage were never displayed to greater advantage than in this conflict. There is a tradition in the family of the Mac-Donald of Lorn, that he was engaged in personal battle with Bruce himself, while the latter was employed in protecting the retreat of his men; that Mac-Donald was struck down by the king, whose strength of body was equal to his vigour of mind, and would have been slain on the spot, had not two of Lorn's vassals, a father and son, who had sworn to bear foul language towards him, by seizing the mantle of the monarch, and dragging him from above his adversary. Bruce red himself of these foes by two blows of his redoubted battle-axe, but was so closely pressed by the other followers of Lorn, that he was forced to abandon the mantle, and brooch which fastened it, clasped in the dying grasp of the Mac-Keochs. A studded brooch, said to have been the one which King Robert lost upon this occasion, was long preserved in the family of Mac-Donald, and was lost in a fire which consumed their temporary residence.

The metrical history of Barbour throws an air of credulity upon the tradition, although it does not entirely coincide either in the names or number of the vassals by whom Bruce was assailed, and makes no mention of the personal danger of Lorn, or of the loss of Bruce's mantle. The last circumstance, indeed, might be warrantably omitted.

According to Barbour, the King, with his handful of followers, not amounting probably to three hundred men, encountered Lorn with about a thousand Argyshire men, in Glen-Douchart, at the head of Breadalbane, near Teyodharne, the place of the Earl of Argyshire, or the King's Field. The field of battle was unfavourable to Bruce's adherents, who were chiefly men-at-arms. Many of the horses were slain by the long pole-axes, of which the Argyshire Scottish had learned the use from the Norwegians. At length Bruce commanded a retreat up a narrow and difficult pass, he himself bringing up the rear, and repeatedly turning and driving back the more venturesome assailants. Lorn, observing the skill and valour used by his enemy in protecting the
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retreat of his followers. "Medhins, Murtolkson," said he, addressing one of his followers, "he resembles Gui Mas-morn, protecting his followers from Fingal."—"A most unworthy comparison," observes the Archdeacon of Aberdeen, unconscious of the future fame of the person he mentions, to whom more propriety have compared the King to Sir Gaudefer de Layrs, protecting the Isoers of Gaidyns against the attacks of Alexander." Two brothers, the strongest among Lorn's followers, whose names Barbour calls Mackyn-Drosser, (interpreted Durward, or Porterson,) resolved to rid their chief of this formidable foe. A third person (perhaps the Mac-Keoch of the family tradition) associated himself with them for this purpose. They watched their opportunity until Bruce's party had entered a pass between a lake (Loch Dochart probably) and a precipice, where the King, who was the last of the party, had scarce room to manage his steed. Here his three foes sprung upon him at once. One seized his bridle, but received a wound which hewed off his arm; a second grasped Bruce by the stirrup and leg, and endeavoured to dismount him, but the King, putting spurs to his horse, threw him down, still holding by the stirrup. The third, taking advantage of an acclivity, sprung up behind him upon his horse. Bruce, however, whose personal strength is uniformly mentioned as exceeding that of most men, extricated himself from his grasp, threw him to the ground, and cleft his skull with his sword. By similar exertion he drew the stirrup from his grasp whom he had overthrown, and killed him also with his sword as he lay among the horse's feet. The story seems romantic, but this was the age of romantic exploits; and it must be remembered that Bruce was armed cap-a-pie, and the assailants were half-clad mountaineers. Barbour adds the following circumstance, highly characteristic of the sentiments of chivalry: Mac-Naughton, a Baron of Cowal, pointed out to the Lord of Lorn the deeds of valour which Bruce performed in this memorable retreat, with the highest expressions of admiration. "It seems to give thee pleasure," said Lorn, "that he makes such havoc among our friends?"—"Not so, by my faith," replied Mac-Naughton; "but he be friend or foe who achieves high deeds of chivalry, men should hear faithful witness to his valour; and never have I heard of one, who, by his knightly feats, has extricated himself from such dangers as have this day surrounded Bruce."

NOTE Q.

Wrought and chased with fair device,  
Solid fair with gems of price.—P. 352.

Great art and expense was bestowed upon the fibula, or brooch, which secured the plaid, when the wearer was a person of importance. Martin mentions having seen a silver brooch of a hundred marks value. It was broad as any ordinary pewter plate, the whole curiously chased with a man hunting a stag. This was a lesser buckle, which was worn in the middle of the larger, and above two ounces weight; it had in the centre a large piece of crystal, or some finer stone, and this was set all round with several finer stones of a lesser size.—Western Islands. Pennant has given an engraving of such a brooch as Martin describes, and the workmanship of which is very elegant. It is said to have belonged to the family of Lochbuie—See Pennant's Tour, vol. iii. p. 14.

NOTE R.

Vain was then the Douglas brand—  
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand.—P. 352.

The gallant Sir James, called the Good Lord Douglas, the most faithful and valiant of Bruce's adherents, was wounded at the battle of Dalry. Sir Nigel, or Neil Campbell, was also in that unfortunate skirmish. He married Marjorie, sister to Robert Bruce, and was the founder of the most faithful followers. In a manuscript account of the house of Argyll, supplied, it would seem, as materialis for Arch-bishop Spottiswoode's History of the Church of Scotland, I find the following passage concerning Sir Neil Campbell: — "Moreover, when all the nobles in Scotland had left King Robert after his hard success, yet this noble knight was most faithful, and shrunk not, as it is to be seen in an indention bearing these words: — Memorandum quod cum ab incarnatione Domini 1308 conventum fuit et concordatum inter nobles viros Dominum Alexander de Scotiauinit et Dominum Gilbertum de Hove militem et Dominum Nigelum Campbell militem apud monasterium de Combskeneth 9 Septembris quia lacta sancta eucharistia, magnoque juramento faciebat, jurantur se debere liberalem regni et Robertum super regem coronam contra omnes mortales Francos Anglos Scotos defendere usque ad ultimum terminum vitae ipsorum. Their seals are appended to the indention in green wax, together with the seal of Guffrid, Abbot of Cambuskenneth."

NOTE S.

When Comyn fell beneath the knife  
Of that fell homicide The Bruce.—P. 350.  
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,  
Making sure of murder's work.—P. 352.

Every reader must recollect that the proximate cause of Bruce's asserting his right to the crown of Scotland, was the death of John, called the Red Comyn. The causes of this act of violence, equally extraordinary from the high rank both of the perpetrator and sufferer, and from the place where the slaughter was committed, are variously related by the Scottish and English historians, and cannot now be ascertained. The fact that they met at the high altar of the Minorites, or Greyfriars' Church in Dumfries, that their difference broke out into high and insulting language, and that Bruce drew his dagger and stab'd Comyn, is certain. Rushing to the door of the church, Bruce met two powerful barons, Kirkpatrick of Clash heap, and James de Landsey, who eagerly asked him what tidings? "Bad tidings," answered Bruce; "I doubt I have slain Comyn."—"Doubtest thou?" said Kirk-
The circumstances of the Regent Cumnin's murder, from which the family of Kirkpatrick, in Nithsdale, is said to have derived its crest and motto, are well known to all conversant with Scottish history; but Lord Hailes has started a doubt as to the authenticity of this tradition, when recording the murder of Roger Kirkpatrick, in his own Castle of Caerlaverock, by Sir James Lindsay. Lord Fordun says his Lordship, 'remarks that Lindsay and Kirkpatrick were the heirs of the two men who accompanied Robert Bruce at the fatal conference with Comyn. If Fordun was rightly informed as to this particular, an argument arises, in support of a notion which I have long entertained, that the person who struck his dagger in Comyn's heart, was not the representative of the honourable family of Kirkpatrick in Nithsdale. Roger de K. was made prisoner at the battle of Durham, in 1316. Roger de Kirkpatrick was alive on the 6th of August, 1337; for, on that day, Humphry, the son and heir of Roger de K., is proposed as one of the young gentlemen who were to be hostages for David Bruce. Roger de K. Miles was present at the parliament held at Edinburgh, 23th September, 1357, and he is mentioned as alive 3d October. It is therefore follows, of necessary consequence, that Roger de K., murdered in June 1337, must have been a different person.'—Annals of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 242.

"To this it may be answered, that at the period of the regent's murder, there were only two families of the name of Kirkpatrick (nearly allied to each other) in existence—Stephen Kirkpatrick, styled in the Chartulary of Kelso (1273) Dominus ville de Closeburn, Filius et heres Domini Ade de Kirkpatrick, Militis, (whose father, Ivone de Kirkpatrick, witnesses a charter of Robert Brus, Lord of Annandale, before the year 1141.) had two sons, Sir Roger, who carried on the line of Closeburn, and Duncan, who married Isobel, daughter and heiress of Sir David Torthorwald of that Ilk; they had a charter of the lands of Torthorwald from King Robert Brus, dated 10th August, the year being omitted—Umptray, the son of Duncan and Isobel, got a charter of Torthorwald from the king, 16th July, 1322—his son, Roger of Torthorwald, got a charter from John the Grahame, son of Sir John Grahame of Moskessen, of an annual rent of 40 shillings, out of the lands of Overdryf, 1335—his son, William Kirkpatrick, got a charter to John of Garvoche, of the two tark land of Glengip and Garvellig, within the tenement of Wampray, 22d April, 1572. From this, it appears that the Torthorwald branch was not concerned in the affair of Comyn's murder, and the inflictions of Providence which ensued: Duncan Kirkpatrick, if we are to believe the Blind Minsotrel, was the firm friend of Wallace, to whom he was related.—

'Ane Kyrk Patrick, that cruel was and keyne, in Eslail wod that haif yer he had heyn; With Inglis men he couth nocht weyll accord, Off Torthorwald he Barron was and Lord, Off kyun he was, and Wallace modyr ner;'—B. v. 920.

But this Baron seems to have had no share in the adventures of King Robert; the crest of his family, as it still remains on a carved stone builtin a cottage wall, in the village of Torthorwald, bears some resemblance, says Grose, to a rose.

"Universal tradition, and all our later historians, have attributed the regent's death-blow to Sir Roger K. of Closeburn. The author of the MS. History of the Presbytery of Penpont, in the Advocates' Library, affirms, that the crest and motto were given by the King on that occasion; and proceeds to relate some circumstances respecting a grant to a cousin of Sir Roger Kirkpatrick, who was the vicar of Closeburn Castle, which are certainly authentic and strongly vouch for the truth of the other report.—'The steep hill,' (says he,) 'called the Dune of Tyrton, of a considerable height, upon the top of which there hath been some habitation or fort. There have been in ancient times, on all hands of it, very thick woods, and great about that place, which made it the more inaccessible, into which K. Ro. Bruce is said to have been conducted by Roger Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, after they had killed the Cumin at Dumfriess, which is nine miles from this place, whereabout it is probable that he did abide for some time thereafter; and it is reported, that during his abode there, he did often divert to a poor man's cottage, named Brownrig, situate in a small parcel of stoney ground, encompassed with thick woods, where he was content sometimes with such mean accommodation as the place could afford. The poor man's wife being advised to petition the King for somewhat, was so modest in her desires, that she sought no more but security for the croft in her husband's possession, and a liberty of pasturage for a very few cattle of different kinds on the hill, and the rest of the bounds. Of which privilege that ancient family, by the injury of time, hath a long time been, and is, deprived: this is the only land in the possession of the heirs and successors lineally descended of this Brownrig and his wife; so that this family, being more ancient than rich, doth yet continue in the name, and, as they say, retains the old charter.'—MS. History of the Presbytery of Penpont, in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh.

NOTE T.

Barendoun fled fast away,
Fled the fier De la Haye.—P. 352.

These knights are enumerated by Barbour among the small number of Bruce's adherents.
who remained in arms with him after the battle of Methven.

"With him was a bold baron, Schyrr William the Baroundoun,

Schyrr Gilbert de la Haye aslaua."

There were more than one of the noble family of Hay enzaged in Bruce's cause; but the principal was Gilbert de la Haye, Lord of Errol, a stanch adherent to King Robert's interest, and whom lie rewarded by creating him hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland, a title which he used 16th March, 1308, where, in a letter from the peers of Scotland to Philip the Fair of France, he is designed Gilbertus de Hay Constabularius Scotiae. He was slain at the battle of Halidon-hill. Hugh de la Haye, his brother, was made prisoner at the battle of Methven.

**NOTE U.**

Well hast thou framed, Old Man, thy stanzas,
To praise the hand that pays thy pains.—P. 352.

The character of the Highland bard, however high in an earlier period of society, seems soon to have degenerated. The Irish affirm, that in their kindred tribes severe laws became necessary to restrain their avarice. In the Highlands they seem gradually to have sunk into contempt, as well as the orators, or men of speech, with whose office that of family poet was often united. "The orators, in their language called Isdane, were in high esteem both in these islands and the continent; until within these forty years, they sat always among the nobles and chiefs of families in the strath, or circle. Their houses and little villages were sanctuaries, as well as churches, and they took place before doctors of physic. The orators, after the Druids were extinct, were brought in to preserve the genealogy of families, and to repeat the same at every succession of chiefs; and upon the occasion of marriages and births, they made epithalamiums and panegyrics, which the poet or hard pronounced. The orators, by the force of their eloquence, had a powerful ascendant over the greatest men in their time; for if any orator did but ask the habit, arms, horse, or any other thing belonging to the greatest man in these islands, it was readily granted them, sometimes out of respect, and sometimes for fear of being excommunicated by a satyr, which, in those days, was reckoned a great dishonour. But these gentlemen becoming insolent, lost ever since both the profit and esteem which was formerly due to their character; for neither their panegyrics nor satyres are regarded to what they have been, and they are now allowed but a small salary, I must not omit to relate their way of study, which is very singular: They shut their doors and windows for a day's time, and lie on their backs, with a stone upon their belly, and plads about their heads, and their eyes being covered, they pump their brains for rhetorical encomium or panegyric; and indeed they furnish such a style from this dark cell as is understood by very few; and if they purchase a couple of horses as the reward of their meditation, they think they have done a great matter. The poet, or bard, had a tittle to the bridegroom's upper garb, that is, the plad and bonnet; but now he is satisfied with what the bridegroom pleases to give him on such occasions."—Martyn's Western Isles.

**NOTE V.**

Wast not enough to Ronald's bower,
I brought thee, like a paramour.—P. 354.

It was anciently customary in the Highlands to bring the bride to the house of the husband. Nay, in some cases the complaisance was stretched so far, that she remained there upon trial for a twelvemonth; and the bridegroom, even after this period of cohabitation, retained an option of refusing to fulfil his engagement. It is said that a desperate feud ensued between the clans of Mac-Donald of Sleate and Mac-Leod, owing to the former chief having availed himself of this license to send back to Dunvegan a sister, or daughter of the latter. Mac-Leod, resenting the indignity, observed, that since there was no wedding banns, there should be one to solemnize the divorce. Accordingly, he burned and laid waste the territories of Mac-Donald, who retaliated, and a deadly feud, with all its accompaniments took place in form.

**NOTE W.**

Since matchless Wallace first had been,
In mock'ry crown'd with wreaths of green.

P. 354.

Stow gives the following curious account of the trial and execution of this celebrated patriot:—"William Wallace, who had oftentimes set Scotland in great trouble, was taken and brought to London, with great numbers of men and women wondering upon him. He was lodged in the house of William Deject, a citizen of London, in Fenchurch street. On the morrow, being the eve of St. Bartholomew, he was brought on horseback to Westminster. John Legrave and Geoffrey, knights, the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen of London, and many others, both on horseback and on foot, accompanying him; and in the great hall at Westminster, he being placed on the south bench, crowned with laurel, for that he had said in times past that he ought to bear a crown in that hall, as it was commonly reported; and being appeached for a traitor by Sir Peter Malore, the king's justice, he answered, that he was never traitor to the King of England; but for other things whereof he was accused, he confessed them; and was after headed and quartered."—Stow, Chr. p. 209. There is something singularly devoutful about the mode in which Wallace was taken. That he was betrayed to the English is indubitable; and popular fame charges Sir John Menteith with the indelible infamy. "Accursed," says Arnold Blair, "he the day of nativity of John de Menteith, and may his name be struck out of the book of life." But
John de Menteith was all along a zealous
favourer of the English interest, and was
governor of Dumbarton Castle by commission
from Edward the First; and therefore, as the
accurate Lord Hailes has observed, could not
be the friend and confidant of Wallace, as
tradition states him to be. The truth seems
to be, that Menteith, thoroughly engaged in
the English interest, pursued Wallace closely,
and made him prisoner through the treachery
of an attendant, whom Peter Langloft calls
Jack Short.

"William Wallace is nomen that master was
of theves,
Tiding to the king is comen that robbery
mischieves,
Sir John of Menteith sued William so nigh,
He took him when he weened least, on
night, his lenum him by.
That was through treason of Jack Short his
man,
He was the encheson that Sir John so him
ran.
Jack's brother had he shain, the Wuleis that
is said.
The more Jack was fain to do William that
braid."

From this it would appear that the infamy of
seizing Wallace must rest between a de-
generate Scottish nobleman, the vassal of
England, and a domestic, the obscure agent
of his treachery: between Sir John Menteith,
son of Walter, Earl of Menteith, and the
traitor Jack Short.

NOTE X.

Where's Nigel Bruce? and De la Haye,
And valiant Seton—where are they?
Where Somerville, the kind and free?
And Fraser, flower of chivalry?—P. 351.

When these lines were written, the author
was remote from the means of correcting his
indistinct recollection concerning the individ-
ual fate of Bruce's followers, after the battle
of Methven. Hugh de la Haye, and
Thomas Somerville of Lintoun and Cowdally,
ancestor of Lord Somerville, were both made
prisoners at that defeat, but neither was
executed.

Sir Nigel Bruce was the younger brother of
Robert, to whom he committed the charge
of his wife and daughter, Marjorie, and the
defence of his strong castle of Kildrummy,
near the head of the Don, in Aberdeenshire.
Kildrummy long resisted the arms of the
Earls of Lancaster and Hereford, until the
magazine was treacherously burnt. The gar-
rison was then compelled to surrender at dis-
cretion, and Nigel Bruce, a youth remarkable
for personal beauty, as well as for gallantry,
fell into the hands of the unrelenting Edward.
He was tried by a special commission at Ber-
wick, was condemned, and executed.

Christopher Seaton shared the same un-
fortunate fate. He also was distinguished by
personal valour, and signalized himself in the
fatal battle of Methven. Robert Bruce ad-
vanced his person in that battle like a
knight of romance. He dismounted Aymer
de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, but was in his
turn dismounted by Sir Philip Mowbray. In

this emergence Seaton came to his aid, and
re-mounted him. Langloft mentions, that in
this battle the Scottish wore white surpluses,
or shirts, over their armour, that those of
rank might not be known. In this manner
both Bruce and Seaton escaped. But the
latter was afterwards betrayed to the English,
through means, according to Barbour, of one
MacNab, "a disciple of Judas," in whom the
unfortunate knight repose entire confidence.
There were some peculiarities respecting his
punishments: because, according to Matthew
of Westminster, he was considered not as a
Scottish subject, but an Englishman. He
was therefore taken to Dumfries, where he
was tried, condemned, and executed, for the
murder of a soldier slain by him. His bro-
ther, John de Seton, had the same fate at
Newcastle: both were considered as accom-
plices in the slaughter of Comyn, but in what
manner they were particularly accessory to
that deed does not appear.

The fate of Sir Simon Frazier, or Frizel,
ancestor of the family of Law, is dwelt
upon at great length, and with savage exul-
ation, by the English historians. This knight,
who was renowned for personal gallantry,
and high deeds of chivalry, was also made
prisoner, after a gallant defence, in the battle
of Methven. Some stanzas of a ballad of the
times, which, for the sake of rendering it mi-
telligible, I have translated out of its rude
orthography, give the minute particulars of
his fate. It was written immediately at the
period, for it mentions the Earl of Athole as
not yet in custody. It was first published by
the indefatigable Mr. Ritson, but with so
many contradictions and peculiarities of char-
acter, as to render it illegible, excepting by
antiquaries.

"This was before Saint Bartholomew's mass,
That Frizel was y-taken, were it more other
less,
To Sir Thomas of Milton, gentil baron and
free.
And to Sir Johan Jose be-take tho was he
To hand
He was y-fettered wele
Both with iron and with steel
To bringen of Scotland.

"Soon thereafter the tiding to the king come,
He sent him to London, with mony armed
groom.
He came in at Newgate, I tell you it on a-
pight.
A garland of leaves on his head y-dight
Of green,
For he should be y-know,
Both of high and of low,
For traitour I ween.

"Y-fettered were his legs under his horse's
wombe,
Both with iron and with steel manceled were
his hond,
A garland of pervynk set upon his heved,2
Much was the power that him was berved,
In hand.
So God me amend,
Littie he ween'd
So to be brought in hand.

1 Perlwinkle. 2 Head.
This was upon our lady's even, forsooth I understand.
The justices sate for the knights of Scotland,
Sr Thomas of Multon, an kunde knight and wise.
And Sir Ralph of Sandwich that mickle is told in price,
And Sir Johan Abel,
More I might tell by tale
Both of great and of small
Ye know south well.

Then said the justice, that gentil is and free,
Sir Simon Fressel the king's traitor hast thou be;
In water and in land that mony might see
What sayst thou thereto, how will thou quite thee,
Do say.
So foul he him wist,
Nede war on trust
For to say nay.

"With fetters and with gives I y-hot he was to draw
From the Tower of London that many men might know,
In a kirtle of bere, a selcouth wise,
And a garland on his head of the new guise.
Through Cheape
Many men of England
For to see Swancid
Thitherward can leap.

"Though he cam to the gallowes first he was on hung,
All quick heeald that he thought long;
Then he was y-opened, his bowels y-bred,"2
The heved to London-bridge was send.
To shende,
So evermore mote I the,
Some while weened he
Thus little to stand.3

"He rideth through the citie, as I tell may,1
With gamen and with solace that was their play.
To London bridge he took the way,
Many was the wives child that thereon lacketh a day,4
And said, alas!
That he was y-born
And so vilely forelorn,
So fair man he was.5

"Now standeth the heved above the tu-brigge,
Fast by Wallace sooth for to sege;
After succour of Scotland long may he pray,
And after help of France what haft it to lie,
I wenen,
Better him were in Scotland,
With his axe in his hand,
To play on the green," &c.

The preceding stanzas contain probably as minute an account as can be found of the trial and execution of state criminals of the period. Superstition mingled its horrors with those of a ferocious state policy, as appears from the following singular narrative.

"The Friday next, before the assumption of Our Lady, King Edward met Robert the Bruce at Saint Johnstone, in Scotland, and with his company, of which company King Edward quitted seven thousand. When Robert the Bruce saw this mischief, and gan to flee, and how'd him that mea might not him find; but S. Simon Fressel pursued was so sure, so that he turned again and abode battle, for he was a worthy knight and a bole of body, and the Englishmen pursued him were on every side, and quide the seed that Sir Simon Fressel rode upon, and then toke him and led him to the host. And S. Symond began for to flutter and spoke fair, and saide, Lordys, I shall give you four thousand markes of silver, and myne horse and harness, and all my armoure and income. The answered Thobade of Pevens, that was the kinges archer. Now, God me so helpe, it is for nought that thou speakes, for all the gold of England I would not let thee go without commandment of King Edward. And tho' he was led to the King, and the King would not see him, but commanded to lead him away to his doom in London. On Our Lady's even nativity. And he was hung and drawn, and his head smitten off, and hanged again with remaines of iron upon the gallowes, and his head was set at London-bridge upon a spear, and against Christmas the body was burnt, for excuse (reason) that the men that kepted the body saw many devils ramping with iron crooks, running upon the gallowes, and horribly tormenting the body. And many that them saw, anon thereafter died for dread, or waxen mad, or sore sickness they had." — MS. Chronicle in the British Museum, quoted by Ritson.

Note Y.

Was not the life of Athole shed,
To soothe the tyrant's sickened bed—P. 354.
John de Stratibogie, Earl of Athole, had attempted to escape out of the kingdom, but a storm cast him upon the coast, when he was taken, sent to London, and executed, with circumstances of great barbarity, being with half the body stripped, then let down from the gallowes while yet alive, barbarously dismembered, and his body burnt. It may surprise the reader to learn, that this was a mitigated punishment; for in respect that his mother was a grand-daughter of King John, by his natural son Richard, he was not drawn on a sledge to execution, "that point was forsworn," and he made the passage on horseback. Mihelshew of Westmumber tells us that King Edward, then extremely ill, received great ease from the news that his relative was apprehended.

"Quo audito, Rex Angliae, et non suscepto morbo tunce bruncret, levibus innen tuit dolorum." To this singular expression the text alludes.

Note Z.

And must his word, till dying day,
Be nought but quarter, hang, and slay.—P. 354.
This alludes to a passage in Barbour, singularly expressive of the vindictive spirit of Ed-
ward I. The prisoners taken at the castle of Kildrummy had surrendered upon condition that they should be at King Edward's disposal "But his will," says Barbour, "was always evil towards Scottishmen." The news of the surrender of Kildrummy arrived when he was in his morta. sickness at Burgh-upon-Sands.

"And when he to the death was near, The folk that at Kyldrumyer wer Come with prisoners that they had tane, And syne to the king are gane. And for to comfort him they tauld How they the castell to them yauld; And how they till his will were brought, To do off that whatever he thought; And ask'd what men should off them do. Then look'd he angrily them to, He said, gruning, ' hangs and draws.' That was wonder of sic saws. That he, that to the death was near, Should answer upon sic maner; Forouten morning and mercy; How might he trust on him to cry, That sooth-fasty dooms all thing To have mercy for his crying, Off him that, throw his felony, Into sic point had no mercy?"

There was much truth in the Leounie coupled, with which Matthew of Westminster concludes his encomium on the first Edward:—

"Scotos Edwardus, dom vixit, suppedavit, Tenuit, affixit, depressit, dilaniavit."

**Note 2 A.**

While I the blessed cross advance, And expiate this unhappy chance, In Palestine, with sword and lance.—P. 355.

Bruce uniformly professed, and probably felt, compunction for having violated the sanctuary of the church by the slaughter of Comyn; and finally, in his last hours, in testimony of his faith, penitence, and zeal, he requested James Lord Douglas to carry his heart to Jerusalem, to be there deposited in the Holy Sepulchre.

**Note 2 B.**

De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread To speak my curse upon thy head.—P. 355.

So soon as the notice of Comyn's slaughter reached Rome, Bruce and his adherents were excommunicated. It was published first by the Archishop of York, and renewed at different times, particularly by Lambirton, Bishop of St. Andrews, in 1308; but it does not appear to have answered the purpose which the English monarch expected. Indeed, for reasons which it may be difficult to trace, the thunders of Rome descended upon the Scotch mountains with less effect than in more fertile countries. Probably the comparative poverty of the benefices occasioned that fewer foreign clergy settled in Scotland; and the interests of the native churchmen were linked with that of their country. Many of the Scottish prelates, Lambirton the primate particularly, declared for Bruce. While he was yet under the ban of the church, although he afterwards again changed sides.

**Note 2 C.**

*I feel within mine aged breast A power that will not be repress d.—P. 355.*

Bruce, like other heroes, observed omens, and one is recorded by tradition. After he had retreated to one of the miserable places of shelter, in which he could venture to take some repose after his disasters, he lay stretched upon a handful of straw, and abandoned himself to his melancholy meditations. He had now been defeated four times, and was upon the point of resolving to abandon all hopes of further opposition to his fate, and to go to the Holy Land. It chanced, his eye, while he was thus pondering, was attracted by the exertions of a spider, who, in order to fix its web, endeavoured to swing himself from one beam to another above his head. Involuntarily he became interested in the pertinacity with which the insect renewed its exertions, after failing six times; and it occurred to him that he would dedicate his own course according to the success or failure of the spider. At the seventh effort the insect gained his object; and Bruce, in like manner, persevered and carried his own. Hence it has been held unluckly or ungrateful, or both, in one of the names of Bruce to kill a spider.

The Archdeacon of Aberdeen, instead of the abbot of this tale, introduces an Irish Pytholomus, who not only predicted his good fortune as he left the island of Ratchin, but sent her two sons along with him, to ensure her own family a share in it.

"Then in short time men mycht thaim se Schutte all their gaiysis to the se, And ber to se baith ayr and ster, And othyr thingis that mystir 1 wer, And as the king upon the sand Wes gangand wp and doun, bidand 2 Till that his menye reddy war, His ost come rycht till him thar, And quhen that scho him hyast had, And prívè spek till him scho made: And aid, 'Taks gud kep till my saw: For or ye pass I sall yow schaw, Off your fortoun a gret party. Bot our all speecally A wyttring her I sall yow ma, Quhat end that your purpos sall ta. For in this land is nane trewly Wale thingis to cum sa well as I, Ye pass now furth on your wise, To wenge the harne, and the owtrag, That Ingiliss men has to yow done; Bot ye wat noch quhatkyne fortun Ye mon drey in your warrying. Bot wyt ye weil, with outyn lesing, That fra ye now haiß takyn land, Nane sa mychtly, na sa strengthe thi of hand, Sali gein new passis owre yeir countré Till all to yow abandownyel be.
With in short tyme ye sall be king, And haiff the land at your liking, And ourcume your fayis all. But feile anoyis thole ye sall, Or that your purpose end haiff tane: But ye sall thaim ourdryye ilkane. And, that ye trow this sekerly, My twa sonnis with yow sall I Shal to tak part of your halli; For I wate weill that sall nocht fail To be rewardit weill at ryech, Quhen ye ar heiyt to yowr mycht.” — Barbour’s Bruce, Book iii., v. 856.

**Note 2 D.**

A hunted warrior on the wild, On foreign shores a man exiled.—P. 355.

This is not metaphorical. The echoes of Scotland did actually

———“ring

With the bloodhounds that bayed for her fugitive king.”

A very curious and romantic tale is told by Barbour upon this subject, which may be abridged as follows:—

When Bruce had again got footing in Scotland in the spring of 1306, he continued to be in a very weak and precarious condition, gaining, indeed, occasional advantages, but obliged to fly before his enemies whenever they assembled in force. Upon one occasion, while he was lying with a small party and detached at Cumnac, in Ayrshire, Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, with his inevitable foe John of Lorn, came against him suddenly with eight hundred Highlanders, besides a large body of men-at-arms. They brought with them a slough-dog, or bloodhound, which, some say, had been once a favourite with the Bruce himself, and therefore was least likely to lose the trace.

Bruce, whose force was under four hundred men, continued to make head against the enemy, till the men of Lorn had nearly cut off his retreat. Perceiving the danger of his situation, he acted as the celebrated and ill-reputed Mima is said to have done in similar circumstances. He divided his force into three parts, appointed a place of rendezvous, and commanded them to retreat by different routes. But when John of Lorn arrived at the spot where they divided, he caused the hound to be put upon the trace, which immediately directed him to the pursuit of that party which Bruce headed. This, therefore, Lorn pursued with his whole force, paying no attention to the others. The king again subdivided his small body into three parts, and with the same result, for the pursuers attacked themselves exclusively to that which he led in person. He then caused his followers to disperse, and retained only his foster-brother in his company. The slough-dog followed the trace, and, neglecting the others, attacked himself and his attendants to the pursuit of the king. Lorn became convinced that his enemy was nearly in his power; and detaching five of his most active attendants to follow him, and interrupt his flight. They did so with all the agility of mountain runners. “What aid wilt thou make?” said Bruce to his single attendant, when he saw the five men gain ground on him. “The best I can,” replied his foster-brother. “Then,” said Bruce, “here I make my stand.” The five pursuers came up fast. The king took three to himself, leaving the other two to his foster-brother. He slew the first who encountered him; but, observing his foster-brother hard pressed, he sprang to his assistance, and despatched one of his assailants. Leaving him to deal with the survivor, he returned upon the other two, both of whom he slew before his foster-brother had despatched his single antagonist. When this hard encounter was over, with a courtesy, which in the whole work marks Bruce’s character, he thanked his foster-brother for his aid. “It likes you to say so,” answered his follower; “but you yourself slew four of the five.” — “True,” said the king, “but only because I had better opportunity than you. They were not apprehensive of me when they saw me encounter three, so I had a moment’s time to spring to thy aid, and to return equally不受 upon my own opponents.

In the meanwhile Lorn’s party approached rapidly, and the king and his foster brother betook themselves to a neighbouring wood. Here they sat down, for Bruce was exhausted by fatigue, until the cry of the slough-hound came so near, that his foster brother entreated Bruce to provide for his safety by retreating further. “I have heard,” answered the king, “that whosoever will evade a bow-shot length down a running stream, shall make the slough-hound lose scent.” Let us try the experiment, for were you a devilish hound silenced, I should care little for the rest.”

Lorn in the meanwhile advanced, and found the bodies of his slain vassals, over whom he made his morn, and threatened the most deadly vengeance. Then he followed the hound to the side of the brook, down which the king had waded a great way. Here the hound was at fault, and Bruce, of Lorn, after long attempt, in vain to recover Bruce’s trace, relinquished the pursuit.

“Others,” says Barbour, “affirm, that upon this occasion the king’s life was saved by an excellent archer who accompanied him, and who perceiving they would be finally taken by means of the blood-hound, hid himself in a thicket, and shot him with an arrow, in which way,” adds the metrical biographer, “this escape happened I am uncertain, but at that brook the king escaped from his pursuers.”

“Quhen the chassiers reily war, And Jhon of Lorn had met thaim thar, He tauid Schyr Aymer all the cays How that the body eschappit us; And how that he his five men siew, And syne to the wode him drew. Quhen Schyr Aymer herd this, in hy He sanyt him for the ferly: And said; “He is gretly to prys; For I kow mene that lifand is, That at myscheff gan help him swa. I trow he said be hard to sli, And he war by thy with his pouly. On this woe spak Schyr Aymer.”

Barbour’s Bruce, Book v., v. 391.
The English historians agree with Barbour as to the mode in which the English pursued Bruce and his followers, and the dexterity with which he evaded them. The following is the testimony of Harding, a great enemy to the Scottish nation:

"The King Edward with hoost hym sought forlorn,
But ay he fled into woodis and streayte forest.
And slewe his men at staites and daungers thene there.
And at marreyds and mines was ay fol prest
Englyshmen to kyil withoutyn any rest.
In the mountaynes and crages he swel ay where.
And in the nyght his fyes he fraayed full sere.

"The King Edward with horns and houndes him sought,
With menne on fote, through marris, mosses, and myre.
Throughe woodes also, and mountens (wher ther fought)
And ever the Kyng Edward bight men grette hyre.
Hym for to take and by myght conquere;
But ther might hym not gette by force ne by train.
He satte by the fyre when thei went in the rain."

*Hordny's Chronicle*, p. 303-4.

Peter Langtoft has also a passage concerning the extremities to which King Robert was reduced, which he entitled

*De Roberto Brus et fugae circum circa fit.*

"And wele I understode that the Kyng Robyn
Has drunken of that blode the drink of Dan Waryn.
Dan Waryn he les tomnes that he held,
With wrong he mad a res, and misberyng of schield.
Sithen into the forest he yede naked and wode,
Als a wild beast, ete of the gras that stode,
Thius of Dan Waryn in his boke men rede,
God gyf the Kyng Robyn, that ale he kynde full of woode.
Sir Robynet the Brus he durst nourse abide,
That thei mad hym restus, both in more and wod-side.
To while he mad this train, and did unwise outrage," &c.


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**Note 2 E.**

*For, glad of each pretext for sport,*  
*A pirate sworn was Cormac Dolt* — P. 356.

A sort of persons common in the isles, as may be easily believed, until the introduction of civil polity. Witness the Dean of the Isles' account of Raasay. "At the north end of Raasay, be half myle of sea frtie it, layes and lie calit Raosay, more then a myle in lengthe, full of was spoide, with ane haven for heiland galeys in the middes of it, and the same haven is guid for fostering of thieves, ruggars, and re瓦rs, till a nail, upon the peilling and spuizing of poor pepil. This ile pertains to McGillychan of Raarsay by force, and to the bishop of the lyes be heritice." — Sir Donald Monro's *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*. Edinburgh, 1805, p. 22.

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**Note 2 F.**

"Alas! dear youth, the unhappy time,"

*Answer'd the Bruce, "must bear the crime, Since, guiltier far than you, Even I"—he paused; for Falkirk's woes
Upon his conscious soul arose.* — P. 357.

I have followed the vulgar and inaccurate tradition, that Bruce fought against Wallace, and the array of Scotland, at the fatal battle of Falkirk. The story, which seems to have no better authority than that of Blind Harry, bears, that having made much slaughter during the engagement, he sat down to dine with the conquerors without washing the filthy witness from his hands.

"Fasting he was, and had been in great need,
Blooded were all his weapons and his weed;
Southeron lords scorn'd him in ternas rude,
And said, Behold you Scott eats his own blood.

"Then rued he sore, for reason had he known,
That blood and land alike should be his own;
With the long was, ere he got away.
But contrair Scots he fought not from that day."

The account given by most of our historians, of the conversation between Bruce and Wallace over the Cerron river, is equally apocryphal. There is full evidence that Bruce was not at that time on the English side, nor present at the battle of Falkirk; nay, that he acted as a guardian of Scotland, along with John Comyn, in the name of Bailand, and in opposition to the English. He was the grandson of the competitor, with whom he has been sometimes confounded. Lord Hailes has well described, and in some degree apologized for, the earlier part of his life. — "His grandfather, the competitor, had patiently acquiesced in the award of Edward. His father, yielding to the times, had served under the English banners. But young Bruce had more ambition, and a more restless spirit. In his earlier years he acted upon no regular plan. By turns the partisan of Edward, and the vicegerent of Bailand, he seems to have forgotten or stifled his pretensions to the crown. But his character developed itself by degrees, and in mature age became firm and consistent." — *Annals of Scotland*, p. 230, quarto, London, 1776.

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**Note 2 G.**

*These are the savage wilds that lie North of Stralwardd and Dunske.* — P. 357.

The extraordinary piece of scenery which I have here attempted to describe, is, I think, unparalleled in any part of Scotland, at least in any which I have happened to visit. It lies just upon the frontier of the Lord of MacLeod's country, which is thereafter divided
from the estate of Mr. Maccallister of Strath- 
Aird, called Strathboard, by the Dean of the 
Isles. The following account of it is extracted 
from my journal kept during a tour through 
the Scottish islands:

"Science is as much a part of Sky as highly roman-
tic, and at the same time displays a richness 
of vegetation in the lower grounds to which 
we have hitherto been strangers. We passed 
three salt-water lochs, or deep embayments, 
called Loch Bracadale, Loch Einnort, and Loch 
Aird, and about 11 o'clock opened Loch Slaig. 
We were now under the western termination 
of the high ridge of mountains called Cuillin, 
or Mountains, which, with some crags, and 
serrated peaks we had admired at a distance 
from Duntvegan. They sunk here upon the 
sea, but with the same bold and peremptory 
aspect which their distant appearance 
indicated. They appeared to consist of precip-
itous sheets of naked rock, down which the 
torrents were leaping in a hundred lines of 
foam. The tops of the ridge, apparently inac-
cessable, and covered with great crags, sent 
into the most tremendous pinnacles. Towards 
the base of these bare and precipitous crags, 
the ground, enriched by the soil washed down 
from them, is comparatively verdant and pro-
ductive. Where we passed within the small 
isle of Soa, we entered Loch Slaig, under the 
shoulder of one of these grisly mountains, and 
observed that the opposite side of the loch 
was of a milder character, the mountains be-
ing softened down into steep green declivities. 
From the bottom of the bay advanced a head-
land of high rocks, which divided its depth 
into two recesses, from each of which a brook 
issued. Here it had been intimated to us we 
would find some romantic scenery; but we 
were uncertain which inlet we should proceed 
in search of it. We chose, against 
our better judgment, the southerly lip of the 
bay, where we saw a house which might 
afford us information. We found, upon in-
quiry, that there is a lake adjoining to each 
branch of the bay; and walked a couple of 
miles to see that near the farm-house, merely 
because the honest Highlander seemed jea-
lous of the honour of his own loch, though 
we were speedily convinced it was not that 
which we were recommended to examine. It 
had no particular merit, excepting from its 
neighbourhood to a very high cliff, or preci-
pitous mountain, otherwise the sheet of water 
had nothing differing from any ordinary low-
country lake. We returned and re-embarked 
in our boat, for our guide shook his head at 
our proposal to climb over the peninsula, or 
rocky headland which divided the two lakes. 
In rowing round the headland, we were sur-
prised at the infinite number of sea-fowl, then 
busy apparently with a shoal of fish.

"Arrived at the depth of the bay, we found 
that the discharge from this second lake forms 
a sort of waterfall, or rather a rapid stream, 
which rushes down to the sea with great fury 
and precipitation. Round this place were as-
sembled hundreds of trouts and salmon, strug-
gling, and struck the water; but the wild 
net we might have had twenty salmon at a 
haul; and a sailor, with no better hook than 
a crooked pin, caught a dish of trouts during 
our absence. Advancing up this huddling 
and riotous brook, we found ourselves in a 
most extraordinary scene; we lost sight of the 
sea almost immediately after we had climbed 
over a low ridge of crags, and were surround-
ed by mountains of naked rock, of the boldest 
and most precipitous character. The ground 
which we had been walking on, was a sort of 
lake, which seemed to have sustained the 
constant ravage of torrents from these rude 
neighbours. The shores consisted of huge 
strata of naked granite, here and there inter-
mixed with bogs, and heaps of gravel and 
sand piled in the empty water-courses. Vege-
tation there was little or none; and the moun-
tains rose so perpendicularly from the water 
ridge, this circumference, which we had 
just to them. We proceeded a mile and a 
half up this deep, dark, and solitary lake, 
which was about two miles long, half a mile 
broad, and is, as we learned, of extreme depth. 
The murky vapours which enveloped the 
mountain ridges, obliged us by assuming a 
 thousand varied shapes, changing their dra-
pery into all sorts of forms, and sometimes 
opening bays of exaggerated beauty. 

To have penetrated so far as distinctly to ob-
serve the termination of the lake under an 
immense precipice, which rises abruptly 
from the water, we returned, and often stopped 
to admire the ravages which storms must have 
made in these recesses, where all human 
witnesses were driven to places of more shelter 
and security. Stones, or rather large masses 
and fragments of rocks of a composite 
kind, perfectly different from the strata of the 
lake, were scattered upon the bare rocky 
beach, in the strangest and most precarious 
situations, as if abandoned by the torrents 
which had borne them down from above. 
Some lay loose and tottering upon the ledges 
of the natural rock, with so little security, 
that the slightest push moved them, though 
their weight might exceed many tons. These 
detached rocks, or stones, were chiefly what 
is called plum-pudding stones. The bare 
rocks, which formed the shore of the lakes, 
were a species of granite. The opposite side 
of the lake seemed quite pathless and inac-
cessible, as a huge mountain, one of the de-
tached ridges of the Cuillin hills, sinks in a 
profound and perpendicular precipice down 
to the water. On the left-hand side, which we 
traversed, rose a higher and equally inaccessible 
mountain, the top of which strongly re-
sembled the shivered crater of an exhausted 
vulcano. I never saw a spot in which there 
was less appearance of vegetation of any kind. 
The eye rested on nothing but barren and 
naked crags, and the rocks on which we 
walked were the principal objects, as the pavements of Cheapside. There are 
one or two small islets in the loch, which 
seem to bear juniper, or some such low bushy 
shrub. Upon the whole, though I have seen 
many scenes of more extensive desolation, I
never witnessed any in which it pressed more deeply upon the eye and the heart than at Loch Corrieskin; at the same time that its grandeur elevated and redeemed it from the wild and dreary character of utter barrenness.’

Note 2 H.

Men were they all of evil mien,
Down-look’d, unwilling to be seen.—P. 358.

The story of Bruce’s meeting the banditti is copied, with such alterations as the fictitious narrative rendered necessary, from a striking incident in the monarch’s history, told by Barbour, and which I shall give in the words of the hero’s biographer. It is the sequel to the adventure of the bloodhound, narrated in Note 2 D. It will be remembered that the narrative broke off, leaving the Bruce escaped from his pursuers, but born out with fatigue, and having no other attendant but his foster-brother.

‘And the rude king held forth his way, Betwix him and his man, quhill thai Passyt owt throw the forest war; Syne in the more thai entry thar. It wes bathe hey, and lang, and braid; And or thai half it passyt had, Thai saw on syd thre men cummand, Lik to lycyth men and waverand. Swordis thai had, and saxys als; Anu ane off thaim, upon his hals, A mekill bonduyn weithar. That met the king, and halist 2 him thar: And the king thaim thair hauising yauld; And askyt them quheet thai would, Thai said, Robert the Bruysis thai socht; For mete with him gift thai that moucint, Thair dwelling with him would thai ma. The king said, ‘Gift that ye will swa, Hallys furth your way with me, And saill ger ywone him so.’ ‘Thai persawyt, he be spiking, That he wes the seiwu Robert king. And chaunyty concenance and late; And heid nocht in the first state. For thai war fayis to the king;— And thonccht to cum in to scuiking, And duell with him, quhill thai saw Thair poyn, and oryng him thair off daw. That grantyf thi his spek forthi. But the king, that wes waly, Persawyt weill, by thair naving, That thai laffit him an thing: And said, ‘Falowis, ye mon, all thre, Forthir awquent till that we be, All be your selwyn furth ga; And, on the samyn wyss, we twa Sail folow behind weill ner.’ Quoth thai, ‘Schyr, it is na manner To trow in wey our till.’ ‘Nane do I,’ said he; ‘bot I will, That yhe ga fourth thus, quhill we Better with othey knawin be.’ ‘We grant,’ thai said, ‘sen ye will swa: And furth apon thair gar ga’.

‘Thus yeid thai till the nycht wes ner, And than the formast cummun wer Till a waist housband house; 9 and thar Thai slew the wether thai bar; And slew fyr for to rost thar mete; And askyt the king gift he waid ete, And rest him till the mete war dycht. The king, that hungry was, Ik hycht, Assentyt till their spek in hy. Bot he said, he wald anery 10 At a fyr; and thai all thre On na wyss with thaim till gydдрre be. In the end off the hous thai said ma Ane othy fyr; and thai did swa. That draw thai thaim in the hous end, And halff the wether till him send. And thai restyt in hy thair mete; And fell rycht freschly for till ete. For the king weill lang fastyt had; And had rycht mekill travaill mad; Thatlor he eyt full egrely. And quhen he had etyn hastily, He had to spek sa mekill will. That he mouchant set set in bar till. For quhen the wannys 11 syllyt ar; Men worthys 12 hewy enmarr: And to slepe drawys hewynes. The king, that all fortwarraityt 13 wes, Saw that hym worthyt spek nedways. Till his fystyr-brodyr he says; ‘May I trust in the, me to walk, Till Ik a little sleping tak?’ ‘Ye, Schyr,’ he said, ‘till I may drey.’ The king then wynkyt a litll wey; And slepyt nocht full ecorely; But glifnyt wp off sodanly. For he bnd d Reid off thai thre men, That at the tothyr fyr war then. That thai his fais war he wyst; Thario he slepyt as foule on twyst. The king sleyt bot a litll thain; Quhen sic spek fell on his man, That he mycht nocht hold wp his ey, But fell in spek, and rowtyt hey. Now is the king in gret peril: For spek he swa a litll quhile, He sal be ded, for ownty drey. For the thre trautours tak gud held, That he on spek wes, and his man. In full gret by thai rais wp than, And drewe the snerdis hastily; And went towart the king in hy, Quhen thai saw him sleyp swa, And slepyd thocht thei wald him sla. The knix wp blenkit hastily. And saw his man slepyd him by; And saw cummand the tothyr bure. Deliverly on fute gat he; And drew his suerd owt, and thaim mete. And, as he yude, his fute he set Upon his man, weill hewly. He wyckyt, and raiss disiy: For the sley maisytyt hym sway, That or he gat wp, ane off thai, That come for to slia the king, Gaiff hym a strak in his ryssing, Swa thai he mycht help him no mar. The king sa striutly stad 16 wes thar, That he wes neuir yeyt sa stad. Ne war the armung 17 that he had, 10 Abbe.—11 Bellis.—12 Becomes.—13 Fatigued.—14 En- cour.—15 Bird an bough.—16 So dangerously situated.— 17 Had it not been for the armour he wore.
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

He had been dere, for owtn wer.
But nocht for til1 on sic maner
lie helpyt, in that bargayne,2
That thair thrie tratowris he les slan,
Throw Goddis grace, and his manhied.
His fosty-brother thair was dead.
Then was he wondr will of way3
Quhen he saw him lye lefte.
His fosty-brodyr meny h e;
And warily 4 all the thoty thre.
And syne his wy y tak ym allane,
And rycht towar his door y 5 gane, "

The Bruce, Book v., v. 405.

Note 21.

And mermaid's almondbrot grot,
Who bathes her limbs in sunless well
Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell.—P. 360.

Imagination can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful than the extraordinary grotto discovered not many years since upon the estate of Alexander Mac-Allister, Esq., of Strathaird. It has since been much and deservedly celebrated, and a full account of its beauties has been published by Dr. Mac Leay of Oban. "The general impression may perhaps be gathered from the following extract from a journal, which, written under the feelings of the moment, is likely to be more accurate than any attempt to recollect the impressions then receiv'd. —" The first entrance to this celebrated cave is rude and unpromising; but the light of the torches, with which we were provided, was soon reflected from the roof, floor, and walls, which s-em as if they were sheeted with marble, partly smooth, partly rough with frost-work and rustic ornaments, and partly seeming to be wrought into statuary. The floor forms a steep and difficult ascent, and might be fancifully compared to a sheet of water, which, while it rushed whitenning and foaming down a declivity, had been suddenly arrested and consolidated by the spell of an enchanter. Upon attaining the summit of this ascent, the cave opens into a splendid gallery, adorned with the most dazzling crystallizations, and finally descends with rapidity to the brink of a pool, of the most limpid water, about four or five yards broad. There opens beyond this pool a portal arch, formed by two columns of white spar, with beautiful clasping upon the sides, which promises a continuation of the cave. One of our sailors swam across, for there is no other mode of passing, and informed us (as indeed we partly saw by the light he carried) that the enchantment of Mac-Allister's cave terminates with this portal; a little beyond which there was only a rude cavern, speedily choked with stones and earth. But the pool, and the hall of which we stood, surrounded by the most fanciful mouldings, in a substance resembling white marble, and distinguished by the depth and purity of its waters, might have been the bathing grotto of a wraith. The groups of combined figures projecting, or embossed, by which the pool is surrounded, are exactly elegant and fanciful. A statuary might catch beautiful hints from the singular and romantic disposition of these stalactites. There is scarce a form, or group, on which active fancy may not trace figures of grotesque ornaments, which have been gradually moulded in this cavern by the depositing of the calcareous water hardening into petrifications. Many of these groups have been injured by the senseless rage of appropriation of recent tourists; and the grotto has lost, (I am informed,) through the smoke of torches, something of that vivid silver tint which was originally one of its chief distinctions. But enough of beauty remains to compensate for all that may be lost." — Mr. Mac-Allister of Strathaird has, with great propriety, built up the exterior entrance to this cave, in order that strangers may enter properly attended by a guide, to prevent any repetition of the wanton and selfish injury which this singular scene has already sustained.

Note 2 K.

Yet to no sense of selfish torrors,
Dear witness with me, Heaven, belongs
My joy o'er Edward's bier.—P. 362.

The generosity which does justice to the character of an enemy, often marks Bruce's sentiments, as recorded by the faithful Barbour. He seldom mentions a fallen enemy without praising such good qualities as he might possess. I shall only take one instance. Shortly after Bruce landed in Carrick, in 1306, Sir Ingram Bell, the English governor of Ayr, engaged a wealthy yeoman, who had hitherto been a follower of Bruce, to undertake the task of assassinating him. The King learned this treachery, as he is said to have done other secrets of the enemy, by means of a female with whom he had an intrigue. Shortly after he was possessed of this information, Bruce, resorting to a small thicket at a distance from his men, with only a single page to attend him, met the traitor, accompanied by two of his sons. They approached him with their wonted familiarity, but Bruce, taking his page's bow and arrow, commanded them to keep at a distance. As they still pressed forward with professions of zeal for his person and service, he, after a second warning, shot the father with the arrow; and being assailed successively by the two sons, despatched first one, who was armed with an axe, then as the other charged him with a spear, avoided the thrust, struck the head from the spear, and clef the skull of the assassin with a blow of his two-handed sword.

"He rushed down of blood all red.
And when the king saw they were dead,
All three lying, he wiped his brand.
With that his boy came fast running,
And said, 'Our lord might lowyt 6 be,
That granted ye might and powesty 7
to fell the feyoni and the pride,
Of three in so little tide.'

1 Nevertheless. 2 Fray, or dispute. 3 Much affected.
4 Curst. 6 The place of rendezvous appointed for his soldiers.
7 Power.
The king said, 'So our lord me see, They have been worthy men all three, Had they not been full of treason; But that made their confusion.'
Barbour's Bruce, b. v. p. 152.

Note 2 L.
Such hate was his on Solway's strand, When vengeance clenched'd his pausing hand, That pointed yet to Scotland's land.—P. 362.

To establish his dominion in Scotland had been a favourite object of Edward's ambition, and nothing could exceed the pertinacity with which he pursued it, unless his inveterate resentment against the insurgents, who so frequently broke the English yoke when he deemed it most firmly riveted. After the battles of Falkirk and Methven, and the dreadful examples which he made of Wallace and other champions of national independence, he probably concluded every chance of insurrection was completely annihilated. This was in 1306, when Bruce, as we have seen, was utterly expelled from Scotland; yet, in the conclusion of the same year, Bruce was again in arms and formidable; and in 1307, Edward, though exhausted by a long and wasting malady, put himself at the head of the army destined to destroy him utterly. This was, perhaps, partly in consequence of a vow which he had taken upon him, with all the pomp of chivalry, upon the day in which he dubbed his son a knight, for which see a subsequent note. But even his spirit of vengeance was unable to restore his exhausted strength. He reached Burgh-upon-Sands, a petty village of Cumberland, on the shores of the Solway Firth, and there, 6th July, 1307, expired in sight of the deserted and devoted country of Scotland. His dying injunctions to his son required him to continue the Scottish war, and never to recall Guise. Edward II. disobeyed both charges. Yet, more to mark his aniosity, the dying monarch ordered his bones to be carried with the invading army. Froissart, who probably had the authority of eye-witnesses, has given us the following account of this remarkable charge:—

"In the said forest, the old King Robert of Scotland dyd kepe hymselfe, when King Edward the Fyrst conquered nygh all Scotland; for he was so often chased, that none durst liege him in castell, nor fortesse, for feare of the said Kyng.

"And ever when the King was returned into Ingland, than he would gather together agayn his people, and conquere townes, castells, and fortures, ruse to Berwick, some by battle, and some by fair speech and love: and when the said King Edward heard thereof, thau would he assemble his power, and wy the realme of Scotland again; thus the chance went between these two foresaid Kings. It was showed me, how that this King Robert was so formible, and lost no tym in seeling war. So this continued till the said King Edward died at Berwick; and when he saw that he should die, he called before him his eldest son, who was King after him, and there, before all the barones, he caused him to swear, that as soon as he were dead, that he should take his body, and Boyle it in a cauldron, till the flesh departed clean from the bones, and than to bury the flesh, and keep still the bones; and that as often as the Scots should rebel against him, he should assemble the people against them, and carry with him the bones of his father; for he believed verily, that if they had his bones with them, that the Scots should never attain any victory against them. The which thing was not accomplished, for when the King died his son carried him to London."—Berner's Froissart's Chronicle, London, 1812, pp. 39, 40.

Edward's commands were not obeyed, for he was interred in Westminster Abbey, with the appropriate inscription:

"Edwardus Primus Scotorum malleus hic est. Pactum Serva."

Yet some steps seem to have been taken towards rendering his body capable of occasional transportation, for it was exquisitely embalmed, as was ascertained when his tomb was opened some years ago. Edward II. judged wisely in not carrying the dead body of his father into Scotland, since he would not obey his living counsellors.

It ought to be observed, that though the order of the incidents is reversed in the poem, yet, in point of historical accuracy, Bruce had landed in Scotland, and obtained some successes of consequence, before the death of Edward I.

Note 2 M.

Canna's tower, that, steep and grey, Like falcon-nest o'erhangs the bay.—P. 362.

The little island of Canna, or Cannay, adjoins to those of Rum and Muck, with which it forms one parish. In a pretty bay opening towards the east, there is a lofty and slender rock detached from the shore. Upon the summit are the ruins of a very small tower, scarcely accessible by a steep and precipitous path. Here, it is said, one of the kings, or Lords of the Isles, confined a beautiful lady, of whom he was jealous. The ruins are of course haunted by her restless spirit, and many romantic stories are told by the aged people of the island concerning her fate in life, and her appearances after death.

Note 2 N.

And Ronin's mountains dark have sent Their hunters to the shore.—P. 363.

Ronin (popularly called Rum, a name which a poet may be pardoned for avoiding if possible) is a very rough and mountainous island, adjacent to those of Eigg and Cannay. There is almost no arable ground upon it, so that, except in the plenty of the deer, which of course are now nearly extirpated, it still deserves the description bestowed by the archdean of the Isles. "Ronin, sixteen mile north-west from the Isle of Coll, lies an Isle calit Ronin Ile, of sixteen mile long, and six
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

in brethes in the narrowest, one forest of
high mountains, and abundance of little deir
in it, quhill deir will never be slain doone-
with, but the principal saittis man be in the
height of the hill, because the deir will be
called just grane and without tynchei they will pass upwart perforce.
In this ilie will be gotten about Britaine as many
wild nests upon the plane more as men pleased
to gather, and yet by reason the fowis hes few
to start them except deir. This ilie lies from
the west to the eist in lenth, and pertains to
M'Kenabrey of Colla. Many solan geese are
in this ilie."—Monro's Description of the Western
Isles, p. 15.

Note 2 O.

"O. Scoorrig next a warning light
Stunn'd her warriors to the fight;
A number of them were stern
O'er their bleak shores in vengeance strode.

These, and the following lines of the stanza,
refer to a dreadful tale of feudal vengeance,
of which unfortunately there are relics that
still attest the truth. Scoor-Eigg is a high
peak in the centre of the small Isle of Eigg,
or Egg. It is well known to mineralogists, as
affording many interesting specimens, and to
others whose chance or curiosity may lead to
the island, for the astonishing view of the
mainland and neighbouring islands, which it
commands. I shall again avail myself of the
journal I have quoted. 1

26th August, 1814.—At seven this morning
we were in the Sound which divides the Isle
of Rum from that of Eigg. The latter, al-
though hilly and rocky, and traversed by a
remarkably high and barren ridge, called
Scoor-Rigg, has, in point of soil, a much more
promising aspect. So much of both
lies the Isle of Muck, or Muck, a low and
fertile island, and though the least, yet proba-
ably the most valuable of the three. We
named the boat, and rowed along the shore
of Egg in quest of a cavern, which had been
the memorable scene of a horrid feudal ven-
geance. We had rounded more than half
the island, admiring the entrance of many a bold
natural cave, which its rocks exhibited, with-
out finding that which we sought, until we
procured a guide. Nor, indeed, was it sur-
prising that it should have escaped the search of
strangers, as there are no outward indica-
tions more than might distinguish the entrance
of a fox-earth. This noted cave has a very
narrow opening, through which one can hardly
croop on his knees and hands. It rises steep
and lofty within, and runs into the bowels of
the rock to the depth of 255 measured feet;
the height at the entrance may be about three
feet, but rises within to eighteen or twenti-
y, and the breadth may vary in the same propor-
tion. The rude and stony bottom of this cave
is strewed with the bones of men, women,
and children, the sad relics of the ancient in-
habitants of the island, 200 in number, who
were slain on the following occasion:
Mac-Donalds of the Isle of Eigg, a people de-
pendent on Clan-Ranald, had done some in-
to the Laird of Mac-Leod. The tradition
of the isle says, that it was by a personal at-
tack on the chieftain, in which his back was
broken. But this of the other isles bears
more probably, that the injury was offered
to two or three of his adherents, who landing
upon Egg, and using some freedom with the
young women, were seized by the islanders,
bound hand and foot, and turned adrift in a
boat, which the winds and waves safely con-
ducted to Skye. To avenge the offence given,
Mac-Leod sailed with such a body of men, as
rendered resistance hopeless. The natives,
sharing this vengeance, concealed themselves
in this cavern, and after a strict search, the
Mac-Leods went on board their galleys, after
doung what mischief they could, concluding
the inhabitants had left the isle, and betaken
themselves to the Long Island, or some of
Clan-Ranald's other possessions. But next
morning they espied from the vessels a man
upon the island, and immediately landed,
the islander by the marks of his footsteps, a light snow being unappli
on the ground. Mac-Leod then surrounded
the cavern, summoned the subterranean garrison,
demanded that the individuals who had
offended him should be delivered up to him.
This was peremptorily refused. The chieftain
then caused his people to divert the course of a
roll of water, which, taking over the entrance
of the cave, would have prevented his pur-
purposed vengeance. He then intimated at
the entrance of the cavern a huge fire, composed
of turf and fern, and maintained it with unre-
leaving assiduity, until all within were de-
stroyed by suffocation. The date of this
dreadful deed must have been recent, if one
may judge from the fresh appearance of those
relics. I brought off, in spite of the prejudice
of our sailors, a skull from among the numer-
ous specimens of mortality which the cavern
afforded. Before re-embarking we visited an-
other cave, opening to the sea, but of a char-
acter entirely different, being a large open
vault, as high as that of a cathedral, and run-
ning back a great way into the rock at the
same height. The height and width of the
opening gives ample light to the whole. Here,
after 1745, when the Orkney chieftains were
scarcely tolerated, the priest of Eigg used to
perform the Roman Catholic service, most of
the islanders being of that persuasion. A
huge ledge of rocks rising about half-way up
one side of the vault, served for altar and
pulpit; and the appearance of a priest and
Highland congregation in such an extraordi-
nary place of worship, might have engaged
the pencil of Salvator." 2

Note 2 P.

"O. That wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
A Mutter to her Maker's praise!—P. 363.

It would be unpardonable to detain the
reader upon a wonder so often described, and
yet so incapable of being understood by de-
scription. This palace of Neptune is even
grander upon a second than the first view
from a very singular circumstance related by Torquato. When Magnus, the barefooted king of Norway, obtained from Donald-hane of Scotland the cession of the Western Isles, or all those places that could he surrounded in a boat, he added to them the peninsula of Cantyre by this fraud: he said himself in the stern of a boat, held the rudder, was drawn over this narrow track, and by this species of navigation wrested the country from his brother monarch."—Pennant's Scotland, London, 1790. p. 190.

But that Bruce also made this passage, though at a period two or three years later than him in the poem, appears from the evidence of Barbour, who mentions also the effect produced upon the minds of the Highlanders, from the prophecies current amongst them;

"Bot to King Robert well we gang,
That we ha'ft left wenspoyyn of lang.
Quene he had be conwyte to the se
His broderly Edunard, and his menye,
And othyr men off gret noblay.
To Tarbath thay held thay way,
In galayis ordanyt for thay fur.
Bot thaim worthyt 1 draw thair schippis thar:
And a myle wes betouix the seys;
Bot that wes lomnyt 2 all with treis.
The King his schippis thar gort 3 draw.
And for the wynd couth 4 stoutly blaw
Apon thair baik, as thai wald ga,
He gert men ripes and mastis ta,
And set thain in the schippis hey,
And siyllis to the toppis tey;
And gert men gang thar by drawand.
The wynd thaim helpyt, that was biawand;
Swa that, in a h'il'l space,
Thur flote all our drawn was.

"And quhen thai, that in the lis war,
Hard tell how the gud King had thar
Gert hys schippis with sailis ga
Owt our betouix [the] Tarbath [is] twa,
Thai war alaysst 5 sa wretly.
For thay wyst, throw auid prophecy,
That he said ger 4 schippis sua
Betouix thai seas with sailis ga,
Sild thay the lis upe till hand,
That mane with streuth sild him withstand.
Tharfor they come all to the King.
Wes mane withstuid his bidding,
Owtakyn 7 Jhone of Lorne allayne.
Bot weill some eftre wes he thyane;
And present rycht to the King.
And thay that war of his leding,
That till the King had brokyn fay, 8
War all dede, and destroyt almy.

Barbour's Bruce, Book x, v. 821.

NOTE 2 S.

The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
Ben Ghoul, "the Mountain of the Wind,"
Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind.
And bade Loch Ranza smite.—P. 364.

Loch Ranza is a beautiful bay, on the northern extremity of Arran, opening towards East

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1 Were obliged to
2 Laid with trees.
3 Caused.
4 Could.

6 Confounded.
7 Excepting.
8 Faith.
Tarbat Loch. It is well described by Pennant: — "The approach was magnificent; a fine bay in front, about a mile deep, having a runned cap near the lower end, on a low fur-projecting neck of land, that forms another harbour, with a narrow passage; but within has three fathoms of water, even at the lowest ebb. Beyond is a little plain watered by a stream, and inhabited by the people of a small village. The whole is environed with a theatre of mountains; and in the background the serrated crags of Grianan-Athol soar above." — Pennant's Tour to the Western Isles, p. 191-2.

Ben-Ghaoil. "The mountain of the winds," is generally known by its English, and less poetical name, of Goatsfield.

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**Note 2 T.**

*Each to Loch Ranza's margin spring;*  
*That blast was wonded by the King!*  

P. 365.

he passage in Barbour, describing the land- 
ing of Bruce, and his being recognised by 
Douglas and those of his followers who had 
preached him, by the sound of his horn, is in 
the original singularly simple and affecting — 
The king arrived in Arran with thirty-three 
small row-boats. He interrogated a female 
if there had arrived any warlike men of late 
in that country. "Surely, sir," she replied, "I 
can tell you of many who lately came hither, 
discomfited the English governor, and block- 
aded his castle of Brodick. They maintain 
themselves in a wood at no great distance."

The king, truly conceiving that this must be 
Douglas and his followers, who had lately set 
forth to try their fortune in Arran, desired the 
woman to conduct him to the wood. She 
obeyed.

"The king then blew his horn on high; 
And girt his men that were him by, 
Hold them still, and all privy; 
And syne aazan his horse blew he. 
James of Dowglas heard him blow, 
And at the last abane gan know, 
And said, 'Soorhly yon is the king; 
I know long while since his blowing."

The third time therewithal he blew, 
And then Sir Robert Boid it knew; 
And said, 'Yon is the king, but dreae, 
Go we forth till him, better speed.'

Then went they till the king in hye, 
And him inclined courteously, 
And blithly welcomed them the king, 
And was joyful of their meeting, 
And kissed them; and speared 1 syne 
How they had fared in hunting! 
And they him told all, but lesing: 2

Sir Robert Braden thay God of the meeting. 
Syne with the king till his harbourye 
Went both joyfit and jolly." —

*Barbour's Bruce, Book v.,*  
*p. 115, 116.*

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**Note 2 U.**

—his brother blamed,  
*But shared the weakness, while ashamed, *  
*With hauhly laugh his head he turn'd;*  
*And dash'd away the tear he scorn'd.* — P. 365.

The kind, and yet fiery character of Edward Bruce, is well painted by Barbour, in the ac- 
count of his behaviour after the battle of Ban- 
nockburn. Sir Walter Ross, one of the few 
Scottish nobles who fell in that battle, was so 
dearly beloved by Edward, that he 
wished the victory had been lost, so Ross had 
lived.

"Out-taken him, men has not seen 
Where he for any men made moaning."

And here the venerable Archdeacon intimates a piece of scandal. Sir Edward Bruce, it 
seems, loved Ross's sister, par amours, to the 
neglect of his own lady, sister to David de 
Statilhogue, Earl of Athole. This criminal 
passion had evil consequences; for, in resent- 
ment in the affront done to his sister, Athole 
attacked the guard which Bruce had left at 
Cambuskenneth, during the battle of Bannock- 
burn, to protect his magazine of provisions, 
and slew Sir William Keith, the commander. 
For which treason he was forfeited.

In like manner, when in a salty from Car- 
rickergus, Neil Fleming, and the guards whom 
he commanded, had fallen, after the protract- 
ed resistance which saved the rest of Edward 
Bruce's army, he made such moan as surprised 
is followers:

"Sie moan he made men had ferly, 3 
for he was not customably 
Wont for to monn men any thing, 
Nor would not hear men make moaning."

Such are the nice traits of character so often 
lost in general history.

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**Note 2 V.**

*Thou heard'st a wretched female plain*  
*In agony of transit-pain,*  
*And thou didst bid thy little band*  
*Upon the instant turn and stand,*  
*And dare the worst the foe might do,*  
*Rather than, like a knight unwise,*  
*Leave to pursuers merciless*  
*A woman in her last distress.* — P. 366.

This incident, which illustrates so happily 
the chivalrous generosity of Bruce's charac- 
ter, is one of the many simple and natural 
traits recorded by Barbour. It occurred dur- 
ing the expedition which Bruce made to 
Ireland, to support the pretensions of his brother 
Edward to the throne of that kingdom. Bruce 
was about to retreat, and his host was arrayed 
for moving.

"The king has heard a woman cry, 
He asked what that was in hy. 4*  
'It is the laydar, 5 sir,' sai aene, 
'That her child ill 6 right now has ta'en"
And must leave now behind us here. They therefore makes an evil cheer. The king said, ‘Certes, it were pity That she in that point left should be, For certes I pray there is no man That he will sue a woman than.’ His hosts all there reared he, And gart’s-a tent soon stilled be, And other women to be her by. While she was delivered he bade; And syne forth on his ways rode. And how she forth should carried be, Or he forth sure, ordained he. This was a full great courtesy, That swilk a king and so mighty, Gert his men ill on this manner, But for a poor lavender.”

Barbour’s Bruce, Book xvi. pp. 39, 40.

NOTE 2 Y.

Old Brodick’s gothic towers were seen; From Hastings, late their English Lord, Douglas had won them by the sword. —P. 368.

Brodick or Brathwick Castle, in the Isle of Arran, is an ancient fortress, near an open roadstead called Brodick-Bay, and not far distant from a tolerable harbour, closed in by the Island of Lamlash. This important place had been assailed a short time before Bruce’s arrival in the island. James Lord Douglas, who accompanied Bruce to his retreat in Rarhine, seems, in the spring of 1306, to have tired of his abode there, and set out accordingly, in the phrase of the times, to see what adventure God would send him. Sir Robert Boyd accompanied him; and his knowledge of the localities of Arran appears to have directed his course thither. They landed in the island privately, and appear to have had an ambush for Sir John Hastings, the English governor of Brodick, and surprised a considerable supply of arms and provisions, and nearly took the castle itself. Indeed, that they actually did so, has been generally averred by historians, although it does not appear from the narrative of Barbour. On the contrary, it would seem that they took shelter within a fortification of the ancient inhabitants, a rampart called Tor an Schau. When they were joined by Bruce, it seems probable that they had gained Brodick Castle. At least tradition says that from the battlements of the tower he saw the supposed signal-fire on Turnberryook. ... The castle is now much modernized, but has a dignified appearance, being surrounded by flourishing plantations.

NOTE 2 W.

O’er chasms he pass’d, where fractures wide Craved wary eye and ample stride.—P. 368.

The interior of the island of Arran abounds with beautiful Highland scenery. The hills, being very rocky and precipitous, afford some cataracts of great height, though of inconsiderable breadth. There is one pass over the river Machrains, renowned for the dilemma of a poor woman, who, being tempted by the narrowness of the ravine to step across, succeeded in making the first movement, but took fright when it became necessary to move the other foot, and remained in a posture equally ludicrous and dangerous, until some chance passenger assisted her to extricate herself. It is said she remained there some hours.

NOTE 2 X.

He cross’d his brow beside the stone Where Druids erst heard victims groan; And at the cairns upon the wild, O’er many a heathen hero girded.—P. 368.

The isle of Arran, like those of Man and Anglesea, abounds with many relics of heathen, and probably Druidical, superstition. There are high erect columnos of unhewn stone, the most early of all monuments, the circles of rude stones, commonly entitled Druidical, and the cairns, or sepulchral piles, within which are usually found urns enclosing ashes. Much doubt necessarily rests upon the history of such monuments, nor is it possible to consider them as exclusively Celtic or Druidical. By much the finest circles of standing stones, excepting those of Stenhouse, at Stennis, in the island of Poomna, the principal isle of the Orcades. These, of course, are neither Celtic nor Druidical; and we are assured that many circles of the kind occur both in Sweden and Norway.

1 Stop. 2 Certainly. 3 Fitly. 4 Caused.

NOTE 2 Z.

Oft, too, with unaccustom’d ears, A language much unmeet he hears.—P. 368.

Barbour, with great simplicity, gives an anecdote, from which it would seem that the vice of profane swearing, afterwards too general among the Scottish nation, was, at this time, confined in military men. As Douglas, after Bruce’s return to Scotland, was roaming about the mountainous country of Tweeddale, near the water of Line, he chanced to hear some persons in a farm-house say “ the devil.” Concluding, from this hastily expression, that the house contained warlike guests, he immediately assailed it, and had the good fortune to make prisoners Thomas Randolph, afterwards the famous Earl of Murray, and Alexander Stuart, Lord Bonkle. Both were then in the English interest, and had come into that country with the purpose of driving out Douglas. They afterwards ranked among Bruce’s most zealous adherents.

8 Pitched. 6 Moved.
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

NOTE 3 A.

For, see! the ruddy signal made,
That Clifford, with his merry-men all,
Guards carelessly our father's hall.—P. 369.

The remarkable circumstances by which Bruce was induced to enter Scotland, under the false idea that a signal-fire was lighted upon the shore near his maternal castle of Turnberry—the disappointment which he met with, and the train of success which arose out of that very disappointment, are too curious to be passed over unnoticed. The following is the narrative of Barbour. The introduction is a favourable specimen of his style, which seems to be in some degree the model for that of Gawain Douglas:—

"This wes in ver,1 quhen wynter tid,
With his blaste hidwyss to bid,
Was our drywyn: and hyrdis smale,
As tourtis and the nyghtyngale,
Beought 2 rycht sariely 3 to syng;
And for to mak in thair singing
Swete notis, and sowynys ser,4
And melodys nesland to her,
And the tres beought to ma 5
Burguens,6 and brycht blomys alson,
To wyn the helyng 7 off thair hewid,
That wykkyt wyntir had than wiel reid.8
And all gressys beought to spryng.
In to that tyne the nohill king,
With his flo, and a few men,9
Thre hymdly I trow thay mycht be,
Is to the se, owte of Arane
A littill forouth,10 eyw gone.

"Thai rowit fast, with all thair mycht
Till that apon thaim fell the nycht.
That wox myrk 11 apon gret maner,
Swa that thay wost noch quhar thay wer.
For thay na nedill la na stane;
Bot rowyt always in thay aue,
Sestad all tymo apon the
That thay saw brynnand mycht and schyr,12
It wes bot auentur 13 thay led:
And they in schort tyme sa thaim sped,
That at the fyr arywyth thay;
And went to land bot mar deay.
And Cuthbert, that hes sene the fyr,
Was full off angr, and off ire:
For he durst nochit do it away;
And wes alsun dowand ay
That his lord sudd pass to se.
Tharfor their cumyyn waytит he;
And met them at thay arywyth.
He wes wele some broucht to the King,
That speryt at him how he had done.
And he with sar hart taudt him sone,
How that he fund nane weill luffand;
Bot all war favis, that he faid:
And that the lord the Persy,
With ner thre hundre in eunpy,
Was in the castell thay hesid,
Fullilyt off dyspit and pryd.
Bot ma thun twa partis off his rowt
War herberyt in the toune without;
And dyspytт yow mar, Schir King,
Than men may dyspit any thing.13

Then said the King, in full gret ire;
'Tratour, quhy maid thou than the fyr?'—
'A! Schyr,' said he, 'sa God me se!
The fyr wes newyr muid for me.
Na, or the nycht, I wyst it nocht;
But fra I wyst it, weil I thocht
That ye, and haly your mene,
In ly 14 suld put yow to the se.
For thi I cum to ince yow her,
To tell perellys that may aper.15

"The King wes off his spek angry,
And askyt his prywe men, in hy,
Quhat at thaim thought wes best to do.
Schyr Edward fryst answert thair to,
Hys brodyr; that wes swa hardly,
And said: 'I saw yow sekyryr
Thar sall na perell, that may be,
Dyve me cftsonys 16 to the se.
Myne auentur her tak will 1,
Quethir it he esfull or angry.17
'Broorthy,' he said, 'sen thou will sua,
It is gude that we samyn ta
Dissese or ese, or payne or play.
Eftyr as God wilt wse purwyth 18
And seu men suyis that the Persy
Myn heretage will occupi;
And his mene sa ner ws lys,
That ws dyspitys mony wyss;
Ga we and wene 17 sm off the dyspyte
And that may we haif done allst tite: 18
For that ly trastly, 19 but dreuling
Off ws, or off our her cunning.
And thought we slepend sleaw them all,
Repruff tharrof on man sa;
For werrayour na forss suld ma,
Quethir lie mycht ouroon his fa
Throw strenth, or throw satelte;
Bot that gud faith ay haldyn be.'

Barbour's Bruce, Book iv., v. 1.

NOTE 3 B.

Now ask you whence that wondrous light,
Whose fairy glow beguiled their sight1—
It ne'er was known.—P. 370.

The following are the words of an ingenious correspondent, to whom I am obliged for much information respecting Turnberry and its neighbourhood. "The only tradition now remembered of the landing of Robert the Bruce in Carrick, relates to the fire seen by him from the Isle of Arran. It is still generally reported, and religiously believed by many, that this fire was really the work of supernatural power, unassisted by the hand of any mortal being; and it is said, that, for several centuries, the flame rose yearly on the same hour of the same night of the year, on which the king first saw it from the turrets of Bradick Castle; and some go so far as to say, that if the exact time were known, it would be still seen. That this superstitious notion is very ancient, is evident from the place where the fire is said to have appeared, being called the Boggles' Brae, beyond the remembrance of man. In support of this curious belief, it is said that the practice of burning heath for

1 Spring.—2 Began.—3 Lofly.—4 Revel.—5 Make.—6 Ruds.—7 Covering.—8 Bereaved.—9 Men.—10 Before.—11 Dark.—12 Clear.—13 Adventure.—14 Ilute.—15 Soon.

After.—16 Prepare.—17 Avenye.—18 Quickryr.—19 Contently.
the improvement of land was then unknown; that a spunkie (Jack o'lanthorn) could not have been seen across the breadth of the Forth of Clyde, between Ayshire and Arran; and that thecourier of Bruce was his kinsman, and never suspected of treachery."—Letter from Mr. Joseph Train, of Newton Stuart, author of an ingenious Collection of Poems, illustrative of many ancient Traditions in Galloway and Ayshire, Edinburgh, 1814. [Mr. Train made a journey into Ayshire at Sir Walter Scott's request, on purpose to collect accurate information for the Notes to this poem; and the reader will find more of the fruits of his labours in Note 3 D. This is the same gentleman whose friendly assistance is so often acknowledged in the Notes and Introductions of the Waverley Novels.]

NOTE 3 C.

They join'd the Chase, a wide domain
Left for the Castle's silv'ry reign.—P. 371.

The Castle of Turnberry, on the coast of Ayshire, was the property of Robert Bruce, in right of his mother. Lord Hailes mentions the following remarkable circumstance concerning the mode in which he became proprietor of it:—"Martha, Countess of Carrick, in her own right, the wife of Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, bare him a son, afterwards Robert I. (11th July, 1274.) The circumstances of her marriage were singular: happening to meet Robert Bruce in her dominions, she became enamoured of him, and with some violence led him to her castle of Turnberry. A few days after she married him, without the knowledge of the relations of either party, and without the requisite consent of the king. The king instantly seized her castle and whole estates: She afterwards stoned by a fine for her feudal delinquency. Little did Alexander foresee, that, from this union, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy was to arise. The ruins of Culzean Castle, which stands upon this spot, are a part of the land purchased by the Bruce, and the same obliging correspondent, whom I have quoted in the preceding note, gives me the following account of the present state of the ruins of Turnberry:—"Turnberry Point is a rock projecting into the sea; the top of it is about eighteen feet above high-water mark. Upon this rock was built the castle. There is about twenty-five feet high of the wall next to the sea yet standing. Upon the land-side the wall is only about four feet high: the length has been sixty feet, and the breadth forty-five: It was surrounded by a ditch, but that is now nearly filled up. The top of the ruin, rising between forty and fifty feet above the water, has a majestic appearance from the sea. There is not much local tradition in the vicinity connected with Bruce or his history. In front, however, near the point, upon which stands Culzean Castle, is the mouth of a romantic cavern, called the Cove of Coleann, in which it is said Bruce and his followers concealed themselves immediately after landing, till they arranged matters for their farther enterprises. Burns mentions it in the poem of Hallow'e'en. The only place to the south of Turnberry worth mentioning, with reference to Bruce's history, is the Weary Nuik, a little romantic green hill, where he and his party are said to have rested, after assaulting the castle."

Around the Castle of Turnberry was a level plain of about two miles in extent, former the castle park. There could be nothing, I am informed, more beautiful than the copse-wood and verdure of this extensive meadow, before it was invaded by the ploughshare.

NOTE 3 D.

The Bruce hath won his father's hall.

P. 373.

I have followed the flattering and pleasing tradition, that the Bruce, after his descent upon the coast of Ayshire, actually gained possession of his maternal castle. But the tradition is not accurate. The fact is, that he was only strong enough to alarm and drive in the outposts of the English garrison, then commanded, not by Clifford, as assumed in this text, but by his brother. Clifford was killed upon this occasion, though he had several skirmishes with Bruce. He fell afterwards in the battle of Bannockburn. Bruce, after alarming the castle of Turnberry, and surprising some part of the garrison, who were quartered without the walls of the fortress, retreated into the mountainous part of Carrick, and there made himself so strong, that the English were obliged to evacuate Turnberry, and at length the Castle of Ayr. Many of his benefactions and royal gifts attest his attachment to the hereditary followers of his house, in this part of the country.

It is generally known that Bruce, in consequence of his distresses after the battle of Methven, was affected by a scorbutic disorder, which was then called a leprosy. It is said he experienced benefit from the use of a medicinal spring, about a mile north of the town of Ayr, called from that circumstance King's Case. The following is the tradition of the country, collected by Mr. Train:—"After Robert ascended the throne, he founded the priory of Dominican monks, every one of whom was under the obligation of putting up to Heaven a prayer once every week-day, and twice in holydays, for the recovery of the king; and, after his death, these masses were continued for the saving of his soul. The ruins of this old monastery are now nearly level with the ground. Robert likewise caused houses to be built round the well of King's Case, for eight lepers, and allowed eight bolls of oatmeal, and 23/-, Scotch money, per annum, to each person. These donations were laid upon the lands of Fullarton, and the revenue now comes from that source. The farm of Shiels, in the neighbourhood of Ayr, has to give, if required, a certain quantity of straw for the lepers' beds, and so much to thatch their houses annually. Each leprous person had a drinking-horn provided him by the king, which continued to be hereditary in the house to which it was first granted. One of those identical horns, of very curious
workmanship, was in the possession of the late Colonel Fullarton of that ilk."

My correspondent proceeds to mention some curious remnants of antiquity respecting this foundation. In compliment to Sir William Wallace, the great deliverer of his country, King Robert Bruce invested the descendants of that hero with the right of placing all the lepers upon the establishment of King’s Case. This patronage continued in the family of Craigne, till it was sold along with the lands of the late Sir Thomas Wallace. The burial of Ayr then purchased the right of applying the donations of King’s Case to the support of the poor-house of Ayr. The lepers’ charter-stone was basaltic block, exactly the shape of a sheep’s kidney, and weighing an Ayrshire h. II. of meal. The surface of this stone being as smooth as glass, there was not any other way of lifting it than by turning the hollow to the ground, there extending the arms along each side of the stone, and clasping the hands in the cavity. Young lads were always considered as descended to be ranked among men when they could lift the blue stone of King’s Case. It always lay beside the well, till a few years ago, when some English dragoons encamped at that place wantonly broke it, since which the fragments have been kept by the freemen of Prestwick in a place of security. There is one of these charter-stones at the village of Old Daily, in Carrick, which has become more celebrated by the following event, which happened only a few years ago:—The village of New Daily being now larger than the old place of the same name, the inhabitants insisted that the charter-stone should be removed from the old town to the new, but the people of Old Daily were unwilling to part with their ancient right. Demands and remonstrances were made on each side without effect, till at last man, woman, and child, of both villages, marched out, and by one desperate engagement put an end to a war, the commencement of which no person then living remembered. Justice and victory, in this instance, being of the same party, the villagers of the old town of Daily now enjoy the pleasure of keeping the charter-stone unmolested. Ideal privileges are often attached to some of these stones. In Girvan, if a man can set his back against one of the above description, he is supposed not liable to be arrested for debt, nor can cattle, it is imagined, be pointed as long as they are fastened to the same stone. That stones were often used as symbols to denote the right of possessing land, before the use of written instruments became general in Scotland, is, I think, exceedingly probable. The charter-stone of Inverness is still kept with great care, set in a frame, and hooped with iron, at the market place of that town. It is called by the inhabitants of that district Clack na Coudin. I think it is very likely that Carey has mentioned this stone in his poem of Craig Phaderick. This is only a conjecture, as I have never seen that work. While the facts have been here allowed to remain at Skoon, it was considered as the charter-stone of the kingdom of Scotland."

**Note 3 E.**

"Bring here," he said, "the mazers fours. My noble fathers loved of yore."—P. 373.

These mazers were large drinking cups, or goblets. Mention of them occurs in a curious inventory of the treasure and jewels of James III., which will be published, with other curious documents of antiquity, by my friend, Mr. Thomas Thomson. D Register of Scotland, under the title of "A Collection of Inven-tories, and other Records of the Royal Wardrobe, Jewel-House," &c. I copy the passage in which mention is made of the mazers, and also of a habitament, called "King Robert Bruce's serk," i.e. shirt, meaning, perhaps, his shirt of mail; although no other arms are mentioned in the inventory. It might have been a relic of more sanctified de-scription, a penance shirt perhaps.

Extract from "Inventare of one Parte of the Gold and Silver comest and conynt, Jou-eils, and other Stuff pertaining to Umgumlie oure Sowrene Lords Editer, that he had in Deports the Tyme of his Decess, and that came to the Hands of oure Sowrene Lord that now is, M.CCCC.LXXXVIII."

"Memorandum fundin in a bandit kist like a gardelie, in the first the grete chenye of gold, conteineud seven score sex linkx.

Item, thre platis of silver.

Item, toue sulfa. 8

Item, yffelene discies 6 ouregilt.

Item, a grete gilt plate.

Item, twa grete bassingis 5 ouregilt.

Item, four Mazaris, called King Robert the Brocas, with a cover.

Item, a grete kock maid of silver.

Item, the heule of silver of one of the coviers of masur.

Item, a fare diaile. 6

Item, twa kasis of knyffis. 7

Item, a pare of auld knifis.

Item, takin be the smyth that opinnt the lockis, in gold forty denuis.

Item, in langys grotes 8—xxiiii. li. and the said silver given again to the takaris of hym.

Item, ressavit in the clossat of Davids tour, ane huly water-fat of silver, twa boxes, a cageat tunne, a glas with rois-water, a dou-son of torchis, King Robert Brocas Serk."  

The real use of the antiquarian's studies is to bring the minute information which he collects to bear upon points of history. For example, in the inventory I have just quoted, there is given the contents of the black kit, or chest, belonging to James III., which was his strong box, and contained a quantity of treasure, in money and jewels, surpassing what might have been at the period expected of "poor Scotland's gear." This illustrates and authenticates a striking passage in the history of the house of Douglas, by illness of Godscroft. The last Earl of Douglas (of the elder branch) had been reduced to monastic

1 Gart-vin, or wine-cooler. — 2 Chair. — 3 Salt-cellar, or the object of much curious workmanship.

4 Dishes. — 5 Basin. — 6 Dial. — 7 Cases of knives. — 8 English groats.
seclusion in the Abbey of Lindores, by James II. James III., in his distresses, would willingly have recalled him to public life, and made him his lieutenant. "But he," says Godscroft, "laid with years and old age, and weary of troubles, refused, saying, Sir, you have kept mee, and your black cofer in Sterling, too long; neither of us can doe you any good: I, because my friends have forsaken me, and my followers and dependers are fallen from me, betaking themselves to other masters; and your black trunk is too farre from you, and your enemies are between you and it: or (as others say) because there was in it a sort of black enzyme, that the king had caused to be covered by the advice of his coun-tiers; which moneys (saith he) sir, if you had put out at the first, the people would have taken it; and if you had employed mee in due time I might have done you service. But now there is none that will take notice of me, our meddle with your money." — Hume's History of the House of Douglas, fol. Edin. 1644, p. 206.

**NOTE 3 F.**

Arouse old friends, and gather new.  

P. 373.

As soon as it was known in Kyle, says ancient tradition, that Robert Bruce had landed in Carrick, with the intention of recovering the crown of Scotland, the Laird of Craige, and forty eight men in his immediate neighbourhood, declared in favour of their legitimate prince. Bruce granted them a tract of land, still retained by the freemen of Newton to this day. The original charter was lost when the pestilence was raging at Ayr; but it was renewed by one of the Jameses, and is dated at Faulkland. The freemen of Newton were formerly officers by rotation. The Provost of Ayr at one time was a freeman of Newton, and it happened to be his turn, while provost in Ayr, to be officer in Newton, both of which offices he discharged at the same time.

The forest of Selkirk, or Ettrick, at this period, occupied all the district which retains that denomination, and embraced the neighbouring dales of Tweeddale, and at least the Upper Ward of Clydesdale. All that tract was probably as waste as it is mountaneous, and covered with the remains of the ancient Caledonian Forest, which is supposed to have stretched from Cheviot Hills as far as Hamilton, and to have comprehended even a part of Ayrshire. At the fatal battle of Falkirk, Sir John Stewart of Bonkilt, brother to the Steward of Scotland, commanded the archers of Selkirk Forest, who fell around the dead body of their leader. The English historians have placed this battle near naturally therein sons, as well as the unwawing faith, of these foresters. Nor has their interesting fall escaped the notice of an elegant modern poetess, whose subject led her to treat of that calamitous engagement. "The glance of the morn had sparkled bright  

On their plumage green and their actions light;  

The bugle was strung at each hunter's side,  
As they had been bound to the chase to ride;  
But the bugle is mute, and the shafts are spent,  
The arm unnerved and the bow nobent,  
And the tired forester is laid  
Far, far from the clustering Greenwood prin- 
side!  
Sore have they toil'd—they are fallen asleep,  
And their slumber is heavy, and dull, and deep!  
When over their bones the grass shall wave,  
When the wild winds over their tombs shall rave,  
Memory shall lean on their graves, and tell  
How Selkirk's hunters bold around old  
Stewart fell!"  
Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk,  
[by Miss Holford.] Lond. 4to,  
1869, pp. 170-1.

**NOTE 3 G.**

When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd,  
O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in Ury's vale.  

P. 373.

The first important advantage gained by Bruce, after landing at Turnberry, was over Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, the same by whom he had been defeated near Methven. They met, as has been said, by appointment, at Loudonhill, in the west of Scotland. Pembroke sustained a defeat; and from that time Bruce was at the head of a considerable flying army. Yet he was subsequently obliged to retreat into Aberdeenshire, and was there assailed by Comyn, Earl of Buchan, desirous to avenge the death of his relative, the Red Comyn, and supported by a body of English troops under Philip de Moubray. Bruce was ill at the time of a scrophulous disorder, but took horse to meet his enemies, although obliged to be supported on either side. He was victorious, and it is said that the agitation of his spirits restored his health.

**NOTE 3 H.**

When English blood oft delug'd Douglas-dale.  

P. 373.

The "good Lord James of Douglas," during these commotions, often took from the English his own castle of Douglas, but being unable to garrison it, contented himself with destroying the fortifications, and retiring into the mountains. As a reward to his patriotism, it is said to have been prophesied, that how often soever Douglas Castle should be destroyed, it should always again arise more magnificent from its ruins. Upon one of these occasions he used fearful cruelty, causing all the store of provi>
and such other exploits, he so affrighted the enemy, that it was counted a matter of great jealousy to keep this castle, which belonged to be called the adventurous (or hazardous) Castle of Douglas; where-upon Sir John Walton being in suit of an English lady, she wrote to him, that when he had kept the adventurous Castle of Douglas seven years, then he might think himself worthy to be a suitor to her. Upon this occasion Walton took upon him the keeping of it, and succeeded to Throswall, but he ran the same fortune with the rest that were before him. For Sir James, having first dressed an ambuscade near unto the place, he made fourteen of his men take so many sacks, and fill them with grass, as though it had been corn, which they carried in the way to Lanark, the chief market town in that county: so hoping to draw forth the captain by that bait, and either to take him or the castle, or both. Neither was this expectation frustrated, for the captain did bite, and came forth to have taken this victual (as he supposed). But ere he could reach these carriers, Sir James, with his company, had gotten between the castle and him, and these disguised carriers, seeing the captain following after them, did quickly cast off their sacks, mounted themselves on horseback, and met the captain with a sharp encounter, being so much the more amazed, as it was unlooked for: wherefore, when he saw these carriers metamorphosed into warriors, and ready to assault him, fearing that which was, that there was some train laid for them, he turned about to have retired to his casle, but there he also met with his enemies; between which two companies he and his whole followers were slain, so that none escaped: the captain afterwards being searched, they found (as it is reported) his mistress's letter about him.


Note 3 I.

And fiery Edward routed stout St. John.

P. 373.

"John de St. John, with 15,000 horsemen, had advanced to oppose the inroad of the Scots. By a forced march he endeavoured to surprise them, but intelligence of his motions was timely received. The courage of Edward Bruce, approaching to temerity, frequently enabled him to achieve what men of more judicious valour would never have attempted. He ordered the infantry, and the meaner sort of his army, to intrench themselves in strong narrow ground. He himself, with fifty horsemen well harnessed, issued forth under cover of a thick mist, surprised the English on their march, attacked and dispersed them."—Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland, quarto, Edinburgh, 1779, p. 25.

Note 3 K.

When Randolph's war-cry swell'd the southern gale.

P. 373.

Thomas Randolph, Bruce's sister's son, a renowned Scottish chief, was in the early part of his life not more remarkable for consistency than Bruce himself. He espoused his uncle's party when Bruce first assumed the crown, and was made prisoner at the fatal battle of Methven, in which his relative's hopes appeared to be ruined. Randolph accordingly not only submitted to the English, but took an active part against Bruce; appeared in arms against him; and, when he was so closely pursued by the bloodhound, it is said his nephew took his standard with his own hand. But Randolph was afterwards made prisoner by Douglas in Tweeddale, and brought before King Robert. Some harsh language was exchanged between the uncle and nephew, and the latter was committed for a time to close custody. Afterwards, however, they were reconciled, and Randolph was created Earl of Moray about 1312. After this period he eminently distinguished himself, first by the surprise of Edinburgh Castle, and afterwards by many similar enterprises, conducted with equal courage and ability.

Note 3 L.

—Sirting's towers,
Belaqu'er'd by King Robert's powers;
And they took term of truce.—P. 374.

When a long train of success, actively improved by Robert Bruce, had made him master of almost all Scotland, Stirling Castle continued to hold out. "The care of the blockade was committed by the king to his brother Edward, who concluded a treaty with Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, that he should surrender the fortress, if it were not succoured by the King of England before St. John the Baptist's day. The King severely blamed his brother for the impolicy of a treaty, which gave time to the King of England to advance to the relief of the castle with all his assembled forces, and obliged himself either to meet them in battle with an inferior force, or to retreat with dishonour. "Let all England come," answered the reckless Edward; "we will fight them were they more." The consequence was, of course, that each kingdom mustered its strength for the expected battle; and as the space agreed upon reached from Lent to Midsummer, full time was allowed for that purpose.

Note 3 M.

To summon prince and peer,
At Berwick-bounds to meet their Lige.

P. 374.

There is printed in Rymer's Fœdera the summons issued upon this occasion to the sheriff of York; and he mentions eighteen other persons to whom similar ordinances were issued. It seems to respect the infantry alone, for it is entitled, De rexibus ad recusam Castri de Strivehelin a Scotiae obediens, pro- perare facienda. This circumstance is also clear from the reasoning of the writ, which states: "We have understood that our Scottish enemies and rebels are endeavouring to collect as strong a force as possible of infantry,
in strong and marshy grounds, where the approach of cavalry would be difficult, between us and the castle of Stirling. — It then sets forth Mowbray's agreement to surrender the castle, if not relieved before St John the Baptist's day, and the king's determination, with divine grace, to raise the siege. "Therefore," the summons further adds, "to remove our said enemies and rebels from such places as above mentioned, it is necessary for us to have a strong force of infantry fit for arms." And accordingly the sheriff of York is commanded to equip and send forth a body of four thousand infantry, to be assembled at Wark, upon the tenth day of June first, under pain of the royal displeasure, &c.

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**NOTE 3 N.**

*And Cambria, but of late subdued,\nSent forth her mountain-multitude.*

P. 374.

Edward the First, with the usual policy of a conqueror, employed the Welsh, whom he had subdued, to assist him in his Scottish wars, for which their habits, as mountaineers, particularly fitted them. But this policy was not without its risks. Previous to the battle of Falkirk, the Welsh quarrelled with the English men-at-arms, and after bloodshed on both parts, separated themselves from his army, and the feud between them, at so dangerous and critical a juncture, was reconciled with difficulty. Edward II. followed his father's example in this particular, and with no better success. They could not be brought to exert themselves in the cause of their conquerors. But they had an indifferent reward for their forbearance. Without arms, and clad only in scanty dresses of linen cloth, they appeared naked in the eyes even of the Scottish peasantry; and after the rout of Bannockburn, were massacred by them in great numbers, as they retired in confusion towards their own country. They were under command of Sir Maurice de Berkeley.

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**NOTE 3 O.**

*And Connought pour'd from waste and wood\nHer hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude\nDark Eth O'Conor sway'd.*

P. 374.

There is in the Fædera an invitation to Eth O'Connor, chief of the Irish of Connacht, setting forth that the king was about to move against his Scottish rebels, and therefore requesting the attendance of all the force he could muster, either commanded by himself in person, or by some nobleman of his race. These auxiliaries were to be commanded by Richard de Burch, Earl of Ulster. Similar mandates were issued to the following Irish chiefs, whose names may astonish the unlearned, and amuse the antiquary.

"Eth O Donuluid, Duci Hibernicorum de Tyrconil; Demod O Kahan, Duci Hibernicorum de Farnetrew; Doneval O Neel, Duci Hibernicorum de Trywysyn; Neel Machraen, Duci Hibernicorum de Kynallewan; Eth. Offyn, Duci Hibernicorum de Turterey; Adnely Mac Augus, Duchi Hibernicorum de Oneagh; Neel O Hanlan, Duci Hibernicorum de Ethere; Bien Mac Mahun, Duci Hibernicorum de Urel; Lauerreagh Mac Wyrl, Duci Hibernicorum de Laughern; Gillys O Rainly, Duci Hibernicorum de Bresfeny; Geoffrey O Ferky, Duchi Hibernicorum de Montragwil; Felyn O Honughur, Duchi Hibernicorum de Cunnach; Donethuth O Bien, Duchi Hibernicorum de Tothmund; Dermo Mac Arthy, Duchi Hibernicorum de Dessemond; Denenol Carbraghl; Mair. Kenenagh Mac Murg; Murghugh O Bryn; David O Tolivill; Dermo O Yonoghur, Duffaly; Fyn O Dymsy; Souheuh Mac, Gillephacket; Lyssagha O Morth; Gilbertus Ekelly, Duchi Hibernicorum de Omany; Mac Ethelau; Omalan Helyn, Duci Hibernicorum Midie."—Rymer's Fædera, vol. iii., pp. 476, 477.

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**NOTE 3 P.**

*Their chief, Fitz-Louis.—* P. 375.

Fitz-Louis, or Mac-Louis, otherwise called Fullarton, is a family of ancient descent in the isle of Arran. They are said to be of French origin, as the name intimates. They attached themselves to Bruce upon his first landing; and Fergus Mac-Louis, or Fullarton, received from the grateful monarch a charter, dated 29th November, in the second year of his reign (1307), for the lands of Kilmichel, and others, which still remain in this very ancient and respectable family.

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**NOTE 3 Q.**

*In battles four beneath their eye,\nThe forces of King Robert lie.—* P. 375.

The arrangements adopted by King Robert for the decisive battle of Bannockburn, are given very distinctly by Barbour, and form an edifying lesson to tacticians. Yet, till commented upon by Lord Hailes, this important passage of history has been generally and strangely misunderstood by historians. I will here endeavour to detail it fully.

Two days before the battle, Bruce selected
the field of action, and took post there with his army, consisting of about 30,000 disciplined men, and about half the number of disorderly attendants upon the camp. The ground was called the New Park of Stirling; it was partly open, and partly broken by copses of wood and marshy ground. He divided his regular forces into four divisions. Three of these occupied a front line, separated from each other, yet sufficiently near for the purpose of communication. The fourth division formed a reserve. The line extended in a north-easterly direction from the brook of Bannock, which was so rugged and broken as to cover the right flank effectually, to the village of Saint Ninians, probably in the line of the present road from Stirling to Kilsyth. Edward Bruce commanded the right wing, which was strengthened by a strong body of cavalry under Keith, the Marischal of Scotland, to whom was committed the important charge of attacking the English archers: Douglas, and the young Stewart of Scotland, led the central wing; and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, the left wing. The King himself commanded the fourth division which lay in reserve behind the others. The royal standard was placed in the centre to the west of a stone, having a round hole for its reception, and thence called the Bore-stone. It is still shown on the top of a small eminence, called Brock's-brae, to the south-west of Saint Ninians. His main body thus disposed, King Robert sent the followers of the camp, fifteen thousand and upwards in number, to the eminence in rear of his army, called from that circumstance the Gillies' Hill (i. e. the servants') Hill.

The military advantages of this position were obvious. The Scottish left flank, protected by the brook of Bannock, could not be turned; or, if that attempt were made, a movement by the reserve might have covered it. Again, the English could not pass the Scottish army, and move towards Stirling, without exposing their flank to be attacked while in march.

If, on the other hand, the Scottish line had been drawn up east and west, and facing to the southward, as affirmed by Buchanan, and adopted by Mr. Nimmo, the author of the History of Stirlingshire, there appears nothing to have prevented the English approaching upon the carse, or level ground, from Falkirk, either from turning the Scottish left flank, or from passing their position, if they preferred it, without coming to an action, and moving on to the relief of Stirling. And the Gillies' Hill, if this less probable hypothesis be adopted, would be situated, not in the rear, as allowed by all the historians, but upon the left flank of Bruce's army. The only objection to the hypothesis above laid down, is, that the left flank of Bruce's army was not in a state of sufficient garrison. But, Ist, the garrison were bound to neutrality by terms of Mowbray's treaty; and Barbour even seems to censure, as a breach of faith, some secret assistance which they rendered their countrymen upon the eve of battle, in placing temporary bridges of doors and spars over the pools of water in the carse, to enable them to advance to the charge. 2dly. Had this not been the case, the strength of the garrison was probably not sufficient to excite apprehension. 3dly. The adverse hypothesis leaves the rear of the Scottish army as much exposed to the Stirling garrison, as the left flank would be in the case supposed.

It only remains to notice the nature of the ground in front of Bruce's line of battle. Being part of a park, or chase, it was considerably interrupted with trees; and an extensive marsh, still visible, in some places rendered it inaccessible, and in all of difficult approach. More to the northward, where the natural impediments were fewer, Bruce fortified his position against cavalry, by digging a number of pits so close together, says Barbour, as to resemble the cells in a honey-comb. They were a foot in breadth, and between two and three feet deep, many rows of them being placed one behind the other. They were slightly covered with brushwood and green sods, so as not to be obvious to an impetuous enemy.

All the Scottish army were on foot, excepting a select body of cavalry stationed with Edward Bruce on the right wing, under the immediate command of Sir Robert Keith, the Marshal of Scotland, who were destined for the important service of charging and dispersing the English archers.

Thus judiciously posted, in a situation fortified both by art and nature, Bruce awaited the attack of the English.

NOTE 3 R.

Beyond, the Southern host appears.—P. 375.

Upon the 23d June, 1314, the alarm reached the Scottish army of the approach of the enemy. Douglas and the Marshal were sent to reconnoitre with a body of cavalry:

"And saw the great host have they seen, Where shields shinning were so sheen, And basins burnish'd bright, That gave against the sun great light, They saw so fele 2 brawdyne 3 baners, Standards and penmons and spears, And so fele knights upon steeds, All flaming in their weeds, And so fele batailis, and so broad, And in so great a roome as they rode, That the mast lust, and the stoutest Of Christendom, and the greatest, Should be abayst for to see Their foes into such quantity."

The Bruce, vol. ii., p. 111.

The two Scottish commanders were cautious in the account which they brought back to their camp. To the king in private they told the formidable state of the enemy; but in public reported that the English were indeed a numerous host, but ill commanded, and worse disciplined.

Scottish army must have been between them and the garrison.

1 An assistance which (by the way) could not have been rendered, had not the English approached from the south-east; since, had their march been due north, the whole
The copy of this curious document was supplied by my friend, Mr. Thomson, Deputy Register of Scotland, whose researches into our ancient records are daily throwing new and important light upon the history of the country.

Note 3 T.

The Monarch rode along the van.—P. 376.

The English vanguard, commanded by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, came in sight of the Scottish army upon the evening of the 23d of June. Bruce was then riding upon a little palfrey, in front of his foremost line, putting his host in order. It was then that the personal encounter took place between him and Sir Henry de Bohun, a gallant English knight, the issue of which had a great effect upon the spirits of both armies. It is thus recorded by Barbour:

"And quhen Gloystuer and Herfurd war
With their bataill, approchand ner,
Before than all thet came ryland,
With helm on heid, and sper in hand,
Scher Henry the Boune, the worthi,
That was a wyct knyght, and a hardy;
And to the Erle off Herfurd cysyne,
Armyt in armys god and fyne;
Come on a sted, a bow sechot ner,
Befor all othyer that thar wer:
And knew the King, for that he saw
Him swa rang his nien on raw;
And by the crown, that wes set
Alsu upon his bassynet.
And toward him be went in hy.
And [quilen] the King sua apatley
Saw him cum, forouth all his feris,1
In hy 2 till him the hores he sters.
And quhen Schyr Henry saw the King
Cum on, for owyn abayns,3
Till him he raid in full grety hy,
He thought that he suld weif lychtly
Wyn him, and beif him at his will,
Sen he him horsyt saw sa ill.
Sprant 4 that samyn in till a lync 5
Scher Henry myssyt the noble King.
And he, that in his sorapys sted,
With the ax that was hard and gud,
With sa gret mayne 6 racht him a dynt,
That nothyr hat, na helm, mycht styn
The hewy 7 dusche 8 that he him gave,
That ner the heid till the baryenys clave.
The hond ax schaft fruscit 9 in twa;
And he doune to the erl gan ga.
All flattlynys, 10 for him faulty mycht.
This was the frst strak off the fchyt."

Barbour's Bruce, Book viii., v. 684.

The Scottish leaders remonstrated with the King upon his temerity. He only answered, "I have broken my good battle-axe."—The English vanguard retreated after witnessing this single combat. Probably their generals did not think it advisable to hazard an attack while its unfavourable issue remained upon their minds.

6 Strength, or force.—7 Heavy.—8 Clash.—9 Broke.—10 Flit.
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES. 415

NOTE 3 U.

What train of dust, with trumpet-sound,
And glimmering spears, is wheeling round.
Our leftward flank?—P. 377.

While the van of the English army advanced, a detached body attempted to relieve Stirling. Lord Hailes gives the following account of this manœuvre and the result, which is accompanied by circumstances highly characteristic of the chivalrous manners of the age, and displays that generosity which reconcile us even to their ferocity upon other occasions.

Bruce had enjoined Randolph, who commanded the left wing of his army, to be vigilant in preventing any advanced parties of the English from throwing succours into the castle of Stirling.

"Exhibit hundred horsemen, commanded by Sir Robert Clifford, were detached from the English army; they made a circuit by the low grounds to the east, and approached the castle. The King perceived their motions, and, coming up to Randolph, angrily exclaimed, 'Though less man you have suffered the enemy to pass.' Randolph hastened to repair his fault, or perish. As his advanced, the English cavalry wheeled to attack him. Randolph drew up his troops in a circular form, with their spears resting on the ground, and protected on every side. At the first onset, Sir William Dayncourt, an English commander of distinguished note, was slain. The enemy, far superior in numbers to Randolph, environed him, and pressed hard on his little band. Douglas saw his jeopardy, and requested the King's permission to go and succour him. 'You shall not move from your ground,' cried the King; 'let Randolph extricate himself as he best may. I will not alter my order of battle, and lose the advantage of my position.'—In truth,' replied Douglas, 'I cannot stand by and see Randolph perish; and, therefore, with your leave, I must aid him.' The King unwillingly consented, and Douglas flew to the assistance of his friend. While approaching, he perceived that the English were falling into disorder, and that the perseverance of Randolph had prevailed over their impetuous courage. 'Halt,' cried Douglas, 'those brave men have repulsed the enemy; let us not diminish their glory by sharing it.'—Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland, 4th, Edinburgh, 1779, pp. 44, 45.

Two large stones erected at the north end of the village of Newhouse, about a quarter of a mile from the south part of Stirling, ascertain the place of this memorable skirmish. The circumstance tends, were confirmation necessary, to support the opinion of Lord Hailes, that the Scottish line had Stirling on its left flank. It will be remembered, that Randolph commanded infantry, Dayncourt cavalry. Supposing, therefore, according to the vulgar hypothesis, that the Scottish line was drawn up, facing to the south, in the line of the brook of Bannock, and consequently that Randolph was stationed with his left flank resting upon Milntown bog, it is morally impossible that his infantry, moving from that position, with whatever celerity, could cut off from Stirling a body of cavalry who had already passed St. Ninians, or, in other words, were already between them and the town. Whereas, supposing Randolph's left to have approached St. Ninians, the short movement to Newhouse could easily be executed, so as to intercept the English in the manner described.}

NOTE 3 V.

Responsive from the Scottish host,
Pipe-clany and bagyle-sound were tuss'd.

There is an old tradition, that the well-known Scottish tune of "Hey, tutti tutti," was Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. The late Mr. Ritson, no granger of propositions, doubts whether the Scots had any martial music, quotes Froissart's account of each soldier in the host bearing a little horn, on which, at the onset, they would make such a horrible noise, as if all the devils of hell had been among them. He observes, that these horns are the only music mentioned by Barbour, and concludes, that it must remain a moot point whether Bruce's army were cheereed by the sound even of a solitary bagpipe.—Historical Essay prefixed to Ritson's Scottish Songs.—It may be observed in passing, that the Scottish of this period certainly observed some musical cadence, even in wounding their horns, since Bruce was at once recognized by his followers from his mode of blowing. See Note 2 T, on cantio vi. But the tradition, true or false, has been the means of securing to Scotland one of the finest lyrics in the language, the celebrated war-song of Burns,—"Scots, who has wi' Wallace bled."

NOTE 3 W.

Now onward, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew.

Upon the 24th of June, the English army advanced to the attack. The narrowness of the Scottish front, and the nature of the ground, did not permit them to have the full advantage of their numbers, nor is it very easy to find out what was their proposed order of battle. The vananguard, however, appeared a distinct body, consisting of archers and spearmen on foot, and commanded, as already said, by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford. Barbour, in one place, mentions that they formed nine battles or divisions; but from the following passage, it appears that there was no room or space for them to extend themselves, so that, except the vananguard, the whole army appeared to form one solid and compact body:—

"The English men, on either party,
That as angels shone brightly,
were not array'd on such manner:  
For all their battles samyn 2 were  
In a schiltron, 2 But whether it was  
Through the great straitness of the place  
That they were in, to hide fighting;  
Or that it was for abusing; 3 I see not.  But in a schiltron  
It seemed they were all and some;  
Out ta'en the vaward anerly. 4  
That right with a great company,  
Be them selwyn, arrayed were.  
Who had been by, might have seen there  
That folk outake a mekill feild  
On breadth, where many a shining shield,  
And many a burnished bright armour,  
And many a man of great valour,  
Might in the heat of battle not been seen,  
And many a bright banner and sheen. 5  
Barbour's Bruce, vol. ii. p. 137.

Note 3 X.

See where you barefoot Abbot stands,  
And blesses them with lifted hands.  
P. 377.

"Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, placing himself  
on an eminence, celebrated mass in sight of  
the Scottish army. He then passed along  
the front bare-footed, and bearing a crucifix  
in his hands, and exhorting the Scots, in few  
and forcible words, to combat for their rights  
and their liberty. The Scots kneeled down.  
'They yield,' cried Edward; "see, they  
implore mercy." 'They do,' answered Ingelram  
de Umfraville, 'but not ours. On that field  
they will be victorious, or die."" — Annals of  

Note 3 Y.

Forth, Marshal, on the pleasant foe!  
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,  
And cut the bow-string loose!  
P. 378.

The English archers commenced the attack  
with their usual bravery and dexterity.  
But against a force, whose importance he had  
learned by fatal experience, Bruce was provided.  
A small but select body of cavalry  
were detached from the right, under command  
of Sir Robert Keith. They rounded, as I  
conceive, the marsh called Miltown bog,  
and, keeping the firm ground, charged the  
left flank and rear of the English archers.  
As the bowmen had no spears nor long weapons  
fit to defend themselves against horse  
they were instantly thrown into disorder, and  
spread through the whole English army a confusion  
from which they never fairly recovered.

"The English archers shot so fast,  
That mycht their schot had any last,  
It had bene hard to Scottis men.  
But King Robert, that were gan ken  
That their archers war perilous,  
And their schot recht hard and greweous,  
Ordanyt, foroith 6 the assemble,  
Hys marschell with a gret menye,  
Fyne hundre armyt in to stele,  
That on lycht hors war honyt welle,  
For to pryk 7 among the archers;  
And awa saass thaim with thair spereis,  
That that na mys-tied to schute.  
This marschell that lk of mute, 8  
That Schyr Robert of Keyth was cauld,  
As lk befor her has yow taund,  
Quhen he saw the batailis sua  
Assemblis, and to giddar ga,  
And saw the archers schot stoutly;  
With all thaim off his company,  
In hy apon tham gan he rid;  
And caw tak thaim at a singlin,  
And rusclyt amane thaim sa rudly,  
Stekand thaim sa dispitosilly,  
And in sic fusson 10 herand doon,  
And slayand thaim, for owyn ransun; 11  
That thair thalm scylty 12 eurirkane,  
And fra that tym pe thrus war nane  
That assemblaty schot to ma. 14  
Quhen Scottis archiers saw that thair sua  
War rebult, 15 thair volit hardy,  
And with all thair mycht schot eere-ly  
Among the hors men, that thar raid;  
And wom dis wid to thaim thair man;  
And slew of thaim a full gret dele."  
Barbour's Bruce, Book ix., v. 228.

Although the success of this manoeuvre was  
evident, it is very remarkable that the Scottish  
generals do not appear to have profited by the  
lesson. Almost every subsequent battle which  
they lost against England, was decided by the  
archers, to whom the close and compact array of  
the Scottish pliniaux afforded an exposed and  
unresisting mark. The bloody battle of  
Halidon-hill, fought scarce twenty years  
ago, was so completely gained by the  
archers, that the English army have lost  
only one knight, one esquire, and a few foot-  
soldiers. At the battle of Neville's Cross, in  
1346, where David II. was defeated and made  
prisoner, John de Graham, observing the loss  
which the Scots sustained from the English  
bowmen, offered to charge and disperse them,  
if a hundred men-at-arms were put under his  
command. "But, to confess the truth," says  
Fordham, "I could not procure a single horse-  
mam for the service proposed." Of such little  
use is experience in war, where its results are  
marked by habit or prejudice.
Note 3 Z.

Each brrmgart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!

P. 373.

Roger Ascham quotes a similar Scottish proverb, "whereby they give the whole praise of shooting honestly to Englishmen, saying thus, 'that every English archer beareth under his girdle twenty-four Scottes.' Indeed Toxophilus says before, and truly of the Scottish nation, 'The Scottes surely be good men of warre in theyre owne feates as can be; but as for shootinge, they can neither use it to any profile, nor yet challenge it for any praise." — Works of Ascham, edited by Bennet, 4to, p. 110.

It is said, I trust incorrectly, by an ancient English historian, that the "good Lord James of Douglas" dreaded the superiority of the English archers so much, that when he made any of them prisoner, he gave him the option of losing the forefinger of his right hand, or his right eye, either species of mutilation rendering him incapable to use the bow. I have mislaid the reference to this singular passage.

Note 4 A.

Down! down! in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foremost go.

P. 378.

It is generally alleged by historians, that the English men-at-arms fell into the hidden snare which Bruce had prepared for them. Barbour does not mention the circumstance. According to his account, Randolph, seeing the slaughter made by the cavalry on the right wing among the archers, advanced courageously against the main body of the English, and entered into close combat with them. Douglas and Stuart, who commanded the Scottish centre, led their division also to the charge, and the battle becoming general along the whole line, was obstinately maintained on both sides for a long space of time; the Scottish archers doing great execution among the English men-at-arms, after the bowmen of England were dispersed.

Note 4 B.

And steeds that shriek in agony — P. 378.

I have been told that this line requires an explanatory note; and, indeed, those who witness the silent patience with which horses submit to the most cruel usage, may be permitted to doubt, that, in moments of sudden and intolerable anguish, they utter a most melancholy cry. Lord Erskine, in a speech made in the House of Lords, upon a bill for enforcing humanity towards animals, noticed this remarkable fact, in language which I will not mutilate by attempting to repeat it. It was my fortune, upon one occasion, to hear a horse, in a moment of agony, utter a thrilling scream, which I still consider the most melancholy sound I ever heard.

Note 4 C.

Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Alisa Rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and large,
I, with my Carrick spearmen charge.

P. 379.

When the engagement between the main bodies had lasted some time, Bruce made a decisive movement, by bringing up the Scottish reserve. It is traditionally said, that at this crisis, he addressed the Lord of the Isles in a phrase used as a motto by some of his descendants, "My trust is constant in thee," Barbour intimates, that the reserve "assembled on one field," that is, on the same line with the Scottish forces already engaged; which leads Lord Hailes to conjecture that the Scottish ranks must have been much thinned by slaughter, since, in that circumscribed ground, there was room for the reserve to fall into the line. But the advance of the Scottish cavalry must have contributed a good deal to form the vacancy occupied by the reserve.

Note 4 D.

To arms they flee,—aze, club, or spear,—
And mimic ensigns high they rear.

P. 379.

The followers of the Scottish camp observed, from the Gillies' Hill in the rear, the impression produced upon the English army by the bringing up of the Scottish reserve, and, prompted by the enthusiasm of the moment, or the desire of plunder, assumed, in a tumultuary manner, such arms as they found nearest, fastened sheets to tent-poles and lances, and showed themselves like a new army advancing to battle.

"Yomen, and swany, 1 and pitaill, 2
That in the Park yemiit wicaital, 3
War left; quhen thai ywst but leisog, 4
That thair lordsis, with fell featsyng,
On thair fayis assemblyt wer;
Ae of thaim selwyn 5 that war thar
Capitane of thaim all thai maid.
And schetis, that war sumedele 6 brud,
Thai festnyt in steid off baniers,
Apon lang treys and spersis:
And said that thair wald se the fycht;
And help thair lordsis at thair mycht.
Quhen her till al assenyt wer,
In a rout assenyt er; 7
Fytyene thowsand thai war, or ma.
And than in gret by gan thai ga,
With thair baniers, all in a rout,
As thai had men bene styth 8 and stout.
Thai come, with all that assenyt,
Rycht quhill thai mycht the hattal se;
Than all at anys thai gave a cry.
'Sla! sla! Apon thair hwatily!" 9

Barbour's Bruce, Book ix., v. 410.

The unexpected apparition, of what seemed a new army, completed the confusion which already prevailed among the English, who fled

1 Swain — 2 Robbe — 3 Kept the previous — 4 Lying.
5 Selvyn — 6 Somwhat — 7 Are — 8 But.
6 7 8 9
in every direction, and were pursued with immense slaughter. The brook of Bannock, according to Barbour, was so choked with the bodies of men and horses, that it might have been passed dry-shod. The followers of the Scottish camp fell upon the disheartened fugitives, and added to the confusion and slaughter. Many were driven into the Firth, and perished there, which, by the way, could hardly have happened, had the armies been drawn up east and west; since, in that case, to get at the river, the English fugitives must have fled through the victorious army. About a short mile from the field of battle is a place called the Bloody Pools. Here the Earl of Gloucester is said to have made a stand, and died gallantly at the head of his own military tenants and vassals. He was much regretted by both sides; and it is said the Scottish would gladly have saved his life, but, neglecting to wear his surcoat with armorial bearings over his armour, he fell unknown, after his horse had been stabbed with spears.

Sir Marmaduke Twege, an English knight, contrived to find himself during the fury of the pursuit, and when it was somewhat slackened, approached King Robert, "Whose prisoner are you, Sir Marmaduke?" said Bruce, to whom he was personally known. "Yours, sir," answered the knight. "I receive you," answered the king, and, treating him with the utmost courtesy, loaded him with gifts, and dismissed him without ransom. The other prisoners were all well treated. There might be policy in this, as Bruce would naturally wish to acquire the good opinion of the English barons, who were at this time at great variance with their king. But it also well accords with his high chivalrous character.

**Note 4 E.**

O! give their hapless prince his due.

P. 379.

Edward II., according to the best authorities, showed, in the fatal field of Bannockburn, personal gallantry not unworthy of his great sire and greater son. He remained on the field till forced away by the Earl of Pembroke, when all was lost. He then rode to the Castle of Stirling, and demanded admission; but the governor, remonstrating upon the impudence of shutting himself up in that fortress, which must so soon surrender, he assembled around his person five hundred men-at-arms, and, avoiding the field of battle and the victorious army, fled towards Linlithgow, pursued by Douglas with about sixty horse. They were augmented by Sir Lawrence Abernethy with twenty more, whom Douglas met in the Torwood upon their way to join the English army, and whom he easily persuaded to desert the defeated monarch, and to assist in the pursuit. They hung upon Edward's flight as far as Dunbar, too few in number to assail him with effect, but enough to harass his retreating host sufficiently, so that whoever fell an instant behind, was instantly slain or made prisoner. Edward's ignominious flight terminated at Dunbar, where the Earl of March, who still professed allegiance to him, "received him full gently." From thence, the monarch of so great an empire, and the late commander of so gallant and numerous an army, escaped to Bamborough in a fishing vessel.

Bruce, as will appear from the following document, lost no time in directing the thunders of Parliament and Bannockburn against such part of his subjects as did not return to their natural allegiance after the battle of Bannockburn.

**APUD MONASTERIUM DE CAMBUSKENNETH, VI DIE NOVEMBRT, M,CCC,XIV.**

Judicium Reditum apud Kambshinnet contra omnes illos qui tunc fuerunt contra fidem et pacem Domini Regis.

Anno gracie millesimo tricentisimo quarto decimo sexto die Novembris tenente parliamentu suum Excellentissimo prince Domino Roberto Dei graciae Rege Scottorum illustri in monasterio de Cambuskyneth concordatum futi finaliter Juditham (sae super) hoc statutum de Concordio et Assensu Episcoporum et ceterorum Prelatorum Comitatum abernethy et alii honi nobilium regni Scotiae nec non et tocius communitatis regni predicti quod omnes qui contra fidem et pacem dicti dominii regis in bello seu alibi mortui sunt [vel qui diec] to die ad pacem ejus et sibi non venerant licet sepius vocati et legitime expectati fussent de terris et tenementis et omnii alio statu infra regnum Scotiae perpetuo sint exheredati et habebantur de cetero tanquam infra regnum et Regni ab omnii venditione juris hereditarii vel juris alterius cujuscumque in posterum pro se et perhincus suas in perpetuum privat cadet perpetuam iuris rei memoriae et evidentem habuitur hujus Judiciei et Statuti sigilla Episcoporum et aliorum Prelatorum nec non et comitum Baronum ac ceterorum nobilium dicti Regni presenti ordinacione Judicio et statuto sunt appensa.

Sigillum Domini Regis
Sigillum Willelmi Episcopi Sancti Andree
Sigillum Roberti Episcopi Glascowensis
Sigillum Willelmi Episcopi Dunkeldensis
... Episcopi
... Episcopi
... Episcopi
Sigillum Alani Episcopi Sodorensis
Sigillum Johannis Episcopi Brechynensis
Sigillum Andree Episcopi Ergadiensis
Sigillum Frechardi Episcopi Cathanensis
Sigillum Abbatis de Scorna
Sigillum Abbatis de Calenbrok
Sigillum Abbatis de Abirbrok
Sigillum Abbatis de Sancta Cruce
Sigillum Abbatis de Londoris
Sigillum Abbatis de Newbotill
Sigillum Abbatis de Cupro
Sigillum Abbatis de Paslet
Sigillum Abbatis de Dunfermelyn
Sigillum Abbatis de Lineloden
Sigillum Abbatis de Isacula Massaram
Sigillum Abbatis de Sancto Colomba
Sigillum Abbatis de Deer
Sigillum Abbatis de Dulce Corde
Sigillum Prioris de Coldingham
Sigillum Prioris de Rostynot
Sigillum Prioris Sancte Andree
Sigillum Prioris de Pittinwem
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES. 419

The following list of the slain at Bannockburn, extracted from the continuator of Trelivet’s Annals, will show the extent of the national calamity.

LIST OF THE SLAIN.

Knights and Knights Baronets
Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester
Robert de Clifford
Payn Tybott
William de Marschal,
John Comyn
William de Vescy,
John de Montfort,
Nicholas de Harrelige,
William Dayncourt,
Edmund Comyn.
John Levet (the rieb)
Estmund de Hystange,
Mile de Stapelou,
Simon Ward,
Robert de Felton,
Michael Poyning,
Edmond Mainly.

Note 4 F.

Nor for De Argentine alone,
Through Ninian’s church these torches shone,
And rose the death-prayer’s awful lone.

The remarkable circumstances attending the death of De Argentine have been already noticed (Note L.) Besides this renowned warrior, there fell many representatives of the noblest houses in England, which never sustained a more bloody and disastrous defeat. Barbour says that two hundred pairs of gilded spurs were taken from the field of battle; and that some were left the author can bear witness, who has in his possession a curious antique spur, dug up in the morass, not long since.

“It was forsooth a gret ferly,
To se samyn 1 sa fele dede lie.
Twa hundre payr of spureis reid, 2
War tane of knichtis that war ded.”

I am now to take my leave of Barbour, not without a sincere wish that the public may encourage the undertaking of my friend Dr Janieson, who has issued proposals for publishing an accurate editor of his poem, and of blind Harry’s Wallace. The only good edition of The Bruce was published by Mr. Pinkerton, in 3 vols., in 1790; and, the learned editor having had no personal access to consult the manuscript, it is not without errors; and it has besides become scarce. Of Wallace there is no tolerable edition; yet these two poems do no small honour to the early state of Scottish poetry, and The Bruce is justly regarded as containing authentic historical facts.

1 Together.
2 Red, or gilded.

PRISONERS.

Barons and Baronets.
Henry de Boun, Earl of Hereford,
Levon John Giffard,
William de Latimer,
Maurice de Berkesley,
Ingeram de Umfraville,
Marinsuke de Foruges,
John de Wykestone,
Robert de Maudle,
Henry Fitz-Hugh,
Thomas de Gray,
Walter de Beauchamp,
Richard de Codron,
John de Wavelton,
Robert de Nivill,
John de Scragge,
Gilbert de Warenne,
John de Claveringe,
Anthony de Lucy,
Raphael de Camys,
John de Eust,
Andrew de Ahremhiyo.

Knights.
Thomas de Berkeley,
The son of Roger Tyrell,

And in sum there were slain, along with the Earl of Gloucester, forty-two barons and bannerets. The number of earls, barons, and bannerets made captive, was twenty-two, and sixty-eight. Many clerks and esquires were also there slain or taken. Roger de Northburge, keeper of the king’s signet, (Custos Targae Domini Regis,) was made prisoner with his two clerks, Roger de Wakenfield and Thomas de Switon, upon which the king caused a seal to be made, and entitled it his privy seal, to distinguish the same from the signet so lost. The Earl of Hereford was exchanged against Bruce’s queen, who had been detained in captivity ever since the year 1306. The Targa, or signet, was restored to England through the intercession of Ralph de Monthermer, ancestor of Lord Morra, who is said to have found favour in the eyes of the Scottish king.—Continuation of Trelivet’s Annals, Hall’s edit. Oxford, 1712, vol. ii., p. 14.

Such were the immediate consequences of the field of Bannockburn. Its more remote effects, in completely establishing the national independence of Scotland, afford a boundless field for speculation.

3 Supposed Clinton.
4 Male.
The Field of Waterloo:  
A POEM.

"Though Valois braved young Edward's gentle hand,  
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn hand,  
With Europe's chosen sons, in arms renown'd,  
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,  
Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd,—  
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch bound."

Akenside.

TO

HER GRACE  
THE  
DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON,  
PRINCESS OF WATERLOO,  
&c. &c. &c.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES  
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED  
BY  
THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be some apology for the imperfections of this poem, that it was composed hastily, and during a short tour upon the Continent, when the Author's labours were liable to frequent interruption; but its best apology is, that it was written for the purpose of assisting the Waterloo Subscription.

ABBOTSFORD, 1815.

The Field of Waterloo.

I.

Fair Brussels, thou art far behind,  
Though, lingering on the morning wind,  
We yet may hear the hour  
Peal'd over orchard and canal,  
With voice prolong'd and measured fall,  
From proud St. Michael's tower;  
Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now  
Where the tall beeches' glossy bough

For many a league around.  
With birch and darksome oak between,  
Spreads deep and far a pathless screen,  
Of tangled forest ground.

Stems planted close by stems defy  
The adventurous foot—the curious eye  
For access seeks in vain;  
And the brown tapestry of leaves,  
Strew'd on the blighted ground, receives  
Nor sun, nor air, nor rain.

No opening glade dawns on our way,  
No streamlet, glancing to the ray,  
Our woodland path has cross'd;  
And the straight causeway which we tread,  
Prolongs a line of dull arcade,  
Unvarying through the unvaried shade  
Until in distance lost.

II.

A brighter, livelier scene succeeds;  
In groups the scattering wood recedes,  
Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads,  
And corn-fields, glance between;  
The peasant, at his labour hlithe,  
Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe:—1  
But when these ears were green,  
Placed close within destruction's scope,  
Full little was that rustic's hope  
Their ripening to have seen!

1 See Appendix, Note A.
THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

And, lo, a hamlet and its cave:—
Let not the gazer with disdain
Their architecture view:
For yonder rude ungraceful shrine,
And disproportion'd spire, are thine,
Immortal Waterloo!

III.
Fear not the heat, though full and high
The sun has scorched the autumn sky,
And scarce a forest straggler now
To shade us spreads a greenwood bough:
These fields have seen a hotter day
Than e'er was fired by sunny ray.
Yet one mile on—yond shattered hedge
Crests the soft hill whose long smooth ridge
Looks on the field below,
And sinks so gently on the dale,
That not the folds of Beauty's veil
In easier curves can flow.
Brief space from thence, the ground again
Ascending slowly from the plain,
Forms an opposing screen,
Which, with its crest of upland ground,
Shuts the horizon all around.
The soft 'n vale between
Slopes smooth and fair for courseur's tread
Not the most timid maid need dread
To give her snow-white palfrey head
On that wide stubble-ground;
Nor wood, nor tree, nor bush, are there,
Her course to interject or scarce,
Nor fosse nor fence are found,
Save where, from out her shattered bowers,
Rise Hougomonot's dismantled towers.

IV.
Now, see'st thou aught in this lone scene
Can tell of that which late hath been I—
A stranger might reply,
"The bare extent of stubble-plain
Seems lately light'en'd of its grain;
And yonder sable tracks remain
Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain,
When harvest-home was nigh.
On these broad spots of trampled ground,
Perchance the rustics danced such round
As Teviot loved to draw;
And where the earth seems scorched by flame,
To dress the homely feast they came,
And told the kerchief'd village dame
Around her fire of straw."

V.
So deemst thou—so each mortal deems,
Of that which is from that which seems:
—But other harvest here,
Than that which peasant's scythe demands,
Was gather'd in by sterners hands,
With bayonet, blade, and spear.
No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
No stinted harvest thin and cheap!
Heroes before each fatal sweep
Fell thick as ripen'd grain;
And ere the darkening of the day,
Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay
The ghastly harvest of the fray,
The corpses of the slain.

VI.
Ay, look again—that line, so black
And trampled, marks the bivouac,
You deep-graved runts the artillery's track,
So often lost and won;
And close beside, the harden'd mound
Still shows where, yelllow in blood,
The fierce dragon, through battle's flood,
Dush'd the hot war-horse on.
These spots of excavation tell
The rages of the bursting shell—
And feel'st thou not the tainted steam,
That reeks against the sultry beam,
From yonder trench'd mound?
The pestilential fumes declare
That Carnage has replenish'd there
Her garner-house profound.

VII.
Far other harvest-home and feast,
Than claims the boor from scythe released,
On these scorched'ld fields were known!
Death hover'd o'er the madded rout,
And, in the thrilling battle-shout,
Sent for the bloody banquet out
A summons of his own.
Through rolling smoke the Demon's eye
Could well each destined guest esp'y,
Well could his ear in ecstasy
Distinguish every tone.
That fill'd the chorus of the fray—
From cannon-roar and trumpet-bray,
From charging squadrons' wild hurra,
From the wild clang that mark'd their way,—
Down to the dying groan,
And the last sob of life's decay,
When breath was all but flown.

VIII.
Feast on, stern foe of mortal life,
Feast on!—but think not that a strife,
With such promiscuous carnage rife,
Protracted space may last;
The deadly tug of war at length
Must limits find in human strength,
And cease when these are past.
Vain hope!—that morn's o'erclouded sun
Heard the wild shout of fight begun
Ere he attain'd his height,
And through the war-smoke, volumed high,
Still peals that unremitted cry.
Though now he stoops to night.
For ten long hours of doubt and dread,
Fiesh succours from the extended head
Of either hill the contest fed:
Still down the slope they drew,
The charge of columns paused not,
Nur ceased the storm of shell and shot
For all that war could do
Of skill and force was proved that day,
And turn'd not yet the doubtful fray
On bloody Waterloo.

IX.
Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine,
When ceaseless from the distant line
Continued thunders came!
Each burgher held his breath, to hear
These forerunners of havoc near,
Of rapine and of flame.
What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
When rolling through thy stately street,
The wounded show'd their mangled plight
In token of the unfinished fight,
1 See Appendix, Note B.
And from each anguish-laden wain
The blood-drops lay thy dust like rain!
How oft 'tis in the distant drum
Heard'st thou the fell invader come,
While Ruin shouting to his band,
Shook high her torch and glory brand—
Cheer thee, fair City! From you stand,
Impatient, still his outstretched band
Points to his prey in vain,
While maddening in his eager mood,
And all unwant to be withstood,
He fires the sight again.

X.

"On! on!" was still his stern exclaim;
"Confront the battery's jaws of flame!"
Rush on the level'd gun!
My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance!
Each Hulan forward with his lance,
My Guard—my Chosen—charge for France,
France and Napoleon!

Loud answer'd their acclamations shout,
Greeting the mandate which sent out
Their bravest and their best to dare
The fate their leader shunn'd to share.2
But He, his country's sword and shield,
Still in the battle front reveal'd,
Where danger fiercest swept the field,
Came like a beam of light,
In action prompt, in sentence brief—
"Soldiers, stand firm," exclam'd the Chief,
"England shall tell the fight!"3

XL

On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast—
On came the whirlwind—steel gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke;
The war was waked anew,
Three hundred cannon mouths roar'd loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couched his ruthless spear,
And hurried as to havock near,
The cohorts' eagles flew,
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth hurrying'd by fierce acclaim,
That, from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

XII.

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward step o'er staid,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renew'd each serried square;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminish'd files again.
Till from their line scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet, and plume, and panoply—
Then waked their fire at once I
Ach musketeer's revolving knell
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day,
Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corsets were pierced, and pennons rent;
And, to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against their staggering ranks
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their restless way.
Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds—
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scattered band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Record'd in common rout and fear,
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot—a mingled host,
Their leaders fall'n, their standards lost.

XIII.

Then, Wellington! thy piercing eye
This crisis caught of destiny—
The British host had stood
That morn 'gainst chaste sword of chance and lance
As their own ocean-rocks hold stance,
But when thy voice had said, "Advance!"
They were their ocean's flood.—
O Thou, whose inauspicious arm
Hath wrung thy host this hour of shame,
Think'st thou thy broken bands will hide
The terrors of thy rushing tide?
Or will thy chesen brook to feel
The British shock of level'd steel,5
Or dust thou turn thine eye
Where coming squadrons gleam afar,
And fresher thunders wake the war,
And other standards fly!—
Think not that in yon column, file
The conquering troops from Distant Dyle—
Is Blucher yet unknown?
Or dwells not in thy memory still,
(Heard frequent in thine hour of ill.)
What notes of hate and vengeance thrill
In Prussia's trumpet tone!—
What yet remains!—shall it be thine
To head the relics of thy line
In one dread effort more!—
The Roman lore thy leisure loved,
And thou canst tell what fortune proved
That Chieftain, who, of yore,
Ambition's dizzy paths essay'd,
And with the gladiators' aid
For empire enterprised—
He stood the cast his rashness play'd,
Not the victims he had made,
Dug him red grave with his own blade,
And on the field he lost was laid,
Abhor'd—but not despised.

XIV.

But if revolvest thy fainter thought
On safety—howsoever bought,
Then to thy fearful rein and ride,
Though twixt ten thousand men have died
On this eventful day,
To gild the military fame
Whom thou, for life, in traffic tame
Wilt barter thus away.

1 See Appendix, Note C. 2 Ibid, Note D.
3 See Appendix, Note E. 4 Ibid, Note F. 5 See Appendix, Note G.
Shall future ages tell this tale
Of inconsistence faint and frail?
And art thou He of Lod'i bridge,
Marengr's field, and Wagram's ridge?
Or is thy soul like mountain-tide,
That, swell'd by winter storm and shower,
Rolls down in turban of power;
A torrent fierce and wide;
Reft of these aids, a vill obscure,
Shrinking unnoticed, mean and poor,
Whose channel shows display'd
The wrecks of its impetuous course,
But not one symptom of the force
By which these wrecks were made!

XV.
Spurn an thy way—since now thine ear
Has brook'd thy veterans' wish to bear,
Who, as thy flight they eyed,
Exclaim'd, while tears of anguish came,
Wrunz forth by pride, and rage, and shame,—
"O. that he had but died!"
But yet, to sum this hour of ill,
Look, ere thou leavest the fatal hill,
Back on your broken ranks—
Upon whose wild confusion gleams
The sun, as on the troubled streams
When rivers break their banks,
And, to the ruin'd peasant's eye,
Objects half seen roll swiftly by,
Down the dread current hurl'd—
So mingle wain, wain, and gun.
Where the tumultuous flight rolls on
Of warriors, who, when morn begun,
Defied a banded world.

XVI.
List—frequent to the hurrying rout.
The stern pursuers' vengeful shout
'Tells, that upon their broken rear
Rages the Prussian bloody spear.
So fell a shriek was none,
When Beresina's icy flood
Redden'd and thaw'd with flame and blood,
And, pressing on thy desperate way,
Rais'd oft and long their wild hurra,
The children of the Don.
Thine ear no yell of horror clent
So ominous, when, all heref
Of aid, the valiant Polack left—
Ay, left by thee—found soldier's grave
In Leipsic's corpse-encompass'd wave.
Fate, in those various perils past,
Reserved thee still some future cast;
On the dreid die thou now hast thrown,
Hangs not a single field alone.
Nor one campaign—thy martial fame,
Thy empire, dynasty, and name,
Have felt the final stroke;
And now, o'er thy devoted head
The last stern vial's wrath is shed,
The last dread seal is broke.

XVII.
Since live thou wilt—refuse not now
Before these demanour to bow,
Late objects of thy scorn and hate,
Who shall thy once imperial fate
Make wordy theme of vain debate—
Or shall we say, thou stoop'st less low
In seeking refuge from the foe,
Against whose heart, in prosperous life,
Thine hand hath ever held the knife?

Such homage hath been paid
By Roman and by Grecian voice,
And there were honour in the choice,
If it were freely made.
Then safely come—in one so low,—
So lost,—we cannot own a foe;
Though dear experience had us end,
In thee we ne'er can hail a friend.—
Come, howse'er—but do not hide
Close in thy heart that germ of pride,
Erewhile, by gifted hard espied,
That "yet imperial hope;"
Think not that for a fresh rebound,
To raise ambition from the ground,
We yield thee means or scope.
In safety come—but ne'er again:
Hold type of independent reign;
No islet calls thee lord.
We leave thee no confederate hand,
No symbol of thy lost command;
To be a dagger in the hand
From which we wrench'd the sword.

XVIII.
Yet, even in ym sequester'd spot,
May worthier conquest be thy lot
Than yet thy life has known;
Conquest, unbuyt by blood or harm,
That needs nor alien aid nor arm,
A triumph all thine own.
Such waits thee when thou shalt control
Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,
That na'er thy prosperous scene—
Hear this—from no unmoved heart,
Which sigs, comparing what thou art
With what thou might'st have been!

XIX.
Thou, too, whose deeds of fame renew'd
Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,
To thine own noble heart must owe
More than the need she can bestow,
For not a people's just acclaim,
Not the full haul of Europe's fame,
Thy Prince's smiles, thy State's decree,
The ducal rank, the garter'd knee,
Not these such pure delight afford
As that, when hanging up thy sword,
Well may'st thou think—"This honest steel
Was ever drawn for public zeal;
And, such was rightful Heaven's decree,
Ne'er sheathed unless with victory!"

XX.
Look forth, once more, with soften'd heart,
Ere from the field of fame we part;
Triumph and Sorrow border near,
And joy oft melts into a tear.
Alas! what links of love that morn
Has War's rude hand asunder torn!
For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
Here piled in common slaughter sleep
Those whom affection long shallweep.
Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
His orphans to his heart again.
The son, whom, on his native shore;
The parent's voice shall bless no more;
The bridegroom, who has hardly press'd
His blushing consort to his breast;
The husband, whom through many a year
Long love and mutual faith endear.
Thou canst not name one tender tie,
But here dissolved its relics lie!
O! when thou seest some mourner's veil
Shroud her thin form and visage pale,
Or mark'st the Matron’s bursting tears
Stream when the stricken she bears;
Or seest how numberd griefs suppress’d,
Is bearing in a father’s breast;
With no enquiry vain pursue
The cause, but think on Waterloo!

XXI.
Period of honours as of woes,
What bright careers ‘twas thi ne close to! —
Mark’d on thy roll of blood what names
To Briton’s memory, and to Fame’s,
Laud there their last immortal claims!
Thou sa’st in seas of gore expire
Redoubled Picton’s soul of fire—
Saw’st in the mangled carnage lie
All that of Ponsonby could die—
De Lancey chance Love’s bridal-wreath,
For laurels from the hand of Death—1
Saw’st gallant Miller’s2 falling eye
Still bent where Albion’s banners fly,
And Cameron,3 in the shock of steel,
Die like the offspring of Lochiel:
And generous Gordon,4 ‘noud the strife,
Fall while he watch’d his leader’s life—
Ah! though her guardian angel’s shield
Fenced Britain’s hero through the field,
Fate not the less her power made known,
Through his friends’ hearts to pierce his own!

XXII.
Forgive, brave Dead, the imperfect lay!
Who may your names, your numbers, say?
What high-strung harp, what lofty line,
To each the dear-earn’d praise assign,
From high-born chiefs of martial fame
To the poor soldier’s lowlier name?
Lightly ye rose that dawning day,
From your cool couch of swamp and clay,
To fill, before the sun was low,
The bed that morning cannot know.—
Oft may the tear the green sod steep,
And sacred be the heroes’ sleep,
Till time shall cease to run;
And ne’er beside their noble grave,
May Briton pass and fail to crave
A blessing on the fallen brave
Who fought with Wellington!

XXIII.
Farewell, sad Field! whose blighted face
Wears desolation’s withering trace;
Long shall my memory retain
Thy shattered huts and trampled grain,
With every mark of martial wrong.
That scateth thy towers, fair Hougmont!
Yet though thy gardeon’s green arcade
The marksman’s fatal post was made,
Though on thy shatter’d beeches fell
The blende’d rage of shot and shell.
Though from thy blacken’d portals torn,
Their fall by blightest fruit-trees mourn.

Has not such havoc bought a name
Immortal in the rolls of fame?
Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressey be an unknown spot,
And Blenheim’s name be new;
But still—Stirling and Inverness—
For many an age remember’d long,
Shall live the towers of Hougmont,
And Field of Waterloo.

CONCLUSION.
Stern tide of human Time! that know’st not rest,
But, sweeping from the cradle to the tomb,
Bear’st ever downward on thy dusky breast
Successive generations to their doom;
While thy capacious stream has equal room
For the gay bark where Pleasure’s streamers sport,
And for the prison-ship of guilt and gloom,
The fisher skiff, andarge that bears a court,
Still waiting onward all to one dark silent port;—

Stern tide of Time! through what mysterious change
Of hope and fear have our frail barks been driven!
For ne’er, before, vicissitude so strange
Was to one race of Adam’s offspring given.
And sure such varied change of sea and heaven,
Such unexpected bursts of joy and woe,
Such fearful strife as that where we have striven.
Succeeding ages ne’er again shall know,
Until the awful term when Thou shalt cease to flow!

Well hast thou stood, my Country!—the brave fight
Hast wilt maintain’d through good report and ill;
In thy just cause and in thy native might,
And in Heaven’s grace and justice constant still;
Whether the banded prowess, strength, and skill
Of half the world against thee stood arrayed,
Or when, with better views and freer will,
Beside thee Europe’s noblest drew the blade,
Each emulous in arms the Ocean Queen to aid.

Well art thou now repaid—though slowly rose,
And struggled long with mists of blaze of fame,
While like the dawn that in the orient glows
On the broad wave its earlier lustre came;
Then eastern Egypt saw the growing flame,
And Maida’s myriads gleam’d beneath its ray,
Where first the soldier, stung with generous shame,
APPENDIX TO THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

Rival'd the heroes of the wat'ry way,  
And wash'd in foemen's gore unjust reproach away.

Now, Island Empress, wave thy crest on high,  
And hold the banner of thy Patron Shew,  
Gallant Saint George, the flower of Chivalry,  
For thou hast faced, like him, a dragon foe,  
And rescued innocence from overthrow,  
And trampled down, like him, tyrannic might,  
And to the gazing world most proudly show  
The chosen emblem of thy sainted Knight,  
Who quell'd devouring pride, and vindicated right.

Yet 'mid the confidence of just renown,  
Renown dear-bought, but dearest thus acquired,  
Write, Britain, write the moral lesson down:  
"Tis not alone the heart with valour fired,  
The discipline so dreaded and admired,  
In many a field of bloody conquest known;  
—Such may by fame be lure, by gold be hired—  
"Tis constancy in the good cause alone,  
Best justifies the need thy valiant sons have won.

END OF THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

———

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

The peasant, at his labour blethe,  
Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe.  
P. 420.

The reaper in Flanders carries in his left hand a stick with an iron hook, with which he collects as much grain as he can cut at one sweep with a short scythe, which he holds in his right hand. They carry on this double process with great spirit and dexterity.

NOTE B.

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine.  
P. 421.

It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Bonaparte had promised his army, in case of victory, twenty-four hours' plunder of the city of Brussels.

NOTE C.

"On! On!" was still his stern exclaim.  
P. 422.

The characteristic obstinacy of Napoleon was never more fully displayed than in what we may be permitted to hope will prove the last of his fields. He would listen to no advice, and allow of no obstacles. An eye-witness has given the following account of his demeanour towards the end of the action:—  
"It was near seven o'clock; Bonaparte, who till then had remained upon the ridge of the hill whence he could best behold what passed, contemplated with a stern countenance, the scene of this horrible slaughter. The more that obstacles seemed to multiply, the more his obstinacy seemed to increase. He became indignant at these unforeseen difficulties; and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose confidence in him was boundless, he ceased not to pour down fresh troops, and to give orders to march forward—to charge with the bayonet—to carry by storm. He was repeatedly informed, from different points, that the day went against him, and that the troops seemed to be disordered; in which he only replied,—"En-avant! En-avant!"

"One general sent to inform the Emperor that he was in a position which he could not maintain, because it was commanded by a battery, and requested to know, at the same time, in what way he should protect hisdivision from the murderous fire of the English artillery. 'Let him storm the battery,' replied Bonaparte, and turned his back on the aide-de-camp who brought the message.'—Relation de la Bataille de Mont-St-Jean. Par un Témoin Oculaire. Paris, 1815, 8vo, p. 51.

NOTE D.

The fate their leader shunn'd to share.  
P. 423.

It has been reported that Bonaparte charged at the head of his guards, at the last period of this dreadful conflict. This, however, is not accurate. He came down indeed to a hollow part of the high road, leading to Charleroi, within less than a quarter of a mile of the farm of La Hove Sainte, one of the points most fiercely disputed. Here he harangued the guards, and informed them that his preceding operations had destroyed the British infantry and cavalry, and that they had only to support the fire of the artillery, which they were to attack with the bayonet. This exhortation was received with shouts of Vive l'Empereur, which were heard over all our line, and led to an idea that Napoleon was charging in person. But the guards were led on by Ney; nor did Bonaparte approach nearer the scene of action than the spot already mentioned, which the rising hanks on each side rendered secure from all such balls.
as did not come in a straight line. He witnessed the earlier part of the battle from places yet more remote, particularly from an observatory which had been placed there by the King of the Netherlands, some weeks before, for the purpose of surveying the country. It is not meant to infer from these particulars that Napoleon showed, on that memorable occasion, the least deficiency in personal courage; on the contrary, he evinced the greatest composure and presence of mind during the whole action. But it is no less true that report has erred in ascribing to him any desperate efforts of valor for recovery of the battle; and it is remarkable, that during the whole carnage, none of his suite were either killed or wounded, whereas scarcely one of the Duke of Wellington's personal attendants escaped unhurt.

Note E.

England shall tell the fight!—P. 422.

In riding up to a regiment which was hard pressed, the Duke called to the men, "Soldiers, we must never be beat.—what will they say in England?" It is needless to say how this appeal was answered.

Note F.

As plies the smith his clanging trade. P. 422.

A private soldier of the 95th regiment compared the sound which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with those of the enemy, to "a thousand tinkers at work mending pots and kettles."

Note G.

The British shock of level'd steel. P. 422.

No persuasion or authority could prevail upon the French troops to stand the shock of the bayonet. The Imperial Guards, in particular, hardly stood till the British were within thirty yards of them, although the French author, already quoted, has put into their mouths the magnanimous sentiment, "The Guards never yield—they die." The same author has covered the plateau, or eminence, of St. Jean, which formed the British position, with redoubts and retrenchments which never had an existence. As the narrative, which is in many respects curious, was written by an eye-witness, he was probably deceived by the appearance of a road and ditch which run along part of the hill. It may be also mentioned, in criticising this work, that the writer mentions the Chateau of Hougomont to have been carried by the French, although it was resolutely and successfully defended during the whole action. The enemy, indeed, possessed themselves of the wood by which it is surrounded, and at length set fire to the house itself; but the British (a detachment of the Guards, under the command of Colonel Macdonnell, and afterwards of Colonel Home) made good the garden, and thus preserved, by their desperate resistance, the post which covered the return of the Duke of Wellington's right flank.

Harold the Dauntless:
A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS.

"Upon another occasion," says Sir Walter, "I sent up another of these trifles, which, like school-boys' kites, served to show how the wind of popular taste was setting. The manner was supposed to be that of a rude minstrel, or Scold, in opposition to 'The Bridal of Triermain,' which was designed to belong rather to the closet school. This new fugitive piece was called 'Harold the Dauntless;' and I am still astonished at my having committed the gross error of selecting the very name which Lord Byron had made so famous. It encountered rather an odd fate. My ingenious friend, Mr. James Hogg, had published, about the same time, a work called the 'Poetic Mirror,' containing imitations of the principal living poets. There was in it a very good imitation of my own style, which bore such a resemblance to 'Harold the Dauntless,' that there was no discovering the original from the imitation, and I believe that many who took the trouble of thinking upon the subject, were rather of opinion that my ingenious friend was the true, and not the fictitious Simon Pure."—Introduction to the Lord of the Isles. 1830.
Harold the Dauntless.

INTRODUCTION.

There is a mood of mind, we all have known
On drowsy eve, or dark and low'ring day,
When the tired spirits lose their sprightly tone,
And nought can chase the lingering hours away.

Dull on my soul falls Fancy's dazzling ray,
And Wisdom holds his steadier torch in vain,
Obscured the painting seems, mistuned the lay,
Nor dare we of our listless load complain,
For who for sympathy may seek that cannot
tell of pain?

The jolly sportsman knows such dreariness,
When bursts in deluge the autumnal rain,
Clouding the morn which threatens the heath-cock's brood:
Of such, in summer's drought, the anglers plain;
Who hope the soft mild southern shower in vain.

But, more than all, the discontented fair,
Whom father stern, and sterner aunt, restrain
From county-ball, or race occurring rare,
While all her friends around their vestments gay prepare.

Emni!—or, as our mothers call'd thee,
Spleen!
To thee we owe full many a rare device:
Thine is the sheaf of painted cards, I ween,
The rolling billiard-ball, the rattling dice,
The turning lathe for framing gimcrack nice;
The amateur's blotch'd palette thou mayst claim.
Retort, and air-pump, threatening frogs and mice,
(Murders disguised by philosophic name.)
And much of trifling grave, and much of buxom game.

Then of the books, to catch thy drowsy glance
Compiled, what bard the catalogue may quote!
Plays, poems, novels, never read but once:
But not of such the tale fair Edgeworth wrote:

That bears thy name, and is thine antidote;
And not of such the strain my Thomson sung,
Delicious dreams inspiring by his note,
What time to indulge his harp he strung:
On I might my lay be rank'd that happier list amongst

Each hath his refuge whom thy cares assail.
For me, I love my study fire to trim,
And can right vacantly some idle tale,
Displaying on the cooch each listless limb,
Till on the drowsy page the lights grow dim.
And doubtful slumber half supplies the theme;
While antique shapes of knight and giant grim,
Damsel and dwarf, in long procession gleam,
And the Romancer's tale becomes the Reader's dream.

'Tis thus my malady I well may bear,
Albeit outstretched, like Pope's own Paridel,
Upon the rack of a too-easy chair;
And find, to cheat the time, a powerful spell
In old romances of errantry that tell,

Or later legends of the Fairy-folk,
Or Oriental tale of Mefite fell,
Of Genn, Talisman, and broad wing'd Roc,
Though taste may blush and frown, and sober reason mock.

Oft at such season, too, will rhymes unsought
Arrange themselves in some romantic lay:
The which, as things unifying graver thought,
Are hurled or blotted on some wiser day—
These few survive—and proudly let me say,
Court not the critic's smile, nor dread his

They well may serve to while an hour away,
Nor does the volume ask for more renown,
Than Emni's yawning smile, what time she
drops it down.

Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

List to the valorous deeds that were done
By Harold the Dauntless, Count Witkind's son!

Count Witkind came of a regal strain,
And roved with his Norsemen the land and the main
Woe to the realms which he coasted! for there
Was shedding of blood, and rending of hair,
Rape of maiden, and slaughter of priest,
Gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast;
When he hoisted his standard black
Before him was battle, behind him wrack,
And he hur'd the churches, that heathen Dane,
To light his band to their barks again.

II.

On Erin's shores was his outrage known,
The winds of France had his banners blown;
Little was there to plunder, yet still
His pirates had foray'd on Scottish hill;
But upon merry England's coast
More frequent he sail'd, for he won the most,
So wide and so far his ravage they knew,
If a sail but gleam'd white 'gainst the welkin blue,
Trumpet and huele to arms did call,
Borgiers hasten'd to man the wall,
Peasants fled inland his fury to 'scape.
Beacons were lighted on headland and cape,
Bells were toll'd in, and aye as they rung
Fearful and famly the grey brothers sung.
"Bless us, St. Mary, from flood and from fire,
From famine and pest, and Count Witkind's ire!"

III.

He liked the wealth of fair England so well,
That he sought in her bosoms as native to dwell.
He enter'd the Humber in fearful hour,
And disembark'd with his Danish power.
Three Earls came against him with all their train—
Two hath he taken, and one bath he slain.
Count Witikind left the Humber's rich strand,
And he wasted and warr'd in Northumberland.
But the Saxon King was a sire in age,
Weak in battle, in council sage;
Peare of that heathen leader he sought,
Gifts he gave, and quiet he bought;
And the Count took upon him the peaceable style
Of a vassal and liegeman of Britain's broad isle.

IV.
Time will rust the sharpest sword,
Time will consume the strongest cord;
That which moulders hemp and steel,
Mortal arm and nerve must feel.
Of the Danish band, whom Count Witikind led,
Many wax'd aged, and many were dead:
Himself found his armour full weighty to bear,
Wrinkled his brow wax'd, and hoary his hair:
He lean'd on a staff, when his step went abroad.
And patient his palfrey, when steed he bestrode.
As he grew feeble, his wildness ceased,
He made himself peace with prelate and priest,—
Made his peace, and, stooping his head,
Patiently listed the counsel they said:
Saint Cuthbert's Bishop was holy and grave,
Wise and good was the counsel he gave.

V.
"Thou hast murder'd, robb'd, and spoil'd,
Time it is thy poor soul were assuï'd;
Priests didst thou slay, and churches burn,
Time it is now to repentance to turn;
Fieuds hast thou worship'd, with fiendish rite,
Leave now the darkness, and wend into light:
O! while life and space are given,
Turn thee yet, and think of Heaven!"
That stern old heathen his head he raised,
And on the good prelate he stedfastly gazed;
"Give me broad lands on the Wear and the Tyne,
My faith I will leave, and I'll cleave unto thine."

VI.
Broad lands he gave him on Tyne and Wear,
To be held of the church by bridle and spear;
Part of Monkwearmouth, of Tynedale part,
To better his will, and to soften his heart:
Count Witikind was a joyful man,
Less for the faith than the lands that he wan.
The high church of Darnam is dress'd for the day,
The clergy are rank'd in their solemn array:
There came the Count, in a bear-skin warm,
Leaning on Hilda his converse's arm.
He kneel'd before Saint Cuthbert's shrine,
With patience unwaited at rites divine;
He adjured the gods of heathen race,
And he beat his head at the font of grace.
But such was the grisly old proselyte's look,
That the priest who baptized him grew pale and shook;
And the old monks mutter'd beneath their hood,
"Of a stem so stubborn can never spring good!"

VII.
Up then arose that grim convertite,
Homeward he hied him when ended the rite;
The Prelate in honour will with him ride,
And feast in his castle on Tyne's fair side.
Banners and banneroles danced in the wind,
Monks rode before them, and spearnmen behind;
Onward they pass'd, till fairly did shine
Pennon and cross on the bosom of Tyne;
And full in front did that fortress lower.
In darksome strength with its buttress and tower:
At the castle gate was young Harold there,
Count Witikind's only offspring and heir.

VIII.
Young Harold was fear'd for his hardihood,
His strength of frame, and his fury of mood.
Rude he was and wild to behold,
Wore neither collar nor bracelet of gold,
Cap of vair nor rich array,
Such as should grace that festal day;
His doublet of bull's hide was all unbraced,
Uncover'd his head, and his sandal unlaced:
His shaggy black locks on his brow hung low,
And his eyes glanced through them a swarthy glow;
A Danish club in his hand he bore,
The spikes were clotted with recent gore;
At his back a she-wolf, and her wolf-cubs twain,
In the dangerous chase that morning shin.
Rude was the greeting his father he made,
None to the Bishop,—while thus he said:

IX.
"What priest-led hypocrite art thou,
With thy humbled look and thy monkish brow,
Like a shaveling who studies to cheat his vow!"
Canst thou be Witikind the Waster known,
Royal Eric's fearless son,
Haughty Gunhilda's daughtier lord,
Who won his bride by the axe and sword;
From the shrine of St. Peter the chalice who tore,
And melted to bracelets for Freya and Thor;
With one blow of his gauntlet who burst the skull,
Before Odin's stone, of the Mountain Bull?
Then ye worship'd with rites that to wargods belong,
With the deed of the brave, and the blow of the strong;
And now, in thine age to dotage sunk,
Wilt thou patter thy crimes to a shaven monk,—
Lay down thy mail-shirt for clothing of hair,—
Fasting and scourge, like a slave, wilt thou bear?
Or, at best, be admitted in slothful hour
To batten with priest and with paramour
Oh! out upon thine endless shame!
Each Scald's high harp shall blast thy fame,
And thy son will refuse thee a father's name!"

X.
Ireful wax'd old Witikind's look,
His faltering voice with fury shook:—
HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

With Kyrie Eleison, came clamorously in
The war-songs of Danesmeu, Norweyau, and
Finn.
Till man after man the contention gave o'er,
Outstretched on the rushes that strew'd the hall floor:
And the tempest within, having ceased its wild rout,
Gave place to the tempest that thunder'd without.

XIV.

Apart from the wassail, in turret alone,
Lay flaxen-hair'd Gunnar, old Ermengarde's son;
In the train of Lord Harold that Page was the first.
For Harold in childhood had Ermengarde nursed;
And griev'd was young Gunnar his master should roam,
Unhoused and unfriended, an exile from home.
He heard the deep thunder, the plashing of rain;
He saw the red lightning through shot-hole and pane:
"And oh!" said the Page, "on the shelterless wold
Lord Harold is wandering in darkness and cold!
What though he was stubborn, and wayward, and wild,
He endured me because I was Ermengarde's child.
And often from dawn till the set of the sun,
In the chase, by his stirrup, unbidden I run;
I would I were older, and knighthood could bear,
I would soon quit the banks of the Tyne and the Wear:
For my mother's command, with her last parting breath,
Bade me follow her nursing in life and to death.

XV.

"It pours and it thunders, it lightens again,
As if Lok, the Destroyer, had burst from his chain!
Accursed by the Church, and expell'd by his sire,
Nor Christian, nor Dane give him shelter or fire.
And this tempest what mortal may houseless endure?
Unaided, unmanned, he dies on the moor
Whate'er comes of Gunnar, he tarries not here.
He leapt from his couch and he grasp'd to his spear.
Sought the hall of the feast. Undisturb'd by his tread,
The wassailers slept fast as the sleep of the dead:
"Ungrateful and bestial!" his anger broke forth,
"To forget the proud gobelets the pride of the North!
And you, ye cowld priests, who have plenty in store,
Must give Gunnar for ransom a palfrey and ore."
XVI.
Then, heeding full little of ban or of curse,
He has seized on the Prior of Jervaux's purse:
Saint Meneholt's Abbot, next morning has
miss'd
His mantle, deep fur'd from the cape to the
wrist:
The Seneschal's keys from his belt he has
ta'en,
(Well drench'd on that eve was old Hilde-
brand's brain.)
To the stable-yard he made his way,
And mount'd the Bishop's palfrey gay,
Castle and hamlet behind him has cast,
And right on his way to the moorland has
pass'd.
Sore snorted the palfrey, unused to face
A weather so wild at so rash a pace;
So long he snorted, so loud he neigh'd,
There answer'd a steed that was bound beside,
And the red flash of lightning show'd there
where lay
His master, Lord Harold, outstretch'd on the
clay.

XVII.
Up he started, and thunder'd out, "Stand!"
And raised the club in his deadly hand.
The flaxen hair'd Gunnar his purpose told,
Show'd the palfrey and prowess'd the gold.
"Back, back, and home, thou simple boy!
Thou canst not share my grief or joy:
Have I not mark'd thee wall and cry
When thou hast seen a sparrow die?
And canst thou, as my follower should,
Wade ankle-deep through foeman's blood,
Dare mortal and immortal foe,
The gods above, the fiends below,
And man on earth, more hateful still,
The very fountain-head of ill?
Desperate of life, and careless of death,
Lover of bloodshed, and slaughter, and scathe,
Such must thou be with me to roam,
And such thou canst not be—back, and home!

XVIII.
Young Gunnar shook like an aspen hough,
As he heard the harsh voice and beheld the
dark brow,
And half he repented his purpose and vow.
But now to draw back were bootless shame,
And he loved his master, so urged his claim:
"Alas! if my arm and my courage be weak,
Bear with me a while for old Ermengarde's
sake;
Nor deem so lightly of Gunnar's faith,
As to fear he would break it for peril of death.
Have I not risk'd it to fetch thee this gold,
This succour and mantle to fence thee from
cold?
And, did I bear a baser mind,
What yet remains if I stay behind?
The priest's revenge, thy father's wrath
A dungeon, and a shameful death."

XIX.
With gentler look Lord Harold eyed
The Parce, then turn'd his head aside;
And either a tear did his eyelash stain,
Or it caught a drop of the passing rain.
"Art thou an outcast, then?" quoth he;
"The meeter page to follow me."
'Twere bootless to tell what crimes they
sought,
Ventures achieved, and battles fought;
How oft with few, how oft alone,
Fierce Harold's arm the field hath won.
Men swear his eye, that flash'd so red
When each other glance was quench'd with
dread,
Bore oft a light of deadly flame,
That never from mortal courage came.
These limbs so strong, that mood so stern,
That loved the couch of heath and fero,
Afar from hamlet, tower, and town,
More than to rest on driven down;
That stern, dark frame, that sullen mood,
Men deem'd must come of aught but good;
And they whisper'd, the great Master Fiend
was at one
With Harold the Dauntless, the great Master Fiend
was at one
With Harold the Dauntless, the great Master Fiend
was at one
With Harold the Dauntless, the great Master Fiend
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With Harold the Dauntless, the great Master Fiend
was at one

XX.
Years after years had gone and fled,
The good old Prelate lies lapp'd in lead;
In the chapel still is shown
His sculptured form on a marble stone,
With staff and ring and scapulaire,
And folded hands in the act of prayer.
Saint Cuthbert's mitre is resting now
On the hoary Saxon, bold Ailinger's brow;
The power of his crozier he loved to extend
O'er whatever would break, or whatever
would bend;
And now hath he clothed him in cope and in
pall,
And the Chapter of Durham has met at his
call.
"And hear ye not, brethren," the proud Bishop
said,
"That our vassal, the Danish Count Witikind's
dead?
All his gold and his goods hath he given
To holy Church for the love of Heaven,
And hath founded a chantry with stipend and
dole.
That priests and that beadsmen may pray for
his soul:
Harold his son is wandering abroad,
Dreaded by man and abhor'd by God;
Meet it is not, that such should heir
The lands of the church on the Tyne and the
Weir,
And at her pleasure, her hallow'd hands
May now resume these wealthy lands."

XXI.
Answer'd good Eustace, a cannon old,—
"Harold is fameless, and fursous, and bold;
Ever Renown blows a note of fame,
And a note of fear, when she sounds his name:
Much of bloodshed and much of scathe
Have been their lot who have waked his
wrath.
Leave him these lands and lordships still,
Heaven in its hour may change his will;
But if rest of gold, and of living bare,
An evil counsellor is desir'd."  More had he said, but the Prelate frown'd,
And murmur'd his brethren who sate around,
And with one consent have they given their
doom,
That the Church should the lands of Saint
Cuthbert resume.
So will'd the Prelate; and canon and dean
Gave to his judgment their loud amen.
Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

'Tis merry in greenwood,—thus runs the old lay,—
In the gladsome mouth of lively May,
When the wild birds' song on stem and spray
Invites to forest bower;
Then rears the ash his airy crest,
Then shines the birch in silver vest,
And the beech in glistening leaves is drest,
And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,

Like a chieftain's frowning tower;
Though a thousand branches join their screen,
Yet the broken sunbeams glance between,
And tip the leaves with lighter green,

With brighter tints the flower;
Dull is the heart that loves not then
The deep recess of the wildwood glen,
Where roe and red-deer find sheltering den,
When the sun is in his power.

II.

Less merry, perchance, is the fading leaf
That follows so soon on the gather'd sheaf,
When the greenwood loses the name;
Silent is then the forest bond,
Save the redbreast's note, and the rustling sound
Of frost-nip't leaves that are dropping round,
Or the deep-mouth'd cry of the distant hound
That opens on his game:

Yet then, too, I love the forest wide,
Whether the sun in splendour ride,
And gild its many-colour'd side;
Or whether the soft and silvery haze,
In vapoury folds, o'er the landscape strays,
And half involves the woodland maze,

Like an early widow's veil,
Where wimping tissue from the gaze
The form half hides, and half betrays,
Of beauty wan and pale.

III.

Fair Metelill was a woodland maid,
Her father a rover of greenwood shade,
By forest statutes undismay'd,
Who lived by bow and quiver;
Well known was Wulfstan's archery,
By merry Tyne both on moor and sea,
Through wooded Wardale's glens so free,
Well hides Stanhope's wildwood tree,

And well on Gallesse river.
Yet free though he trespass'd on woodland game,
More known and more fear'd was the wizard name
Of Jutta of Rookhope, the Outlaw's dame;
Fear'd when she frowned was her eye of flame,
More fear'd when in wrath she laugh'd;
For then 'twas said, more fatal true
To its dread aim her spell-glance flew,
Than when from Wulfstane's bended yew
Sprung forth the grey-geese shaft.

IV.

Yet had this fierce and dreaded pair,
So Heaven decreed, a daughter fair;

None brighter crowned the bed,
In Britain's bounds, of peer or prince,
Nor hath, perchance, a lovelier since
In this fair isle been bred.
And o'ert the grand, or vice, or ill,
Was known to gentle Metelill,—
A simple maiden she;
The spells in dumple's smile that lie,
And a downcast blush, and the darts that fly
With the sidelong glance of a hazel eye,
Wore her arms and witchery.

So young, so simple was she yet,
She scarce could childhood's joys forget,
And still she loved, in secret set
Beneath the greenwood tree,
To plint the rushy coronet,
And braid with flowers her locks of jet,
As when in infancy;—
Yet could that heart, so simple, prove
The early dawn of stealing love:

Ah! gentle maid, beware!
The power who, now so mild a guest,
Gives dangerous yet delicious zest
To the calm pleasures of thy breast,
Will soon, a tyrant o'er the rest,
Let none his empire share.

VI.

SONG.

"Lord William was born in gilded bower,
The heir of Willum's lofty tower;
Yet better loves Lord William now
To roam beneath wild Rookhope's brow;
And William has lived where ladies fair
With gauds and jewels deck their hair,
Yet better loves the dewdrops still
That pearl the locks of Metelill.

"The pious Palmer loves, I wis
Saint Cuthbert's hallow'd head to kiss;
But I, though simple girl I be,
Might have such hommage paid to me;
For did Lord William see me suit
This necklace of the bramble's fruit,
He fain—but must not have his will—
Would kiss the beads of Metelill.

"My nurse has told me many a tale
How vows of love are weak and frail;
My mother says that courtly youth
By rustic maid means seldom sooth.
What should they mean? it cannot be,
That such a warning's meant for me.
For nought—oh! nought of fraud or ill
Can William mean to Metelill!"

VII.

Sudden she steps—and starts to feel
A weighty hand, a glove of steel,
Upon her shrinking shoulders laid;
Fearful she turn'd, and saw, dismay'd,
A Knight in plate and mail array'd,
His crest and bearing worn and fray'd,
His surcoat soil'd and riven,
Form'd like that giant race of yore,
Whose long continued crimes outwore
The sufferance of Heaven.
Sterne accents made his pleasure known,
Though then he used his gentlest tone:
"Maiden," he said, "sing forth thy glee.
Start not—sing on—it pleases me."

VIII.
Secured within his powerful bold,
To bend her knee, her hands to fold,
Was all the maiden might;
And "Oh! forgive," she faintly said,
"The terrors of a simple maid,
If thou art mortal wight!
But if—of such strange tales are told—
Unearthly warrior of the void,
Thou from distant clouds dost come bold,
My mother, Jutta, knows the spell,
At noon and midnight pleasing well
The disembodied ear;
Oh! let her powerful charms alone
For aught my rashness may have done,
And cease thy grasp of fear."
Then laugh'd the Knight—his laughter's sound
Half to the hollow helmet drown'd;
His brow he rais'd, then he rais'd,
And steady on the maiden gaz'd.
He smooth'd his brows, as best he might,
To the dread calm of autumn night,
When sinks the tempest roar;
Yet still the cautious fisher's eye
The clouds, and fear the gloomy sky,
And haul their barks on shore.

IX.
"Damsel," he said, "be wise, and learn
Matters of weight and deep concern:
And, wanderer long, at length have plan'd
In this my native Northern laud
To seek myself a home.
Nor that alone—a mate I seek;
She must be gentle, soft, and meek,—
"No lordly dame for me;
Myself am something rough of mood,
And feel the fire of my blood,
And therefore do not hold it good
To match in my degree.
Then, since coy maidens say my face
Is harsh, my form devoid of grace,
For a fair lineage to provide,
'Tis meet that my selected bride
In lineaments be fair;
I love thine well—thou now art near
Look'd patient on a face of fear,
But now that tremulous sob and tear
Become thy beauty rare.
One kiss—nay, damsel, coy it not!—
And now go seek thy parents' cot,
And say, a bridegroom soon I come.
To woo my love, and bear her home."

Home sprung the maid without a pause
As leveret 'scaped from greyhound's jaw
But still she lock'd him, how'er distress'd,
The secret in her burning breast.
Dreadful her sire, who oft forhaled
Her steps should stray to distant glade.
Night came—to her accustom'd nook
Her distaff aged Jutta took,
And by the lamp's imperfect glow,
Rough Ulfstane trimm'd his shafts and bow
Sudden and clamorous, from the ground
Upstart slumbering brach and bound;
Loud knocking next the lodge alarms,
And Ulfstane suetakes at his arms,
When open flew the yielding door,
And that grim Warrior press'd the floor.

XI.
"All peace be here—What! none replies? Dismiss your fears and your surprise.
"Tis I—that Maid hath told my tale,—
Or, trembler, did thy courage fail?
It recks not—it is I demand
Fair Metelill in marriage band;
Harold the Damntless, whose name
Is brave men's boast and raft'shank's shame.
The parent shall suit after's eyes,
With awe, resentment, and surprise:
Ulfstane, to quarrel prompt, began
The stranger's size and thewes to scan;
But as he scann'd, his courage sunk,
And from unequal strife he shrank,
Then forth, to height and hlemish, flies
The harmful curse from Jutta's eyes;
Yet, fatal howse'er, the spell
On Harold instantly fell;
And disappointment and amaze
Were in the witch's wilder'd gaze.

XII.
But soon the wit of woman woke,
And to the Warrior mild she spoke:
"Her child was all too young."
A toy,
The refuge of a maiden coy.
Again, A powerful baron's heir
Claims in her heart an interest fair.
A trifling whisper in his ear
That Harold is a suitor here—
Baffled at length she sought delay:
"Would not the Knight till morning stay?
Late was the hour—he there might rest
Till morn, their lodge's honour'd guest.
Such were her words—her craft might cast,
Her honour'd guest should sleep his last;
"No, not to-night—but soon," he swore;
"He would return, nor let them more;
The threshold then his huge stride cross,
And soon he was in darkness lost.

XIII.
Appall'd a while the parents stood,
Then changed their fear to angry mood,
And foremost fell their words of ill
On unresisting Metelill:
Was she not caution'd and forbid,
Forewarn'd, implor'd, accused and chid,
And must she still to Greenwood roam,
To marshal such misfortune home?
"Hence, minion—to thy chamber hence—
There prudence learn, and penitence.
She went—her lonely couch to steep
In tears which absent lovers weep;
Or if she gain'd a troubled sleep,
Fierce Harold's suit was still the theme
And terror of her feverish dream.

XIV.
Scarce was she gone, her dame and sire
Upon each other bent their ire;
"A woodsman thou, and hast a spear,
And couldest thou such an insult bear?"
Sullen he said, "A man contends
With men, a witch with sprites and fiends;
Not to mere mortal sight belong
Yon gloomy brow and frame so strong.
But thou—is this thy promise fair?
That ev'ry Lord William, wealthy heir
To Ulrick, Baron of Witton-le-Wear,
Should Metehill to altar bear?
Do all the spells thou hast list as thine
Serve but to slay some peasant's kine,
His grain in autumn's storms to steep,
Or thorough fog and fen to sweep,
And hang-ride some poor rustic's sleep?
Is such mean mischief worth the fame
Of sorceress and witch's name?
Fame, which with all men's wish conspires,
With thy deserted and my desires,
To damn thy corpse to penal fires?
Out on thee, witch! Aroint! Aroint!
What now shall put thy schemes in joint
What save this trusty arrow's point,
From the dark dingue when it flies,
And he who meets it gasps and dies."

XV.
Stern she replied, "I will not wage
War with thy folly or thy rage;
But ere the morrow's sun be low,
Wolfsfane of Rookhope, thou shalt know,
If I can venge me on a foe.
Believe the while, that whatsoever
I spoke, in ire, of bow and spear,
It is not Harold's destiny
The death of piler'd deer to die.
But he, and thou, and yon pale moon,
(That shall be yet more palid soon,
Before she sink behind the dell.)
Thou, and Harold too, shall tell
What Jutta knows of charm or spell."
Thus muttering, to the door she bent
Her wayward steps, and forth she went,
And left alone the moody sire,
To cherish or to slake his ire.

XVI.
Far faster than belong'd to age
Has Jutta made her pilgrimage,
A priest has met her as she pass'd,
And cross'd him himself and stood aghast:
She traced a hamlet—not a cur
His throat would ope, his foot would stir;
By crouch, by trembling, and by groan,
They made her hated presence known!
But when she trode the sable fell,
Were wilder sounds her way to tell,—
For far was heard the fox's yell,
The black-rock waked and faintly crew,
Scream'd o'er the moss the scared curlew;
Where o'er the catarract the oak
Lay slant, was heard the raven's croak;
The mountain-cat, which sought his prey,
Glared, scream'd, and started from her way.
Such music cheer'd her journey lone
To the deep dell and rocking stone:
There, with unhallow'd hymn of praise,
Sue call'd a God of heathen days.

XVII.
INVOCATION,
"From thy Pomeranian throne,
Hewn in rock of living stone,
Where, to thy godhead faithful yet,
Bend Esthonian, Finn, and Lett,
And their sword in vengeance whet,
That shall make thine altars wet.
Wet and red for ages more
With the Christians' hated gore,—
Hear me! Sovereign of the Rock,
Hear me! mighty Zernebock!

"Mightiest of the mighty known,
Here thy wonders have been shown;
Hundred tribes in various tongue
Oft have here thy praises sung;
Down that stone with Runic charm'd,
Hundred victims' blood hath stream'd!
Now one woman comes alone,
And but wets it with her own,
The last, the feeblest of thy flock,—
Hear—and be present, Zernebock!

"Hark! be comes! the night-blast cold
Wilders sweeps along the wood;
The cloudless moon grows dark and dim,
And bristling hair and quaking limb
Proclaim the Master Demon high.—
Those who view his form shall die!
Lo! I stoop and veil my head;
Then who ridest the tempest dreed,
Shaking hill and rending oak?
Spare me! spare me! Zernebock.

"He comes not yet! Shall cold delay
Thy votaress at her need repay?
Thou—shall I call thee god or fiend?
Let others on thy mood attend.
With prayer and ritual—Jutta's arms
Are necromantic words and charms;
Mine is the spell, that, utter'd once,
Shall wake Thy Master from his trance,
Shake his red mansion-house of pain,
And burst his seven-times-twisted chain!—
So com'st thou ere the spell is spoke?
I own thy presence, Zernebock."—

XVIII.
"Daughter of dust," the Deep Voice said,
—Shook while it spoke the vale for dread,
Rock'd on the base that massive stone,
The Evil Deity to own.—
"Daughter of dust! not mine the power
Thou seek'st on Harold's fatal hour.
'Twixt heaven and hell there is a strife
Waged for his soul and for his life,
And fain would we the combat win,
And snatch him in his hour of sin.
There is a star now rising red,
That threatens him with an influence dread:
Woman, thine arts of malice whet,
To use the space before it set.
Involve him with the church in strife,
Push on adventurous chance his life;
Ourselves in the hour of need,
As best we may thy country speed."
So ceased the Voice; for seven leagues round
Each hamlet started at the sound;
But slept again, as slowly died
Its thunders on the hill's brown side.

XIX.
"And is this all," said Jutta stern,
"Thus the state of truth and I can learn?"
Hence! to the land of fog and waste,
There fittest is thine influence placed,
Thou powerless, sluggish Deity!
But ne'er shall Briton bend the knee
Again before so poor a god."
She struck the altar with her rod;
SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

III.

The morning mists rose from the ground,
Each merry bird awakened round,
As if in revelry;
Afar bugles’ clanging sound
Call’d to the chase the laggard hound;
The gale breath’d soft and free,
And seem’d to linger on its way
To catch fresh odours from the spray,
And waved it in its wanton play
So light and gnomesomely.
The scenes which morning beams reveal,
Its sounds to hear, its gales to feel
In all their fragrance round him steal,
It melted Harold’s heart of steel,
And, hardly wotting why,
He cloth’d his helmet’s gloomy pride,
And hung it on a tree beside.
Laid mace and falchion by,
And on the greensward sate him down,
And from his dark habitual frown
Relax’d his rugged brow—
Whatever hath the doubtful task
From that stern Dane a boon to ask,
Were wise to ask it now.

IV.

His place beside young Gunnar took,
And mark’d his master’s softening look,
And in his eye’s dark mirror spread
The gloom of stormy thoughts subside,
And cautious watch’d the fittest tide
To speak a warning word.
So when the torrent’s billows shrink,
The timid pilgrim on the brink
Waits long to see them wave and sink,
Ere he dare brave the ford,
And often, after doubtful pause,
His step advances or withdraws:
Fearful to move the slumbering ire
Of his stern lord, thus stood the squire,
Till Harold rais’d his eye,
That glanced as when athwart the shroud
Of the dispersing tempest-cloud
The bursting sunbeams fly.

V.

“Arise thee, son of Ermengarde
Offspring of prophetess and bard!
Take harp, and greet this lovely prime
With some high strain of Runic rhyme,
Strong, deep, and powerful! Peal it round
Like that loud bell’s sonorous sound,
Yet wild by fits, as when the lay
Of bird and bugle hail the day.
Such was my grandsire Eric’s sport,
When dawn gleam’d on his martial court.
Heymar the Scald, with harp’s high sound,
Summon’d the chiefs who round him stand;
Conclud’d on the spoils of wolf and bear.
They roused like lions from their lair,
Then rosh’d in emulation forth
To enhance the glories of the North.—
Proud Eric, mightiest of thy race,
Where is thy shadowy resting-place?
In wild Valhalla hast thou quaff’d
From foeman’s skull mead-drink draught,
Or wanderest where they cairn was piled
To from o’er oceans wide and wild?
Or have the milder Christian given
Thy refuge in their peaceful heaven?
Where’er thou art, to thee are known
Our toils endured, our trophies won,

Slight was the touch, as when at need
A damsel stirs her tardy steed;
But to the blow the stone gave place,
And, starting from its balanced base,
Roll’d thundering down the moonlight dell,—
Il-echo’d moorland, rock, and fell;
Into the moonlight tower’d it dash’d,
Their screech the sounding surge’s rush’d,
And there was ripple, ruge, and foam;
But on that lake, so dark and lone,
Placid and pale the moonbeam shine
As Jutta bier her home.

Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

Grey towers of Durham! there was once a
time
I view’d thy battlements with such vague
hope,
As brightens life in its first dawning prime;
Not that e’en then came within fancy’s scope
A vision vain of mitre, throne, or cope;
Yet, gazing on the venerable hall,
Her flattering dreams would in perspective
ope
Some reverend room, some prebendary’s stall—
And thus Hope me deceived as she deceiveth
all.

Well yet I love thy mix’d and massive piles,
Half church of God, half castle ‘gainst the
Scot,
And long to roam these venerable aisles,
With records stored of deeds long since forgot:
There might I share my Scurtes’ happier lot,
Who leaves at will his patrimonial field
Toransack every crypt and hallow’d spot,
And from oblivion read the spoils they yield,
Restoring priestly chant and clang of knightly
shield.

Vain is the wish—since other cares demand
Each vacant hour, and in another clime;
But still that northern harp invites my hand,
Which tells the wonder of thine earlier times;
And fain its numbers would I now command
To paint the beauties of that dawning fair,
When Harold, gazing from its lofty stand
Upon the western heights of Benarepaire,
Saw Saxon Eadmer’s towers begirt by wind’ning
Wearp.

II.

Fair on the half-seen streams the sunbeams
danced,
Betraying in the hank the woodland bank,
And fair between the Gothic turrets glanced
Broad lights, and shadows fell on front and flank,
Where tower and battress rose in martial
rank,
And girdled in the massive donjon Keep,
And from their circuit peak’d o’er bush and
bank
The main bell with summons long and deep,
And echo answer’d still with long-resounding
sweep.
Our wars, our wanderings, and our woes.
He ceased, and Gunnar's song arose.

VI.

SONG.

"Hawk and osprey scream'd for joy
O'er the beetling cliffs of Huy,
Crimson form'd the beach o'er-spread,
The heath was dyed with darker red,
When o'er Eric, Ingvar's son,
Dane and Northman piled the stone;
Singing wild the war-song stern,
'Rest thee, Dweller of the Calf!"

"Where eddying currents foam and boil
By Bersa's bough and Griesas's isle,
The seaman sees a martial form
Half-mingled with the mist and storm.
In anxious awe he hears away
To mourn his bark in Stronna's bay,
And murmurs from the bounding stern
'Rest thee, Dweller of the Calf!'"

"What cares disturb the mighty dead?
Each honour'd rite was duly paid;
No daring hand thy helm unlaced,
Thy sword, thy shield, were near thee placed.
The flinty teeth to thee tending near
Without, with hostile blood was stain'd;
Within,'twas lined with moss and fern.
'Rest thee, Dweller of the Calf!'"

"He may no rest: from realms afar
Comes voice of battle and of war,
Of conquest wrought with bloody hand
On Carmel's cliffs and Jordan's strand,
When Odin's warlike son could daunt
The turban'd race of Termagaunt."
"Ill fares the Knight with buckler cleft,
And ill when of his helm bereft,—
Ill when his steed to earth is flung,
Or from his grasp his falchion wrung;
But worse, if instant ruin token,
When he lists rede by woman spoken." —

"How now, fond boy!—Canst thou think ill,"
Said Harold, "of fair Metehill?"
"She may be fair," the Page replied,
As through the stream he ranged,—
"She may be fair; but yet," he cried,
And then the strain he changed,—

**SONG.**

1.
"She may be fair," he sang, "but yet
Far fairer have I seen
Than she, for all her locks of jet,
And eyes so dark and sheen.
Were I a Danish knight in arms,
As one day I may be,
My heart should own no foreign charms
A Danish maid for me.

2.
"I love my fathers' northern land,
Where the dark pine-trees grow,
And the bold Baltic's ebbing strand
Looks o'er each ruddy sea."
I love to mark the lingering sun,
From Denmark's loft to go,
And leaving on the billows bright,
To cheer the short-lived summer night,
A path of ruddy glow.

3.
"But most the northern maid I love,
With breast like Denmark's snow,
And form as fair as Denmark's pine,
Who loves with purple heath to twine
Her locks of sunny gold;
And sweetly blend that shade of gold
With the cheek's rosy hue,
And Faith might for her mirror hold
That eye of matchless blue.

4.
"Tis hers the manly sports to love
That southern maidens fear,
To bend the bow by stream and grove,
And lift the hunter's spear.
She ran her chosen champion's flight
With eye undazzled see,
Clasp him victorious from the strife,
Or on his corpse yield up her life,—
A Danish maid for me!"

**XL**

Then smiled the Dane—"Thon canst so well
The virtues of our maidens tell,
Half could I wish my choice had been
Blue eyes, and hair of golden sheen,
And lofty soul,—yet what of ill
Hast thou to charge on Metehill?
"Nothing on her," young Gunnar said,
"But her base sire's ignoble trade.
Her mother, too—the general fame
Hath given to Jutta evil name.

And in her grey eye is a flame
Art cannot hide, nor fear can tame—
That sordid woodman's peasant cot
Twice have thine honour'd footsteps sought,
And twice return'd with such ill rede
As sent thee on some desperate deed." —

"Thou errest; Jutta wisely said,
He that comes suitor to a maid,
Ere link'd in marriage, should provide
Lands and a dwelling for his bride—
My father's, by the Tyne and Wear,
I have reclaim'd,"—"O, all too dear,
And all too dangerous the prize,
E'en were it won," young Gunnar cries:—
"And then this Jutta's fresh device,
That thou shouldst seek, a heathan Dane,
From Durham's priests a boon to gain,
When thou hast left their vassals slain
In their own lands!"—Flash'd Harold's eye,
Thunder'd his voice—"False Page, thou lie! The castle, hall and tower, is mine,
Built by old Witkind on Tyne,
The wild cat will defend his den,
Fights for her nest the timid wren;
And think'st thou I'll forego my right
For dread of monk or monkish knight?
Up and away, that deepening bell
Both of the Bishop's conclave tell.
Thither will I, in manner due,
As Jutta bade, my claim to sue;
And, if to right me they are loth,
'Then woe to church and chapter both!"
Now shift the scene, and let the curtain fall,
And our next entry be Saint Cuthbert's hall.

**Harold the Dauntless.**

**CANTO FOURTH**

1.
Full many a hard hath sung the solemn gloom
Of the long Gothic aisle and stone-ribb'd roof,
Our-canopying shrine, and gorgeous tombs,
Carved screen, and altar glittering far aloft,
And blending with the shade—a matchless proof
Of high devotion, which hath now wax'd cold;
Yet legends say, that Luxury's brute hoof
Intruded oft within such sacred cell,
Like step of Bel's false priest, track'd in his
fane of old.2

Well pleased am I, how'er, that when the route
Of our rude neighbours whilome deign'd to come,
Uncall'd, and eke unwelcome, to sweep out
And cleanse our chancels from the rags of Rome,
They spoke not on our ancient fame the doom
To which their bigot zeal gave o'er their own.
But spared the martyr'd saint and storied tomb,
Though pious miracles had graced the stone,
And though the uncles still loved the organ's
swelling tone.

2 See, in the Apocryphal Books, "The History of Bel
and the Dragon."
And deem not, though 'tis now my part to

point
A Prelate sway'd by love of power and gold,
That all who wore the mitre of our Saint
Like to ambitious Aldingar I hold;
Since both in modern times and days of old
It sate on those whose virtues might alone
Their predecessors' frailties trebly told:
Matthew and Morton we as such may own—
And such (if fame speak truth) the honour'd
Barrington.

II.

But now to earlier and to ruder times,
As subject meet, I tune my rugged rhymes,
Telling how fairly the chapter was met.
And rood and books in seemingly order set;
Huge brass-clasp'd volumes, which the hand
Of studious priest but rarely scannd,
Now on fair carved desk display'd,
'Twas theirs the solemn scene to aid.
O'erhead with many a scutcheon graced,
And quaint devices interlaced,
A labyrinth of crossing rows,
The roof in lessening arches shows;
Beneath its shade placed proud and high,
With footstool and with canopy,
Sute Aldingar,—and prelate ne'er
More naughty graced Saint Cuthbert's chair;
Canons and deacons were placed below,
In due degree and lengthen'd row.
Unmoved and silent each sat there,
Like image in his oaken chair;
Nor head, nor hand, nor foot they stirr'd,
Nor lock of hair, nor tress of beard;
And of their eyes severe alone
The twinkling show'd they were not stone.

III.

The Prelate was to speech address'd,
Each head sunk reverent on each breast;
But ere his voice was heard—without
Arose a wild tumultuous shout,
Offspring of wonder mix'd with fear,
Such as in crowded streets we hear
Hurling the flames, that, bursting out,
Attract yet scare the rabble rout.
Ere it had ceased, a giant hand
Shook oaken door and iron band,
Till oak and iron both gave way,
Clash'd the long bolts, the hinges Bray.
And, ere upon angel or saint they can call,
Stands Harold the Dauntless in midst of the hall.

IV.

"Now save ye, my masters, both rocket and road.
From Bishop with mitre to Deacon with hood!
For here stands Count Harnd, old Witkingle's son.
Come to sue for the lands which his ancestors won."

The Prelate look'd round him with sore troubled eye.
Unwilling to grant, yet afraid to deny;
While each Canon and Deacon who heard the Dane speak
To be safely at home would have fasted a week:
Then Aldingar roused him, and answer'd again,
"Thou seest for a boon which thou canst not obtain;
The Church hath no fees for an unchristen'd Dane.
Thy father was wise, and his treasure hath given,
That the priests of a chantry might hymn him in heaven;
And the fees which whilome he possess'd as his due,
Have lapsed to the Church, and been granted anew
To Anthony Conyers and Alberic Vere,
For the service Saint Cuthbert's a bless'd banner to bear,
When the bands of the North come to foray the Wear;
Then disturb not our concourse with wrangling or blame,
But in peace and in patience pass hence as ye came."

V.

Loud laugh'd the stern Pagan,—"They're free from the care
Of fief and of service, both Conyers and Vere,—
Six feet of your chancel is all they will need,
A buckler of stone and a corslet of lead.—
Ho, Gunnar!—the tokens;" and, never'd anew,
A head and a hand on the altar he threw.
Then shudder'd with terror both Canon and Monk,
They knew the glazed eye and the countenance shrunk,
And of Anthony Conyers the half-grizzled hair,
And the scar on the hand of Sir Alberic Vere.
There was not a churchman or priest that was there,
But grew pale at the sight, and betook him to prayer.

VI.

Count Harold laugh'd at their looks of fear:
"Was this the hand should your banner bear?
Was that the head should wear the casque
In battle at the Church's task?
Was it to such you gave the place
Of Harold with the heavy mace?
Find me between the Wear and Tyne
A knight will wield this club of mine,—
Give him my fees, and I will say
There's wit beneath the cowl of grey."
He raised it, rough with many a stain,
Caught from crush'd skull and spouting brain;
He wheel'd it that it shrilly sung,
And the aisles echo'd as it swung.
Then dash'd it down with sheer descent,
And split King Oisc's monument.—
"How like ye this music? How trow ye the hand
That can wield such a mace may be rest of its land?
No answer?—I spare ye a space to agree,
And Saint Cuthbert inspire you, a saint if he be.
Ten strides through your chancel, ten strokes on your bell,
And again I am with you—grave father's farewell!"

VII.

He turn'd from their presence, he clash'd the oak door,
And the clang of his stride died away on the floor;
And his head from his bosom the Prelate up
rears
With a ghost-seer's look when the ghost dis
appears.
"Ye Priests of Saint Cuthbert, now give me
your rede.
For never of counsel had Bishop more need!
Were the arch-fiend incarnate in flesh and in
bone,
The language, the look, and the laugh were
his own.
In the bounds of Saint Cuthbert there is not a
knight
Dare confront in our quarrel you goblin in
fight;
Then rede me aright to his claim to reply,
'Tis unlawful to grant, and 'tis death to deny.

VIII.
On ven'son and malmisie that morning had
fed
The Cellarer Vinsauf —'twas thus that he
said:
"Delay till to-morrow the Chapter's reply;
Let the feast be spread fair, and the wine be
pour'd high:
If he's mortal he drinks,—if he drinks, he is
ours—
His bracelets of iron,—his bed in our towers."
This man had a lauging eye,
Trust not, friends, when such you spy;
A beaker's depth he well could drain,
Revel, sport, and jest amain—
The haunch of the deer and the grape's bright
dye
Never hard loved them better than I;
But sooner than Vinsauf fill'd me my wine,
Pass'd me his jest, and lauch'd at mine,
Though the buck were of Bearpark, of Bour
deaux the vine,
With the dullest hermit I'd rather dine
On an oaken cake and a draught of the Tyne.

IX.
Walwayn the leech spoke next—he knew
Each plant that loves the sun and dew,
But special those whose juice can gain
Dominion o'er the blood and brain;
The peasant who saw him by pale moonbeam
Gathered such herbs by bank and stream,
Deem'd his thin form and soundless tread
Were those of wanderer from the dead.—
"Vinsauf, thy wine," he said, "hath power,
Our gyves are heavy, strong our tower;
Yet three drops from this flask of mine,
More strong than dungs, gyves, or wine,
Shall give him prison under ground
More dark, more narrow, more profound.
Short ruler, good reule, let Harold have—
A dog's death and a heathen's grave.
I have lain on a sick man's bed,
Watching for hours for the leech's tread,
As if I deem'd that his presence alone
Were of power to bid my pain begone;
I have listed his words of comfort given,
As if to oracles from heaven;
I have contuned his steps from my chamber
door
And bless'd them when they were heard no
more—
But sooner than Walwayn my sick couch
should nigh,
My choice were, by leech-craft unaided, to
die.
XIII.

Loud revel'd the guests, and the goblets loud rang.
But louder the minstrel, Hugh Meneville, sang:
And Harold, the hurry and pride of whose soul,
E'en when verging to fury, owned music's control,
Still bent on the harper his broad sable eye,
And often unfasted the goblet pass'd by;
Than wine, or than wassail, to him was more dear
The minstrel's high tale of enchantment to hear;
And the Bishop that day might of Vinsauf complain
That his art had but wasted his wine-casks in vain.

XIV.

THE CASTLE OF THE SEVEN SHIELDS.

A BALLAD.

The Druid Urien had daughters seven,
Their skill could call the moon from heaven;
So fair their forms and so high their fame,
That seven proud kings for their suitors came.

King Mador and Rhys came from Powis and Wales,
Unshorn was their hair, and unpruned were their nails;
From Strath-Clywe was Ewain, and Ewain was lane.

And the red bearded Donald from Galloway came.

Lot, King of Lodon, was hunchback'd from youth;
Dunmail of Cumbria had never a tooth,
But Adolf of Bambrough, Northumberland's heir,
Was gay and was gallant, was young and was fair.

There was strife 'mongst the sisters, for each one would have
For husband King Adolf, the gallant and brave;
And envy hied hate, and hate urged them to blows.
When the firm earth was cleft, and the Archfiend arose!

He swore to the maidens their wish to fulfil—
They swore to the foe they would work by his will.
A spindle and distaff to each hath he given,
"Now hearken my spell," said the Outcast of heaven.

"Ye shall ply these spindles at midnight hour,
And for every spindle shall rise a tower,
Where the right shall be feeble, the wrong shall have power,
And there shall ye dwell with your paramour."

Beneath the pale moonlight they sate on the wold,
And the rhymes which they chanted must never be told;

And as the black wool from the distaff they sped,
With blood from their bosom they moisten'd the thread.
As light danced the spindles beneath the cold gleam,
The castle arose like the birth of a dream—
The seven towers ascended like mist from the ground,
Seven portals defend them, seven ditches surround.
Within that dread castle seven monarchs were wed,
But six of the seven ere the morning lay dead;
With their eyes all on fire, and their daggers all red,
Seven damsel's surround the Northumbrian's bed.

"Six kingly bridegrooms to death we have done.
Six gallant kingdoms King Adolf hath won,
Six lovely brides all his pleasure to do,
Or the bed of the seventh shall be husbandless too."

Well chanced it that Adolf the night when he wed
Had confess'd and had sain'd him ere boun'd to his bed;
He sprung from the couch and his broadsword he drew,
And there the seven daughters of Urien he slew.

The gate of the castle he bolted and seal'd,
And hung o'er each arch-stone a crown and a shield;
To the cells of Saint Dunstan then wended his way,
And died in his cloister an anchorite grey.

Seven monarchs' wealth in that castle lies stow'd,
The foul fiends brood o'er them like raven and toad.
Whoever shall guesen these chambers within,
From curfew till matins, that treasure shall win.

But manhood grows faint as the world waxes old!
There lives not in Britain a champion so bold,
So dauntless of heart, and so prudent of brain,
As to dare the adventure that treasure to gain,

The waste ridge of Cheviot shall wave with the rye,
Before the rude Scots shall Northumberland fly,
And the flint cliffs of Bambro' shall melt in the sun,
Before that adventure be peril'd and won.

XV.

"And is this my probation?" wild Harold he said,
"Within a lone castle to press a lone bed?—
Good even, my Lord Bishop,—Saint Cuthbert to borrow,
The Castle of Seven Shields receives me to morrow."
Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO FIFTH.

1.
Denmark's sage courtier to her princely youth,
Granting his cloud an ouzel or a whale,
Spoke, though unwittingly, a partial truth;
For Fantasy embroiders Nature's veil.
The tints of ruby eve, or dawning pale,
Of the swart thunder-cloud, or silver haze, Are but the ground-work of the rich detail
Which Fantasy with pencil wild portrays,
Blending what seems and is, in the wrapt
muser's gaze.

Nor are the stubborn forms of earth and stone
Less to the Sorceress's empire given;
For not with unsubstantial hues alone,
Caught from the varying surge, or vacant heaven,
From bursting sunbeam, or from flashing levin,
She limns her pictures: on the earth, as air,
Arise her castles, and her car is driven;
And never gazed the eye on scene so fair,
But of its boasted charms gave Fancy half the share.

II.
Up a wild pass went Harold, bent to prove,
Hugh Meneville, the adventure of thy lay;
Gunnar pursued his steps in faith and love,
Ever companion of his master's way.
Midward their path, a rock of granite grey
From the adjoining cliff had made descent,—
A barren mass—yet with her drooping spray
Had a young birch-tree crown'd its battle
ment,
Twisting her fibrous roots through cranny, flaw, and rent.

This rock and tree could Gunnar's thought engage
Till Fancy brought the tear-drop to his eye,
And at his master ask'd the timid Page,
"What is the emblem that a bard should spy
In that rude rock and its green canopy?"
And Harold said, "Like to the helmet brave
Of warrior slain in fight it seems to lie,
And these same drooping boughs o'er it wave
Not all unlike the plume his lady's favour gave."—

"Ah, no!" replied the Page; "the ill-starr'd love
Of some poor maid is in the emblem shown,
Whose fates are with some hero's interwove,
And rooted on a heart to love unknown:
And as the gentle dews of heaven alone
Nourish those drooping boughs, and as the scathe
Of the red lightning rends both tree and stone,
So fared it with her unrequited faith,—
Her sole relief is tears—her only refuge death."—

III.
"Thou art a fond fantastic boy,"
Harold replied, "to females coy;
Yet prating still of love;
Even so amid the clash of war
I know thou lovest to keep afar,
Though destined by thy evil star
With one like me to rove,
Whose business and whose joys are found
Upon the bloody battle-ground.
Yet, foolish trembler as thou art,
Thou hast a nook of my rude heart,
And thou and I will never part:—
Harold would wrap the world in flame
Ere injury on Gunnar came!"

IV.
The grateful Page made no reply,
But turn'd to Heaven his gentle eye,
And clasped his hands, as one who said,
"My kins—my wanderings are o'er!"

Then in a gayer, lighter strain,
Compell'd himself to speech again;
And, as they flow'd along,
His words took cadence soft and slow,
And liquid, like dissolving snow,
They melted into song.

V.
"What though through fields of carnage wide
I may not follow Harold's stride,
Yet who with faithful Gunnar's pride
Lord Harold's fear not to be alone;
And dearer than the couch of pride,
He loves the bed of grey wolf's hide,
When slumbering by Lord Harold's side
In forest, field, or lea."—

VI.
"Break off!" said Harold, in a tone
Where hurry and surprise were shown,
"With some slight touch of fear,—
"Break off, we are not here alone;
A Palmer form comes slowly on!
By cowl, and staff, and mantle known,
My monitor is near.
Now mark him, Gunnar, heedfully;
He pauses by the bighted tree—
Dost see him, youth?—'Thou couldst not see
When in the vale of Galilee
I first beheld his form?
Nor when we met that other while
In Cephalonia's rocky isle,
Before the fearful storm,—
Dost see him now?—The Page, distraught
With terror, answer'd, "I see nought,
And there is nought to see,
Save that the oak's scathed boughs fling down
Upon the path a shadow brown,
That, like a pilgrim's dusky gown,
Waves with the waving tree."—

VII.
Count Harold gazed upon the oak
As if his eyestrings would have broke,
And then resolvedly said,—
"Be what it will you phantom grey—
Nor heaven, nor hell, shall ever say
That for their shadows from his way
Count Harold turn'd dismay'd:
I'll speak him, though his accents fill
My heart with that unwonted thrill
Which vulgar minds call fear.
I will subdue it!"—Forth he strode,
Paused where the bighted oak-tree show'd
Its sable shadow on the road,
And, folding on his bosom broad
His arms, said, "Speak—I hear."
VIII.
The Deep Voice said, "O wild of will, Furiou's thy purpose to fulfill— Heart-sear'd and unrepentant still, How long, O Harold, shall thy tread Disturb the slumberers of the dead? Each step in thy wild way thou makest, The ashes of the dead thou wak'st; And shout in triumph o'er thy path The flends of bloodshed and of wrath, In this thine hour, yet turn and hear! For life is brief and judgment near."

IX.
Then ceased The Voice.—The Dane replied In tones where awe and inborn pride For mastery strove,—"In vein ye chide The wolf for ravaging the flock, Or with its hardness taunt the rock,— I am as they—my Danish strain Sends streams of fire through every vein, Amid thy realms of goyle and ghost, Say, Is the fame of Eric lost, Or Witikind's the Waster, known Where fame or spoil was to be won; Whose galley's ne'er bore off a shore They left not black with flame?— He was my sire,—and, sprung of him, That rover merciless and grim, Can I be soft and tame? Part hence, and with my crimes no more upbraided me."

I made The Waster's son, and am but what he made me."

X.
The Phantom groan'd;—the mountain shook around, The fawn and wild-doe started at the sound, The gorse and fern did wildly round them wave, As if some sudden storm the impulse gave, "All thou hast said is true—Yet on the head Of that base sire let not the charge be laid, That he, like thee, with unrelenting pace, From brave to cradle ran the evil race:— Relentless in his aversion and ire, Churches and towns he gave to sword and fire; Shed blood like water, wasted every land, Like the destroying angel's burning brand; Fulfilled whate'er of ill might be invented, Yes—all these things he did—he did, but he repented! Perchance it is part of his punishment still, That his offspring pursues his example of ill. But thou, when thy tempest of wrath shall next shake thee, Girl thy lines for resistance, my son, and awake thee; If thou yield'st to thy fury, how tempted soever, The gate of repentance shall ope for thee never!"

XI. "He is gone," said Lord Harold, and gazed as he spoke: "There is mourn'd on the path but the shade of the oak. He is gone, whose strange presence my feeling oppress'd, Like the night-hag that sits on the slumberer's breast.

My heart beats as thick as a fugitive's tread, And cold dews drop from my brow and my head.—

Ho! Gunnar, the flasket you almoner gave: He said that three drops would recall from the grave.

For the first time Count Harold owns leech-craft has power.

Or, his courage to aid, lacks the juice of a flower?"

The page gave the flasket, which Walwayn had fill'd With the juice of wild roots that his art had distill'd— So baneful their influence on all that had breath, One drop had been frenzy, and two had been death. Harold took it, but drank not; for jubilee shrill, And music and clamour were heard on the hill, And down the steep pathway, o'er stock and o'er stone, The traces of a bridal came hithisomely on;

There was song, there was pipe, there was timbrel, and still The burden was, "Joy to the fair Metelill!"

XII.
Harold might see from his high stance, Himself unseen, that train advance With mirth and melody.—

On horse and foot a mingled throng, Measuring their steps to bridal song And bridal minstrelsy: And ever when the hithisome rout Lent to the song their choral shout, Redoubling echoes roll'd about, While echoing cave and cliff sent out The answering symphony Of all those mimic notes which dwell In hollow rock and sounding dell.

XIII.
Joy shook his torch above the band, By many a various passion fann'd;— As elemental sparks can feed On essence pure and coursest weed, Gentle, or stormy, or refined, Joy takes the colours of the mind. Lightsome and pure, but unrepress'd, He fired the bridegroom's gallant breast; More feebly strove with maiden fear, Yet still joy glimmer'd through the tear On the bride's blushing cheek, that shows Like dewdrop on the budding rose; While Wulfstan's glossy smile declared The gleam that selfish avance shared, And pleased revenge and malice high Joy's semblance took in Jutta's eye On dangerous adventure sped, The witch deem'd Harold with the dead, For thus that morn her Demon said:— "If, ere the set of sun, he tied The knot 'twixt bridegroom and his bride, The Dane shall have no power of ill O'er William and o'er Metelill—" And the pleased witch made answer, "Then Must Harold have passe'd from the paths of men! Evil repose may his spirit have,— May hemlock and mandrake find root in his grave.—"
May his death-sleep be dogged by dreams of dismay,
And his waking be worse at the answering day."

XIV.
Such was their various mood of glee
Bent in one shout of ecstasy.
But still when Joy is humming highest,
Of Sorrow and Misfortune nearest,
Of terror with her auge cheere.
And lurking Danger, anges speak:
These haunt each path, but chief they lay
Their snares beside the primrose way.
Thus found that bridal band their path
Beset by Harold in his wrath.

Trenthling beneath his maddening mood,
High on a rock the giant stood:
His shout was like the doom of death
Spoke o'er their heads that pass'd beneath.
His destined victims might not spy
The redening terrors of his eye.
The frown of rage that writhed his face.
The lip that foam'd like boar's in chase;
But all could see—and, seeing, all
Bore back to shun the threaten'd fall—
The fragment which their giant foe
Runt from the cliff and heaved to throw.

XV.
Backward they bore—yet are there two
For battle who prepare:
No pause of dread Lord William knew
Ere his good blade was bare,
And Wulfstane bent his fatal yew,
But ere the silken cord he drew,
As hurr'd from Hecuba's thunder, flew
That run through the air!
Full on the outlaw's front it came,
And all that late had human name,
And human face, and human frame,
That lived, and moved, and had free will
To choose the path of good or ill,
Is to its reckoning gone;
And nought of Wulfstane rests behind,
So he that smitest or whose stone,
Half-buried in the dinted clay,
A red and shapeless mass there lay
Of mingled flesh and bone!

XVI.
As from the bosom of the sky
The eagle darts amain,
Three bounds from yonder summit high
Placed Harold on the plain.
As the scared wild-fowl scream and fly,
So fled the bridal train:
As against the eagle's peerless might
The noble falcon dares the fight,
But dares the fight in vain,
So fought the bridgroom; from his hand
The Dane's rude mace has struck his brand,
Its glittering fragments strew the sand,
Its lord lies on the plain.
Now, Heseltine noble William's part,
And melt that yet unmelted heart,
Or, ere his bridal hour depart.
The hapless bridgroom's slain!

XVII.
Count Harold's frenzied rage is high,
There is a death-fire in his eye,
Deep furrows on his brow are trench'd,
His teeth are set, his hand is clenched,
The foam upon his lip is white,
His deadly arm is up to smite!
But, as the mace aloft he swung,
To stop the how young Gunnar sprung,
Around his master's knees he clung,
And cried, "In mercy spare!"

O, think upon the words of fear
Spoke by that visionary Seer,
The crisis he fororetold a here,—
Grant mercy,—or despair!"

This word suspended Harold's mood,
Yet still with arm upraised he stood,
And visage like the headsmen's rude
That pause for the sign:
"O mark thee with the blessed rod",
The Page implored: "Speak word of good,
 Resist the fiend, or he subdued!"

He sign'd the cross divine—
Instant his eye hath human light,
Less red, less keen, less fiercely bright;
His brow relax'd the obdurate frown,
The fatal mace sinks gently down,
He turns and strides away.
Yet oft, like revellers who leave,
Unfinish'd feast, looks back to grieve,
As it repenting the reprieve
He granted to his prey.
Yet still of forbearance one sign hath he given,
And fierce Witikind's son made one step towards heaven.

XVIII.
But though his dreaded footsteps part,
Death is behind and shakes his dart,
Lord William on the plain is lying,
Beside him Metelil! seems dying—
Bring odours—essences in haste—
And lo! a flasket richly chased,—
But Jutta the elixir proves
Ere pouring it for those she loves—
Then Walwyn's potion was not wasted,
For when three drops the hag had tasted,
So dismal was her yeal,
Each bird of evil omen spoke.
The raven gave his fatal croak,
And shriek'd the night-crow from the oak,
The screech-owl from the thicket broke,
And flutter'd down the dell!
So fearful was the sound and stern,
The slumberers of the full-gorged eree
Were startled, and from furze and fern
Of forest and of fell.
The fox and famish'd wolf replied,
(For wolves then prow'd the Cheviot side)—
From mountain head to mountain head
The unhallow'd sounds around were sped;
But when their latest echo fled,
The sorceress on the ground lay dead.

XIX.
Such was the scene of blood and woes,
With which the bridal morn arose
Of William and of Metelil;
But oft, when dawning 'gins to spread
The summer morn peeps dim and red
Above the eastern hill.
Ere, bright and fair, upon his road
The King of Splendour walks abroad;
So, when this cloud had pass'd away,
Bright was the noontide of their day;
And all serene its setting ray.
Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

Well do I hope that this my minstrel tale
Will tempt no traveller from southern fields,
Whether in tilbury, harquebus, or mail,
To view the Castle of these Seven Proud
Shields.

Small confirmation its condition yields
To Meneville's high lay—No towers are seen
On the wild heath, but those that Fancy
builds,
And, save a fosse that tracks the moor with green,
Is sought remains to tell of what may there have been.

And yet grave authors, with no small waste
Of their grave time, have dignified the spot
By theories, to prove the fortress placed
By Roman bands, to curb the invading Scot.

Hutchinson, Horsley, Camden, I might quote,
But rather choose the theory less evil
Of hours, who, origin of things forgot,
Refer still to the origin of evil.

And for their master-mason choose that master-fiend, the Devil.

II.

Therefore, I say, it was on fiend-built towers
That stout Count Harold bent his wondering gaze,
When evening dew was on the heather flowers,
And the last sunbeams made the mountain blaze,

And tinted the battlements of other days
With the bright level light ere sinking down—
Illumined thus, the Dauntless Dane surveys
The Seven Proud Shields that o'er the portal frown.

And on their blazons traced high marks of old renown.

A wolf North Wales had on his armour-coat,
And Rhy's Powis-land a couchant stag;
Strath-Clywyd's strange emblem was a strangled goat,

Donald of Galloway's a trotting stag;
A corn-shiel gift was fertile Lodon's brag:
A dudgeon-dagger was by Dunmail worn;
Northumbrian Adolf gave a sea-beat crag

Surmounted by a cross—such signs were borne
Upon these antique shields, all wasted and worn.

III.

These scann'd, Count Harold sought the castle door,
Whose ponderous bolts were rusted to decay;
Yet till that hour adventurous knight forbore
The most restricted passage to essay.

More strong than armed warders in array,
And obstacle more sure than bolt or bar,
Sate in the portal Terror and Dismay,

While Superstition, who forbade to war
With foes of other mould than mortal clay,
Cast spells across the gate, and bade the onward way.

Vain now those spells; for soon with heavy clank
The feebly-fasten'd gate was inward push'd,
And, as it oped, through that embasion'd rank
Of antique shields, the wind of evening rush'd
With sound most like a grom, and then was hush'd.

Is none who on such spot such sounds could hear
But to his heart the blood had faster rush'd;
Yet to hold Harold's breast that throbb was dear—

It spoke of danger nigh, but had no touch of fear.

IV.

Yet Harold and his Page no signs have traced
Within the castle, that of danger show'd;
For still the halls and courts were wild and waste,

As through their precincts the adventurers trode.

The seven huge towers rose stately, tall, and broad.

Each tower presenting to their scrutiny
A hall in which a king might make abode,
And fest beside, garnish'd both proud and high.

Was placed a bower for rest in which a king might lie.

As if a bridal there of late had been,
Deck'd stood the table in each gorgeous hall;
And yet it was two hundred years, I ween,
Since date of that unhallow'd festival.

Flagon's, and ewers, and standing cups, were all
Of tarnish'd gold, or silver nothing clear,
With throne begirt, and canopy of pall,
And tapestry clothed the walls with fragments seen.

Frail as the spider's mesh did that rich woof appear.

V.

In every bower, as round a hearse, was hung
A dusky crimson curtain o'er the bed,
And on each couch in ghastly wise were flung
The wasted relics of a monarch dead;

Barbaric ornaments around were spread,
Vests twined with gold, and chains of precious stone,

And golden circlets, meet for monarch's head;
While grinn'd, as if in scorn amongst them shone

The wearer's fleshless skull, alike with dust bestrown.

For these were they who, drunken with delight,
On pleasure's opiate pillow laid their head,
For whom the bride's shy stepfoot, slow and light.

Was changed ere morning to the murderer's hunt.

For human bliss and woe in the frail thread
Of human life are all so closely twined;
That till the shears of fate the texture shred.
The close succession cannot be disjoin'd
Nor dare we, from one hour, judge that which comes behind.
VI.

But where the work of vengeance had been done,
In that seventh chamber, was a stern sight;
There of the witch-bridés lay each skeleton,
Stil in the posture as to death when light.
For this lay prone, by one blow slain outright;
And that, as one who struggled long in dying;
One bony hand held knife, as if to smite;
One bent on fleshless knees, as mercy crying;
One lay across the door, as kill'd in act of dying.
The stern Dane smiled this charmal-house to see,—
For his plac'd thought return'd to Metelill:—
And "Well," he said, "hath woman's perfidy,
Empty as air, as water volatile,
Been here avenged—The origin of ill
Through woman rose, the Christian doctrine saith:
Nor deem I, Gunnar, that thy minstrel skill
Can show example where a woman's breath
Hath made a true-love vow, and, tempted,
kept her faith."

VII.
The minstrel-boy half smiled, half sigh'd,
And his half-filling eyes he dried,
And said, "The theme I should but wrong,
Unless it were my dying song,
(Our Scalds have said, in dying hour
The Northern harp has treble power
Else could I tell of woman's faith,
Defying danger, scorn, and death.
Firm was that faith,—as diamond stone
Pure and unfauld,—her love unknown,
And unrequited,—firm and pure.
Her stainless faith could all endure;
From clime to clime,—from place to place,—
Through want, and danger, and disgrace,
A wanderer's wayward steps could trace.
And this she did, and guerdon none
Required, save that her hurnal-stone
Should make at length the secret known,
'Thus hath a faithful woman done.'—
Not in each breast such truth must exist,
But Evir was a Danish maid."—

VIII.
"Thou art a wild enthusiast," said
Count Harold, "for thy Danish maid;
And yet, young Gunnar, I will own
Hers were a faith to rest upon.
But Evir sleeps beneath her stone,
And all resembling her are gone.
What maid e'er show'd such constancy
In plighted faith, like thine to me?
But crouch thee, boy; the darksome shade
Falls thickly round, nor be dismay'd
Because the dead are by.
They were as we; our little day
O'erspent, and we shall be as they.
Yet near me, Gunnar, be thou laid,
The sable sheet upon thy head,
That thou mayst think, should fear invade,
Thy master slumbers nigh."—
Thus couched they in that drear abode,
Until the beams of dawning glow'd.

IX.
An alter'd man Lord Harold rose,
When he beheld that dawn unclose—
There's a trouble in his eyes,
And trace on his brow and cheek
Of mingled awe and wonder speak.
"My page," he said, "arise;—
Leave us this place, my page."—No more
He uttered till the castle door.
They cross'd—but there he paused and said,
"My wildness hath awaked the dead—
Disturb'd the sacred tomb!
Methought this night I stood on high
Where Hecia roars in middle sky,
And in her cavern'd gulf a sultry rain
The central place of doom;
And there before me in my mortal strain
Souls of the dead came floating by,
Whom fiends, with many a fiendish cry
Bore to that evil den!
My eyes grew dizzy, and my brain
Was wilder'd, as the elvish train,
With shriek and howl, drake'd on amain.
Theirs who had late been men.

X.
"With haggard eyes and streaming hair,
Jutta the Sorceress was there,
And there pass'd Wulfsland glistingly slain,
All crush'd and soul with bloody stain
More hail I seen, but that uprose
A whirlwind wild, and swept the snows;
And with such sound as when at need
A champion spurs his horse to speed,
Three armed knights rush on, who lead
Caparison'd a sable steed.
Sable their harness, and there came
Through their closed vixors sparkles of flame.
The first proclim'd, in sounds of fear
'Hail the Dauntless, welcome here!'
The next cried, 'Jubilee! we've won
Count Witkind the Waster's son!'—
The third rider sternly spoke,
'Mount, in the name of Zernebock!—
From us, O Harald, were thy powers,—
Thy strength, thy dauntlessness, are ours;
Nor think, a vassal thou of hell,
With hell can strive.' The fiend spoke true!
My inmost soul the summons knew,
As captives know the knell
That says the hendsman's sword is bare,
And, with an accent of despair,
Commanda them quit their cell.
I felt resistance was in vain,
My foot had fell stirrup ta'en,
My hand was on the fatal mane,
When to my rescue sped
That Palmer's visionary form,
And—like the passing of a storm—
The demons yell'd and fled!

XI.
"His sable cowl, flung back, reveal'd
The features it before conceal'd;—
And, Gunnar, I could find
In him whose counsels strive to stay
So oft my course on wilful way,
My father Witkind's shade,
Doom'd for his sins, and doom'd for mine,
A wanderer upon earth to pine
Until his son shall turn to grace,
And smooth for him a resting place,—
Gunnar, he must not haunt in vain
This world of wretchedness and pain:
I'll tame my wilful heart to live
In peace—to pity and forgive—
And thou, for so the Vision said,
Must in thy Lord's repentance aid.
Thy mother was a prophetess,
He said, who by her skill could guess
How close the fatal textures join
Which knitt thy thread of life with mine;
Then, dark, he hinted of disguise
She framed to cheat too curious eyes,
That not a moment might divide
Thy fated footsteps from my side.
Methought while thus my sire did teach,
I caught the meaning of his speech,
Yet seems its purport doubtful now."
His hand then sought his thoughtful brow,
Then first he mark'd, that in the tower
His glove was left at waking hour.

XII.

Trembling at first, and deadly pale,
Had Gunnar heard the vision's tale;
But when he learned the dubious close,
He blush'd like any opening rose.
And, glad to hide his tell-tale cheek,
Hied back that glove of mail to seek;
When soon a shriek of deadly dread
Summon'd his master to his aid.

XIII.

What sees Count Harold in that bower,
So late his resting-place!—
The semblance of the Evil Power,
Adored by all his race!
Odin in living form stood there,
His cloak the spoils of Polar bear;
For pluny crest a meteor shed
Its gloomy radiance o'er his head,
Yet veil'd its hazard majesty
To the wild lightnings of his eye.
Such height was his, as when in stone
O'er Upsal's giant altar shown:
So flow'd his hoary beard;
Such was his lance of mountain-pine,
So did his sevenfold buckler shine;—
But when his voice he read,
Deep, without harshness, slow and strong,
The peaceful accents roll'd along.
And, while he spoke, his hand was laid
On captive Gunnar's shriv'ning head.

XIV.

"Harold," he said, "what rage is thine,
To quit the worship of thy line,
To leave thy Warrior-God!—
With me is glory or disgrace,
Mine is the onset and the chase,
Embellish'd hosts before my face
Are wu'ered by a nod.
Wilt thou then forfeit that high seat
Deserved by many a dauntless feat,
Among the heroes of thy line,
Eric and fiery Thorarime!—
Thou wilt not. Only I can give
The joys for which the valiant live,
Victory and vengeance—only I
Can give the joys for which thy die
The immortal tilt—the banquet full,
The brimming draught from foeman's skull.
Mine art thou, witness this thy glove;
The faithful pledge of vassal's love."—

XV.

"Tempter," said Harold, firm of heart,
"I charge thee, hence! what'er thou art,
I do defy thee—and resist
The kindling frenzy of my breast,
Wak'd by thy words; and of my mail,
Nor glove, nor buckler, splent, nor nail,
Shall rest with thee—that youth release,
And God, or Demon, part in peace."—

"Eivir," the Shape replied, "is mine,
Mark'd in the birth-hour with my sign,
Think'st thou that priest with drops of spray
Could wash that blood-red mark away?
Or that a borrow'd sex and name
Can abrogate a Godhead's claim?"

Thrift'd this strange speech through Harold's brain.
He clenched his teeth in high disdain,
For not his new-born faith subdued
Some tokens of his ancient mood—
"Now, by the hope so lately given
Of better trust and purer heaven,
I will assist thee, friend!"—Then rose
His mace, and with a storm of blows
The mortal and the Demon close.

XVI.

Smoke roll'd above, fire flash'd around,
Darken'd the sky and shook the ground;
But not the artillery of hell,
The heckling lightning, nor the rock
Of turrets to the earthquake's shock,
Could Harold's courage quell.
Sterlyn the Dane his purpose kept,
And blows on blows resistless he'd,
Till quail'd that Demon Form,
And—for his power to hurt or kill
Was bounded by a higher will—
Evanish'd in the storm.
Nor paus'd the Champion of the North,
But raised, and bore his Eivir forth,
From that wild scene of fiendish strife,
To light, to liberty, and life!

XVII.

He placed her on a bank of moss,
A silver rundle bubbled by,
And new-born thoughts his soul engross,
And tremors yet unknown across
His stubborn sinews fly.
The while with timid hand the dew
Upon her brow and neck he breath,
And mark'd how life with rosy hue
On her pale cheek revived anew,
And glimmer'd in her eye.
Inly he said, "That silken tress,—
What blindness mine that could not guess!
Or how could page's ruffled dress
That bosom's pride belie?!
O, duel of heart, through wild and wave
In search of blood and death to rave,
With such a partner nigh!"
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS
ON
Popular Poetry,
AND ON THE
VARIOUS COLLECTIONS OF BALLADS OF BRITAIN, PARTICULARLY THOSE OF SCOTLAND.

The Introduction originally prefixed to "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," was rather of a historical than a literary nature; and the remarks which follow have been added, to afford the general reader some information upon the character of Ballad Poetry. It would be throwing away words to prove, what all must admit, the general taste and propensity of nations in their early state, to cultivate some species of rude poetry. When the organs and faculties of a primitive race have developed themselves, each for its proper and necessary use, there is a natural tendency to employ them in a more refined and regulated manner for purposes of amusement. The savage, after proving the activity of his limbs in the chase or the battle, trains them to more measured movements; to dance at the festivals of his tribe, or to perform obsequies before the altars of his deity. From the same impulse, he is disposed to refine the ordinary speech which forms the vehicle of social communication between him and his brethren, until, by a more ornate diction, modulated by certain rules of rhythm, cadence, assurance of termination, or recurrence of sound or letter, he obtains a dialect more solemn in expression, to record the laws or exploits of his tribe, or more sweet in sound, in which to plead his own cause to his mistress.

This primeval poetry must have one general character in all nations, both as to its merits and its imperfections. The earlier poets have the advantage, and it is not a small one, of having the first choice out of the stock of materials which are proper to the art; and thus they compel later authors, if they would avoid slavishly imitating the fathers of verse, into various devices, often more ingenious than elegant, that they may establish, if not an absolute claim to originality, at least a visible distinction betwixt themselves and their predecessors. Thus it happens, that early poets almost uniformly display a bold, rude, original cast of genius and expression. They have walked at free-will, and with unconstrained steps, along the wilds of Parnassus, while their followers move with constrained gestures and forced attitudes, in order to avoid placing their feet where their predecessors have stepped before them. The first bard who compared his hero to a lion, struck a bold and congenial note, though the simile, in a nation of hunters, be a very obvious one; but every subsequent poet who shall use it, must either struggle hard to give his lion, as heralds say,
with a difference, or he under the imputation of being a servile imitator.

It is not probable that, by any researches of modern times, we shall ever reach back to an earlier model of poetry than Homer; but as there lived heroes before Agamemnon, so, not long after, existed before the immortal Bard who gave the King of kings his fame; and he whom all civilized nations now acknowledge as the Father of Poetry, must have himself looked back to an ancestry of poetical predecessors, and is only held original because we know not from whom he copied. Indeed, though much must be ascribed to the riches of his own individual genius, the poetry of Homer argues a degree of perfection in an art which practice had already rendered regular, and concerning which, his frequent mention of the bards, or chanters of poetry, indicates plainly that it was studied by many, and known and admired by all.

It is indeed easily discovered, that the qualities necessary for composing such poems are not the portion of every man in the tribe; that the bard, to reach excellence in his art, must possessing more than a full command of words and phrases, and the knack of arranging them in such form as ancient examples have fixed upon as the recognized structure of national verse. The tribe speedily become sensible, that besides this degree of mechanical faculty, which (like making what are called at school nonsense verses) may be attained by dint of memory and practice, much higher qualifications are demanded. A keen and active power of observation, capable of perceiving at a glance the leading circumstances from which the incident described derives its character; quick and powerful feelings, to enable the bard to comprehend and delineate those of the actors in his piece; and a command of language, alternately soft and elevated, and fitted to express the conceptions which he had formed in his mind, are all necessary to eminence in the poetical art.

Above all, to attain the highest point of his profession, the poet must have that original power of embodying and detailing circumstances, which can place before the eyes of others a scene which only exists in his own imagination. This last high and creative faculty, namely, that of impressing the mind of the hearer with scenes and sentiments having no existence save through their art, has procured for the bards of Greece the term of Poet, which, as it singularly happens, is literally translated by the Scottish epithet for the same class of persons, whom they termed the Makers. The French phrase of Trouveurs, or Troubadours, namely, the Finders, or Inventors, has the same reference to the quality of original conception and invention peculiar to poets existed before the bard, and which it can hardly be said to exist to any pleasing or useful purpose.

The mere arrangement of words into poetical rhythm, or combining them according to a technical rule or measure, is so closely connected with the art of music, that an alliance between these two fine arts is very soon closely formed. It is fruitless to enquire which of them has been first invented, since doubtless the precedence is accidental; and it signifies little whether the musician adapts verses to a rude tune, or whether the primitive poet, in reciting his productions, falls naturally into a chant or song. With this additional accomplishment, the poet becomes a bard, or the man of song, and his character is complete, when the additional accompaniment of a lute or harp is added to his vocal performance.

Here, therefore, we have the history of early poetry in all nations. But it is evident that, though poetry seems a plant proper to almost all soils, yet not only is it of various kinds, according to the climate and country in which it has its origin, but the poetry of different nations differs still more widely in the degree of excellence which it attains. This must depend in some measure, no doubt, on the temper and manners of the people, or their proximity to those spirit-stirring events which are necessarily selected as the subject of poetry, and on the more comprehensive or energetic character of the language spoken by the tribe. But the progress of the art is far more dependent upon the rise of some highly gifted individual, posessing in a pre-eminent and uncommon degree the powers of his mind, whose talents influence the taste of a whole nation, and entail on their posterity and language a character almost indefeasibly sacred.

In this respect Homer stands alone and unrivalled, as a light from whose lamp the genius of successive ages, and of distant nations, has caught fire and illumination; and we do, through the early poet of a rude age, have purchased for the era he has celebrated, so much reverence, that, not daring to bestow on it the term of barbarous, we distinguish it as the heroic period.

No other poet (sacred and inspired authors excepted) ever did, or ever will, possess the same influence over posterity, in so many distant lands, as has been acquired by the blind old man of Chios; yet we are assured that his works are celebrated by Pisistratus, who caused to be united into their present form those divine poems, would otherwise, if preserved at all, have appeared to succeeding generations in the humble state of a collection of detached ballads, connected only as referring to the same age, the same general subjects, and the same cycle of heroes, like the metrical poems of the Cid in Spain, or of Robin Hood in England.

In other countries, less favoured, either in language or in picturesque incident, it cannot be supposed that even the genius of Homer could have soared to such exclusive eminence, since he must at once have been deprived of the subjects and themes so well adapted for his muse, and of the loftier, melodious, and flexible language in which he recorded them. Other nations, during the formation of their poetical art, wanted the genius of Homer, as well as his picturesque scenery and lofty language. Yet the investigation of the early poetry of every nation, even the rudest, carries with it an object of curiosity and interest. It is a chapter in the history of the childhood of society, and its resemblance to, or dissimilarity from, the popular rhymes of other nations in the same stage, must needs illustrate
the ancient history of states; their slower or swifter progress towards civilisation; their gradual or more rapid adoption of manners, sentiments, and religion. The study, therefore, of lays rescued from the cull of oblivion, must in every case possess considerable interest for the moral philosopher and general historian.

'The historian of an individual nation is equally or more deeply interested in the researches into popular poetry, since he must not disdain to gather from the tradition conveyed in ancient ditties and ballads, the information necessary to confirm or correct intelligence collected from more certain sources. And although the poets were a failing race from the very beginning of time, and so much addicted to exaggeration, that their accounts are seldom to be relied on without corroborative evidence, yet instances frequently occur where the statements of poetical tradition are unexpectedly confirmed.

To the lovers and admirers of poetry as an art, it must be uninteresting to have a glimpse of the National Muse in her cradle, or to hear her babbling the earliest attempts at the formation of the tuneful sounds with which she was afterwards to charm posterity. And I may venture to add, that among poetry, which, however rude, was a gift of Nature's first fruits, even a reader of refined taste will find his patience rewarded, by passages in which the rude minstrel rises into sublimity or melts into pathos. These were the merits which induced the classical Addison to write an elaborate commentary upon the ballad of Chevy Chase, and which roused, like the sound of a trumpet, the heroic blood of Sir Philip Sidney.

It is true that passages of this high character seldom occur; for, during the infancy of the art of poetry, the bards have been generally satisfied with a rude and careless expression of their sentiments; and even when a more felicitous expression, or loftier numbers, have been dictated by the enthusiasm of the composition, the advantage came unsought for, and perhaps unnoticed, either by the minstrel or the audience.

The cause contributed to the tenantry of thought and poverty of expression, by which old ballads are too often distinguished. The apparent simplicity of the ballad stanza carried with it a strong temptation to loose and trivial composition. The collection of rhymes, accumulated by the earliest of the craft, appear to have been considered as forming a joint stock for the common use of the profession; and not mere rhymes only, but verses and stanzas, have been used as common property, so as to give an appearance of sameness and crudity to the whole series of popular poetry. Such, for instance, is the salutation so often repeated,—

"Now Heven thee save, thou brave young knight,
Now Heven thee save and see."*

And such the usual expression for taking counsel with:

"Rede me, rede me, brother dear,
My rede shall rise at thee."*

Such also is the unvaried account of the rose and the hrier, which are said to spring out of the grave of the hero and heroine of these metrical legends, with little effort at a variation of the expressions in which the incident is prescriptively told. The least acquaintance with the history will render the visions of commonplace verses, which each ballad-maker has unceremoniously appropriated to himself; thereby greatly facilitating his own task, and at the same time degrading his art by his slovenly use of oversketched phrases. From the same indolence, the ballad-mongers of most nations have availed themselves of every opportunity of prolonging the course of the same kind, without the labour of actual composition. If a message is to be delivered, the poet saves himself a little trouble, by using exactly the same words in which it was originally couched, to secure its being transmitted to the person for whose ear it was intended. The bards of ruder climes, and less favoured languages, may indeed claim the compliment of having discovered the true form of composition in their rudest "song," but whilst, in the Father of Poetry, they give the reader an opportunity to pause, and look back upon the enchanted ground over which they have travelled, they afford nothing to the modern bard, save facilitating the power of stupefying the audience with stanzas of dull and tedious iteration.

Another cause of the flatness and insipidity, which is the great imperfection of ballad poetry, is to be ascribed less to the compositions in their original state, when rehearsed by their authors, than to the ignorance and errors of the reciters or transcribers, by whom they have been transmitted to us. The more popular the composition of an ancient poet, or Maker, became, the greater chance there was of its being corrupted; for a poem transmitted through a number of reciters, like a book reprinted in a multitude of editions, incurs the risk of impertinent interpolations from the conceit of one rehearser, unintelligible blunders from the stupidity of another, and omissions equally to be regretted, from the want of memory in a third. This sort of injury is felt very early, and the reader will find a numerous instance in the Romance of Sir Tristrem. Robert de Brunne there complains, that though the Romance of Sir Tristrem was the best which had ever been made, if it could be recited as composed by the author, Thomas of Erec and Enide, yet that it was written in such an ornate style of language, and such a difficult strain of versification, as to lose all value in the mouths of ordinary minds. Instead of prolonging the same stanza without omitting some part of it, and marring, consequently, both the sense and the rhythm of the passage. This deterioration could not be limited to one author alone; others must have suffered from the same cause, in the same or a greater degree. Nay, we are authorised to conclude, that in proportion to the care bestowed by the author upon any poem, to attain what his age might suppose to be the highest graces of poetry, the greater was the damage which it sustained by the inaccuracy of reciters, or their desire to humble both the sense and diction of the poem to their powers of recollection, and the comprehension of a vulgar audience. It can-
not be expected that compositions subjected in this way to mutation and corruption, should continue to present their original sense or diction; and the accuracy of our editions of popular poetry, unless in the rare event of recovery from original or early copies, is lessened in proportion.

But the chance of these corruptions is incalculably increased, when we consider that the ballads have been, not in one, but innumerable instances of transmission, liable to similar alterations, through a long course of centuries, during which they have been handed from one ignorant reciter to another, each of whom, for various reasons, has endeavored to adorn or embellish them with words or phrases time or fashion bade him appropriate, or to substitute analogies by expressions taken from the customs of his own day. And here it may be remarked, that the desire of the reciter to be intelligible, however natural and laudable, has been one of the greatest causes of the deterioration of ancient poetry. The minstrel who endeavored, with fidelity, to preserve in the words of the author, might indeed fall into transient of sound and sense, and substitute corruptions for words he did not understand. But the ingenuity of a skilful critic could often, in that case, revive and restore the original meaning; while the corrupted words became, in such cases, a warrant for the authenticity of the whole poem.

In general, however, the later reciters appear to have been far less desirous to speak the author's words, than to introduce amendments and new readings of their own, which have always produced the effect of modernizing, and usually that of degrading and vulgarizing, the rugged sense and spirit of the antique minstrel. Thus, undergoing from age to age a gradual process of alteration and re-composition, our popular and oral minstrelsy has lost, in a great measure, its original appearance; and the strong touches by which it had been formerly characterised, have been generally smoothed down and destroyed by a process similar to that by which a coin, passing from hand to hand, loses in circulation all the finer marks of the impress.

The very fine ballad of Chevy Chase is an example of this degrading species of aleckry, by which the ore of antiquity is deteriorated and adulterated. While Addison, in an age in which he had never attended to popular poetry, wrote his classical criticism on that ballad, he naturally took for his text the ordinary stall-copy, although he might, and ought to have suspected, that a ditty couched in the language nearly of his own time, could not be the same with that which Sir Philip Sidney, more than one hundred years before, had spoken of, as being "evil apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of an uncivilized age." The venerable Bishop Percy was the first to correct this mistake, by producing a copy of the song, as old at least as the reign of Henry VII., bearing the name of the author or transcriptor, Richard Shuckford. But even the Rev. Editor himself fell under the mistake of supposing the modern Chevy Chase to be a new copy of the original ballad, expressly modernized by some one later bard. On the contrary, the current version is now universally allowed to have been produced by the gradual alterations of numerous reciters, during two centuries, in the course of which the ballad has been gradually moulded into a composition bearing only a general resemblance to the original—expressing the same events and sentiments in much smoother language, and more flowing and easy versification; but losing in poetical fire and energy, and in the vigour and pithiness of the expression, a great deal more than it has gained in suavity of diction. Thus:—

"The Percy owt of Northumberland,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountains
Off Cheviot winthin his soure.
In the mauger of doughty Dongles,
And all that ever with him be,"

Becomes

"The stott Earl of Northumberland
A vowe to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take," &c.

From this, and other examples of the same kind, of which many might be quoted, we must often expect to find the remnais of Minstrel poetry, composed originally for the courts of princes and halls of nobles, disguised in the vulgar dialect of the rustic ale-bench. It is unnecessary to mention more than one other remarkable and humbling instance, printed in the curious collection entitled, a Ballad-Book, where we find, in the words of the ingenious Editor, a stupid ballad, printed as it was sung in Annandale, founded on the well-known story of the Prince of Valerino's daughter, but with the uncoth change of Dysmal for Gismond, and Giuscard transformed into a greasy kitchen-boy.

"To what base uses may we not return!"

Sometimes a still more material and systematic difference appears between the poems of antiquity, as they were originally composed, and as they now exist. This occurs in cases where the longer metrical romances, which were in fashion during the middle ages, were reduced to shorter compositions, in order that they might be chanted before an inferior audience. A ballad, for example, of Thomas of Errollandine, and his intrigues with the Queen of Faery-Land, is, or has been, long current in Teviotdale, and other parts of Scotland. Two ancient copies of a poem, or romance, on the same subject, and containing very often the same words, and turned to the frequent use preserved in the libraries of the Cathedral of Lincoln and Peterborough. We are left to conjecture whether the originals of such ballads have been gradually contracted into their modern shape by the impatience of later audiences, combined with the lack of memory displayed by more modern reciters, or whether, in particular cases, some ballad-maker may have actually set himself to work to recast the old details of the minstrels, and regularize and systematically to modernize, and if the phrase be permitted, to balladize, a metrical romance. We are assured, however, that "Rosswal and Lilian" was sung through the streets of Edinburgh two generations
Since; and we know that the Romance of "Sir Eger, Sir Grime, and Sir Greysteil," had also its own particular chant, or tune. The stall-copies of both these romances, as they now exist, are very much abbreviated, and probably exhibit them when they were undergoing, or had nearly undergone, the process of being abbreviated.

Taking into consideration the various indirect channels by which the popular poetry of our ancestors has been transmitted to their posterity, it is nothing surprising that it should reach us in a mutilated and degraded state, and that it should little correspond with the ideas we are apt to form of the first productions of national genius; nor is it more to be wondered at that we possess so many ballads of considerable merit, than that the much greater number of them which must have once existed, should have perished before our time.

Having given this brief account of ballad poetry in general, the purpose of the present prefatory remarks will be accomplished, by shortly noticing the popular poetry of Scotland, as one of the efforts which have been made to collect and illustrate it. It is now generally admitted that the Scots and Picts, however differing otherwise, were each by descent a Celtic race; that they advanced in a course of victory somewhat farther than the present frontier between England and Scotland, and about the end of the eleventh century subdued and rendered tributary the Britons of Strathclyde, who were also a Celtic race like themselves. Excepting, therefore, the provinces of Berwickshire and the Lothians, which were chiefly inhabited by an Anglo-Saxon population, the whole of Scotland was peopled by different tribes of the same aboriginal race,—a race passionately addicted to music, as appears from the kindred Celtic names of Irish, Welsh, and Scottish, preserving each to this day a style and character of music peculiar to their own country, though all three bear marks of general resemblance to each other. That of Scotland, in particular, is early noticed and extolled by ancient authors, and its remains, to which the natives are passionately attached, are still found to afford pleasure even to those who cultivate the art upon a more refined and varied system.

This skill in music did not, of course, exist without a corresponding degree of talent for a species of poetry, adapted to the habits of the country, celebrating the victories of triumphant clans, pouring forth lamentations over fallen heroes, and recording such marvellous adventures as were calculated to amuse individual families around their household fires, or the whole tribe when regaling in the hall of the chief. It happened, however, singularly enough, that while the music continued to be Celtic in its general measure, the language of Scotland, most commonly spoken, began to be that of their neighbours, the English, introduced by the multitude of Saxons who thronged to the court of Malcolm Canmore and his successors; by the crowds of prisoners of war, whom the repeated ravages of the Scots in Northumberland carried off as slaves to their country; by the influence of the inhabitants of the sincerest and most populous provinces in Scotland, Berwickshire, namely, and the Lothians, over the more mountainous; lastly, by the superiority which a language like the Anglo-Saxon, considerably refined, long since reduced to writing, and capable of expressing the wants, wishes, and sentiments of the speakers, must have possessed over the jargon of various tribes of Irish, Britons, and Picts, limited and contracted in every varying dialect, and differing, at the same time, from each other. This superiority being considered, and a fair length of time being allowed, it is no wonder that, while the Scottish people retained their Celtic music, and many of their Celtic customs, together with their Celtic dynasty, the English of Scotland, with their language, have adopted, throughout the Lowlands, the Saxon language, while in the Highlands they retained the Celtic dialect, along with the dress, arms, manners, and government of their fathers.

There was, for a time, a solemn national recognition that the Saxon language and poetry had not originally been that of the royal family. For, at the coronations of the kings of Scotland, prefaces were entered into which was a part of the solemnity, that a Celtic bard stepped forth, so soon as the king assumed his seat upon the fated stone, and recited the genealogy of the monarch in Celtic verse, setting forth his descent, and the right which he had by birth to occupy the place of sovereignty. For a time, no doubt, the Celtic songs and poems remained current in the Lowlands, while any remnant of the language yet lasted. The Gaelic or Irish bards, we are also aware, occasionally strudied into the Lowlands, where their music might be received with favour, even after their recitation was no longer understood. But though these aboriginal poets showed themselves at festivals and other places of public resort, it does not appear that, as in Homer's time, they were heard with high places at their board, and savoury morsels of the chine; but they seem rather to have been accounted fit company for the feigned fools and sturdy beggars, with whom they were ranked by a Scottish statute.

Time was necessary wholly to eradicate one language and introduce another; but it is remarkable that, at the death of Alexander the Third, the last Scottish king of the pure Celtic race, the popular lament for his death was composed in Scotch-English, and, though closely resembling the modern dialect, is the earliest example we have of that language, whether in prose or poetry. About the same time flourished the celebrated Thomas the Rymer, whose poem, written in English, or Lowland Scottish, with the most anxious attention both to versification and alliteration, forms, even as it now exists, a very curious specimen of the early romance. Such complicated construction was greatly too concise for the public ear, which is best amused by a looser diction, in which numerous repetitions, and prolonged descriptions, enable the comprehension of the audience to keep up with the voice of the singer or reciter, and supply the gaps which

1 "Where Alexander our king was dead, Was Scotland led in love and fear, Away was son of ale and bread, Of wine and wax, of game and gleam," &c.
in general must have taken place, either through a failure of attention in the hearers, or of voice and distinct enunciation on the part of the minstrel.

The usual stanza which was selected as the most natural to the language and the sweetest to the ear, after the complex system of the more courtly measures, used by Thomas of Erecidonne, was laid aside, was that which, when originally introduced, we very often find arranged in two lines, thus:—

"Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed, most
like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company, whose armour
shone like gold;"

but which, after being divided into four, constitutes what is now generally called the ballad stanza,—

"Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold."

The breaking of the lines contains a plainer intimation how the stanza ought to be read, than every one could gather from the original mode of writing out the poem. where the position of the caesura, or inflection of voice, is left to the individual's own taste. This was sometimes exchanged for a stanza of six lines, the third and sixth rhyming together. For works of more importance and pretension, a more complicated versification was still retained, as may be found in the tale of Ralph Coilezear, the Adventures of Arthur at the Tarn-Wathelyn, Sir Gwain, and Sir Gologras, and other scarce romances. A specimen of this structure of verse has been handed down to our times in the stanza of Christ Kirk on the Green, transmitted by King James I., to Allan Ramsay and to Burns. The excessive passion with which the Borderers entertained the tale of the Saxon poetry, was also retained in the Scottish poems of a more elevated character, though the more ordinary minstrels and ballad-makers threw off the restraint.

The varieties of stanza thus adopted for popular poetry were not, we may easily suppose, left long unemployed. In frontier regions, where men are continually engaged in active enterprise, betwixt the task of defending themselves and annoying their neighbours, they may be said to live in an atmosphere of danger, the excitement of which is peculiarly favourable to the encouragement of poetry. Hence, the expressions of Lesly the historian, quoted in the following introduction, in which he paints the delight taken by the Borderers in their peculiar species of music, and the rhyming ballads in which they celebrated the feats of their ancestors, or recorded their own ingenious stratagems in predatory warfare.

In the same Introduction, the reader will find the reasons alleged why the taste for song was and must have been longer preserved on the Border than in the interior of the country.

Having thus made some remarks on early poetry in general, and on that of Scotland in particular, I turn to mention the fate of some previous attempts to collect ballad poetry, and the principles of selection and publication which have been adopted by various editors of learning and information; and although the present work chiefly regards the Ballads of Scotland, yet the investigation most necessarily include some of the principal collections among the English also.

Of manuscript records of ancient ballads, very few have been yet discovered. It is probable that the minstrels, seldom knowing either how to read or write, trusted to their well-exercised memory, and the eternal task to acquire a sufficient stock in trade for their purpose, since the Editor has not only known many persons capable of retaining a very large collection of legendary lore of this kind, but there was a period in his own life, when a memory that ought to have been charged with more valuable matter, enabled him to recollect as many of these old songs as would have occupied several days in the recitation.

The press, however, at length superseded the necessity of such exertions of recollection, and sheets of ballads issued from it weekly, for the amusement of the sojourners at the ale-house, and the lovers of poetry in grange and hall, where such of the audience as could not read, at least read, the frequent reprints of the fugitive leaves, generally printed upon broadsides, or in small missellanies called Garlands, and circulating amongst persons of loose and careless habits—so far as books were concerned—were subject to destruction from many causes; and as the editions in the early age of printing were probably much limited, even these published as chap-books in the early part of the 18th century, are rarely met with.

Some persons, however, seem to have had what their contemporaries probably thought the bizarre taste of gathering and preserving collections of this fugitive poetry. Hence the great body of ballads in the Pepsian collection at Cambridge, made by that Secretary of the Royal Society, who for a long time resided in the north; and hence the still more valuable deposit, in three volumes folio, in which the late Duke John of Roxburghe took so much pleasure, that he was often found enlarging it with fresh acquisitions, which he pasted in and registered with his own hand.

The first attempt, however, to reprint a collection of ballads for a class of readers distinct from those for whose use the original copies were intended, was that of an anonymous editor of three 12mo volumes, which appeared in London, with engravings. These volumes came out in various years, in the beginning of the 18th century. The editor writes with some flippancy, but with the air of a person superior to the ordinary drudgery of a mere collector. His work appears to have been got up at considerable expense, and the general introductions and historical illustrations which are prefixed to the various ballads, are written with an accuracy of which such a subject had not till then been deemed worthy. The principal part of the collection consists of stall-ballads, neither possessing much poetical merit, nor any particular rarity or curiosity. Still this original Miscellany holds a considerable value amongst collectors; and as the three volumes—being published at different times—are seldom found together, they sell for a high price when complete.
We may now turn our eyes to Scotland, where the facility of the dialect, which cuts off the consonants in the termination of the words, so as greatly to simplify the task of rhyming, and the habits, dispositions, and manners of the people, were of old so favourable to the composition of ballad-poetry, that, had the Scottish songs been preserved, there is no doubt a very curious history might have been composed by means of minstrelsy only, from the reign of Alexander III. in 1266, down to the close of the Civil Wars in 1745. That materials for such a collection existed, cannot be disputed, since the Scottish historians often refer to old ballads as authorities for general tradition. But their regular preservation was not to be hoped for or expected. Successive garlands of song sprung, flourished, faded, and were forgotten, in their turn; and the names of a few specimens are only preserved, to show us how abundant the display of these wild flowers had been.

Like the natural free gifts of Flora, these poetical garlands can only be successfully sought for where the land is uncultivated; and civilisation and increase of learning are sure to diminish, or destroy, that bit of the agriculturist bears down the mountain daisy. Yet it is to be recorded with some interest, that the earliest surviving specimen of the Scottish press, is a Miscellany of Millar and Chapman, which preserves a considerable fund of Scottish popular poetry, and among other things, no bad specimen of the gists of Robin Hood: "the English ballad-maker's joy," and whose "seventeenth-century" has been so freshly preserved in the north as on the southern shores of the Tweed. There were probably several collections of Scottish ballads and metrical pieces during the seventeenth century. A very fine one, belonging to Lord Montagu, perished in the fire which consumed Dilton House, about twenty years ago.

Ritson's Poetical Works, 1762, published at Edinburgh, a miscellaneous collection, in three parts, containing some ancient poetry. But the first editor who seems to have made a determined effort to preserve our ancient popular poetry, was the well-known Allan Ramsay, in his Evergreen, containing chiefly extracts from the ancient Scottish Makers, whose poems have been preserved in the Balladine Manuscript, but exhibiting amongst them some popular ballads. Amongst these is the Battle of Harlaw, apparently from a modernized copy, being probably the most ancient Scottish historical ballad of any length now in existence. He also inserted in the same collection, the genuine Scottish Border ballad of Johnne Armstrong, copied from the recitation of a descendant of the unfortunate hero, in the sixteenth generation. This poet also included in the Evergreen, Hardyknot, which, though evidently modern, is a most spirited and beautiful imitation of the ancient ballad. In a subsequent collection of lyrical pieces, called the Tea-Table Miscellany, Allan Ramsay inserted several old ballads, such as Cruel Barbara Allan, The Bonnie Earl of Murray, There came a Ghost to Margaret's door, and two or three others. But his unhappy plan of writing new words to old tunes, without at the same time preserving the ancient verses, led him, with the assistance of "some inexpressibly young gentleman," to throw aside many originals, the preservation of which would have been much more interesting than anything which has been substituted in their stead.

In fine, the task of collecting and illustrating ancient popular poetry, whether in England or Scotland, was never executed by a competent person, possessing the necessary powers of selection and annotation, till it was undertaken by Dr. Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore in Ireland. This reverend gentleman, himself a poet, and ranking high among the literati of the day, commanding access to the individuals and institutions which could best afford him materials, gave the public the result of his researches in a work entitled "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," in three volumes, published in London 1765, which has since gone through four editions. The taste with which the materials were chosen, the extreme felicity with which they were illustrated, the display at once of antiquarian knowledge and classical reading which the collections are calculated to demand, render it difficult to imitate, and impossible to excel, a work which must always be held among the first of its class in point of merit, though not actually the foremost in point of time. But neither the high character of the work, nor the rank and respectability of the author, could protect him or his labours, from the invidious attacks of criticism.

The most formidable of these were directed by Joseph Ritson, a man of acute observation, profound research, and great labour. These valuable attributes were unhappily combined with an eager irritability of temper, which induced him to treat antiquarian trifles with the same seriousness which men of the world reserve for matters of importance, and disposed him, without a scruple of examination, to bring to vulgar and base commentaries on the respectabilities of antiquaries, and the courtesies of ordinary society. It ought to be said, however, by one who knew him well, that this irritability of disposition was a constitutional and physical infirmity; and that Ritson's extreme attachment to the severity of truth, corresponded to the rigour of his criticisms upon the labours of others. He seems to have attacked Bishop Percy with the greater animosity, as bearing no good-will to the hierarchy, in which that prelate held a distinguished place.

Ritson's criticism, in which there was too much horse-play, was grounded on two points of accusation. The first point regarded Dr. Percy's definition of the order and office of minstrels, which Ritson considered as designately overcharged, for the sake of giving an undue importance to his subject. The second objection respected the liberties which Dr. Percy had taken with his materials, in adding to, retrenching, and improving them, so as to bring them nearer to the taste of his own period. We will take some brief notice of both topics.

First, Dr. Percy, in the first edition of his work, certainly laid himself open to the charge of having given an inaccurate, and somewhat
exaggerated account, of the English Minstrels, whom he designed to be an "order of men in the middle ages, who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sung to the harp the verses which they themselves composed." The reverend editor of the Reliques produced in support of this definition many curious quotations, to show that in many instances the persons of these minstrels had been honoured and respected, their performances applauded and rewarded by the great and the courtly, and their craft imitated by princes themselves. Against both these propositions, Ritson made a determined opposition. He contended, and probably with justice, that the minstrels were not necessarily poets, or in the regular habit of composing the verses which they sung to the harp; and indeed, that the word minstrel, in its ordinary acceptation, meant no more than musician.

Dr. Percy, from an amended edition of his Essay on Minstrelsy, prefixed to the fourth edition of the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, seems to have been, to a certain point, convinced by the critic's reasoning; for he has extended the definition impugned by Ritson, and the minstrels are thus described as singing verses "composed by themselves or others." This we apprehend to be a tenable position; for, as on the one hand it seems too broad an averment to say that all minstrels were by profession poets, so on the other, it is extravagant to affirm, that men who were constantly in the habit of reciting verse, should not frequently have acquired that of composing it, especially when their bread depended on giving pleasure; and to have the power of producing novelty, is a great step towards that desirable end. No unprejudiced reader, therefore, can have any hesitation in adopting Bishop Percy's definition of the minstrels, and their occupation, as qualified in the fourth edition of his Essay, implying that they were sometimes poets, sometimes the mere reciters of the poetry of others.

By another proposition, Dr. Percy successfully showed, that at no period of history was the word minstrel applied to instrumental music exclusively; and he has produced sufficient evidence, that the talents of the profession were as frequently employed in chanting or reciting poetry as in playing the mere tunes. There is appearance of distinction being sometimes made between minstrels reciters and minstrelsy of music alone; and we may add a curious instance, to those quoted by the Bishop. It is from the singular ballad respecting Thomas of Erceldoune, which announces the proposition, that toynne is chief of minstrelsy.

We may also notice, that the word minstrel being in fact derived from the Minne-singer of the Germans, means, in its primary sense, one that playeth upon a lyre, totally inapplicable to a mere instrumental musician.

A second general point on which Dr. Percy was fiercely attacked by Mr. Ritson, was also one on which both the parties might claim a right to sing Te Deum. It respected the rank or status which was held by the minstrels in society during the middle ages. On this point the editor of the Reliques of Ancient Poetry had produced the most satisfactory evidence, that, at the courts of the Anglo-Norman princes, the professors of the gay science were the favourite solace of the leisure hours of princes, who did not themselves disdain to share their tuneful labours, and imitate their compositions. Mr. Ritson replied to this with great innenuity, arguing, that such instances of respect paid to French minstrels reciting in their native language in the court of Norman monarchs, though held in Britain, arrived nothing in favour of English artists professing the same trade; and of whose compositions, and not of those existing in the French language, Dr. Percy professed to form his collection. The reason of the distinction between the respectability of the French minstrels, and the degradation of the same class of men in England, Mr. Ritson plausibly alleged to be, that the English language, a mixed speech between Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French, was not known at the court of the Anglo-Norman kings until the reign of Edward III.; and that, therefore, until a very late period, and when the lays of minstrelsy were going out of fashion, English performers in that capacity must have confined the exercise of their talents to the amusement of the vulgar. Now, as it must be conceded to Mr. Ritson, that almost all the English metrical romances which have been preserved till the present day, are translated from the French, it may also be allowed, that a class of men employed chiefly in rendering into English the works of others, could not hold so high a station as those who aspired to original composition; and so far the critic has the best of the dispute. But Mr. Ritson has over-driven his argument, since there was assuredly a period in English history, when the national minstrels, writing in the national dialect, were, in proportion to their merit in their calling, held in honour and respect.

Thomas the Rhymer, for example, a minstrel who flourished in the end of the twelfth century, was not only a man of talent in his art, but of some rank in society; the composition of numbers and lines being property. He, and his contemporary Kendal, wrote, as we are assured by Robert de Brune, in a passage already alluded to, a kind of English, which was designed for "pride and noblesse," and not for such inferior persons as Robert himself addressed, and to whose comprehension he avowedly lowered his language and structure of versification. There existed, therefore, at the court of the monarch, a more refined dialect of the English language, used by such composers of popular poetry as moved in a higher circle; and there can be no doubt, that while their productions were held in such high esteem, the authors must have been honoured in proportion.

The education bestowed upon James I. of Scotland, when brought up under the charge of Henry, taught him, both the uses and the art of vernacular poetry; in other words, Minstrelsy in both branches. That poetry,
of which the King left several specimens, was, as is well known, English; nor is it to be supposed that a prince, upon whose education such sedulous care was bestowed, would have been instructed in an art which, if we are to believe Mr Ritson, was degraded to the last degree, and discreditable to its professors. The same argument is strengthened by the poetical exercises of the Duke of Orleans, in English, written during his captivity after the battle of Agincourt. It could not be supposed that the noble prisoner was to solace his hours of imprisonment with a degrading and vulgar species of composition.

We could produce other instances to show that this acute critic has carried his argument considerably too far. But we prefer taking a general view of the subject, which seems to explain clearly how contradictory evidence should exist on it, and why instances of great personal respect to individual minstrels, and a high esteem of the art, are quite reconcilable with much contempt thrown on the order at large.

All professors of the fine arts—all those who contribute, not to the necesssity of life, but to the entertainment of society, hold their professional respectability by the severe tenure of exhibiting excellence in their department. We are well enough satisfied with the tradesman who goes through his task in a workmanlike manner, nor are we disposed to look down upon the divine, the lawyer, or the physician, unless they display gross ignorance of their profession: we hold it enough, that if the elevations of the knowledge of the respective sciences, they can at least instruct us on the points we desire to know. But

_“mediocrihus esse poetis
Non di, non homines, non conecessere columnae.”_

The same is true respecting the professors of painting, of sculpture, of music, and the fine arts in general. If they exhibit paramount excellence, no situation in society is too high for them which their manners enable them to fill; if they fall short of the highest point of aim, they degenerate into sign-painters, stone-cutters, common crowders, dogrell rhymers, and so forth, the most contemptible of mankind. The reason of this is evident. Men must be satisfied with such a supply of their actual wants as can be obtained in the circumstances, and should an individual want a coat, he must employ the village tailor, if Stultze is not to be had. But if he seeks for delight, the case is quite different; and he that cannot hear Pasta or Sontag, would be little solaced for the absence of these sirens, by the strains of a crack-voiced ballad-singer. Nay, on the contrary, the offer of such inadequate compensation would only be regarded as an insult, and resented accordingly.

The theatre affords the most appropriate example of what we mean. The first circles in society are open to persons eminently distinguished in the drama; and their rewards are, in proportion to those who profess the useful arts, incalculably higher. But those who lag in the rear of the dramatic art are proportionally poorer and more degraded than those who are the lowest of a useful trade or profession. These instances will enable us readily to explain why the greater part of the minstrels, practising their profession in scenes of vulgar mirth and debauchery, ruining their art, and then the early draughts of their own youth, and living with the disruption by mortal men, whose precocious subsistence is, according to the ordinary phrase, from hand to mouth only, should fall under general contempt, while the _stars_ of the profession, to use a modern phrase, looked down on them from the distant empyrean, as the planets do upon those shooting exhalations arising from gross vapours in the aether atmosphere.

The debate, therefore, resembles the apologue of the gold and silver shield. Dr. Percy looked on the minstrel in the palm and exalted state to which, no doubt, many were elevated by their talents, like those who possess excellence in the fine arts in the present day; and Ritson considered the reverse of the medal, when the poor and wandering glee man was glad to purchase his bread by singing his ballads, in the ale-house, by a delicate taste, and littering into a mere crowder upon an untuned fiddle, accompanying his rude strains with a ruder ditty, the helpless associate of drunken revellers, and marvellously afraid of the constable and parish-beadle. The difference betwixt those holding the extreme positions of highest and lowest in such a profession, cannot surely be there more marked than which separated沌

Garrick or John Kemble from the outcasts of a strolling company, exposed to penury, indigence, and persecution according to law.

There was still another and more important subject of debate between Dr. Percy and his hostile critic. The former, as a poet and a man of taste, was tempted to take such freedom with the ingenious book as might enable him to please a more critical age than that in which they were composed. Words were thus altered, phrases improved, and whole verses were inserted or omitted at pleasure. Such freedoms were especially taken with the poems published from a folio manuscript in Dr. Percy's own possession, very curious from the miscellaneous nature of its contents, but unfortunately having many of the leaves mutilated, and injured in other respects, by the gross carelessness and ignorance of the transcriber. Anxious to avoid himself of the treasures which this manuscript contained, the editor of the Reliques did not hesitate to repair and renovate the songs which he drew from this corrupted yet curious source, and to accommodate them with such emendations as might recommend them to the modern taste.

For these liberties with his subject, Ritson censured Dr. Percy in the most uncompromising terms, accused him, in violent language, of interpolation and forgery, and insinuated that there existed no such thing in _rerum natura_ as that folio manuscript, so often referred to as the authority of originals inserted in the Reliques. In this charge, the critics were not again betrayed him further than judgment and discretion, as well as
courtesy, warranted. It is no doubt highly desirable that the text of ancient poetry should be given untouched and uncorrupted. But this is a point which did not occur to the editor of the Reliques in 1765, whose object it was to win the favour of the public, at a period when it is possible that he wished, how to secure the very words of old ballads, but how to arrest attention upon the subject at all. That great and important service to national literature would probably never have been attained without the work of Dr. Percy; a work which first fixed the consideration of general readers on ancient poetry, and made it worth while to inquire how far its graces were really antique, or how far derived from the taste with which the publication had been superintended and revised. The object of Dr. Percy was certainly intimated in several parts of his work, where he ingeniously acknowledges, that certain ballads have received emendations, and that others are not of pure and unmixed antiquity; that the beginning of some and end of others have been supplied; and that pages, or even parts of pages, decorated the ancient ballads with the graces of a more refined period.

This system is so distinctly intimated, that if there be any critic still of opinion, like poor Kirson, whose morbid temperament led him to such a conclusion, that the crime of literary imitation is equal to that of commercial forgery, he ought to recollect that guilt, in the latter case, does not exist without a corresponding charge of uttering the forged document, or causing it to be uttered, as genuine, without which the mere imitation is not culpable, at least not criminally so. This quality is totally wanting in the accusation so roughly brought against Dr. Percy, who avowedly indulged in such alterations and improvements upon his materials, as might adapt them to the modern taste, but not at allwise disposed to bestow its attention on them.

We have to add, that, in the fourth edition of the Reliques, Mr. Thomas Percy of St. John's College, Oxford, pleading the cause of his uncle with the most gentlemanlike moderation, and with every respect to Mr. Ritson's science and talents, has combated the critic's opinion, without any attempt to retort his injurious language.

It would be now, no doubt, desirable to have had some more distinct account of Dr. Percy's folio manuscript and its contents; and Mr. Thomas Percy, accordingly, gives the original of the Marriage of Sir Gawain, and collates it with the copy published in a complete state by his uncle, who has on this occasion given entire re, in his own vanity, though the rude origin of most of his ideas is to be found in the old ballad. There is also given a copy of that elegant metrical tale, "The Child of Elle," as it exists in the folio manuscript, which goes far to show it has derived all its beauties from Dr. Percy's poetical powers. Judging from these two specimens, we can easily conceive why the Reverend Editor of the "Reliques" should have declined, by the pressure of the folio manuscript, to furnish his severe Aristarch with weapons against him, which he was sure would be unsparingly used. Yet it is certain, the manuscript contains much that is really excellent, though mutilated and sophisticated. A copy of the fine ballad of "Sir Caulin" is found in a Scottish shape, under the name of "King Malcolm and Sir Culvin," in Buchan's North Country Ballads, to be presently mentioned. It is, therefore, unquestionably ancient, though not sufficiently Miltonic to make it an addition of a second part, of which the Scottish copy has no vestiges. It would be desirable to know exactly to what extent Dr. Percy had used the license of an editor, in these and other cases; and certainly, at this period, would be only a degree of justice due to his memory.

On the whole, we may dismiss the "Reliques of Ancient Poetry" with the praise and censure conferred on it by a gentleman, himself a valuable labourer in the vineyard of antiquities. "It is the most elegant compilation of the early poetry that has ever appeared in any age or country. But it must be frankly added, that so numerous are the alterations and corrections, that the severe antiquary, who desires to see the old English ballads in a genuine and unimpaired state, will think an accurate edition than this celebrated work."

Of Ritson's own talents as an editor of ancient poetry, we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. The first collector who followed the example of Dr. Percy, was Mr. T. Evans, bookseller, father of the gentleman we have just quoted. His "Old Ballads, historical and narrative, with some of modern date," appeared in two volumes, in 1774, and were eminently successful. In 1781, a second edition appeared, extending the work to four volumes. In this collection, many ballads found acceptance, which Bishop Percy had not considered as possessing sufficient merit to claim admittance into the Reliques. The 8vo Miscellany of 1723 yielded a great part of the materials. The collection of Evans consisted of a larger number, of which some were not to be found elsewhere, and which are understood to be the productions of William Julius Mickle, translator of the Lusiad, though they were never claimed by him, nor received among his works. Amongst them is the elegiac poem of Cummar Hall, which suggested the fictitious narrative entitled Kenilworth. The Rod-Cross Knight, also by Mickle, which has furnished words for a beautiful glee, first occurred in the same collection. As Mickle, with a vein of great facility, united a power of verbal melody which might have been envied by bards of much greater renown, he must be considered as very successful in these efforts, if the ballads be regarded as avowably modern. If they are to be judged of as accurate imitations of ancient poetry, they have less merit; the deception being only maintained by a huge store of double consonants, strewed at random into ordinary words, resembling the real fashion of antiquity as little as the niches, turrets, and tracery of plaster stuck upon a modern front. In the year 1810, the four volumes of 1784 were republished by Mr. R. H. Evans, the son of the original editor, with very considerable alterations and additions. In the last edition, the more ordinary modern ballads were judiciously retrenched in number, and

1 See Appendix, Note F.
large and valuable additions made to the an-
cient part of the collection. Being in some
measure a happening to the work of Mr. John
Scott's Poetical Works. This miscellany cannot be dis-
posed of on the shelves of any bibliomanac,
who may choose to emulate Captain Cox of
Coventry, the prototype of all collectors of
popular poetry.

While Dr. Percy was setting the example of a
classical publication of ancient English
poetry, the late David Herd was, in modest
retirement, compiling a collection of Scots
Songs, which he has happily described as
"the poetry and music of the heart." The
first part of his Miscellany contains heroic
and historical ballads, of which there is a
respectable and well-chosen selection. Mr. Herd,
an accountant, as the profession is
called in Edinburgh, was known and generally
estimated for his shrewd, manly common sense
and antiquarian science, mixed with much
good nature and great modesty. His hardy and
antique mould of countenance, and his vener-
able grizzled locks, procured him, amongst
his acquaintance, the name of Graysteel.
His original collection of songs, in one volume,
appeared in 1769; an enlarged one, in two
volumes, came out in 1776. A publication of
the same kind, being Herd's book still more
enlarged, was printed for Lawrie and Syming-
ton in 1791. Some modern additions occur in
this latter work, of which by far the most
valuable were two fine imitations of the Scot-
tish ballad by the gifted author of the "Man
of Feeling"—(now, alas! no more)—called
"Duncan" and "Kenneth."

John Pinkerton, a man of considerable
learning, and some severity as well as acute-
ess of disposition, was now endeavouring to
force himself into public attention; and his
collection of Select Ballads, London, 1753,
contains sufficient evidence that he under-
stood, in an extensive sense, Horace's maxim,
* Quidlibet audenda. As he was possessed of
considerable powers of poetry, though not
equal to what he was willing to take credit
for, he was resolved to enrich his collection
with materials by no means inferior to those
which his ancestors might derive from a liberal insertion of pieces
dressed in the garb of antiquity, but equipped
from the wardrobe of the editor's imagination.
With a boldness, suggested perhaps by
the success of Mr. Macpherson, he included,
within a collection amounting to only twenty-
one tragic ballads, no less than five, of which
he afterwards owned himself to have been
author, or in some part, the author. The most
remarkable article in this Miscellany
was, a second part to the noble ballad of
Hardyknute, which has some good verses.
It labours, however, under this great defect,
that, in order to append his own conclusion
to the original tale, Mr. Pinkerton found him-
self under the necessity of altering a leading
circumstance in the old ballad, which would
have been a violation of Scott's genius.
With such license, to write continuations and
conclusions would be no difficult task. In the
second volume of the Select Ballads, consist-
ing of comic pieces, a list of fifty-two articles
contained nine written entirely by the editor
himself. Of the manner in which these sup-
positions compositions are executed, it may
be briefly stated, that they are the work of a
scholar much better acquainted with ancient
books and manuscripts, than with oral tradi-
tions and popular legends. The poetry smells
of the lamp; and it must be truly said, that if
ever a ballad had existed in such quaint lan-
guage as the author employs, it could never
have been so popular as to be preserved by
oral tradition. The glossary displays a much
greater acquaintance with learned lexicons
than with the familiar dialect still spoken by
the Lowland Scottish, and it is, of course,
foil of errors. Mr. Pinkerton more
happy in the way of conjectural illustra-
tion. He chose to fix on Sir John Bruce of Kin-
ross the paternity of the ballad of Hardyknute,
and of the fine poem called the Vision. The first
is due to Mrs. Halket of Wardlaw, the second
to Allan Ramsay, although, it must be owned,
it is of a character superior to his ordinary
poetry. Sir John Bruce was a brave, blunt
soldier, who made no pretence whatever to
literature, though his daughter, Mrs. Bruce
of Arnot, had much talent, a circumstance
which may perhaps have misled the anti-
quary.

Mr. Pinkerton read a sort of recantation, in
a List of Scottish Poets, prefixed to a Select-
ion of Poems from the Maitland Manuscript,
vol. i. 1796, in which he acknowledges, as his
own composition, the pieces of spurious anti-
quity included in his "Select Ballads," with a
coolness which, when his subsequent inves-
tives against others who had taken similar
liberties is considered, infers as much auda-
city as the studied and laboured defence of
obscenity with which he disgraced the same
pages.

In the meantime, Joseph Ritson, a man of
difficult cloud and many equal to those of
Pinkerton, but of the most laudable accuracy
and fidelity as an editor, was engaged in va-
rious publications respecting poetical antiq-
uities, in which he employed profound research.
A select collection of English Songs was con-
spired by him, with great care and considerable
taste, and published at London, 1783. A new
edition of this has appeared since Ritson's
death, sanctioned by the memory of this
learned and indefatigable antiquary, Thomas Park,
and augmented with many original pieces,
and some which Ritson had prepared for pub-
lication.

Ritson's Collection of Songs was followed
by a curious volume: entitled, "Ancient Songs
from the time of Henry III. to the Revolution.
1780;" "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry,
1782;" and "A Collection of Scottish Songs
with the genuine music," London, 1791. This
last is a genuine, but rather meagre collection
of Caledonian popular songs. Next year Mr.
Ritson published "Robin Hood," 2 vols., 1795,
being "A Collection of all the Ancient Poems,
Songs, and Ballads now extant, relative to
that celebrated Outlaw." This work is a no-
table illustration of the excellencies and de-
fects of the old song, it is impossible to conceive so much zeal, research,
and industry bestowed on a subject of anti-
quity. There scarcely occurs a phrase or
word relating to Robin Hood, whether in his-
tory or poetry, in law books, in ancient pro-
verbs, or common parlance, but it is here
collected and explained. At the same time,
the extreme fidelity of the editor seems driven
to excess, when we find him pertinaciously retaining all the numerous and gross errors which repeated recitations have introduced into the text, and regarding it as a sacred duty to prefer the worst to the better readings, if their inferiority was a security for their being genuine. In short, when Ritson copied from rare books, or ancient manuscripts, there could not be a more accurate editor; when taking his authority from oral tradition, and judging between two recited copies, he was apt to consider the worst as most genuine, as if a poem was not more likely to be deteriorated by familiarity than purified through the mouths of many reciters. In the Ballads of Robin Hood, this superstitious scrupulousness was especially to be regretted, as it tended to enlarge the collection with a great number of dozener compositions, which are all copies of each other, turning on the same idea of Bold Robin meeting with a shepherd, a tinker, a mendicant, a tanner, &c. &c. by each and all of whom he receives his band. The tradition, which avers that it was the brave outlaw's custom to try a host at quarter-staff with his young recruits, might indeed have authorized one or two such tales, but the greater part ought to have been rejected as modern imitations of the most paltry kind, composed probably about the age of James I. of England. By adopting this sophistical way of treating his material, as part of Robin Hood's history, he is represented as the best cudgelled hero, Don Quixote excepted, that ever was celebrated in prose or rhyme. Ritson also published several garlands of North Country songs.

Looking on this eminent antiquary's labours in a general point of view, we may deprecate the eagerness and severity of his prejudices, and feel surprise that he should have shown so much irritability of disposition on such a topic as a collection of old ballads, which certainly have little in them to affect the passions; and we may be sometimes provoked at the pertinacity with which he has preferred bad readings to good. But while industry, research, and antiquarian learning, are recommended to all of prudent and able minds, we have, only further, that ever was celebrated in prose or rhyme. Ritson also published several garlands of North Country songs.

We have now given a hasty account of various collections of popular poetry during the last two centuries; we must observe, that, in the present century, this species of lore has been sedulously cultivated. The "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" first appeared in 1803, in two volumes; and what may appear a singular coincidence, it was the first work printed by Mr. James Ballantyne, (then residing at Kelso,) as it was the first serious demand which the present author made on the patience of the public. The Border Minstrelsy, augmented by a third volume, came to a second edition in 1803. In 1803, Mr., now Sir John Grahame Dalzell, to whom his country is obliged for his antiquarian labours, published "Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century," which, among other subjects of interest, contains a curious contemporary ballad of Belrines, which has some stanzas of considerable merit.

The year 1806 was distinguished by the appearance of "Popular Ballads and Songs, from Traditions, Manuscripts, and Scarce Editions." It was composed from the Ancient Danish Language, and a few Originals by the Editor, Robert Jamieson, A.M., and F.A.S." This work, which was not greeted by the public with the attention it deserved, opened a new discovery respecting the original source of the Scottish ballads. Mr. Jamieson's extensive acquaintance with the Scandinavian literature, enabled him to detect not only the genuine, but also the similar, and of both these and the Danish ballads preserved in the "Knipm Viser." an early collection of heroic ballads in that language, but to demonstrate that, in many cases, the stories and songs were distinctly the same, a circumstance which no antiquary had hitherto so much as suspected. Mr. Jamieson's annotations are also very valuable, and preserve some curious illustrations of the old poets. His imitations, though he is not entirely free from the affection of using rather too many obsolete words, are generally highly interesting. The work fills an important place in the collection of those who are addicted to this branch of antiquarian study.

Mr. John Finlay, a poet whose career was cut short by a premature death, published a short collection of "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads," in 1808. The beauty of some imitations of the old Scottish ballad, with the good sense, learning, and modesty of the preliminary dissertations, must make all admirers of ancient lore regret the early loss of this accomplished young man.

Various valuable collections of ancient ballad poetry have been published, some of which are illustrated with learning and acuteness, as those of Mr. Motherwell and of Mr. Kinloch intimate much taste and feeling for this species of literature. Nor is there any want of editions of ballads, less designed for public sale, than to preserve floating pieces of minstrelsy which are in immediate danger of perishing. Several of those, edited, as we have occasion to know, by men of distinguished talent, have appeared in a smaller form and more limited edition, and must soon be among the inrowables of Scottish typography. We would particularize a dudceno, under the modest title of a "Ballad Book," without place or date annexed, which indicates, by a few notes only, the capacity which the public have to support such volumes; if, instead of the most extensive and ingenious illustrations upon antiquarian subjects. Most of the ballads are of a comic character, and some of them admirable specimens of Scottish dry humour. Another collection, which calls for particular distinction, is in the same size, or nearly so, and bears the same title with the preceding one, the date being, Edinburgh, 1827. But the
contents are announced as containing the budget, or stock-in-trade, of an old Aberdeen
shire minstrel, the very last, probably, of the race, who, according to Percy's definition of the profession, sung his own compositions, and those of others, through the capital of the country, and other towns in that country of gentlemen. This man's name was Charles Leslie, and is known to have written a minstrel being called, rather by the nickname of Mussel-mound Charlie, from a singular projection of his under lip. His death was thus announced in the newspapers for October, 1792:— "Died at Old Rain, in
Aberdeenshire, aged one hundred and four years, Charles Leslie, a hawkier, or ballad
singer, well known in that country by the name of Mussel-mound Charlie. He followed his occupation till within a few weeks of his death." Charlie was a devoted Jacobite, and
so popular in Aberdeen, that he enjoyed in that city a sort of monopoly of the minstrel
calling, no other person being allowed, under any pretence, to chant ballads on the cause
way, or plain-stanes, of "the brave burgh." Like the former collection, most of Mussel
mound Charlie's songs were of a jocose char
acter.

But the most extensive and valuable addi
tions which have been of late made to this branch of ancient literature, are the collect
ions of Mr. Peter Buchan of Peterhead, a head of indefatigable research in that depart
ment, and whose industry has been crowned with the most successful results. This is partly owing to the country where he
resides, for it is one of minstrel relics, has been but littleransacked by any formercollectors; so that, while it is a very rare event south of the Tay, to recover any
ballad having a claim to antiquity, which has not been examined and republished in
some one or other of our collections of ancient poetry, those of Aberdeenshire have been
least attended to. At present, the Editor was the first to solicit attention to these northern songs, in consequence of a collect
ion of ballads communicated to him by his late respected friend, Lord Woolhouse,

MR. JANIESON, in his collections of "Songs and Ballards," being himself a native of Moray
shire, was able to push this inquiry much farther, and at the same time, by doing so, to illustrate his theory of the connection
between the ancient Scottish and Danish ballads, upon which the publication of Mr. Buchan throws much light. It is, indeed, the most complete collection of the kind which has yet appeared.

Of the originality of the ballads in Mr. Bu
chau's collection we do not entertain the slightest doubt. Several (we may instance the curious tale of "The Two Magicians") are translated from the Norse, and Mr. Buchau is probably unacquainted with the originals. Others refer to points of history, with which the editor does not seem to be familiar. It is out of no disrespect to this laborious and useful antiquary, that we observe his prose composition is rather florid, and forms, in this respect, a strong contrast to the extreme sim
plicity of the ballads, which gives us the more reason to suppose that he has delivered
the latter to the public in the shape in which he found them. Accordingly, we have never
seen any collection of Scottish poetry appearing from internal evidence, so decidedly and indubitably original. It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Buchau did not remove some obvious errors and corruptions; but, in truth, though their remaining on record is an injury to the effect of the ballads, in point of composition, it is, in some degree, a proof of their authen
ticity. Besides, although the exertion of this editorial privilege, of selecting readings, is an advantage to the ballads themselves, we are contented rather to take the whole in their present, though imperfect state, than that the least doubt should be thrown upon them, by amendments or alterations, which might render their authenticity doubtful. The historical poems, we observe, are few and of no remote date. That of the "Bridge of Dee," is among the oldest, and there are others referring to the times of the Covenanters. Some, indeed, are composed on still more recent events: as the marriage of the mother of the late illustrious Byron, and a catastrophe of still later occurrence, "The Death of Leith-hall."

As we wish to interest the admirers of an
cient minstrel lore in this curious collection, we shall observe, that, on the occasion of a new edition, we would recommend to Mr. Buchau to leave out a number of songs which he has only inserted because they are varied, some
times for the worse, from sets which have appeared in other publications. This restrict/ on would make considerable room for such, old though they be, possess to this age all the grace of novelty.

To the admirers of late collections of Scot
ish Ballads, we ought to add some remarks on the very curious "Ancient Legendary Tales, printed chiefly from Original Sources, edited by the Rev. Charles Henry Hartshorne, M.A. 1829." The editor of this unostentational work has done his duty to the public with much labour and care, and made the admirers of this species of poetry much better acquainted with many ancient legendary poems, which were hitherto unpublished and very little known. It increases the value of the collection, that many of them are of a comic turn, a species of composition more rare, and, from its neces
dary allusion to domestic manners, more curi
ous and interesting, than the serious class of Romances.

We have thus, in a cursory manner, gone through the history of English and Scottish popular poetry, and noticed the principal collec
tions which have been formed from time to time of such compositions, and the princi
ples on which the editors have proceeded. It is manifest that, of late, the public attention has been so much turned to the subject by men of research and talent, that we may well hope to retrieve from oblivion as much of our ancient poetry as there is now any possibility of recovering.

Another important part of our task consists in giving some account of the modern imitation of the English Ballad, a species of liter
ary labour which the author has himself pursued with some success.

Abbotsford, 1st March, 1830.
APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

THE BATTLE OF HAELAW.

P. 452.

That there was such an ancient ballad is certain, and the tune, adapted to the bagpipes, was long extremely popular, and, within the remembrance of man, the first which was played at kirls and other rustic festivals. But there is a suspicious praise in the ballad as it is published by Allan Ramsay. When describing the national confusion, the bard says,

"Sen the days of auld King Harie,
Such slautcher was not heard or seen."

Query. Who was the "auld King Harie here meant? If Henry VIII. be intended, as is most likely, it must bring the date of the poem, at least of that verse, as low as Queen Mary's time. The ballad is said to have been printed in 1668. A copy of that edition would be a great curiosity.

See the preface to the reprint of this ballad, in the volume of "Early Metrical Tales," ante referred to.

NOTE B.

ALLAN RAMSAY'S "EVERGREEN."

P. 452.

Green be the pillow of honest Allan, at whose lamp Burns lighted his brilliant torch! It is without eminence to his memory that we record his mistake in this matter. But it is impossible not to regret that such an affecting tale as that of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray should have fallen into his hands. The southern reader must learn, (for what northern reader is ignorant?) that these two beautiful women were kinsfolk, and so strictly united in friendship, that even personal jealousy could not interrupt their union. They were visited by a handsome and agreeable young man, who was acceptable to them both, but so captivated with their charms, that, while confiding of a preference on the part of both, he was unable to make a choice between them. While this singular situation of the three persons of the tale continued, the breaking out of the plague forced the two ladies to take refuge in the beautiful valley of Lynedoch, where they built themselves a bower, in order to avoid human intercourse and the danger of infection. The lover was not included in their renunciation of society. He visited their retreat, brought with him the fatal disease, and unable to return to Perth, which was his usual residence, was nursed by the fair friends with all the tenderness of affection. He died, however, having first communicated the infection to his lovely attendants. They followed him to the grave, lovely in their lives, and undivided in their death. Their burial-place, in the vicinity of the bower which they built, is still visible, in the romantic vicinity of Lord Lyndoch's mansion, and prolongs the memory of female friendship, which even rivalry could not dissolve. Two stanzas of the original ballad alone survive:—

"Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were two bonnie lasses:
They bield a bower on yon burn brae,
And thee kit it ower wi' rashies.

"They wadna rest in Methvin kirk,
Among their gentle kin;
But they wad be in Lednoch braes,
To beek against the sun."

There is, to a Scottish ear, so much tenderness and simplicity in these verses, as must induce us to regret that the rest should have been superseded by a pedantic modern song, turning upon the most unpoetic part of the legend, the hesitation, namely, of the lover, which of the ladies to prefer. One of the most touching expressions in the song is the following exclamation:

"Oh, Jove! she's like thy Pallas."

Another song, of which Ramsay chose a few words for the theme of a rifacimento, seems to have been a curious specimen of minstrel recitation. It was partly verse, partly narrative, and was alternately sung and repeated. The story was the escape of a young gentleman, pursued by a cruel uncle, desirous of his estate; or a bloody rival, greedy of his life; or the relentless father of his lady-love, or some such remorseless character, having sinister intentions on the person of the fugitive. The object of his rapacity or revenge being nearly overtaken, a shepherd undertakes to mislead the pursuer, who comes in sight just as the object of his pursuit disappears, and greets the shepherd thus:—

"Pursuer.
Good morrow, shepherd, and my friend,
Saw you a young man this way riding:
With long black hair, on a bob-tail'd mare,
And I know that I cannot be far behind him?"

The Shepherd.
Yes I did see him this way riding,
And what did much surprise my wit,
The man and the mare flew up in the air,
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet."

Behind yon white cloud I see her tail wave,
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet.
The tune of these verses is an extremely good one, and Allan Ramsay has adapted a bacchanalian song to it with some success; but we should have thanked him much had he taken the trouble to preserve the original legend of the old minstrel. The valuable and learned friend to whom we owe this mutilated account of it, has often heard it sung among the High Jinks of Scottish lawyers of the last generation.

NOTE C.
JOSEPH RITSON.

"— Neglecting, in literary debate, the courteous of ordinary society."—P. 452.

For example, in quoting a popular song, well known by the name of Maggie Lauder, the editor of the Reliques has given a line of the Dame's address to the merry minstrel, thus:

"Gin ye be Rob, I've heard of you, You dwell upon the Border."

Ritson insisted the genuine reading was,

"Come ye frae the Border!"

And he expatiates with great keenness on the crime of the Bishop's having sophisticated the text, (of which he produces no evidence,) to favour his opinion, that the Borders were a favourite abode of the minstrels of both kingdoms. The fact, it is believed, is undoubted, and the one reading seems to support it as well as the other.—[Joseph Ritson died in 1803.]

NOTE D.

"A MERE CROWDER UPON AN UNTUNED FIDDLE." P. 454.

In Fletcher's comedy of "Monsieur Thomas," such a fiddler is questioned as to the ballads he is best versed in, and replies,

"Under your mastership's correction I can sing,
'The Duke of Norfolk,' or the merry ballad
Of 'Divus and Lazarus;' 'The Rose of England';
'In Crete, where Deditus first began';
'Jonas his crying out against Coventry,'
Thomas. Excellent!
Rare matters all.
Fiddler. 'Mawdlin the Merchant's Daughter,'
'The Devil and ye Dainty Dames.'
Thomas. Rare still.
Fiddler. 'The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow,
With the bloody battle at Mile-end."

The poor minstrel is described as accompanying the young rake in his revels. Launcelot describes

"The gentleman himself, young Monsieur Thomas,
Errant with his furious myrmidons;
The fiery fiddler and myself—now singing,
Now beating at the doors," &c.

NOTE E.
MINSTRELS. P. 454.

The "Song of the Traveller," an ancient piece lately discovered in the Cathedral Library of Exeter, and published by the Rev. Mr. Coneybeare, in his Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry (1836,) furnishes a most curious picture of the life of the Northern Scald, or Minstrel, in the high and palmy state of the profession. The reverence editor thus translates the closing lines:

"Ille est carissimus Terrae incolis
Cui Deus addidit Hominum imperium gerendum.
Quum ille eos [hardos] habeat caros.
Ita comantes cum cantilens ferenur.
Bardi hominum per terras multas.
Simul eos remuneratur ob cantilenas pulchras,
Muneribus immensis, ille qui ante nobles
Vult judicium suum extoliere, dignitatem sustineare.
Habet ille sub oculo stabilem famam." P. 22.

Mr. Coneybeare contrasts this "flattering picture" with the following "melancholy specimen" of the Minstrel life of later times—contained in some verses by Richard Sheale (the alleged author of the old Chevy Chase,) which are preserved in one of the Ashmolean MSS.

"Now for the good cheere that I have had here,
I give you hearty thanks with bowing of my shankes,
Desiring you by petition to grant me such commission—
Because my name is Sheale, that both for meat and meale,
To you I may resort som tyme for my comforte.
For I perceive here at all tymes is good cheere,
Both ale, wyne, and beere, as hyt doth now appere,
I perceive without fable ye keepe a good table.
I can be contente, if hyt be out of Lunt,
A piece of beefe to take my honger to aislake,
Both mutton and veale is good for Rycharde Sheale;
Though I looke so grave, I were a veri knave,
If I wold thinke skorne ether evenyng or morne,
Beyng in honger, of fresshe samon or konzgar,
I can fynde in my hearte, with my frendis
to take a parte
Of such as Godde shal sende, and thus I make an ende,
Now farewel, good myn Hoste, I thank yone
For youre coste
Untyl another tyne, and thus do I ende my tyne." P. 28.
Note F.  
WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.  
P. 455.

In evidence of what is stated in the text, the author would quote the introductory stanza to a forgotten poem of Mickie, originally published under the injudicious and equivocal title of "The Concubine," but in subsequent editions called, "Sir Martyn, or The Progress of Dissipation."

"Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,
And, Fancy, to thy faery bower betake;
Even now, with balmy sweetness breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;"

Through the pale willows faltering whispers we And evening comes with locks bedropp'd with dew;
On Desmond's moulder ing turrets slowly shake
The wither'd ryegrass, and the hairbell blue.
And ever and anon sweet Mulla's plaints renew."

Mickle's facility of versification was so great, that, being a printer by profession, he frequently put his lines into types without taking the trouble previously to put them into writing; thus uniting the composition of the author with the mechanical operation which typographers call by the same name.

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Essay on Imitations of the Ancient Ballad.

The invention of printing necessarily occasioned the downfall of the Order of Minstrels, already reduced to contempt by their own bad habits, by the disrepute attached to their profession, and by the laws calculated to repress their license. When the Metrical Romances were very many of them in the hands of every one, the occupation of those who made their living by reciting them was in some degree abolished, and the minstrels either disappeared altogether, or sunk into mere musicians, whose utmost acquaintance with poetry was being able to sing a ballad. Perhaps old Anthony, who acquired, from the song which he accounted his masterpiece, the name of Anthony Now Now, was one of the last of this class in the capital; nor does the tenor of his poetry evince whether it was his own composition or that of some other.

But the taste for popular poetry did not decay with the class of men by whom it had been for some generations practised and preserved. Not only did the simple old ballads retain their ground, though circulated by the new art of printing, instead of being preserved by recitation; but in the Garland, and similar collections for general sale, the authors aimed at a more ornamental and regular style of poetry than had been attempted by the old minstrels, whose composition, if not extemporeaneous, was seldom committed to writing, and was not, therefore, susceptible of accurate revision. This was the more necessary, as even the popular poetry was now feeling the effects arising from the advance of knowledge, and the revival of the study of the learned languages, with all the elegance and refinement which it induced.

In short, the general progress of the country led to an improvement in the department of popular poetry, tending both to soften and melodise the language employed, and to ornament the diction beyond that of the rude minstrels, to whom such topics of composition had been originally abandoned. The monotony of the ancient recitals was, for the same causes, altered and improved upon. The eternal descriptions of battles, and of love dilemmas, which, to satiety, filled the old romances with trivial repetition, was retrenched. If any one wishes to compare the two eras of lyrical poetry, a few verses taken from one of the latest minstrel ballads, and one of the earliest that were written for the press, will afford him, in some degree, the power of doing so.

The rude lines from Anthony Now Now, which we have just quoted, may, for example, be compared, as Kitson requests, with the ornamented commencement of the ballad of Fair Rosamond:—

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I This essay was written in April 1850, and forms a continuation of the "Remarks on Popular Poetry."—Ed.
2 He might be supposed a contemporary of Henry VIII., if the greeting which he pretends to have given to that monarch is of his own composition, and spoken in his own person.

"Good morrow, to our noble king, quoth I; Good morrow, quoth he, to thee; And then he said to Anthony, O Anthony now now now."
When as King Henry ruled this land,  
The second of that name,  
Besides his queen he dearly loved  
A fair and comely dame.

Most peerless was her beauty found,  
Her favour, and her face:  
A sweeter creature in the world  
Could never prince embrace.

Her crested locks, like threads of gold  
Appear’d to each man’s sight;  
Her sparkling eyes, like orient pearls,  
Did cast a heavenly light.

The blood within her crystal cheeks  
Did such a colour drive,  
As though the lily and the rose  
For mastership did strive.1

It may be rash to affirm, that those who lived by singing this more refined poetry, were class of men different from the ancient minstrels; but it appears, that both the name of the professors, and the character of the Minstrel poetry, had sunk in reputation. The facility of versification, and of poetical diction, is at present in favour of the moderns, as might reasonably be expected from the improved taste, and enlarged knowledge, of an age which abounded to such a degree in poetry, and which has been so imaginative as was the Elizabethan era. The poetry addressed to the populace, and enjoyed by them alone, was animated by the spirit that was breathed around. We may cite Shakspeare’s unquestionable and decisive evidence in this respect. In Twelfth Night he describes a popular ballad, with a beauty and precision which no one but himself could have affixed to its character; and the whole constitutes the strongest appeal in favour of that species of poetry which is written to suit the taste of the public in general, and is most naturally preserved by oral tradition. But the remarkable part of the circumstance is, that when the song is actually sung by Festé the clown, it differs in almost all particulars from what we might have been justified in considering as attributes of a popular ballad at the early period. It is simple, doubtless, both in structure and phraseology, but is rather a love song than a minstrel ballad—a love song, also, which, though its imaginative figures of speech are of a very simple and intelligible character, may nevertheless be compared to any thing rather than the boldness of the preceding age, and resembles nothing less than the ordinary minstrel ballad. The original words, so well known, may be here quoted, for the purpose of showing what was, in Shakspeare’s time, regarded as the poetry of “the old age.” Almost every one has the passage by heart, yet I must quote it, because there seems a marked difference between the species of poem which is described, and that which is sung:

Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:  
The spinsters and the knitting in the sun,  
And the free maids, that weave their thread  
With bones,  
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.2
verse effect of distracting attention from the catastrophe.

Such grand and serious beauties, however, occurred but rarely to the old minstrels; and in order to find them, it became necessary to struggle through long passages of monotonous, languor, and inanity. Unfortunately it also happened, that those who, like Sidney, could ascertain, feel, and do full justice to the beauties of the heroic ballad, were few, compared to the numbers who could be sensible of the trite verbiage of a bald passage, or the ludicrous effect of an absurd rhyme. In England, accordingly, the popular ballad fell into temporary disrepute in the eighteenth century; and although in remote counties its inspiration was occasionally the source of a few verses, it seems to have become almost entirely obsolete in the capital. Even the Civil Wars, which gave so much occasion for poetry, produced rather song and satire, than the ballad or popular epic. The curious reader who in that last resort wishes to ascertain the truth of the allegation, by looking through D'Urfey's large and curious collection, when he will be aware that the few ballads which it contains are the most ancient productions in the book, and very seldom take their date after the commencement of the seventeenth century.

In Scotland, on the contrary, the old minstrel ballad long continued to preserve its popularity. Even the last contests of Jacobitism were recited with great vigour in ballads of the time, the authors of some of which are known and remembered; nor is there a more spirited ballad preserved than that of Mr. Skirving, (father of the Skirving the artist,) upon the battle of Prestonpans, so late as 1745. But this was owing to circumstances connected with the habits of the people in a remote and rude country, which could not exist in the richer and wealthier provinces of England.

On the whole, however, the ancient Heroic ballad, as it was called, seemed to be fast declining among the more enlightened and literary part of both countries; and if retained by the Ballads in Scotland, the ballad ceased to exist, or degenerated in doggerel of the last degree of vileness.

Subjects the most interesting were abandoned to the poorest rhymer, and one would have thought that, as in an ass-race, the prize had been destined to the slowest of those who competed for the prize. The melancholy fate of Miss Ray, who fell by the hands of a Frantic lover, could only inspire the Grub Street muse with such verses as these,—that is, if I remember them correctly:

"A Sandwich favourite was this fair,
And her he dearly loved;
By whom six children had, we hear;
This story fatal proved.

"A clergyman, O wicked one,
In Covent Garden shot her;"

No time to cry upon her God,
It's hoped He's not forgot her."

If it be true, as in other cases, that when things are at the worst they must mend, it was certainly time to expect an acceleration in the department in which such doggerel passed current.

Accordingly, previous to this time, a new species of poetry seems to have arisen, which, in some cases, endeavoured to pass itself as the production of genuine antiquity, and, in others, honestly avowed an attempt to emulate the merits and avoid the errors with which the old ballad was encumbered; and in the effort to accomplish this, a species of composition was discovered, which is capable of being subjected to peculiar rules of criticism, and of exhibiting excellences of its own.

In writing for the use of the general reader, rather than the poetical antiquary, I shall be readily excused from entering into any inquiry respecting the authors who first showed the way in this peculiar department of modern poetry, which I may term the imitation of the old ballad, especially that of the latter or Elizabethan era. One of the oldest, according to my recollection, which pretends to engraft modern refinement upon ancient simplicity, is "Of Lemster fauned for maidens fair," Mallet, Goldsmith, Shenstone, Percy, and many others, followed an example which had much to recommend it, especially as it presented considerable facilities to those who wished, at as little exertion of trouble as possible, to attain for themselves a certain degree of literary reputation.

Before, however, treating of the professional imitators of Ancient Ballad Poetry, I ought to say a word upon those who have written their imitations with the pretended purpose of passing them for ancient.

There is no small degree of cant in the violent invectives with which impostors of this nature have been assailed. In fact, the case of each is special, and ought to be separately considered, according to its own circumstances. If a young, perhaps a female author, chooses to circulate a beautiful poem, we will suppose that of Hardyknute, under the disguise of antiquity, the public is surely

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1 See Hogg's Jacobite Relics, vol. 1.—Ed.
2 Pills to Purge Melancholy.
3 Miss Ray, the beautiful mistress of the Earl of Sandwich, whose portrait was engraved by Mr. Hackman, "in a fit of hectic jealousy love," as Boswell expresses it, in 1779. See Croker's Boswell, vol. iv. p. 254.—Ed.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

more enriched by the contribution than injured by the deception. It is hardly possible, indeed, without a power of poetical genius, and acquaintance with ancient language and manners possessed by no one except those deceiving those who have made this branch of literature their study. The very desire to unite modern refinement with the spirit of the ancient minstrels, will itself betray the masquerade. A minute acquaintance with ancient customs, and with ancient history, is also demanded, to sustain a part which, as it must rest on deception, cannot be altogether an honourable one.

Two of the most distinguished authors of this class have, in this manner, been detected; being deficient in the knowledge requisite to support their genius in the disguise they meditated. Hardyknute, for instance, already mentioned, is irreconcilable with all chronology, and a chief with a Norwegian name is strangely introduced as the first of the nobles brought in by Edward the Confessor at the battle of Largs: the "needlework so rare," introduced by the fair authoresses, must have been certainly long posterior to the reign of Alexander III. In Chatterton's ballad of "Sir Charles Bandwin," we find an anxious attempt to represent the composition as ancient, and some entries in the public accounts of Bristol were appealed to in corroboration. But neither was this ingenious but unhappy young man, with all his powers of poetry, and with the antiquarian knowledge which he had collected with indiscriminating but astonishing research, able to impose on that part of the public qualified to judge of the compositions, which it had occurred to him to pass off as those of a monk of the 14th century. It was in vain that he in each word dotted the consonants, like the sentinels of an endangered army. The art used to disguise and mislead the words only overdid what was intended, and afforded sure evidence that the poems published as antiques had been, in fact, tampered with by a modern artist, as the newly forged medals of modern days stand convicted of imposture from the very tinctures of the fakes by which there is an attempt to imitate the cracks and fissures produced by the hammer upon the original.

I have only met, in my researches into these matters, with one poem, which, if it had been produced as ancient, could not have been detected on internal evidence. It is the "War Song upon the victory at Brunanburh, translated from the Anglo-Saxon into Anglo-Norman," by the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere. See Ellis's Specimens of Ancient English Poetry, vol. i. p. 32. The accomplished Editor tells us, that this very singular poem was intended as an imitation of the style and language of the fourteenth century, and was written during the controversy occasioned by the poems attributed to Rowley. Mr. Ellis adds, "the reader will probably hear with some surprise, that this singular instance of counterfeiting was the composition of an Eton schoolboy."

The author may be permitted to speak as an artist on this occasion, (disowning, at the same time, all purpose of imposition,) as having written, at the request of the late Mr. Ritson, one or two things of this kind; among others, prefixed to an occurrence of the romance of "Thomas of Ercildoune," the only one which chances to be preserved. And he thinks himself entitled to state, that a modern poet engaged in such a task, is much in the situation of an architect of the present day, who, if acquainted with his profession, finds no difficulty in copying the external forms of a Gothic castle or abbey; but when it is completed, can hardly, by any artificial tints or cement, supply the spots, weather-stains, and hues of different kinds, with which time alone had invested the venerable fabric which he desires to imitate.

Leaving this branch of the subject, in which the difficulty of passing off what is modern for what is ancient cannot be matter of regret, we may bestow with advantage some brief consideration on the fair trade of manufacturing modern antiques, not for the purpose of passing them as contraband goods on the skilful antiquary, but in order to obtain the credit due to authors as successful imitators of the ancient simplicity, while their system admits of a considerable infusion of modern refinement. Two classes of imitation may be referred to as belonging to this species of composition. When they approach each other, there may be some difficulty in assigning to individual poems their peculiar character, but in general the difference is distinctly marked. The distinction lies betwixt the authors of ballads or legendary poems, who have attempted to imitate the language, the manners, and the sentiments of the ancient poems which were their prototypes; and those, on the contrary, who, without endeavouring to do so, have struck out a particular path for themselves, which cannot, with strict propriety, be termed either ancient or modern.

In the actual imitation of the ancient ballad, Dr. Percy, whose researches made him well acquainted with that department of poetry, was peculiarly successful. The "Hermit of Warkworth." The "Child of Elle," and other minstrel tales of his composition, must always be remembered with wonder by those who have perused them in that period of life when the feelings are strong, and the taste for poetry, especially of this simple nature, is keen and poignant. This learned and amiable prelate was also remarkable for his power of restoring the ancient ballad, by throwing in touches of the galliard, so as to assimilate with its original structure, and impress every one who considered the subject as being coeval with the rest of the piece. It must be owned, that such freedoms, when assumed by a professed antiquary, addressing himself to antiquaries, and for the sake of illustrating literary antiquities, are subject to great and licentious abuse; and herein the severity of Byron was to a certain extent justified. But when the license is avowed, and practised without the intention

1 See Appendix, Note A.
to deceive, it cannot be objected to but by scrupulous pedantry.

The poet, perhaps, most capable, by verses, lines, even single words, to relieve and heighten the character of ancient poetry, was the Scottish bard Robert Burns. We are not here speaking of the avowed lyrical poems of his own composition, which he communicated to Mr. George Thomson, but of the manner in which he recomposed and repurposed the old songs and fragments for the collection of Johnson and others, when, if his memory supplied the theme, or general subject of the song, such as it existed in Scottish lore, his genius contributed that part which was to give life and immortality to the whole. If this praise should be thought extravagant, the reader may compare his splendid lyric, "My heart's in the Highlands," with the tame and scarcely half-intelligible remains of that song as preserved by Mr. Peter Buchan. Or, what is perhaps a still more magnificent example of what we mean, "Macpherson's Farewell," with all its spirit and grandeur, as repaid by Burns, may be called "Macpherson's Lament," or sometimes the "Russian's Rant." In Burns' brilliant risumance, the same strain of wild ideas is expressed as we find in the original; but with an infusion of the savage and impassioned spirit of Highland chivalry, which gives a splendid inflection to the composition, of which we find not a trace in the rudeness of the ancient ditty. I can bear witness to the older version having been current while I was a child, but I never knew a line of the inspired edition of the Ayshire bard until the appearance of Johnson's Museum.

Besides Percy, Burnis, and others, we must not omit to mention Mr. Finlay, whose beautiful song,

"There came a knight from the field of the slain,"

is so happily descriptive of antique manners: or Mickle, whose accurate and interesting imitation of the ancient ballad we have already mentioned with approbation in the former Essay on Ballad Composition. These, with others of modern date, at the head of whom we must place Thomas Moore, have aimed at striking the ancient harp with the same bold and rough note to which it was awakened by the ancient minstrels. Southey, Wordsworth, and other distinguished names of the present century, have, in repeated instances, dignified this branch of literature, but no more than Coleridge, in the wild and imaginative tale of the "Ancient Mariner," which displays so much beauty with such eccentricity. We should act most unjustly in this department of Scottish ballad poetry, not to mention the names of Laing, and Allan Ramsay. They have all three honored their country, by arriving at distinction from a humble origin, and there is none of them under whose hand the ancient Scottish harp has not sounded a bold and distinguished tone. Miss Anne Bannerman likewise should not be forgotten, whose "Tales of Superstition and Chivalry" appeared about 1802. They were perhaps too mystical and too abrupt; yet if it be the purpose of this kind of ballad poetry powerfully to excite the imagination, without pretending to satisfy it, few persons have succeeded better than this gifted lady, whose volume is peculiarly fit to be read in a lonely house by a decaying lamp.

As we have already hinted, a numerous class of the authors (some of them of the very first class) who condescend to imitate the simplicity of ancient poetry, gave themselves no trouble to observe the costume, style, or manner, either of the old minstrel or ballad-singer, but assumed a structure of a separate and peculiar kind, which could not be correctly termed either ancient or modern, although made the vehicle of beauties which were common to both. The discrepancy between the mark which they avowed their purpose of shooting at, and that at which they really took aim, is best illustrated by a production of one of the most distinguished of their number. Goldsmith describes the young family of the Vicar of Wakefield, as amusing themselves at no expense, and Burchell observes, that the British poets, who imitated the classics, have especially contributed to introduce a false taste, by loading their lines with epithets, so as to present a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connexion—a string of epithets that improve the sound, without carrying on the sense. But when an example of popular poetry is produced as free from the fault which the critic has just censured, it is the well-known and beautiful poem of Edwin and Angelina! which, in felicitous attention to the language, and in fanciful ornament of imagery, is as unlike to a minstrel ballad, as a lady assuming the dress of a Shepherdess for a masquerade, is different from the actual Sisly of Salisbury Plain. Tuckell's beautiful ballad is equally formed upon a pastoral, sentimental, and ideal model, not, however, less beautifully executed; and the attention of Addison's friend had been probably directed to the ballad stanza (for the stanza is all which is imitated) by the praise bestowed on Chevy Chase in the Spectator.

Upon a later occasion, the subject of Mallet's fine poem, Edwin and Emma, being absolutely rural in itself, and occurring at the hamlet of Bowes, in Yorkshire, might have seduced the poet from the beau ideal which he had pictured to himself, into something more immediately allied to common life. But Mallet was not a man to neglect what was esteemed fashionable, and poor Hannah Ranson and her ever Wren that now was petticoated, were elevated in the ballad, but tinsel fruiteriness appertaining to Edwin and Emma; for the similes, reflections, and suggestions of the poet are, in fact, too intrusive and too well said to suffer the reader to feel the full taste of the tragic tale. The verses are doubtless beautiful, but I must own the simple prose of the Curate's letter, which gives the narrative of the tale as it really stood, has to me a hushed air of serious veracity more affecting than the ornaments of Mallet's fiction. The same author's ballad, "William and Margaret," has, in some degree, the same fault. A disembodied spirit is not a person before whom the living spectator takes leisure to make remarks of a moral kind, as,

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1 Johnson's "Musical Museum," in 6 vols., was lately reprinted at Edinburgh.
"So will the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown,
And such the robe that Kings must wear
When death has left their crown."

Upon the whole, the ballad, though the best of Mallet's writing, is certainly inferior to its original, which I presume to be the very fine and even terrific old Scottish tale, beginning,

"There came a ghost to Margaret's door."

It may be found in Allan Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany."

We need only stop to mention another very beautiful piece of this fanciful kind, by Dr. Cartwright, called Armin and Elvira, containing some excellent poetry, expressed with unusual felicity. I have a vision of having met this accomplished gentleman in my very early youth, and am the less likely to be mistaken, as he was the first living poet I recollect to have seen. His poem had the distinguished honour to be much admired by our celebrated philosopher, Dugald Stewart, who was wont to quote with much pathos, the picture of resignation in the following stanza:—

"And while his eye to Heaven he raised,
Its silent waters stole away."

After enumerating so many persons of undoubted genius, who have cultivated the Arcadian style of poetry, (for to such it may be compared,) it would be endless to enumerate the various Sir Eldreds of the hills and downs whose stories were woven into legendary tales—which came at length to be the name assigned to this half-ancient half-modern style of composition. In general I may observe, that the supposed facility of this species of composition, the alluring simplicity of which was held sufficient to support it, afforded great attractions for those whose ambition led them to exercise their untried talents in verse, but who were desirous to do so with the least possible expense of thought. The task seems to present, at least to the inexperienced acolyte of the MSS., the same advantages which an instrument of sweet sound and small compass offers to those who begin their studies in music. In either case, however, it frequently happens that the scholar, getting tired of the paling and monotonous character of the poetry or music which he produces, becomes desirous to strike a more independent note, even at the risk of its being a more difficult one.

The same simplicity involves an inconvenience fatal to the continued popularity of any species of poetry, by exposing it in a peculiar degree to ridicule and to parody. Dr. Johnson, whose style of poetry was of a very different and more stately description, could ridicule the ballads of Purcy, in such stanzas as these:—

1 I am right in what must be a very early recollection, I saw Mr. Cartwright (then a student of medicine at the Edinburgh University) at the house of my maternal grandfather, John Rutherford, M.D.

2 Happily altered by an admiring foreigner, who read

"The silent waters stole away."

"The tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon a stone:
The nurse took up the squalling child,
But still the child squall'd on;"

with various slipshod imitations of the same quality. It did not require his talents to pursue this vein of raillery, for it was such as most men could imitate, and all could enjoy. It is, therefore, little wonderful that this sort of composition should be repeatedly laid aside for considerable periods of time, and certainly as little so, that it should have been repeatedly revived, like some forgotten melody, and have again obtained some degree of popularity, until it simple becomes more or less sanctified as well as parodied, but, above all, the effects of satiety. During the thirty years that I have paid some attention to literary matters, the taste for the ancient ballad melody, and for the closer or more distant imitation of that strain of poetry, has more than once arisen, and more than once subsided, in consequence, perhaps, of too unlimited indulgence. That this has never been the case with the more varied, and perhaps the more recent compositions, is an observation that may be made with some confidence;—and that the beautiful Morisco romances were excluding all other topics, confers upon them a hearty malediction.

A period when this particular taste for the popular ballad was in the most extravagant degree of fashion, became the occasion, unexpectedly, of my deserting the profession to which I was educated, and in which I had sufficiently advantageous prospects for a person of limited ambition. I have, in a former publication, undertaken to mention this circumstance; and I will endeavour to do so with becoming brevity, and without more egotism than is positively exacted by the nature of the story. I may, in the first place, remark, that although the assertion has been made, and that by persons who seemed satisfied with their authority, it is a mistake to suppose that my situation in life or place in society were materially altered by such success as I attained in literary attempts. My birth, without giving the least pretension to distinction, was that of a gentleman, and connected me with several respectable families and distinguished persons. My education had been a good one, although I was deprived of its full benefit by indifferent health, just at the period when I ought to have been most sedulous in improving it. The young men with whom I was brought up, and lived most familiarly, were those, who, from opportunities, birth, and talents, were expected to be the greatest advances in the career for which we were all destined; and I have the pleasure still to preserve my youthful intimacy with no incon siderable number of them, whom their merit has carried forward to the highest honours of their profession. Neither was I in a situation to be embarrassed by the res acu tua domi, which might have otherwise brought

3 Percy was especially annoyed, according to Boswell, with

"I put my hat upon my head,
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man.
With his hat in his hand."—ED.

4 See the Introduction to Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, 1866, p. xxi.
painful additional obstructions to a path in which progress is proverbially slow. I enjoyed a moderate degree of business for my standing, and the friendship of more than one person of consideration and influence efficiently disposed to aid my views in life. The private fortune, also, which I might expect, and finally inherited, from my family, did not, indeed, amount to affluence, but placed me considerably beyond all apprehension of want. I mention these particulars merely because they are true. Many better men than myself have owed their rise from indigence and obscurity to their own talents, which were, doubtless, much more adequate to the task of raising them than any which I possess. But although it would be absurd and ungracious in me to deny, that I owe to literature many marks of distinction to which I could not otherwise have aspired, and particularly that of securing the acquaintance, and even the friendship, of many remarkable persons of the age, to whom I could not otherwise have made my way; it would, on the other hand, be ridiculous to affect gratitude to the public favour, either for my general position in society, or the means of supporting it with decency, matters which had been otherwise secured under the usual chances of human affairs. Thus much I have thought it necessary to say upon a subject, which is, after all, of very little consequence to any one but myself. I proceed to detail the circumstances which engaged me in literary pursuits.

During the last ten years of the eighteenth century, the art of poetry was at a remarkably low ebb in Britain. Hayley, to whom fashion had some years before ascribed a higher degree of reputation than posterity has confirmed, had now lost his reputation for talent, though he still lived beloved and respected as an amiable and accomplished man. The Bard of Memory slumbered on his laurels, and He of Hope had scarce begun to attract his share of public attention. Cowper, a poet of deep feeling and bright genius, was still alive, indeed; but the hypochondria, his weakness, and, to a certain extent, his popularity, Burns, whose genius, our southern neighbours could hardly yet comprehend, had long confined himself to song-writing. Names which are now known and distinguished wherever the English language is spoken, were then only beginning to be mentioned; and, unless among the small number of persons who habitually devote a part of their leisure time, the names of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, were still but little known. The realms of Parnassus, like many a kingdom at the period, seemed to lie open to the first bold invader, whether he should be a daring usurper, or could show a legitimate title of sovereignty.

As far back as 1788, a new species of literature began to be introduced into this country. German literature, which had extricated itself from the clutches of the European confederacy, was then, for the first time, heard of as the cradle of a style of poetry and literature, of a kind much more analogous to that of Britain, than either the French, Spanish, or Italian schools, though all three had been at various times cultivated and imitated among us. The names of Lessing, Klopstock, Schiller, and other German poets of eminence, were only known in Britain very imperfectly. "The Sorrows of Werter" was the only composition that had attained any degree of popularity, and the success of that remarkable novel, notwithstanding the distinguished genius of the author, was regarded by the nature of its incidents. To the other compositions of Goethe, whose talents were destined to illuminate the age in which he flourished, the English remained strangers, and much more so to Schiller, Burger, and a whole cycle of foreigners of distinguished merit.

The obscurity to which German literature seemed to be condemned, did not arise from want of brilliancy in the lights by which it was illuminated, but from the palpable thickness of the darkness by which they were surrounded. Frederick II. of Prussia had given a partial and ungracious testimony against his native language and native literature, and impolitically and unwisely, as well as unjustly, had yielded to the French that superiority in letters, which, after his death, paved the way for their obtaining, for a time, an equal superiority in arms. That great Prince, by setting the example of undervaluing his country in one respect, raised a belief in its general inferiority, and destroyed the manly pride with which a nation is naturally disposed to regard its own peculiar manners and peculiar literature.

Unmoved by the scornful neglect of its sovereigns and nobles, and encouraged by the tide of native genius, which flowed in upon the nation, German literature began to assume a new, interesting, and highly impressive character, to which it became impossible for strangers to shut their eyes. That it exhibited the faults of exaggeration and false taste, almost inseparable from the first attempts at the heroic and at the pathetic, cannot be denied. It was, in a word, the first crop of a rich soil, which throws out weeds as well as flowers with a prolific abundance.

It was so late as the 21st day of April, 1788, that the literary persons of Edinburgh, of whom I have spoken, could speak of more names among the writers of German literature than those of those of Britain generally, or especially those of London, were first made aware of the existence of works of genius in a language cognate with the English, and possessed of the same manly force of expression. They learned, at the same time, that the taste which dictated the German compositions was of a kind as nearly allied to the English as their language; and those who were accustomed from their youth to admire Milton and Shakspeare, became acquainted, I may say for the first time, with the existence of a race of poets who had the same lofty ambition to spurn the flaming boundaries of the universe.1 and investigate the realms of chaos and old night; and of dramatists, who, disclaiming the pedantry of the unities, sought, at the expense of occasional improbabilities and impossibilities, all its scenes of wildest contrast, and in all its boundless variety of character, mingling, without hesitation, livelier with more serious incidents, and exchanging scenes of tragic distress, as they occur in common life, with those of a comic tendency. This emancipation from the rules

1 "Flammansia moenia mundi."—Lucan.
so servilely adhered to by the French school, and particularly by their dramatic poets, although it was attended with some disadvantages, especially the risk of extravagance and bombast, was the means of giving free scope to the genius of Goethe, Schiller, and others, which, thus relieved from shackles, was not long in soaring to the highest peak of poetic sublimity. The friend and champion of Henry MacKenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," in an Essay upon the German Theatre, introduced his countrymen to this new species of national literature, the peculiarities of which he traced with equal truth and spirit, although they were at that time known to him only through the imperfect and uncongenial medium of a French translation. Upon the day already mentioned, (21st April 1788,) he read to the Royal Society an Essay on German Literature, which made much noise, and produced a powerful effect. "Germany," he observed, "in her literary aspect, presents herself to observation in a singular point of view; that of a country arrived at maturity, along with the neighbouring nations, in the arts and sciences, in the pleasures and refinements of manners, and yet only in its infancy with regard to writings of taste and imagination. This last path, however, from these very circumstances, she pursues with an enthusiasm which no other situation could perhaps have produced, the enthusiasm which novelty inspires, and which the servility incident to a more cultivated and critical state of literature does not restrain." At the same time, the accomplished critic showed himself equally familiar with the classical rules of the French stage, and failed not to touch upon the acknowledged advantages which those produced, by the encouragement and regulation of taste, though at the risk of repressing genius.

But it was not the dramatic literature alone of the Germans which was hitherto unknown to their neighbours—their fictitious narratives, their ballad poetry, and other branches of their literature, which are particularly apt to bear the stamp of the extravagant and the supernatural, began to occupy the attention of the British literati.

In Edinburgh, where the remarkable coincidence between the German language and that of the Lowland Scottish, encouraged young men to approach this newly discovered spring of literature, a class was formed, of six or seven intimate friends, who proposed to make themselves acquainted with the German language. They were in the habit of living much together, and the time they spent in this new study was felt as a period of great amusement. One source of this diversion was the laziness of one of their number, the present author, who, averse to the necessary toil of grammar and its rules, was in the practice of fighting his way to the knowledge of the German by his acquaintance with the Scottish and Anglo-Saxon dialects. He was, however, committed blunders which were not lost on his more accurate and more studious companions. A more general source of amusement, was the despair of the teacher, on finding it possible to extract from his Scottish students the degree of sensibility necessary, as he thought, to enjoy the beauties of the author to whom he considered it proper first to introduce them. We were desirous to penetrate at once into the recesses of the Teutonic literature, and therefore were ambitious of perusing Goethe and Schiller, and others whose fame had been founded by Mackenzie. Dr. Willich, (a medical gentleman,) who was our teacher, was judiciously disposed to commence our studies with the more simple diction of Gessner, and prescribed to us "The Death of Abel," as the production from which our German tasks were to be drawn. The pietistic style of this author was ill adapted to attract young persons of our age and disposition. We could no more sympathize with the overstrained sentimentality of Adam and his family, than we could have had a fellow-feeling with the jolly Faun of the same author, who broke his beautiful jug, and then made a song on it which might have affected all Staffordshire. To sum up the distresses of Dr. Willich, we, with one consent, voted Abel an insufferable bore, and gave the pre-emminence in point of masculine character, to his brother Cain, or even to Lucifer himself. When these jests, which arose out of the sickly monotonous and affected ecstasies of the poet, failed to amuse us, we had for our entertainment the unutterable sounds manufactured by a Frenchman, our fellow-student, who, with the economical purpose of learning two languages at once, was endeavouring to acquire German, of which he knew nothing, by means of English, concerning which he was nearly as ignorant as Heaven only knows the notes which he uttered, in attempting, with unpractised organs, to imitate the gutturals of these two intractable languages. At length, in the midst of much laughing and little study, most of us acquired some knowledge, more or less extensive, of the German language, and selected for ourselves, some in the philosophy of Kant, some in the more animated works of the German dramatists, some perhaps, more to our taste than "The Death of Abel."

About this period, or a year or two sooner, the accomplished and excellent Lord Woodhouselee, a friend of my youth, made a spirited version of "The Robbers" of Schiller, which I believe was the first published, though an English version appeared soon afterwards in London, as the metropolis then took the lead in every thing like literary adventure. The enthusiasm with which this work was received, greatly increased the general taste for German compositions.

While universal curiosity was thus distinguishing the advancing taste for the German language and literature, the success of a very young student, in a juvenile publication, seemed to show that the prevailing taste in that country might be easily employed as a formidable means of teaching our own language, and spreading it, upon the same system as when medical persons attempt, by the transfusion of blood, to pass into the veins of an aged and exhausted patient, the vivacity of the circulation and

1 Alexander Fraser Tytler, a Judge of the Court of Session by the title of Lord Woodhouselee, author of the well-known "Elements of General History," and long eminently as Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh. He died in 1810.—Ed.
liveliness of sensation which distinguish a
young subject. The person who first attempt-
ted to introduce something like the German
taste into English fictitious dramatic and poet-
ic composition, although his works, when
first published, engaged general attention, is
now comparatively forgotten. I mean Mat-
thew Gregory Lewis, whose character and
literary history are so immediately connected
with the subject of which I am treating, that
a few authentic particulars may be here in-
serted by one to whom he was well known.1

Lewis's rank in society was determined by
his birth, which, at the same time, assured his
fortune. His father was Under-Secretary at
War, at that time a very lucrative appoint-
ment, the possession of which put him in a
seat in Parliament as soon as his age per-
mitted him to fill it. But his mind did not in-
cline him to politics, or, if it did, they were
not of the complexion which his father, at-
tached to Mr. Pitt's administration, would
have approved. He was, moreover, indolent,
and though possessed of abilities sufficient to
conquer any difficulty which might stand in
the way of classical attainments, he preferred
applying his exertions in a path where they
were rewarded with more immediate ap-
plause. As he completed his education
broad, he had an opportunity of indulging in
his inclination for the extraordinary and su-
permatural, by wandering through the whole
enchanted land of German fury and asubiere,
not forgetting the paths of her enthusiastic
tragedy and romantic poetry.

We are easily induced to imitate what we
adore, and Lewis early distinguished him-
self by a romance in the German taste, called
"The Monk." In this work, written in his
twentieth year, and founded on the Eastern
apologue of the Santor Barisa, the author
introduced supernatural machinery with a
courage and consciousness of his own power
to manage its ponderous strength, which com-
manded the respect of his reader. "The Monk"
was published in 1795, and, though liable to the
objections common to the school to which it belonged, and to others peculiar
to itself, placed its author at once high in the
scale of men of letters. Nor can that be
reckoned as an ordinary exertion of genius, to
which Charles Fox paid the profound com-
mendation of crossing the House of Commons that
he might congratulate the young author,
whose work obtained high praise from many
other able men of that able time. The party
which approved "The Monk" was at first su-
perior in the lists, and it was some time before
the anonymous author of the "Pursuits of
Literature" denounced it as puerile and absurd
the supernatural machinery which Lewis had
introduced——

"—— I bear an English heart.
Unset a ghost and rattling bones to start."

Yet the acute and learned critic预订 some
inconsistency in praising the magic of the
Italian poets, and complimenting Mrs. Rad-
cliffe for her success in supernatural imagery,
for while he praised the former, he thus sternly
censured her brother novelist.

A more legitimate topic of condemnation was
the indecency of particular passages. The
present author will hardly be deemed a will-
ful, or at least an interested apologist for an
offence equally repugnant to decency and good
breeding. But as Lewis at once, and with a
good grace, submitted to the voice of censure,
and expunged the objectionable passages, we
cannot judge considering the manner in which
the fault was insisted on, after all the amend-
ments had been offered of which the case could
admit, as in the last degree ungenerous and
uncandid. The pertinacity with which the
passages so much found fault with were dwelt
upon, seemed to warrant a belief that some-
thing more was desired than the correction of
the author's errors; and that, where the
apologies of the last degree from the author,
and instant submission, were unable to satisfy
the critics' fury, they must have been deter-
minted to act on the severity of the old pro-
verb, "Confess and be hanged." Certainly it is,
that other persons, offenders in the same de-
gree, have been permitted to sue out their
pardon without either retraction or palmose.2

Another pecadillo of the author of "The Monk"
was his fondness for picturesque and lurid
and from the popular tales of the Germans,
the singular and striking adventure of the
"Bleeding Nun." But the hold and free hand
with which he traced some scenes, as well of
natural terror as of that which arises from
supernatural causes, shows distinctly that the
plagiarism could not have been occasioned by
any deficiency of invention on his part, though
it might take place from wantonness or wil-
fulness.

In spite of the objections we have stated,
"The Monk" was so highly popular, that it
seemed to create an epoch in our literature.
But the public were chiefly captivated by the
poetry with which Mr. Lewis had interspersed
his prose narrative. It has now passed from
recollection among the changes of literary
taste; but many may remember, as well as I
do, the effect produced by the beautiful ballad
of Durandarte," which had the good fortune
to be adapted to an air of great sweetness and
pathos; by the ghost tale of "Alonso and
Imagine;" and by several other pieces of
legendary poetry, which addressed themselves
in all the charms of novelty and of simplicity
to a public who had for a long time been un-
used to any regale of the kind. In his poetry
as well as his prose, Mr. Lewis had been a
successful imitator of the Germans, both in
his attachment to the ancient ballad, and in
the tone of superstition which they willfully
mingle with it. New arrangements of the
stanzas, and a varied construction of verses,
were also adopted and welcomed as an adop-
tion of a new string to the British harp. In
this respect, the stanza in which "Alonso the
Brave" is written, was greatly admired, and
received as an improvement worthy of adop-
tion into English poetry.

In short, Lewis's works were admired, and
the author became famous, not merely through
his own merit, though that was of no mean
quality, but because he had in some measure
taken the public by surprise, by using a style
of composition, which, like national melodies,
is so congenial to the general taste that.

2 See Appendix, Note B.
This idea was hurried into execution, in consequence of a temptation which others, as well as the author, found it difficult to resist. The celebrated ballad of "Lenôre," by Burger, was about this time introduced into England; and it is remarkable, that, written as far back as 1775, it was upwards of twenty years before it was known in Britain, though calculated to make so strong an impression. The wild character of the tale was such as struck the imagination of all who read it, although the idea of the lady's ride behind the meteor flourished before him only upon a ballad-maker. But this pretended English original, if in reality it be such, is so dull, flat, and prosaic, as to leave the distinguished German author all that is valuable in his story, by clothing it with a fanciful wildness of expression, which serves to set forth the marvelous tale, in its native terror. The ballad of "Lenôre" accordingly possessed general attractions for such as English as understood the language in which it is written; and, as if there had been a charm in the ballad, no one seemed to cast his eyes upon it without a desire to make it known by translation to his own countrymen, and six or seven versions were accordingly presented to the public. Although the present author was one of those who intruded his translation on the world at this time, he may fairly exculpate himself from the rashness of entering the lists against so many rivals. The circumstances which threw him into this competition were quite accidental, and of a nature tending to show how much the destiny of human life depends upon unimportant occurrences, to which little consequence is attached at the moment.

About the summer of 1793 or 1794, the celebrated Miss Laetitia Aikin, better known as Mrs. Barbauld, paid a visit to Edinburgh, and was received by such literary society as the place then boasted, with the hospitality to which her talents and her worth entitled her. Among others, she was kindly welcomed by the late excellent and admired Professor Durand Stewart, and in his lady's house was introduced to the society from which, in their evening society that Miss Aikin drew from her pocket-book a version of "Lenôre," executed by William Taylor, Esq. of Norwich, with as much freedom as was consistent with great spirit and scrupulous fidelity. She read this composition to the company, who were electrified by the tale. It was the more successful, that Mr. Taylor had boldly copied the composition, and described the spectral journey in language resembling that of the original. Burger had thus painted the ghastly career:

"Und hurle, hurle, hop, hop, hop, Gings fort in sausendem Galopp, Dass Ross und Reiter schruhen, Und Kies und Fuenken stohen."

The words were rendered by the kindred sounds in English:

many of the happiest days of my youth. (Ed.) [See La's vol. p. 156.—Ed.]
4 See "Dose Verses among the Miscellanies," which follow this "Essay," where also many other pieces from the pen of Sir Walter Scott are now for the first time included in an edition of his Poetical Works. (Ed.)

The Lady Charlotte Bury.—Ed.
2 See Life of Scott, vol. i. p. 58.
3 This tree grew in a large garden attached to a cottage at Kelso, the residence of my father's sister, where I spent
ON IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD.

"Tramp, tramp, across the land they speed,  
Splash, splash, across the sea;  
Hurra, the dead can ride again!  
Dost fear to ride with me?"

When Miss Aikin had finished her recitation, she replaced in her pocket-book the paper from which she had read it, and enjoyed the satisfaction of having made a strong impression upon the hearers, whose bosoms thrilled yet the deeper. The fact was not to be more closely introduced to them.

The author was not present upon this occasion, although he had then the distinguished advantage of being a familiar friend and frequent visitor of Professor Stewart and his family. But he was absent from town while Miss Aikin was in Edinburgh, and it was not until his return that he found all his friends in rapture with the intelligence and good sense of their visitor, but in particular with the wonderful translation from the German, by means of which she had delighted and aston-ished them. The enthusiastic description given of Burger's ballad, and the broken account of the story, of which only two lines were recollected, inspired the author, who had some acquaintance, as has been said, with the German language, and a strong taste for popular poetry, with a desire to see the original.

This was not a wish easily gratified: German works were at that time seldom found in London for sale—in Edinburgh never. A lady of noble German descent, whose friendship I have enjoyed for many years, found means, however, to procure me a copy of Burger's works. The German was read at Edinburgh. The perusal of the original rather exceeded than disappointed the expectations which the report of Mr. Stewart's family had induced me to form. At length, when the book had been a few hours in my possession, I found myself giving an animated account of the poem to a friend, and rashly added a promise to furnish a copy in English ballad form, which I was sure of being able to perform.

I well recollect that I began my task after supper, and finished it about daybreak the next morning, by which time the ideas which the task had a tendency to summon up were rather of an uncomfortable character. As my object was much more to make a good translation of the poem for those whom I wished to please, than to acquire any poetical fame for myself, I retired in my translation the two lines which Mr. Taylor had rendered with equal boldness and felicity.

My attempt succeeded far beyond my expectations; and it may readily be believed, that I was induced to persevere in a pursuit which gratified my own vanity, while it seemed to amuse others. I accomplished a translation of "Der Wilde Jager"—romantic ballad founded on a superstition universally received in Germany, and known also in Scotland and France. In this I took rather more license than in versifying "Lenore." I and I balladized one or two other poems of Burger with more or less success in the course of a few weeks, my own vanity, and the favourable opinion of friends, interested by the temporary revival of a species of poetry containing a germ of popularity of which perhaps they were not themselves aware, urged me to the decisive step of sending a selection, at least, of my translations to the press. To save the numerous applications which were made for copies, I wrote the name of an author deaf to such a recommendation. In 1796, the present author was prevailed on, "by request of friends," to indulge his own vanity by publishing the translation of "Lenore," with that of "The Wild Huntsman," in a thin quarto.

The fate of this, my first publication, was by no means flattering. I distributed so many copies among my friends as, according to the booksellers, materially to interfere with the sale; and the number of translations which appeared in England about the same time, including that of Mr. Taylor, to which I had been so much indebted, and which was published in "The Monthly Magazine," were sufficient to exclude a provincial writer from competition. However different my success might have been, had I been fortunate enough to have laid the ground for any semblance of precedence, my efforts, sunk unnoticed when launched at the same time with those of Mr. Taylor (upon whose property I had committed the kind of piracy already noticed, and who generously forgave me the invasion of his rights); of my ingenious and amiable friend of many years, William Robert Spenser; or of Mr. Pye, the laureate of the day, and many others, and not a few, the general sale and adventure, where so many pushed off to sea, proved a dead loss, and a great part of the edition was condemned to the service of the trunk-maker. Nay, so complete was the failure of the unfortunate ballads, that the very existence of them was soon forgotten; and, in a newspaper, in which I very lately read, to my no small astonishment, my name is not mentioned with my own various publications. I saw this, my first offence, had escaped the industrious collector, for whose indefatigable research I may in gratitude wish a better object.

The failure of my first publication did not operate, in any unpleasant degree, either on my feelings or spirits. I was coldly received by strangers, but my reputation began to increase among my own friends, and, on the whole, I was more bent to show the world that it had neglected something worth notice, than to be affronted by its indifference. Or, rather, to speak candidly, I found pleasure in the literary labour in which I had, almost by accident, become engaged, and labouring, less in the hope of pleasing others, though certainly without despising doing so, than in the pursuit of a new and agreeable amusement to myself. I pursued the German language keenly, and, though far from being a correct scholar, became a bold and daring reader, now, even translator, of various dramatic pieces from that tongue.

1 Born Countess Harriet Brehl of Martiniscircles, and married to Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden, now Lord Pol- warth, the author's relative, and much-valued friend al- most from infancy.

2 Under the title of "William and Helen."—Ed.

3 This thin quarto was published by Messrs. Munro and Miller of Edinburgh.—Ed.

4 The list here referred to was drawn up and inserted in the Caledonian Mercury, by Mr. James Shaw, for nearly forty years past in the house of Sir Walter Scott's pub- lishers, Messrs. Constable and Cadell, of Edinburgh.—Ed. (See it in Life of Scott, vol. x. pp. 280-276.)

5 Sir Walter Scott's second publication was a translation of Goethe's drama of Goetz of Berlichingen with the Iron
The want of books at that time, (about 1796) was a great interruption to the rapidity of my movements; for the young do not know, and perhaps my own contemporaries may have forgotten, the difficulty with which publications were then procured from the continent. The worthy and excellent friend, of whom I gave a sketch many years afterwards in the person of Jonathan Outhwaite, who read me Adeney's Dictionary, through the mediation of Father Pepper, a monk of the Scotch College of Ratisbon. Other wants of the same nature were supplied by Mrs. Scott of Harden, whose kindness in a similar instance I have had already occasion to acknowledge. Through this lady's connections on the continent, I obtained copies of Burger, Schiller, Goethe, and other standard German works; and though the obligation be of a distant date, it still remains impressed on my memory, after a life spent in a constant interchange of friendship and kindness with that family, which is, according to Scottish ideas, the head of my house.

Being thus furnished with the necessary originals, I began to translate on all sides, constantly about nothing like an accurate knowledge of the language; and although the dramas of Goethe, Schiller, and others, powerfully attracted one whose early attention to the German had been arrested by Mackenzie's Dissertation, and the play of "The Robbers," yet the ballad poetry, in which I had made a bold essay, was still my favourite. I was yet more delighted on finding, that the old English ballad was in many instances so nearly similar to the German, not in sound merely, but in the turn of phrase, that they were capable of being rendered line for line, with very little variation.

By degrees, I acquired sufficient confidence to attempt the imitation of what I admired. The ballad called "Glenfinlas" was, I think, the first I attempted. As it was the first to compose, it is supposed to be a translation from the Gaelic, I considered myself as liberated from imitating the antiquated language and rude rhythm of the Minstrel ballad. A versification of an Osissian fragment came nearer to the idea I had formed of my task; for although controversy may have arisen concerning the authenticity of these poems, yet I never heard it disputed by those whom an accurate knowledge of the Gaelic rendered competent judges, that in their spirit and diction they nearly resemble fragments of poetry extant in that language, to the genuine antiquity of which no doubt can attach. Indeed, the celebrated dispute on that subject is something like the more bloody, though scarce fiercer, controversy, about the Popish Plot in Charles the Second's time, concerning which Dryden has said—

"Succeeding times will equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all."

The Celtic people of Erin and Albyn had, in short, a style of poetry properly called national, though Macpherson was rather an excellent poet than a faithful editor and translator. This style and fashion of poetry, existing in a different language, was supposed to give the original of "Glenfinlas," and the author was to pass for one who had used his best command of English to do the Gaelic model justice. Although the lines of the poem were irresistible with the costume of the times in which they were laid. The ancient Highland chieffains, when they had a mind to "hunt the duns deer down," did not retreat into solitary boathies, or trust the success of the chase to their own unassisted exertions, without a single gillie to help them; they assembled their clan, and all partook of the sport, forming a ring, or enclosure, called the Tinchell, and driving the prey towards the most distinguished persons of the hunt. This course would not have suited me, so Ronald and Moy were cooped up in their solitary wigwam, like two moorhounds of the present day.

After "Glenfinlas," I undertook another ballad, called "The Eve of St. John." The incidents, except the hints alluded to in the marginal notes, are entirely imaginary, but the scene was that of my early childhood. Some idle persons had of late years, during the proprietor's absence, torn the iron-grated door of Smailholm Tower from its hinges, and thrown it down the rock. I was an earnest soitor to my friend and kinsman, Mr. Scott of Harden, already mentioned, that the dismembered fragments might be put together, and the mischief repaired. This was readily promised, on condition that I should make a ballad, of which the scene should lie at Smailholm Tower, and among the crags where it is situated. The ballad was approved of, as well as its companion "Glenfinlas;" and I remember that they procured me many marks of attention and kindness, and invited me to the residence of the gentleman, who gave me the unlimited use of that celebrated collection of volumes from which the Roxburghe Club derives its name.

Thus I was set up for a poet, like a pedlar who has got two ballads to begin the world upon, and I hastened to make the round of all my acquaintances, showing my precious wares, and requesting criticism—a boon which no author asks in vain. For it may be observed, that in the fine arts, those who are in no respect able to produce any specimens themselves, hold themselves not the less entitled to decide upon the works of others; and, no doubt, with justice to a certain degree; for the merits of composition produced for the express purpose of pleasing the world at large, can only be judged of by the opinion of individuals, and perhaps, as in the case of Molière's old woman, the less sophisticated the person consulted so much the better. But I was ignorant, at the time I spoke of, that though the applause of the many may justly appreciate the general merits of a piece, it is

1 The late George Constable, Esq. See Introduction to the Antiquary, Waverley Novels, vol. v. p. iv.—Ed.
2 See Appendix, Note C.
3 This is of little consequence, except as far as it con-
4 See the account of a conversation between Sir Walter Scott and Sir Thomas Lawrence, in "Cuningham's Lives of British Painters," &c. vol. vi. p. 256.—Ed.
not so safe to submit such a performance to the more minute criticism of the same individuals, when each, in turn, having seated himself in the censor’s chair, has placed his mind in a critical attitude, and delivers his opinion sententiously and ex cathedra. General applause was in almost every case freely tendered, but the abatements in the way of proposed alterations and corrections, were cruelly puzzling. It was in vain the young author, listening with becoming modestly, and with a natural wish to please, cut and caried, tinker-ed and coo-pered, upon his unfortunate ballads — it was in vain that he placed, displaced, replaced, and misplaced; every one of his advisers was displeased with the concessions made by his assailants, and the author was blamed by some one, in almost every case, for having made two holes in attempting to patch up one.

At last, after thinking seriously on the subject, I wrote out a fair copy, (of Glenflusus, I think) and marked all the various corrections which had been proposed. On the whole, I found that I had been required to alter very, very little, and the only stanzas of the whole ballad which escaped criticism were two which could neither be termed good nor bad, speaking of them as poetry, but were of a mere commonplace character, absolutely necessary for conducting the business of the tale. This unexpected result, after about a fortnight’s anxiety, led me to adopt a rule from which I have seldom departed during more than thirty years of literary life. When a friend, whose judgment I respect, has decided, and upon good advisement told me, that a manuscript was worth nothing, or at least possessed no redeeming qualities sufficient to atone for its defects, I have generally cast it aside; but I am little in the custom of paying attention to minute criticisms, or of offering such to any friend who may do me the honour to confide in me. I am convinced, that, in general, in removing even errors of a trivial or venial kind, the character of originality is lost, which, upon the whole, may be that which is most valuable in the production. About the time that I shook hands with criticism, and reduced my ballads back to the original form, stripping them without remorse of those “lendings” which I had adopted at the suggestion of others, an opportunity unexpectedly offered of introducing to the world what had hitherto been confined to a circle of friends. Lewis had announced a collection, first intended to bear the title of “Tales of Terror,” and afterwards published under that of “Tales of Wonder.” As this was to be a collection of tales turning on that preternatural, there were risks in the plan of which the ingenious editor was not aware. The supernatural, though appealing to certain powerful emotions very widely and deeply sown amongst the human race, is, nevertheless, a spring which is peculiarly apt to lose its elasticity by being too much pressed on, and a collection of ghost stories is not more likely to be terrible, than a collection of jests to be merry or entertaining. Although the very title of the proposed work carried in it an obstruction to its effect, this was far from being suspected at the time, for the popularity of the editor, and of his compositions, seemed a warrant for his success. The distinguished favour with which the “Castle Spectre” was received upon the stage, seemed an additional pledge for the safety of his new attempt. I readily agreed to contribute the ballads of “Glenflusus” and of “The Eve of Saint John, with its sequel of The Good or The Bad,” and my friend Dr. Leyden became also a contributor. Mr. Southey, a tower of strength, added “The Old Woman of Berkeley,” “Lord William,” and several other interesting ballads of the same class, to the proposed collection.

In the meantime, my friend Lewis found it no easy matter to discipline his northern recruits. He was a martinet, if I may so term him, in the accuracy of rhymes and of numbers; I may add, he had a right to be so, for few persons have exhibited more mastery of rhyme, or greater command over the melody of verse. He was, therefore, rigid in exacting similar accuracy from others, and as I was quite unaccustomed to the mechanical part of poetry, and used rhymes which were merely permissible, as readily as those which were more legitimate, contests often arose amongst us, which were exasperated by the pertinacity of my Mentor, who, as all who knew him can testify, was no granter of propositions. As an instance of the obstinacy with which I had so lately adopted a tone of defiance to criticism, the reader will find in the Appendix a few specimens of the lectures which I underwent from my friend Lewis, and which did not at the time produce any effect on my confidence, though I did not forget them at a future period.

The proposed publication of the “Tales of Wonder” was, from one reason or another, postponed till the year 1801, a circumstance by which, of itself, the success of the work was considerably impeded; for protracted expectation always leads to disappointment. But besides, there were circumstances of various kinds which contributed to its depreciation, some of which were imputable to the editor, or author, and some to the bookseller. The former remained insensible of the passion for ballads and ballad-mongers having been for some time on the wane, and that with such alteration in the public taste, the chance of success in that line was diminished. What had been at first received as simple and natural, was now sneered at as puerile and extravagant. Another objection was, that my friend Lewis had a high but mistaken opinion of his own powers of humour. The truth was, that though he could throw some gaiety into his lighter pieces, after the manner of the French writers, his attempts at what is called pleasantry in English wholly wanted the quality of humour, and were generally failures. But this he would not allow; and the “Tales of Wonder” were filled, in a sense, with attempts at comedy, which might be generally accounted abortive. Another objection, which might have been more easily foreseen, subjected the editor to a charge of which Mat Lewis was entirely incautious,—that he was piqued for an undue attack on the packets of the public. The “Tales of Wonder” formed a work in

1 See Appendix, Note D.
royal octavo, and were, by large printing, driven out, as it is technically termed, to two volumes, which were sold at a high price. Purchasers murmured at finding that this size had been attained by the insertion of some of the best known pieces of the English language, such as Dryden’s "Theodore and Honoria," Parnell’s "Hermit," Lisle’s "Porsenna King of Russia," and many other popular poems of old date, and generally known, which ought not in conscience to have made part of a set of tales, "written and collected" by a modern author. His bookseller was also accused in the public prints, whether truly or not I am uncertain, of having attempted to secure to himself the entire profits of the large sale which he expected, by refusing to his brethren the allowances usually, if not in all cases, made to the retail trade.

Lewis, one of the most liberal as well as benevolent of mankind, had not the least participation in these proceedings of his bibliopolist; but his work sunk under the obloquy which was heaped on it by the offended parties. The book was termed "Tales of Plunder," was censured by reviewers, and attacked in newspapers and magazines. A very clever parody was made on the style and the person of the author, and the world laughed as willingly as if it had never applauded.

Thus, owing to the failure of the vehicle I had chosen, my efforts to present myself before the public as an original writer proved as vain as those by which I had previously endeavoured to distinguish myself as a translator. Like Lord Hume, however, at the battle of Flodden, I did so far well, that I was able to stand and save myself; and amidst the general depreciation of the "Tales of Wonder," my small share of the obnoxious publication was dismissed without much censure, and in some cases obtained praise from the critics.

The consequence of my escape made me naturally more daring, and I attempted, in my own name, a collection of ballads of various kinds, both ancient and modern, to be connected by the common tie of relation to the Border districts in which I had gathered the materials. The original preface explains my purpose, and the assistance of various kinds which I met with. The edition was curious, as being the first work printed by my friend and school-fellow, Mr. James Ballantyne, who, at that period, was editor of a provincial newspaper, called "The Kelso Mail." When the book came out, in 1802, the imprint, Kelso, was read with wonder by amateurs of typography, who had never heard of such a place, and were astonished at the example of handsome printing which so obscure a town produced.

As for the editorial part of the task, my attempt to imitate the plan and style of Bishop Percy, observing only more strict fidelity concerning my originals, was favourably received by the public, and there was a demand within a short space for a second edition, to which I proposed to add a third volume. Messrs. Cadell and Davies, the first publishers of the work, declined the publication of this second edition, which was undertaken, at a very liberal price, by the well-known firm of Messrs. Longman and Rees of Paternoster Row. My progress in the literary career, in which I might now be considered as seriously engaged, the reader will find briefly traced in an Introduction prefixed to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

In the meantime, the Editor has accomplished his proposed task of acquainting the reader with some particulars respecting the modern imitations of the Ancient Ballad, and the circumstances which gradually, and almost insensibly, engaged himself in that species of literary employment.

W. S.

Abbotsford, April 1830.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

THE PRODUCTION OF MODERN AS ANCIENT BALLADS.

P. 464.

This failure applies to the repairs and rifalementos of old ballads, as well as to complete imitations. In the beautiful and simple ballad of Gil Morris, some affected person has stuck in one or two fictitious verses, which, like vulgar persons in a drawing-room, betray themselves by their over-fanery. Thus, after the simple and affecting verse which prepares the readers for the coming tragedy,

"Gil Morrice sat in good green wood,
He whistled and he sang:
'O, what mean a' you folk coming,
My mother tarries lang?"

some such "vicious intromitter" as we have described, (to use a barbarous phrase for a barbarous proceeding,) has inserted the following quintessence of affection:

"His locks were like the threads of gold
Drawn from Minerva's loom;
His lips like roses drappin' dew,
His breath was a' perfume."
"His brow was like the mountain snow,  
Gilt by the morning beam;  
His cheeks like living roses blow,  
His eye like azure stream.

"The boy was clad in robes of green,  
Sweet as the infant spring;  
And, like the mavis on the bush,  
He gart the valleys ring."

NOTE B.
M. G. LEWIS.
P. 469.

In justice to a departed friend, I have abandoned his own defense against an accusation so remorselessly persisted in. The following is an extract of a letter to his father:—

Feb. 23, 1798.

"My dear Father,—Though certain that the clamour raised against 'The Monk' has not been, and cannot have given you the smallest doubt of the rectitude of my intentions, or the purity of my principles, yet I am conscious that it must have grieved you to find any doubts on the subject existing in the minds of other people. To express my sorrow for having given you pain is my motive for now addressing you, and also to assure you, that you shall not feel that pain a second time on my account. Having made you feel it at all, would be a sufficient reason, had I no others, to make me regret having published the first edition of 'The Monk,' but I have others, weaker, indeed, than the one mentioned, but still sufficiently strong. I perceive that I have put too much confidence in the accuracy of my own judgment; that, convinced of my object being unexceptionable, I did not sufficiently examine whether the means by which I attained that object were equally so; and that, upon many accounts, I have to accuse myself of high imprudence. Let me, however, observe, that twenty is not the age at which prudence is most to be expected. Inexperience prevented my distinguishing what would give offence; but as soon as I found that offence was given, I made the only reparation in my power— I carefully revised the work, and expanded every syllable on which could be grounded the slightest construction of immorality. This, indeed, was no difficult task; for the objections rested entirely on expressions too strong, and words carelessly chosen, not on the sentiments, characters, or general tendency of the work; that the latter is undeniably censurable. Addison will vouch for me. The moral and outline of my story are taken from an allegory inserted by him in the 'Guardian,' and which he commends highly for ability of invention, and 'propriety of object.' Unluckily, in working it up, I thought that the stronger my colours, the more effect would my picture produce; and it never struck me, that the exhibition of vice in her temporary triumph, might possibly do as much harm, as her final exposure and punishment could do good. To do much good, indeed, was more than I expected of my book; having always believed that our conduct depends on our own hearts and characters, not on the books we read, or the sentiments we hear. But though I did not hope much benefit to arise from the perusal of a trifling romance, written by a youth of twenty, I was in my own mind convinced, that no harm could be produced by a work whose subject was furnished by one of our best moralists, and in the composition of which, I did not introduce a single incident, or a single character, without meaning to illustrate some maxim universally allowed. It was then with infinite surprise, that I heard the outcry raised against the"  

[I regret that the letter, though once perfect, now only exists in my possession as a fragment.]

NOTE C.

GERMAN BALLADS.
P. 472.

Among the popular Ballads, or Volkslieder, of the celebrated Herder, is (take one instance out of many) a version of the old Scottish song of "Sir Patrick Spence," in which, but for the difference of orthography, the two languages can be scarcely distinguished from each other. For example—

"The King sits in Dunfermling town,  
Drinking the blood red wine;  
'Where will I get a good skipper  
To sail this ship of mine?'

"Der Kreeg sitzt in Dunfermling Schloss:  
Er trinkt blutrothen Wein;  
'O wo trif ich einen Segler gut  
Dres Schiff zu seglen mein?"

In like manner, the opening stanza of "Child Waters," and many other Scottish ballads, fall as naturally and easily into the German habits and forms of speech, as if they had originally been composed in that language:

"About Yule, when the wind was cold,  
And the round tables began,  
O there is come to our king's court  
Many weel favour'd man."

"In Christmessieft, in winter kalt,  
Als Tafel rund begin,  
Da kam zu König's Hoff and Hall  
Manch wackrer Ritter an."

It requires only a smattering of both languages, to see at what cheap expense, even of vocabularies and rhymes, the popular poetry of the one may be transferred to the other. Hardly any thing is more flattering to a Scottish student of German; it resembles the unexpected discovery of an old friend in a foreign land.

NOTE D.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF M. G. LEWIS.
P. 473.

My attention was called to this subject, which is now of an old date, by reading the following passage in Medwin's "Account of Some Passages in Lord Byron's Later Years." Lord Byron is supposed to speak, "When Walter Scott began to write poetry, which was
not at a very early age. Monk Lewis corrected his verse: he understood little then of the mechanical part of the art. The Fire King, in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, was almost all Lewis's. One of the ballads in that work, and, except some of Leyen's, perhaps one of the best, was made from a story picked up in a stage-coach; I mean, that of 'Will Jones.'

'They boll'd Will Jones within the pot,

And not much fat had Will.'

'I hope Walter Scott did not write the review on Christabel: for he certainly, in common with many of us, is indebted to Coleridge. But for him, perhaps, 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' would never have been thought of. The line,

'Jesu Maria shield thee well'

is word for word from Coleridge. There are some parts of this passage extremely mistaken and exaggerated, as generally attends any attempt to record what passes in casual conversation, which resembles, in difficulty, the experiments of the old chemists for fixing quicksilver.

The following is a specimen of my poor friend Lewis's criticism on my juvenile attempts at ballad poetry; severe enough, perhaps, but for which I was much indebted to him, as forcing upon the notice of a young and careless author hints which the said author's vanity made him unwilling to attend to, but which were absolutely necessary to any hope of his ultimate success.

Supposed 1799.

"Thank you for your revised 'Glenfinlas.' I grumble, but say no more on this subject, although I hope you will not be so inflexible on that of your other Ballads; for I do not despair of convincing you in time, that a bad rhyme is, in fact, no rhyme at all. You desired me to point out my objections, leaving you at liberty to make use of them or not; and have at Frederick and Alice. 'One's stanza 1st, 'hies' and 'joying' are not rhymes; the 2d stanza ends with 'joyas'; the 2d begins with 'joying.' In the 4th, there is too sudden a change of tenses, 'flows' and 'rose.' 6th, 7th, and 8th, I like much. 9th. Does not 'tint his ears' sound ludicrous in yours? The first idea that presents itself is, that his ears were pulled; but even the singing of the ears does not please. 12th, 'Shower' and 'roy,' not rhymes. 'Sole' and 'nase,' in the 13th, are not much better; but 'head' and 'described' are execrable. In the 14th, 'bar' and 'stev' are ditto; and 'grooping' is a nasty word. Vide Johnson, 'He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.' In the 15th, you change your metre, which has always an unpleasant effect; and 'safe' and 'receive' rhyme just about as well as Scott and Lewis would. 16th, 'welsh' and 'straw,' are not rhymes. 17th, 'hear' and 'or,' are not rhymes. 18th. Two metres are mixed; the same objection to the third line of the 19th. Observe that, in the Ballad, I do not always object to a variation of metre; but then it ought to increase the melody, whereas, in my opinion, in these instances it is diminished.

'The Chase.'—12th, 'The 2d line reads very hararily; and 'choir' and 'lore' are not rhymes. 13th, 'Rides' and 'side' are not rhymes. 30th, 'Pous' and 'moss' are not rhymes. 40th, 'Spreads' and 'invades' are not rhymes. 46th. 'Rends' and 'ascend' are not rhymes.

'William and Helen'—in order that I may bring it nearer the original title, pray introduce, in the first stanza, the name of Ellenora, instead of Ellen. 'Crusade' and 'speed' not rhymes in the 2d. 3d, 'Made' and 'shed' are not rhymes; and if they were, come too close to the rhyme of the 2d. In the 4th, 'Joy' and 'victory' are not rhymes. 7th. The first line wants a verb, otherwise is not intelligible. 13th, 'Grace' and 'bliss' are not rhymes. 14th, 'Bale' and 'hell' are not rhymes. 18th, 'Vain' and 'fobratless' is tautology; and as a verb is wanted, the line will run better thus, 'And vain is every prayer.' 19th, is not 'to her' absolutely necessary in the 4th line? 20th, 'Grace' and 'bliss' not rhymes. 21st, 'Bale' and 'hell' not rhymes. 22d, I do not like the word 'sent.' 23d, 'O'er' and 'star' are vile rhymes. 26th, A verb is wanted in the 4th line; better thus, 'Then whispers thus a voice.' 28th, Is not '1st thou, my love!' better than 'My love! my love!' 31st. If 'wright' means, as I conjecture, 'enchaunted, does not this let the cat out of the bag? Ought not the spur to be sharp rather than bright? In the 4th line, 'Stay' and 'day' jingle together: would it not be better, 'I must be gone ere day'! 32d, 'Stead' and 'bed' are not rhymes. 34th, 'Bride' and 'bed' not rhymes. 35th, 'Seal' and 'await,' not rhymes. 39th. 'Keep hold' and 'sit fast' seem to me an ear vulgar and prosaic. 40th. The 4th line is defective in point of English, and, indeed, I do not quite understand the meaning. 43d, 'Arose' and 'purposes' are not rhymes. 45th, I am not pleased with the epithet 'savage;' and the latter part of the stanza is, to me, unintelligible. 49th, Is it not closer to the original in line 3d to say, 'Swift ride the dead?' 50th, Does the rain 'whistle?' 55th, line 3d. Does it express, 'Is Helen afraid of them?' 60th, 'Door' and 'flower' do not rhyme together. 60th, 'Scarred' and 'heard' are not rhymes. 61st, 'O'er' and 'are not rhymes. 64th. The last line sounds ludicrous; one fancies the heroine coming down with a plump, and sprawling upon her bottom. I have now finished my severe examination, and pointed out every objection which I think can be suggested."

6th January, 1799.

"Weinm.—99.

'Dear Scott,—Your last Ballad reached me just as I was stepping into my chaise to go to Brocket Hall, (Lord Melbourne's,) so I took it with me, and exhibited both that and Glenfinlas with great success. I must not, however, conceal from you, that nobody understood the Lady Flora of Glenylee to be a disguised demon till the catastrophe arrived; and that the opinion was universal, that some s'anzas ought to be introduced descriptive of the nature and office of the 4th Ward, of the Wood. William Lambe, too, (who writes good verses himself, and, therefore, may be allowed to judge those of other people,) was decidedly for the omission of the last stanza but one. These were the only objec-

1 New Lord Melbourne.—EB.
London, January 24, 1799.

"I must not omit telling you, for your own comfort, and that of all such persons as are wicked enough to make bad rhymes, that Mr. Smythe (a very clever man at Cambridge) took great pains the other day to convince me, not merely that a bad rhyme might pass, but that occasionally a bad rhyme was better than a good one!!!! I need not tell you that he left me as great an infidel on this subject as he found me.

"Ever yours,
"M. G. LEWIS."

The next letter respects the Ballad called the "Fire King," stated by Captain Medwin to be almost all Lewis's. This is an entire misconception. Lewis, who was very fond of his idea of four elementary Kings, had prevailed on me to supply a Fire King. After being repeatedly urged to the task, I sat down one day after dinner, and wrote the "Fire King," as it was published in the "Tales of Wonder." The next extract gives an account of the manner in which Lewis received it, which was not very favourable; but instead of writing the greater part, he did not write a single word of it. Dr. Leyden, now no more, and another gentleman who still survives, were sitting at my side while I wrote it; nor did my occupation prevent the circulation of the bottle.

Leyden wrote a Ballad for the Cloud King, which is mentioned in the ensuing extract. But it did not answer Mat's ideas, either in the colour of the wings, or some point of costume equally important; so Lewis, who was otherwise fond of the Ballad, converted it into the Elfin King, and wrote a Cloud King himself, to finish the hierarchy in the way desired.

There is a leading mistake in the passage from Captain Medwin. "The Minstrelsy of the Border" is spoken of, but what is meant is the "Tales of Wonder." The former work contains none of the Ballads mentioned by Mr. Medwin—the latter has them all. Indeed, the dynasty of Elemental Kings were written entirely for Mr. Lewis's publication.

My intimate friend, William Clerk, Esq., was the person who heard the legend of Bill Jones told in a mail-coach by a sea captain, who imagined himself to have seen the ghost to which it relates. The tale was versified by Lewis himself. I forget where it was published, but certainly in no miscellany or publication of mine.

I have only to add, in allusion to the passage I have quoted, that I never wrote a word parodying either Mr. Coleridge or any one else, which, in that distinguished instance, it would have been most ungracious in me to have done; for which the reader will see reasons in the Introduction to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

London, 3d February, 1800.

"Dear Scott,—I return you many thanks for your Ballad, and the Extract, and I shall be very much obliged to your friend for the 'Cloud King.' I must, however, make one criticism upon the Stanzas which you sent me. The Spirit, being a wicked one, must not have such delicate wings as pale blue ones. He has nothing to do with Heaven except to deface it with storms; and therefore, in 'The Monk,' I have fitted him with a pair of sable pinions, to which I must request your friend to adapt his Stanza. With the others I am much pleased, as I am with your Fire King; but every body makes the same objection to it, and expresses a wish that you had conformed your Spirit to the description given of him in 'The Monk,' where his office is to play the Will of the Wisp, and lead travellers into bogs, &c. It is also objected to, his being removed from his native land, Denmark, to Palestine; and that the office assigned to him in your Ballad has nothing peculiar to the 'Fire King,' but would have suited Arimanes, Beelzebub, or any other evil spirit, as well. However, the Ballad itself I think very pretty. I suppose you have heard from Bell respecting the copies of the Ballads. I was too much distressed at the time to write myself," &c. &c.

"M. G. L."
CONTRIBUTIONS

TO

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD.

Thomas the Rhymer.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.—ANCIENT.

Few persons are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Ercildoune, known by the appellation of The Rhymer. Uniting, or supposing to unite, in his person, the powers of poetical composition, and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give anything like a certain history of this remarkable man would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birthplace, of this ancient bard, was Ercildoune, a village situated upon the Tweed, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer’s castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his surname was Lermont, or Learmont; and that the appellation of The Rhymer was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon the subject. In a chapter, which is subjoined at length, the son of our poet designed himself “Thomas of Ercildoun, son and heir of Thomas Rymon of Ercildoun,” which seems to imply that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet, which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must, however, remark, that, down to a very late period, the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in formal writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstances, instead of the proper surnames of their families, was common, and indeed necessary, among the Border clans. So early as the end of the thirteenth century, when surnames were hardly introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been universal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet’s name to have been actually Learmont, although, in this chapter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of The Rhymer.

We are better able to ascertain the period at which Thomas of Ercildoune lived, being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little farther back than Mr. Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300, (List of Scottish Poets,) which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltra, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (hereditaire) in Ercildoune, with all claim which he or his predecessors could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead, since we find the son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached as to the time of the poet’s birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red Cummin, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr. Pinkerton’s words) the uncertainty of antiquity, must have already involved his character and writings. In a charter of Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness— Chartulary of Melrose.

It cannot be doubted, that Thomas of Ercildoune was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems

1 See Appendix, Note A.
2 The lines alluded to are these:—

“I hope that Thomas’s prophetic, Of Ercildoun, shall truly be, In him,” &c.
not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymers' prophesies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Winton's Chronicle—

"Of this bycht quilum spak Thomas
Of Erroludene, that sayd in derne,
That he shuld meit swathly, stark and stern.
He sayd it in his prophecy;
But how he wist it was ferly."

Book viii. chap. 32.

There could have been no ferly (marvel) in Winton's eyes at least, how Thomas came to his knowledge of future events; and he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddanton, which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the mystery, much to the taste of the Prior of Loch leven.

Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymers' prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the intercourse between the bard and the Queen of Faery. The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge, which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years' residence, he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure. Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Erroludene, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a bard and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were, comically and slowly, lingering the street of the village. The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still "drees his weir!" in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the meanwhile, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists: but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighboring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymers' supernatural visitants. The veneration paid to his dwelling-place even attached itself in some degree to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of this mansion was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical block, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymier, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard.

It seemed to the Editor unpardonable to dismiss a person so important in Border tradition as the Rhymier, without some farther notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy, obtained from a lady residing not far from Erroludene, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs. Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description. To this old tale the Editor has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting of a kind of cento, from the printed prophesies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymier; and a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned with the bard and hind, to the Land of Faery. To make his peace with the more severe antiquaries, the Editor has prefixed to the Second Part some remarks on Learmont's prophecies.

Thomasthe Rhymier.

PART FIRST.

ANCIENT.

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferel he spied wi' his ee;
And there he saw a laddy bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green ilk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilk teft of her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pull'd aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee,
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!"
"For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belong to me;
I am but the Queen of fair Eilaun,
That amither come to visit thee."

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;
"Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."—

"Betimes me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunted me."

Syne he has kiss'd her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said;
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be."

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on;
The steed gned swifter than the wind;
Until they reach'd a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

1There is a singular resemblance between this tradition, and an incident occurring in the life of Merlin Caledonis, which the reader will find a few pages onwards.

2That weird, &c.—That destiny shall never frighten me.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

"O see ye not you narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not that broad broad road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see ye not that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye man hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see:
For, if ye speak word in Ellyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee.
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And sic pu'd an apple frae a tree—
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie."

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said;
"A guidely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."—
"Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,
"For as I say, so must it be."—

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen. 2


Thomas the Rhymer.

PART SECOND.

ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES.

The prophecies, ascribed to Thomas of Erclidonie, have been the principal means of securing to him remembrance "amongst the reams of his people." The author of Sir Tristrem would long ago have joined, in the vale of oblivion, "Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the adventure of Schier Gawain," if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity, which causes Virgil to be regarded as a magician by the Lazaroni of Naples, had not extirpated the bards of Erclidonie to the prophetic character. Perhaps, indeed, he himself affected it during his life. We know, at least, for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death. His prophecies are alluded to by Barbour, by Winton, and by Henry the Minstrel, or Blind Harry, as he is usually termed. None of these authors, however, give the words of any of the Rhymer's vaticinations, but merely narrate, without noticing his having predicted the events of which they speak. The earliest of the prophecies ascribed to him, which is now extant, is quoted by Mr. Pinkerton from a MS. It is supposed to be a response from Thomas of Erclidonie to a question from the heroic Countess of March, renowned for the defence of the Castle of Dunbar against the English, and termed, in the familiar dialect of her time, Black Ape of Dunbar. This prophecy is remarkable, in so far as it bears very little resemblance to any verses published in the printed copy of the Rhymer's supposed prophecies. The verses are as follows:—

"La Countesse de Dunbar demande a Thomas de Eresdonde quanto la guerre d’Elsco prendret syn. E yl l’a repondy et dyt."

When man is mad a kyng of a capped man;
When man is leve other mones thyng than his owen;
When londe thouns forest, ant forest is felde;
When hares kendles o’ the her’stane;
When Wyt and Wille werres togedere;
When mon makes stabies of kyrrkes, and steles castels with styke;
When Rokesbourgh e ys no burgh ant market is at Forwyleye;
When Bambourne is dongsed with dede men;
When men fedes men in ropes to buyen and to sellen;
When a quanter of whaty whete is chaunged for and a coll of ten markes;
When prude (pride) prikes and pees is leyd in prisoun;
When a Scot ne me hym hode ase hare in forme that the English ne shall hym fynde;
When rycht ant wronge astente the togedere;
When laddes weddeth lovedies;
When Scottes flen so faste, that, for faute of sleep, ly drowneth himselfe;
When shall this be?
Noughter in thue tyne ne in mine;
Ah comen ant gone
Withinne twenty winter ant one."

Pinkerton's Poems, from Maitland's MSS. quoting from Harl. Lib. 2253, F. 127.

As I have never seen the MS. from which Mr. Pinkerton makes this extract, and at the date of which it was written by him (certainly one of the most able antiquaries of our age) to the reign of Edward I., it is with great diffidence that I hazard a contrary opinion. There can, however, I believe, be little doubt, that these prophetic verses are a forgery, and not the

1 The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarrd the use of falsehood when he might find it convenient, has a canonic effect.

2 See Appendix, Note B.
production of our Thomas the Rhymier. But I am inclined to believe them of a later date than the reign of Edward I, or II.

The gallant defence of the castle of Dunbar, by Black Agnes, took place in the year 1337. The Rhymier died previous to the year 1299 (see the charter, by his son, in the Appendix.) It seems, therefore, very improbable, that the Countess of Dunbar could ever have an opportunity of consulting Thomas the Rhymier, since that would infer that she was married, or at least engaged in state matters, previous to the siege of Dunbar. We have it as certain, that a youth or a middle-aged woman, at the period of her being besieged in the fortress, which she so well defended. If the editor might indulge a conjecture, he would suppose, that the prophecy was contrived for the encouragement of the English invaders, during the Scottish wars; and that the names of the Countess of Dunbar, and of Thomas of Ercildoune, were used for literary effects. According to this hypothesis, it seems likely to have been composed after the siege of Dunbar, which had made the name of the Countess well known, and consequently in the reign of Edward III. The whole tendency of the prophecy is to aver, that there shall be no end of the Scottish war (concerning which the question was proposed,) till a final conciliation of the parties, worked by Providence, be accomplished by all the usual severities of war. "When the cultivated country shall become forest," says the prophecy: "when the wild animals shall inhabit the abode of men;—when Scots shall not be able to escape the English, should they crouch as hares in their form!" All these denunciations seem to refer to the time of Edward III., upon whose victories the prediction was probably founded. The mention of the exchange between a colt worth ten marks, and a quarter of "what [indifferent] wheat," seems to allude to the dreadful famine, about the year 1338. The independence of Scotland was, however, as impregnable to the mines of superstition, as to the steel of our more powerful and more wealthy neighbours. The war of Scotland is, thank God, over; but as it is ended without her people having either crouched like hares in their form, or being drowned in their flight, "for fault of ships,"—thank God for that too. The prophecy, quoted in the preceding page, is probably of the same date, and intended for the same purpose.

A minute search of the records of the time would, probably, throw additional light upon the allusions contained in these ancient legends. Among various rhymes of prophetic import, which are at this day current amongst the people of Teviotdale, is one, supposed to be pronounced by Thomas the Rhymier, pre-aging the destruction of his habitation and family:

"The bare salt kittle [bitter] on my heath stane, And there will never be a Laird Learmont again."

The first of these lines is obviously borrowed from that in the MS. of the Harl. Library. "When hares kendles [and] a hare's mane," an emphatic image of desolation. It is also inaccurately quoted in the prophecy of Waldaive, published by Andro Hart, 1613:

"This is a true talking that Thomas of tells, The hare shall hireble on the hard [hearth] stane."

Spottiswoode, an honest, but credulous historian, seems to have been a firm believer in the authenticity of the prophetic wares, vended in the name of Thomas of Ercildoune. "The prophecies, yet extant in Scottish rhymes, wherein he was commonly called Thomas the Rhymier, may justly be admired; having been foretold, so many ages before, the union of England and Scotland, and the ninth degree of the Bruce's blood, with the succession of Bruce himself to the crown, being yet a child, and other divers particulars, which the event hath ratified and made good. Boethius, in his story, relateth his prophecy of King Alexander's death, and that he did foretell the same to the Earl of March, the day before it fell out; saying, 'That before the next day at noon, such a tenvest I foretold, that he had not felt for many years before.' The next morning, the day being clear, and no change appearing in the air, the nobleman did challenge Thomas of his saying, calling him an impostor. He replied, that noon was not yet passed. About which time a post came to advertise the earl of the king his sudden death. 'Then,' said Thomas, 'this is the tempest I foretold; and as it did prove to Scotland.' Whence, or how, he had this knowledge, can hardly be affirmed; but sure it is, that he did divine and answer truly of many things to come."—Spottiswoode, p. 47. Besides that notable voucher, Master Hector Bocce, the good archbishop might, had he been so minded, have referred to Fordun for the prophecy of King Alexander's death. That historian calls our bard "ruralis ille vates."—Fordun, lib. x. cap. 40.

What Spottiswoode calls "the prophecies extant in Scottish rhyme," are the metrical productions ascribed to the seer of Ercildoune, which, with many other compositions of the same nature, bearing the names of Bede, Merlin, Gildas, and other approved soothsayers, are contained in two volumes, published by Andro Hart, at Edinburgh, 1615. Nisbet the herald (who claims the prophet of Ercildoune as a brother-professor of his art, founding upon the various allegorical and emblematical allusions to heraldry) intimates the existence of some earlier copy of his prophecies than that of Andro Hart, which, however, he does not pretend to have seen. 1 The late excellent Lord Hailes made these compositions the subject of a dissertation, published in his Remarks on the History of Scotland. His attention is chiefly directed to the celebrated prophecy of our bard, mentioned by Bishop Spottiswoode, bearing that the crowns of England and Scotland should be united in the person of a King, and that a French Queen, and related to the Bruce in the ninth degree. Lord Hailes plainly proves, that this prophecy is perverted from its original purpose, in order to apply it to the succession of James VI. The groundwork of the forgery is to be found in the prophecies of Berlington, contained in the same collection, and runs thus:

1 See Appendix, Note C.
"Of Bruce's left side shall spring out a leaf,  
As neere as the ninth degree;  
And shall be fleemid of faire Scotland,  
In France farre beyond the sea.  
And then shall come again ryding,  
With eyes that many men may see.  
At Abernathy he shall light,  
With hempen helieres and horse of tre.  
- expected.  

However it happen for to fall,  
The lyon shall be lord of all;  
The French Quen shall bearre the sonne,  
Shall rule all Britannie to the sea;  
Ane from the Bruce's blood shall come also,  
As neer as the ninth degree.  

Yet shall there come a keene knight over  
The salt sea,  
A keene man of courage and bold man of  
armes;  
A dukes son doubled [i.e., dubbed], a born  
man in France,  
That shall our mirths augment, and mend  
all our armes;  
After the date of our Lord 1513, and thrice  
three thereafter;  
Wdy shall all brooke all the broad isle to  
himself,  
Between thirteen and thrice three the treip  
shall be ended:  
The Saxons shall never recover after."

There cannot be any doubt that this prophecy was intended to excite the confidence of the Scottish nation in the Duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, who arrived from France in 1515, two years after the death of James IV. in the fatal field of Flodden. The Regent was descended of Bruce by the left, i.e., by the female side, within the ninth degree. His mother was daughter of the Earl of Boulogne, his father banished from his country—"remit of fair Scotland." His arrival must necessarily be by sea, and his landing was expected at Abernathy, in the Frith of Forth. He was a duke's son, dubbed knight; and nine years, from 1513, are allowed him, by the pretended prophet, for the accomplishment of the salvation of his country, and the exaltation of Scotland over her sister and rival. All this was a pious fraud, to excite the confidence and spirit of the country.

The prophecy, put in the name of our Thomas the Rhymer, as it stands in Hart's book, refers to a later period. The narrator meets the Rhymer upon a land beside a lee, who shows him many emblematical visions, described in no mean strain of poetry. They chiefly relate to the fields of Flodden and Pinkie, to the national distress which followed these feats, and to future hailey days, which are promised to Scotland. One quotation or two will be sufficient to establish this fully:

"Our Scottish King sal come ful keene,  
The red lyon beareth he;  
A feathered arrow sharp, I ween,  
Shall make him wince and warre to see.  
Out of the field he shall be led,  
When he is bludie and woe for hool;  
Yet to his men shall he say,  
'For God's love turn you againe,  
And give you sutherne folk a frey!  
Why should I lose, the right is mine?  
My date is not to die this day.'"

Who can doubt, for a moment, that this refers to the battle of Flodden, and to the popular reports concerning the doubtful fate of James IV. Allusion is immediately afterwards made to the death of George Douglas, heir apparent of Angus, who fought and fell with his sovereign:

"The sternes three that day shall die,  
That bears the harte in silver sheen."

The well-known arms of the Douglass family are the heart and three stars. In another place, the battle of Pinkie is expressly mentioned by name:

"At Pinken Cloch there shall be split  
Much gentle blood that day;  
There shall the bear lose the guilt,  
And the eagill bear it away."

To the end of all this allegorical and mysticical rhapsody, is interpolated, in the later editions by Andro Hart, a new edition of Berlington's verses, before quoted, altered and manufactured, so as to bear reference to the accession of James VI., which had just then taken place. The insertion is made with a peculiar degree of awkwardness, letwixt a question, put by the narrator, concerning the name and abode of the person who showed him these strange matters, and the answer of the prophet to that question:

"Then to the Beirne could I say,  
Where dwells thou, or in what countrie?  
[Or who shall rule the isle of Britane,  
From the north to the south sey?]  
A French queene shall bear the sonne,  
Shall rule all Britannie to the sea;  
Which of the Beirne's blood shall come,  
As pears as the nint degree:  
I framed fast what was his name,  
Where that he came, from what country.]  
In Erslington I dwell at hame,  
Thomas Rymour men cal I me."

There is surely no one, who will not conclude, with Lord Hailes, that the eight lines, enclosed in brackets, are a clumsy interpolation, borrowed from Berlington, with such alterations as might render the supposed prophecy applicable to the union of the crowns. While we are on this subject, it may be proper briefly to notice the scope of some of the other predictions, in Hart's Collection. As the prophecy of Berlington was intended to raise the spirits of the nation, during the regency of Albany, so those of Sybil and Eltraine refer to that of the Earl of Arran, afterwards Duke of Chatelherault, during the minority of Mary, a period of similar calamity. This is obvious from the following verses:

"Take a thousand in calculation,  
And the longest of the Lyon,  
Four creesents under one crowne,  
With Saint Andrew's croce thrise,  
Then threecore and thrise three;  
Take tent to Merling tree;"
Then shall the wars ended be,
And never again rise.
In that yeere there shall a king,
A duke, and no crown'd king:
Because the prince simul be yong,
And tender of yeares."

"The date, above hinted at, seems to be 1519,
when the Scottish Regent, by means of some
succours derived from France, was endea-

vouring to repair the consequences of the fatal
battle of Pinkie. Allusion is made to the
supply given to the "Moldwarte [England] by the
famed hart," (the Earl of Angus.) The Regent
is described by his bearing the antelope; large
supplies are promised from France, and com-
plete conquest promised to Scotland for hall
ies. Thus was the same hackneyed strata-
gem repeated, whenever the interest of the
rulers appeared to stand in need of it. The
Regent was not, indeed, till after this period,
created Duke of Chatelherault; but that ho-
nour was the object of his hopes and expecta-
tions.

The name of our renowned soothsayer is
literally used as an authority, throughout all
the prophecies published by Andrea Hart.
Besides those expressly put in his name, Gildas,
another assumed personage, is supposed to
derive his knowledge from him; for he con-
cludes thus:—

"True Thomas me told in a troublesome time,
In a harvest morn at Eldoun hills.
The Prophecy of Gildas.

In the prophecy of Berlington, already
quoted, we are told,

"Marvellons Merlim, that many men of tells,
And Thomas's sayings comes all at once."

While I am upon the subject of these pro-
phacies, may I be permitted to call the atten-
tion of antiquaries to Merdwyyn Wyllt, or
Merlin the Wild, in whose name, and by no
means in that of Ambrose Merlin, the friend
of Arthur, the Scottish prophecies are issued?
That this personage resided at Drummelzai,
and roamed, like a second Nebuchadnezzar,
the woods of Tweeddale, in remorse for the
death of his nephew, we learn from Fordun.
In the Scotichronicon, lib. 3. cap. 31. is an ac-
count of an interview betwixt St. Kentigern
and Merlin, then in this distracted and mis-
erable state. He is said to have been called
Laidoken, from his mode of life. On being
commanded by the saint to give an account of
himself, he says, that the penance which he
performed was imposed on him by a voice from
heaven, during a bloody contest betwixt Laid
and Carwanoil, of which battle he had been
the cause. According to his own prediction,
he perished at once by wood, earth, and water;
for, being pursued with stones by the rustics,
he fell from a rock into the river Tweed, and
was transfixed by a sharp stake, fixed there
for the purpose of extending a fishing-net:—

"Sude per fossus, lapide percussus, et unda,
Hae tria Merlinum furtur mare necem.
Sicque ruit, mergusque fuit ligneus prehen-
sus,
Et fecit valens per terna pericula verum."

But, in a metrical history of Merlin of Cale-
donia, compiled by Genfrey of Monmouth,
from the traditions of the Welsh bard, this
mode of death is attributed to a page, whom
Merlin's sister, desirous to convict the prophet
of falsehood, because he had betrayed her
intrigues, introduced to him, under three va-
rious disguises, enquiring each time in what man-
ner a person should die. To the first demand Merlin answered, the party should
perish by a fall from a rock; to the second,
that he should die by a tree; and to the third,
that he should be drowned. The youth per-
rished, while hunting, in the mode imputed by
Fordun to Merlin himself.

Fordun, contrary to the French authorities,
whom he can hardly give the Merlin of Ar-
thur; but concludes by informing us, that
many believed him to be a different person.
The grave of Merlin is pointed out at Drum-
melzai, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn-
tree. On the east side of the churchyard, the
brook, called Pausayl, falls into the Tweed: and
the following prophecy is said to have been
current concerning their union:—

"When Tweed and Pausayl join at Merlin's
grave,
Scotland and England shall one monarch
have."

On the day of the coronation of James VI.
The Tweed accordingly overflowed, and joined
the Pausayl at the prophet's grave.—Penny-
cuck's History of Tweeddale, p. 26. These
circumstances would seem to infer a commu-
nication betwixt the south-west of Scotland
and Wales, of a nature peculiarly intimate;
for I presume that Merlin would retain sense
enough to choose for the scene of his wander-
ings, a country having a language and man-
ners similar to his own.

Be this as it may, the memory of Merlin
Sylvester, or the Wild, was fresh among the
Scots during the reign of James V. Wald-
have,1 under whose name a set of prophecies
was published, describes himself as lying upon
Lomond Law; he hears a voice, which bids
him stand to his defence; he looks around,
and beholds a flock of hares and foxes pur-
 chased over the mountain by a savage figure, to
which the poet adds the name of an
wild. At the sight of Wadhavlie, the appearance leaves
the objects of his pursuit, and assaults him with
a club. Wadhavlie defends himself with his
sword, throws the savage to the earth, and
refuses to let him arise till he swear, by the
law and lead he lives upon, "to do him no
harm." This done, he permits him to arise,
and marvels at his strange appearance:—

"He was formed like a freike [man] all his
four quarters;
And then his chin and his face hair'd so
thick,
With baire growing so grim, fearful to
see."

He answers briefly to Wadhavlie's enquiry
concerning his name and nature, that he

1 I do not know whether the person here meant to
be Wadhavlie, an abbot of Mellerew, who died in the odour of
sanctity, about 1160.
2 See Appendix, Note D.
"scott's poetical works.

"dresses his weird," i. e. does penance in that wood; and, having hinted that questions as to his own state are offensive, he pours forth an obscure rhapsody concerning futurity, and concludes.

"go musing upon merlin if thou wilt:
for i mean no more, man, at this time."

this is exactly similar to the meeting between merlin and kentigern in fordun. these prophecies of merlin seem to have been in request in the minority of james v.; for, among the amusements with which sir david lindsay diverted that prince during his infancy, are:

"the prophecies of rymer, bede, and merlin."

sir david lindsay's epistle to the king.

and we find, in waldhave at least one allusion to the very ancient prophecy, addressed to the countess of dunbar:

"this is a true token that thomas of tells,
when a ladie with a ladye shall go over the fields."

the original stands thus:

"when ladde weddeth lovedes."

another prophecy of merlin seems to have been current about the time of the regent morton's execution. when that nobleman was committed to the charge of his accuser, captain james stewart, newly created earl of arran, to be conducted to his trial at edinburgh, spottiswoode says, that he asked, "who was earl of arran? and being answered that captain james was the man, after a short pause, he said, "and is it so? i know then what i may look for?" meaning, as was thought, that the old prophecy of the 'falling of the heart' by the mouth of arran, should then be fulfilled. whether this was his mind or not, it is not known; but some spared not, at the time when the hamiltons were banished, in which business he was held too earnest, to say that he stood in fear of that prediction, and went that course only to disappoint it. but if so it was, he did find himself now de- luded; for he fell by the mouth of another arran than he imagined."—spottiswoode, 313.

the fatal words alluded to seem to be these in the prophecy of merlin:

"in the mouth of arran a selcouth shall fall,
two bloodie hearts shall be taken with a false traine,
and derly dug down without any dome."

"and gologras, two romances rendered almost unintelligible by the extremity of affected alliteration, are perhaps not prior to that period. indeed, although we may allow that, during much earlier times, prophecies, under the names of those celebrated soothsayers, have been current in scotland, yet those published by hart have obviously been so often vamped and re-vamped, to serve the political purposes of different periods, that it may be shrewdly suspected, that, as in the case of sir john cutler's transmigrated stockings, very little of the original materials now remains. i cannot refrain from indulging my readers with the publisher's title to his prophecy, as it contains certain curious information concerning the queen of sheba, who is identified with the canaanite sibyl: "here followeth a prophecie, pronounced by a noble queene and matron, called sybilla, regina austri, that came to solomon. through the which she compiled four booke: at the instance of the said king sol, and others divers: and the fourth booke was directed to a noble king called baldwine, king of the broad isle of britain; in which she maketh mention of two noble princes and emperours, the which is called leones. how these two shall subdue and overcome all earthly princes to their diadem and crowne, and also be glorified and crowned in the heaven among saints. the first of these two is constantinus magus: that was leprosus, the son of saint helena, that found the croce. the second is the sith king of the name of stewart of scotland, the which is our most noble king." with such editors and commentators, what wonder that the text became unintelligible, even beyond the usual oracular obscurity of prophecy! if there still remain, therefore, among these predictions, any verses having a claim to real antiquity, it seems now impossible to discover them from those which are comparatively modern. nevertheless, as there are to be found, in these compositions, some uncommonly wild and masculine expressions, the editor has been induced to throw a few passages together, into the sort of ballad to which this disquisition is prefixed. it would, indeed, have been no difficult matter for him, by a judicious selection, to have excited, in favors of thomas of ercielhoun, a share of the admiration bestowed by sundry wise persons upon mass robert fleming. for example:

"but then the lile shal be loused when they least think;
then clear king's blood shal quake for fear of death;
for childe shal chop off heads of their chief beings,
and carfe of the crowns that christ hath appointed.
thereafter, on every side, sorrow shal arise;
the barges of clear barous down shal be sunk;
seculars shall sit in spiritual seats,
occupying offices asoointed as they were."

"taking the lily for the emblem of france, can there be a more plain prophecy of the murder of her monarch, the destruction of her nobility, and the desolation of her hierarchy?"
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY. 485

But, without looking further into the signs of the times, the Editor, though the least of all the prophets, cannot help thinking, that every true Briton will approve of his application of the last prophecy quoted in the ballad.

Hart's collection of prophecies was frequently reprinted during the last century, probably to favour the pretensions of the unfortunate family of Stuart. For the prophetic renown of Gildas and Bede, see Fordun, lib. 3.

Before leaving the subject of Thomas's predictions, it may be noticed, that sundry rhymes, passing for his prophetic effusions, are still current among the vulgar. Thus, he is said to have prophesied of the very ancient family of Haig of Bemerside,

"Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside."

The grandfather of the present proprietor of Bemerside had twelve daughters, before his lady brought him a male heir. The common people trembled for the credit of their favourite soothsayer. The late Mr. Haig was at length born, and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt.

Another memorable prophecy here, that the Old Kirk at Kelso, constructed out of the ruins of the Abbey, should "fall when at the fullest." At a very crowded sermon, about thirty years ago, a piece of lime fell from the roof of the church. The alarm, for the fulfilment of the words of the seer, became universal; and happy were they who were nearest the door of the presbytery edifice. The church was in consequence deserted, and has never since had an opportunity of tumbling upon a full congregation. I hope, for the sake of a beautiful specimen of Saxo-Gothic architecture, that the accomplishment of this prophecy is far distant.

Another prediction, ascribed to the Rhymer, seems to have been founded on that sort of insight into futurity, possessed by most mariners, of a sound and combining judgment. It runs thus:—

"At Eldon Tree if you shall be,
A brig ower Tweed you there may see."

The spot in question commands an extensive prospect of the course of the river; and it was easy to foresee, that when the country should become, in the least degree improved, a bridge would be somewhere thrown over the stream. In fact, you now see no less than three bridges from that elevated situation.

Corspatrick, (Comes Patrick) Earl of March, but more commonly taking his title from his castle of Dunbar, acted a noted part during the wars of Edward I. in Scotland. As Thomas of Etreidoinne is said to have delivered to him a specimen of prophecy of King Alexander's death, the Editor has chosen to introduce him into the following ballad. All the prophetic verses are selected from Hart's publication.

1 King Alexander, killed by a fall from his horse, near Kinghorn.

Thomas the Rhymer.

PART SECOND.

When seven years were come and gone,
The sun blink'd fair on pool and stream;And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,Like one awaken'd from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,He saw the flash of armour flee,And he beheld a gallant knight,Come riding down by the Eildon-tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong;Of giant make he 'ppear'd to be:He stirr'd his horse, as he were wode,With gilded spurs, of faunton free.

Says—"Well met, well met, true Thomas!Some uncouth ferlies show to me."—Says—"Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me!"

"Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave!And I will show thee curses three,Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,And change the green to the black livery."A storm shall roar this very hour,From Ross's hills to Solway sea."—Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lee."—

He put his hand on the Earlie's head;He show'd him a rock beside the sea,Where a king lay stiff beneath his steed,And steel-dight nobles wiped their ee.

"The next curse lights on Branxton hills:By Flodden's high and heathery side,Shall wave a banner red as blade,And chiefstains throug' wi' meikle pride."A Scottish King shall come full keen,The ruddy lion beareth he;A feather'd arrow sharp, I ween,Shall make him wink and warre to see.

"When he is bloody, and all to bledd,Thus to his men he still shall say—For God's sake, turn ye back again,And give you southern folk a tray!Why should I lose, the right is mine?My doom is not to die this day."2

"Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,And woe and wonder ye sail see;How forty thousand spearmen stand,Where you rank river meets the sea.

There shall the lion lose the gylte,And the libbards bear it clean away;At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt Much gentil blood that day."—"Enough, enough, of curse and ban;Some blessings show thou now to me,Or, by the faith o' my bodie," Corspatrick said,"Ye shall rue the day ye e'er saw me!"—

2 The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland, concerning the fate of James IV., is well known.

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"The first of blessings | shall thee show, | Is by a burn, that’s call’d of bread; ¹ | Where Saxon men shall tine the bow, | And flod their arrows lack the head.

"Beside that brigg, out ower that burn, | Where the water bickereth bright and sheen, | Shall many a fallen courser spurn, | And knights shall die in battle keen.

"Beside a headless cross of stone, | The libbards there shall lose the gree; | The raven shal come, the erne shall go, | And drink the Saxon bluid sue free. | The cross of stone they shall not know, | So thick the corses there shall be.”—

"But tell me now," said brave Dunbar, | “True Thomas, tell now unto me, | What man shall rule the isle Britain, | Even from the north to the southern sea?”—

"A French Queen shall bear the son, | Shall rule all Britain to the sea; | He of the Bruce’s blood shall come, | As near as in the ninth degree.

"The waters worship his race; | Likewise the waves of the farthest sea; | For they shall ride over ocean wide, | With hempen bridles, and horse of tree."

Thomas the Rhymer.

PART THIRD.—MODERN.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

Thomas the Rhymer was renowned among his contemporaries, as the author of the celebrated romance of Sir Tristrem. Of this once-admired poem only one copy is now known to exist, which is in the Advocates' Library. The Editor, in 1804, published a small edition of the curious work; which, if it does not revive the reputation of the bard of Erclidoun, is at least the earliest specimen of Scottish poetry hitherto published. Some account of this romance has already been given to the world in Mr. Ellis's Specimens of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. p. 165, iii. p. 410; a work to which our predecessors and our posterity are alike obliged; the former, for the preservation of the best-selected examples of their poetical taste: and the latter, for a history of the English language, which will only cease to be interesting with the existence of our mother-tongue, and all that genius and learning have recorded in it. It is sufficient here to mention, that so great was the reputation of the romance of Sir Tristrem, that few were thought capable of reciting it after the manner of the author—a circumstance alluded to by Robert de Brunne, the annalist:

1 One of Thomas’s rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus:—

"The burn of braid | Shall run few Reid." ¹

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of bannock to a thick round cake of unleavened bread.

2 Ruberslaw and Dunyon, are two hills near Jedburgh.

"I see in song, in sedegye tale, | Of Ercildoun, and of Kendale, | Now thane says as they thame wroght, | And in thare saying it semes nocht. | That thou may here in Sir Tristrem, | Over gestes it has the steme, | Over all that is or was; | If men it said as made Thomas,” &c.

It appears, from a very curious MS. of the thirteenth century, penses Mr. Douce of London, containing a French metrical romance of Sir Tristrem, that the work of our Thomas the Rhymer was known, and referred to, by the minstrels of Normandy and Bretagne. Having arrived at a part of the romance where reciters were wont to differ in the mode of telling the story, the French bard expressly cites the authority of the poet of Ercildoun:

"Plusieurs de nos grantez ne volent, | Co que de lait dire se solent, | Kwenn koherun d’o yenner, | Li lait redit Tristram narre, | E entusche par grant engin, | Quant ti aole Koherin; | Pur est plai e pur est mal, | Enveiad Tristram Guvernul, | En Engleterre par Ysol: | Thomas ico grante ne volt, | Et si volt par raison mostrer, | Qu’ico ne put pas cester,” &c.

The tale of Sir Tristrem, as narrated in the Edinburgh MS., is totally different from the voluminous romance in prose, originally compiled on the same subject by Rusticien de Puise, and analyzed by M. de Tressan; but agrees in every essential particular with the metrical performance just quoted, which is a work of much higher antiquity.

The following attempt to commemorate the Rhymer’s poetical fame, and the traditional account of his marvellous return to Fairy Land, being entirely modern, would have been placed with greater propriety among the class of Modern Ballads, had it not been for its immediate connexion with the first and second parts of the same story.

Thomas the Rhymer.

PART THIRD.

When seven years more were come and gone, | Was war through Scotland spread, | And Ruberslaw show’d high Dunyon ² | His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow, ³ | Pitch’d palliums took their room, | And crested helms, and spears a-rowe, | Glanced gaily through the broom.

³ An ancient tower near Erclidoun, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas’s prophecies is said to have run thus:—

"Vengeance! vengeance! when and where! | On the house of Coldingknow, now and ever nair!" ³

The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody called the Broom of the Cowdenknows.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the ensenie; 1
They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee. 2

The feast was spread in Erclidonne,
In Learmont’s high and ancient hall:
And there were knights of great renown,
And ladies, laced in pall.

Nor lacked they, while they sat at d ine,
The music nor the tale,
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
Nor mantling quaights 3 of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand
When as the feast was done:
( In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
The elfin harp he won.)

Hush’d were the throng, both limb and tongue,
And harpers for envy pale;
And armed lords lean’d on their swords,
And hearken’d to the tale.

In numbers high, the witching tale
The prophet pour’d along;
No after bard might e’er avail 4
Those numbers to prolong.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
A parted wreck appears.

He sung King Arthur’s Table Round:
The Warrior of the Lake;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,
And bled for ladies’ sake.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem’s praise,
The notes melodious swell;
Was none excelt’d in Arthur’s days,
The knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle’s right,
A venom’d wound he bore;
When fierce Morholde he slew in flight,
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand;
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde’s lily hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue
She bore the leech’s part;
And, while she o’er his sick-bed hung,
He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween!
For, doom’d in evil tide,
The maid must be rude Cornwall’s queen,
His cowardly uncle’s bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard
In fairy tissue wove;
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
High rear’d its glittering head;
And Avalon’s enchanted vale
In all its wonders spread.

Brangwain was there, and Segramore,
And fiend-born Merlin’s grammar;
Of that famed wizard’s mighty lore,
O who could sing but he?

Through many a maze the winning son
In changeful passion led;
Till bent at length the listening throng
O’er Tristrem’s dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand,
With agony his heart is wrung;
O where is Isolde’s lily hand,
And where her soothing tongue?

She comes! she comes!—like flash of flame
Can lovers’ footsteps fly:
She comes! she comes!—she only came
To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die; her latest sigh
Join’d in a kiss his parting breath;
The gentlest pair, that Britain bare,
United are in death.

There paused the harp: its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seem’d to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak:
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh;
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader’s stream, and Learmont’s tower,
The mists of evening close;
In camp, in castle, or in bower,
Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
Dream’d o’er the woeful tale;
When footsteps light, across the bent,
The warrior’s ears assual.

He starts, he wakes;—“What, Richard, ho! Arise, my page, arise! What venturous wight, at dead of night, Dare step where Douglas lies?”—

Then forth they rush’d: by Leader’s tide,
A seicobt 5 sight they see—
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairnilee. 6

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
They stately move and slow;
Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont’s tower a message sped,
As fast as pace might run;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his clothes did on.

1 Ensenie—War-cry, or gathering word.
2 Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in Selkirkshire; both the property of Mr. Pringle of Torwoodlee.
3 Quaights—Wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together.
4 See Introduction to this ballad.
5 Seicobt—Wondrous.
6 An ancient seat upon the Tweed, in Selkirkshire. In a popular edition of the first part of Thomas the Rhymer, the Fairy Queen thus addresses him:—
“Gin ye wad meet wi’ me again,
Gang to the bonny banks of Fairnilee.”
Fairnilee is now one of the seats of Mr. Pringle of Clifton, M. P. for Selkirkshire. 1803.
First he wox pale, and then wox red;  
"Never a word he spake but three;—  
"My sand is run; my thread is spun;  
This sign regardeth me."

The elfin harp his neck around,  
In unstrel guise, he hung;  
And on the wind, in doleful sound,  
Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went; yet turn'd him oft  
To view his ancient hall;  
On the grey tower, in lustre soft,  
The autumn moonbeams fall;

And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,  
Danced shimmering in the ray;  
In deepening mass, at distance seen  
Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

"Farewell, my father's ancient tower!  
A long farewell," said he:  
"The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,  
Thou never more shalt be.

"To Learmont's name no foot of earth  
Shall here again belong,  
And, on thy hospitable hearth,  
The hare shall leave her young.

"Adieu! adieu!" again he cried,  
All as he turn'd him round—  
"Farewell to Leader's silver tide!  
Farewell to Ercildoun!"

The hart and hind approach'd the place,  
As lingering yet he stood;  
And there, before Lord Douglas' face,  
With them he cross'd the flood.

Lord Douglas leap'd on his berry-brown steed,  
And spurr'd him the Leader o'er;  
But, though he rode with lightning speed,  
He never saw them more.

Some said to bill, and some to cren,  
Their wondrous course had been;  
But ne'er in haunts of living men  
Again was Thomas seen.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.—P. 478.


ERSYLTON.

Omnibus has literas visurus vel auditoris Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomas Rymour de Ercildoun salutem in Domini. Noveritis me per festum et baculum in pleno judicio signasse ac per presentes quietem clamasse pro me et hereditibus meis Magistro domus Sanctæ Trinitatis de Soltra et fratribus ejusdem domus totam terram meam eum omnibus pertinentibus suis quam in tenemento de Ercildoun hereditarie tenui renuneando de toto pro me et hereditibus meis omni jure et clameo quæ ego seu antecessores mei in eadem terra aliquo tempore de perpetuo habuimus sive de futuro habebamus possessum. In cujus rei testimonio presentibus his sigillum meum apposui data apud Ercildoun die Martis proximo post festum Sanctorum Apostolorum Symonis et Jude Anno Domini Millesimo cc. Nonagesimo Nono.

NOTE B.—P. 480.

The reader is here presented, from an old, and unfortunately an imperfect MS., with the undoubted original of Thomas the Rhymers' intrigue with the Queen of Faery. It will afford great amusement to those who would study the nature of traditional poetry, and the changes effected by oral tradition, to compare this ancient romance with the foregoing ballad. The same incidents are narrated, even the expression is often the same; yet the poems are as different in appearance, as if the older tale had been regularly and systematically modernized by a poet of the present day.

Incipit Prophesia Thomas de Ercildoun.

In a lande as I was lent,  
In the gryking of the day,  
Ay alone as I went,  
In Huntle bankys me for to play,  
I saw the throstyl, and the say.  
Ye mawes movyle of her song,  
Ye wodwale sauge notes gay,  
That al the word about range.  
In that longyng as I lay,  
Undir nethe a dern tre,  
I was war of a lady gay,  
Come rydyng ouyr a fair le:  
Zoch I suld sitt to domaysd,  
With my tong to wrambe and wray,  
Cerently all lyr aray,  
It bethe neyuer discrynd for me.  
Hyr palfra was dappyl gray,  
Sycke on say ouer none;  
As the sop in somers day,  
All abowte that lady schone.  
Hyr sadel was of a rewel bone,  
A semly syght it was to se,  
Bryht with mony a precyous stone,  
And compassyd all with crapse:  
Stones of oryens, gret plente,  
Her hair over her hed he hang,  
She rode ouer the farnyle,  
A while she blew, a while she sang.
That he before had sene in that stede
Hyr body as blow as any bede.
Thomas sithedde, and sayd, Allas,
Me thynke this a dullfull syght,
That thon art fadyd in thy face,
Before yow shone as son soryt.
Tak thy leene, Thomas, at son and mone,
At grenewode Fyrt every day.
This twelmonth sall yow with me gone,
Medyl erth yow sall not se.
Alas, he yeyd, ful wo is me,
I trow my dedes will work me care,
Jesu, my sole tak tey.
Whedir so euyr my body sall fare.
She rode forth with all her myez,
Undir nethe the derne lees,
It was as derke as at midynzt,
And euyr in water unto the kne;
Through the space of days thre,
He herde but sowywar of a flode;
Thomas sayd, Ful wo is me,
Now I spilv for sawte of fode;
To a garden she lede him tyte,
There was fruyte in grete plente,
Peyres and manys rath ther were ryne,
The date and the dame,
The fize and als fylbert te,
The myghtyngale bredyng in her neste,
The papignaye about gane fle.
That throstyl cock sang wald hafe no rest.
He pressd to pille fruyt with his hand,
As man for faute that was faynt;
She sedyd, Thomas, lat al stand,
Or els the demel will the awant.
Sche seyd, Thomas, I the hyzt,
To lay thy hede upon my kne,
And thou shalt see fayr syght,
Than euyr sawe man in their kintre.
Sees thou, Thomas, you fayr way,
That lygez ouyrye foyre playn?
Yonder is the way to heyn for ay,
Whan synful sawes haf derayd their payne,
Sees thou, Thomas, how sall they saund way,
That lygez lawy undir the ryse?
Streight is the way, solthily to say,
To the joyes of paradyce.
Sees thou, Thomas, you thyrd way,
That lygez ouyrye hone how?
Wide is the way, solthily to say,
To the brynyng fyres of belle.
Sees thou, Thomas, yone fayr castell,
That standes ouyr yone faire hill?
Of town and tower it bee thre the belle,
In middely erty thre is none like therellt,
Whan thou comyst in yone castell gaye,
I pray thee curteis man to be;
What so any man to you say,
Loke thu answer none but me.
My lord is servyd at yche messe,
With xxx knyghtes feir and fre,
I shall say ryghting on the desse,
I toke thy speche beyone the le.
Thomas stode as still as stone,
And beheled that ladeye gaye;
Than was yche fayr, and yche anone,
And also ryal on hir palfrey.
The grenewodes had fylyd thaim on the dere,
The raches coupled, by my fay,
She bleeu her horne Thomas to chere,
To the castell she went her way,
The lady into the hall went,
Thomas folowyd at her hand;
That kept her mony a lady gent,
With curtesy and lawe.  
Harp and fayry both he fande,  
The gater and the sawtry,  
Lut and rybid ther gon gan,  
Thair was al maner of mynstralsy,  
The most ferty that Thomas thought,  
When he com emyddes the flore,  
Foarty hertes to querry were broght,  
That had been befor both long and store.

Lymors isay happyng blode,  
And kokes standyng with dressyng knyfe,  
And dressyd dere as thai wer wode,  
And rewell was their wonder.  
Knyghthes dainned by two and thre,  
All that leue longe true.  
Ladies that were gret of gre,  
Sat and sang of rych aray.

Thomas sawe much more in that place,  
Than I can descryve,  
Til on a day, alas, alas,  
My lovelye ladye sayd to me.

Buske ye, Thomas, you must agayn,  
Here you may no longer be;  
Hy then zerne that you were at hame,  
I sal ye bryng to Eldyn Tre.  
Thomas answerd with heny,  
And said. Lowely ladye, lat me be,  
For I say ye certenly here  
Haf I be bot the space of dayes three.

Sothly, Thomas, as I telle ye,  
You hath ben here thre yeres,  
And here you may no longer be;  
And I sal tele ye a skele,  
To-morrow of helle ye soule fende  
Amang our olke shall chuse his fee;  
For you art a large man and an hende,  
Truwe you wele he will chuse thee.  
Fore all the golde that may be,  
Fro hens unto the worlde ende,  
Sail you not be betrayed by me,  
And thairfor sail you hens wende.

She brought hym eyny to Eldyn Tre,  
Undir nethe the grene wode spraye,  
In Huntle bankes was fayr to be,  
Ther breddes syng both nyzt and day,  
Ferre ouyr oun montayns gray,  
Ther hathe my facion;  
Fare wele, Thomas, I wende my way.

The Elfin Queen, after restoring Thomas to earth, pours forth a string of prophecies, in which we distinguish references to the events and personages of the Scottish wars of Edward III. The battles of Dupplin and Halidon are mentioned, and also Black Agnes, Countess of Dunbar. There is a copy of this poem in the museum of the Cathedral of Lincoln, another in the collection in Peterburgh, but unfortunately they are all in an imperfect state. Mr. Jamieson, in his curious Collection of Scottish Ballads and Songs, has an entire copy of this ancient poem, with all the collations. The facsimile of the former editions have been supplied from this copy.

NOTE C.

ALLUSIONS TO HERALDRY.

The muscle is a square figure like a lozenge, but it is always voided of the field. They are carried as principal figures by the name of Learmont. Learmont of Earlstown, in the Merse, carried on a bend azure three muscles; of which family was Sir Thomas Learmont, who is known by the name of Thomas the Khymer, because he wrote his prophecies in rhyme. This prophetick herald lived in the days of King Alexander the Third, and prophesied of his death, and of many other remarkable occurrences; particularly of the union of Scotland with England, which was not accomplished until the reign of James the Sixth, some hundred years after it was foretold by this same man, whose prophecies are much esteemed by many of the vulgar even at this day. I was promised by a friend a sight of his prophecies, of which there is everywhere to be had an epitome, which, I suppose, is erroneous, and differs in many things from the original, having been oft rewritten by some unskilful persons. Thus many things are amiss in the small book which are to be met with in the original, particularly those two lines concerning his neighbour, Bemerside:

'Thyd what may betide,  
Haig shall be lard of Bemerside.'

And indeed his prophecies concerning that ancient family have hitherto been true; for, since that time to this day, the Haigs have been lairds of that place. They carry, Azure a saltier courted with two stars in chief and in base argent, as many crescents in the f厂anes or; and for crest a rock proper, with this motto, taken from the above written rhyme—'Tide what may.'—Nisbet on Marks of Cadency, p. 158—He adds, 'that Thomas' meaning may he understood by heralds when he speaks of kingdoms whose insignia seldom vary, but that individual families cannot be discovered, either because they have altered their bearings, or because they are pointed out by their crests and exterior ornaments, which are changed at the pleasure of the bearer.' Mr. Nisbet, however, contorts himself for this obscurity, by reflecting, that 'we may certainly conclude, from his writings, that heraldry was in good esteem in his days, and well known to the vulgar.'—Ed., p. 168. It may be added, that the publication of predictions, either printed or hieroglyphical, in which noble families were pointed out by their armorial bearings, was, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, extremely common; and the influence of such predictions on the minds of the common people was so great as to occasion a prohibition, by statute, of prophecy by reference to heraldic emblems. Lord Henry Howard also (afterwards Earl of Northampton) directs against this practice much of the reasoning in his learned treatise, entitled, 'A Defensament against the Poysen of pretended Prophecies.'

NOTE D.—P. 483.

The strange occupation in which Waldhave beholds Merlin engaged, derives some illustration from a curious passage in Geoffrey of Monmouth's life of Merlin, above quoted. The poem, after narrating that the prophet had fled to the forest in a state of distraction, proceeds to mention, 'that, looking upon the stars one
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clear evening, he discerned from his astrological knowledge, that his wife, Guendolen, had resolved, upon the next morning, to take another husband. As he had pressed her that this would happen, and had promised her a nuptial gift (causing her, however, to keep the bridgroom out of his sight,) he now resolved to make good his word. Accordingly, he collected all the stags and lesser game in his neighbourhood; and, having seated himself upon a buck, drove the herd before him to the capital of Cambierland, where Guendolen resided. But her lover's curiosity leading him to inspect too nearly this extraordinary cavalcade, Merlin's rage was awakened, and he slew him with the stroke of a antler of the stag. The original runs thus:—

"Dicet: et sivis et saltus circuit omnes,
Cervorumque greges agmen colloquent in unum.
Et damas, coprosex simul; cervique rese dulcet,
Et, ventente die, compellens agmina præ se,
Pestinans vadat quo vadat Guendolena,
Postquam venit eo, poenirer ipsa coeget.

Cervos ante fores, proclamans, "Guendolena,
Guendolena, venti, te tolta munera spectant.
Ourus ergo venit subridens Guendolena,
Gestariae varum cervo miratur, et illum
Sic pare reiro, tantum quoque posse ferarum
Uniti numerum quas pra se solus ayebat,
Sicut postor ovus, quas ducere suavit ad herbas.
Stabat ab excelsa sponsus spectando fenestra,
In solio mirans aequim, risuque movetabat.
Ast ubi vult etiam unes, amnique quao esset
Callusat, extemplo diurna cornua cervo
Quo gestabatur, vira palatae rect in illum,
Et capit illius pennis constitivit, namque
Reddidit exaninem, vilaque suavit in aurum;
Ocios inde suum, tolorum verbera, cervum
Diffugiens egit, silvasque redire paravit.
"

For a personal of this curious poem, accurately copied from a MS. in the Cotton Library, nearly coeval with the author, I was indebted to my learned friend, the late Mr. Ritson. There is an excellent paraphrase of it in the curious and entertaining Specimens of Early English Romances, published by Mr. Ellis.

Glenfinlas;
OR,
LORD RONALD'S CORONACH. 1

The simple tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus: While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary bothy, (a hut, built for the purpose of hunting,) and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the siren who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trumpet, or Jew's harp, same strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest-ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the Forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue, called the Troshachs. Beannlied, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender and the Castle of Donne, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The Pass of Leumy is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands, from that town. Glenartney is a forest, near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

This ballad first appeared in the Tales of Wonder.

Glenfinlas;
OR,
LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.

"For them the viewless forms of air obey,
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless oh, like moody madness stars,
To see the phantom-train their secret work prepare."

Colins.

"O hone a rie! O hone a rie!" 12
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!"—

1 Coronach is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.

2 O hone a rie signifies—"Alas for the prince or chief."
O, sprung from great Macgilliano,
The chief that never fear'd a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell,1
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, in festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree,2
While youths and maidens light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee!

Cheer'd by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses grey;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a chief's train came,
The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
And chase with him the dark-brown game,
That bounds o'er Alpin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy; whom in Columba's isle
The seer's prophetic spirit found,3
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fatal shroud,
That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The Chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board;
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid,
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hounds they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's aftenoon brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steep'd heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shied,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benlured's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
Their sylvan fare the Chiefs enjoy:
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to May.

"What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath and melting eye?

"To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

"Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
And dropped the tear, and heaved the sigh:
But vain the lover's wily art,
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

"But thou mayest teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

"Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

"Or, if she choose a melting tale,
All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good St. Oran's rule prevail,
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?"

"Since Enrick's fight, since Morn's death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss, or melting eye.

"E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
On me the Seer's sad spirit came.

"The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy was given—
The gift, the future ill to know.

"The bark thou saw'st, on summer morn,
So gaily part from Ohan's bay,
My eye beheld her dash'd to boil,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

"Thy Fergus too—thy sister's son,
Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's power,
As marching 'gainst the Lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Beaumore.

"Thou only saw'st their tartans' wave,
As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,
Heard'st but the pibroch, answering brave
To many a target clanking round.

"I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spear
He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

"And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
And bidst my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss—
That heart, O Ronaill, bleeds for thee!

"I see the death-damps chill thy brow;
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry;
[now...
The corpse-lights dance—they're gone, and
No more is given to gifted eye!—"

1 The term Sassenach, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their Low-Country neighbours.
2 See Appendix, Note A.
3 Ibid, Note B.
4 See Appendix, Note C.
5 Tarsian—The full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.
6 Pibroch—A piece of martial music, adapted to the Highland bagpipe.
"Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,  
Sad prophet of the evil hour!  
Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,  
Because to-morrow's storm may pour?

"Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,  
Clangillian's Chieftain ne'er shall fear;  
His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,  
Though doom'd to stain the Saxon spear.

"E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,  
My Mary's buskins brush the dews,"  
He spake, nor bade the Chief farewell,  
But called his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour return'd each hound;  
In rush'd the rousers of the deer;  
They howl'd in melancholy sound,  
Then closely couched beside the Seer.

No Ronald yet; though midnight came,  
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,  
As, bending o'er the dying flame,  
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears;  
And sudden cease their moaning howl;  
Close press'd to Moy, they mark their fears  
By shivering limbs and stifled growl.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,  
As softly, slowly, oped the door;  
And shook responsive every string,  
As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light,  
Close by the minstrel's side was seen  
An huntress maid, in beauty bright,  
All drooping wet her robes of green.

All drooping wet her garments seem;  
Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,  
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,  
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush, she softly said,  
"O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,  
In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,  
A lovely maid in vest of green:"

"With her a Chief in Highland pride;  
His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,  
The mountain dirk adorns his side,  
Far on the wind his tartans flow!"

"And who art thou? and who are they?"  
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied;  
"And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,  
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side?"

"Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,  
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,  
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,  
The castle of the bold Glengyle."

"To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,  
Our woodland course this morn we bore,  
And haply met, while wandering here,  
The son of great Macgillanore.

"O aid me, then, to seek the pair,  
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;  
Alone, I dare not venture there,  
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost.

"Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;  
Then, first, my own and vow to keep,  
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,  
Which still must rise when mortals sleep."—
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
Woe to Glenfulus' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!
E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the Chieflain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell;
None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.
O houn a rie'! O houn a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er!
And fall'n Glenartney's statelest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane tree.
P. 492.
The fires lighted by the Highlanders, on the first of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed The Beltane-tree. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

NOTE B.
The seer's prophetic spirit found.—492.
I can only describe the second sight, by adopting Dr. Johnson's definition, who calls it "An impression, either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they were present." To which I would only add, that the spectral appearances, thus presented, usually presage misfortune; that the faculty is piousful to those who possess it; and that they usually acquire it while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

NOTE C.
Will good St. Oran's rule prevail?—P. 492.
St. Oran was a friend and follower of St. Columba, and was buried at Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain demons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared, that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost despatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery, was called Relig Oron; and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

NOTE D.
And thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer.
P. 493.
St. Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, &c. in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an Abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A. D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour, as to afford light to that which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St. Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St. Phillips, or Forggend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7, tells us, that Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he enclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the Battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relic, and deposited it in a place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But, lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of Lesley. But though Bruce little needed that the arm of St. Fillan should assist his own, he dedicated to him, in gratitude, a priory at Kilin, upon Loch Tay.

In the Scots Magazine for July, 1802, there is a copy of a very curious crown grant, dated 11th July, 1437, by which James III. confirms, to Malice Doire, an inhabitant of Strathfillan, in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relic of St. Fillan, being apparently the head of a pastoral staff called the Quegrich, which he and his predecessors are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the Quegrich was used to
Cure diseases, this document is probably the most ancient patent ever granted for a quack medicine. The ingenious correspondent, by whom it is furnished, farther observes, that additional particulars, concerning St. Fillan, are to be found in Bellenden's Bocce, Book 4, folio cxiii, and in Pennant's Tour in Scotland, 1772, pp. 11, 15.

See a note on the lines in the first canto of Marmion.

"Thence to St. Fillan's blessed well, Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel, And the crazed brain restore," &c. Editor.

The Eve of St. John.

Smylho'rne, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden, [now Lord Polwarth.] The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides, by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smylho'rne Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the Watchfold, and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower-courc is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smylho'rne Tower.

This ballad was first printed in Mr. Lewis's Tales of Wonder. It is here published, with some additional illustrations, particularly an account of the battle of Ancrem Moor; which seemed proper in a work upon Border antiquities. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition. This ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the Editor's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale.

The Eve of St. John.

The Baron of Smylho'rne rose with day, He spurr'd his courser on; With foot-page and banner down the rocky way, That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch His banner broad to rear; He went not 'gainst the English yew, To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was braced, and his helmet was laced, And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore; At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe, Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days space, And his looks were sad and sour; And weary was his courser's pace, As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancrem Moor Ran red with English blood; Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch, 'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd, His acton pierced and tore, His axe and his dagger with blood imbrud,— But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage, He held him close and still; And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page, His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page, Come hither to my knee; Though thou art young, and tender of age, I think thou art true to me."

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen, And look thou tell me true! Since I from Smylho'rne tower have been, What did thy lady do?"

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely light, That burns on the wild Watchfold; For, from height to height, the beacon bright Of the English foemen told.

"The bittern clament from the moss, The wind blew loud and shrill; Yet the craggy pathway she did cross To the eery Beacon Hill."
Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high
"Now, tell me the men of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!"
"His arms shine full bright, in the beacon's red light;
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew."
"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,
All under the Eildon-tree."—3

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord I
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright, she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldingham."

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—
"The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse
is stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drown'd the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white
monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldingham!"

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped the lower-gate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the huztan-seat, where, with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Look'd over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood, 4
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"—
"Now hail, thou Baron true!
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?—
What news from the bold Bucleuch?"
"The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
For many a southron fell;
And Bucleuch has charged us, evermore,
To watch our beacons well."

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said:
Nor added the Baron a word:
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

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1 The black-rod of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.
2 Dryburgh Abbey is beautifully situated on the banks of the Tweed. After its dissolution, it became the property of the Haliburtons of Newmain, and is now the seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Buchan. It belonged to the order of Premonstratenses.
3 Eildon is a high hill terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon-tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies. See note, p. 429.
4 Mertoun is the beautiful seat of Lord Polworth.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron tos'd and turn'd, And oft to himself he said,— "The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave is deep . . . . It cannot give up the dead!"—

It was near the ringing of matin-bell, The night was wellnigh done, When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell, On the eve of good St. John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair, By the light of a dying flame: And she was aware of a knight stood there— Sir Richard of Coldingham!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried, "For the holy Virgin's sake!"— "Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side; But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three, In bloody grave have I lain; The mass and the death-prayer are said for me, But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand, Most foully slain, I fell; And my restless sprite on the beacon's height, For a space is doom'd to dwell.

"At our trysting-place,1 for a certain space, I must wander to and fro; But I had not had power to come to thy bower Had'st thou not conjured me so."—

Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd; "How, Richard, hast thou sped? And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"— The vision shook his head;

"Who spillett life, shall forfeit life; So bid thy lord believe: That lawless love is guilt above, This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam, His right upon her hand; The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk, For it scorched'd like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four, Remains on that board impressed; And for evermore that lady wore A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower, Ne'er looks up the sun: There is a monk in Melrose tower, He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the days,2 That monk, who speaks not again— That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay, That monk the bold Baron.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

BATTLE OF ANCRAH MOOR.

P. 495.

Lord Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544, committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Liddesdale, to take assurance under the King of England. Upon the 17th November, in that year, the sum total of their depredations stood thus, in the bloody ledger of Lord Evers:—

| Towns, towers, barneknifeis, paryshe churches, bastil houses, burned and destroyed | 192 |
| Scots slain | 403 |
| Prisoners taken | 516 |
| Noll (cattle) | 10,386 |
| Shepe | 12,492 |
| Nars and geldings | 1295 |
| Gayt | 200 |

Bolls of corn | 850 |

Insight gear, &c. (furniture) an incalculable quantity.

Morins State Papers, vol. i. p. 51.

For these services Sir Ralph Evers was made a Lord of Parliament. See a strain of exulting congratulation upon his promotion poured forth by some contemporary minstrel, in vol. i. p. 417.

The King of England had promised to these two barons a feudal grant of the country, which they had thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing which, Archibald Douglas, the seventh Earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors at Melrose.—Godsclaf. In 1545, Lord Evers and Latoun again entered Scotland, with an army consisting of 3000 mercenarys, 1500 English Borderers, and 700 assured Scottish men, chiefly Armstrongs, Turnbulls, and other broken clans. In this

1 Trysting-place—Place of rendezvous.

2 See Appendix, Note B.
second incursion, the English generals even exceeded their former cruelty. Evers burned the tower of Broomhouse, with its lady, (a noble and aged woman, says Lesley,) and her whole family. The English penetrated as far as Melrose, which they had destroyed last year, and which they now again pillaged. As they returned towards Jedburgh, they were followed by Angus at the head of 1000 horse, who was shortly after joined by the famous Norman Lesley, with a body of five men. The English, being probably unwelcome to the Teviot while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon Ancram Moor, above the village of that name; and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott, of Buccleuch, came up at full speed with a small hot chosen body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior (to whom Pittsborough and Buchanan ascribe the success of the engagement), Angus withdrew from the height which he occupied, and drew up his forces behind it, upon a piece of low flat ground, called Panier-heugh, or Paniel-heugh. The spare horses being sent to an eminence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots in the act of flight. Under this persuasion, Evers and Laton hurled precipitately forward, and having ascended the hill, which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed than astonished to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up in firm array upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their turn became the assailants. A hero, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the encountering armies: "O!" exclaimed Angus, "that I had here my white goss-hawk, that we might all jape at once!"—Godsacroft.

The English, breathless and fatigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Scottish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies, the assured Borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their bagpipes, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to "remember Broomhouse!"—Lesley, p. 478.

In the battle fell Lord Evers, and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun, and 800 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a pathetic sight. Of Lord Evers, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence, demanded from the city by Henry VIII., was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch.—Redpath's Border History, p. 565.

Evers was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of favours received by the earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of a Douglas: "Is our brother-in-law offended," he said, "that I, as a good Scotsman, have avenged my ravaged country, and the defaced tombs of my ancestors, upon Ralph Evers? They were better men than he, and I was bound to do no less—and will he take my life for that? Little knew King Henry the skirts of Kinratable: 2 I can keep myself there against all his English host."—Godsacroft.

Such was the noted battle of Ancram Moor. The spot, on which it was fought, is called Liliyard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington. 3 The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:

"Fair maiden Liliyard lien under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English leons she laid mony thumps,
And, when her legs were cutt off, she fought upon her stumps."
Vide Account of the Parish of Melrose.

It appears, from a passage in Stowe, that an ancestor of Lord Evers held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English monarch. "I have seen," says the historian, "under the broad-seal of the said King Edward I., a manor, called Ketmen, in the county of Forfar, in Scotland, and were the furthest part of the same nation northward, given to John Ure and his heirs, ancestor to the Lord Ure, that now is, for his service done in these parts, with market, &c. dated at Lanercost, the 20th day of October, anno regis, 34."—Stowe's Annals, p. 210. This grant, like that of Henry, must have been dangerous to the receiver.

NOTE B.

That nun who never beholdst the day.—P. 497.

The circumstance of the nun, "who never saw the day," is not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago, an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr. Haliburton of Newmains, the Editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr. Erskine of Shifffield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity, she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault, assuring her friendly neighbours, that, during her absence, her habitation was watched by a servant, to whom she gave the uncouth name of Pattis; describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damps. This circumstance

1 Angus had married the widow of James IV., sister to King Henry VIII.
2 Kinratable, now called Cairntable, is a mountainous tract at the head of Douglassdale.
3 See Chery Chaile.
Cadyow Castle.

The ruins of Cadyow, or Cadyow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the Civil Wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the hawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and upwards, in circumference; and the state of decay, in which they now appear, shows that they have witnessed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the herd of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by ancient authors as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by inter-mixture with the same breed.

In detailing the death of the Regent Murray, which is made the subject of the following ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr. Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting.

"Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as we have already read, and owed his life to the Regent's clemency. But part of his estate had been bestowed upon one of the Regent's favorites, who seized his house, and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before next morning, she became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression on him than the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be revenged of the Regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the Regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved at last to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to pass in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery, which had a window towards the street; spread a feather-bed on the floor to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without; and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the Regent's approach, who had lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the Regent, and he paid so much regard to it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the street; and the throng of people obliging him to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet, through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. His followers, instead of a circumstance to break into the house whence the blow had come; but they found the door strongly barricaded.
and, before it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse,1 which stood ready for him at a back passage, and was got far beyond their reach. The Regent died the same night of his wound."—History of Scotland, book v.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed to his kinsmen to justify the deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligny, the famous Admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland to commit murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither, for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man.—Thuanus, cap. 46.

The Regent's death happened 23d January, 1569. It is applauded or stigmatized, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him whose sacrilegious avarice had stripped the metropolitan church of St. Andrews of its covering," but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity.—Jebb, vol. ii. p. 263. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection: for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Politrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, "that nether Politrot nor Hamilton did attempt their enterprise, without some reason or consideration to lead them to it; as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment or reward; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a litle wrong done unto him, as the report goeth, according to the vyle traiterous dyspoysston of the hooly natyon of the Scottes."—Murdin's State Papers, vol. i. p. 197.

Cadgow Castle.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

When princely Hamilton's abode
Enchanted Cadgow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flow'd,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheer'd the hall.

But Cadgow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadgow's faded fame,
You bid me tell a mournful tale,
And tune my harp, of Border frame,
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasures lighter scenes, cast turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command,
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.

Where, with the rock's wood-cover'd side,
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between:

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shag'd with thorn and balking slope,
The ashier buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream;
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is chequering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is grey;
The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steeds snort; uncoupled stag-bounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls—they hurry out—
Clutters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout
Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the Chief rode on;2
His shouting merry-men throng behind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fatter than the mountain wind.

From the thick cope the roebucks bound,
The startled red-deer scud in the plain,
For the hoarse bugle's warrior-sound
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the bose oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn!

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

Fierce, on the hunter's quiver'd band,
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

1 The gift of Lord John Hamilton, Commissary of-Abrad.

2 The head of the family of Hamilton, at this period, was James, Earl of Arran. Duke of Chatelherault, in France, and first peer of the Scottish realm. In 1569, he was appointed by Queen Mary her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.
Aim'd well, the Chieftain's lance has flown;
Struggling in blood the savage lies;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the praise!

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen light the woodland cheer.

Proudly the Chieftain mark'd his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man
That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
Why shares he not our hunter's fate?"—

Stern Claudi replied, with darkening face,
(Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he.)
"At merry feast, or buxom chase,
No more the warrior wilt thou see.

"Few suns have set since Woodhouselee Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths, in social glee,
The war-born soldier turn'd him home.

"There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

"O chance acquired! past are those days;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

"What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh! is it she, the pulil rose?

"The wilder'd traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
'Tis Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's pride!
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!'

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling Chief.
And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,
As a somn one vision'd sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—
'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle, and reeling steed,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—'Tis sweet to hear
In good Greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughter'd quarry proudly trode,
At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

"From the wild Border's humbled side,
In haughty triumph march'd he,
While Knox relax'd his bigot pride,
And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

"But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?"

"With hackbut bent, my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And mark'd, where, mingling in his band,
Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

"Dark Morton, girl with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And clash'd their broadswords in the rear
The wild Macfarlanes' plieded clan.

"Glencarn and stout Parkhead were nigh
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,
And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

"Mid pennon's spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumpage floated high;
Scarce could his trembling charger move,
So close the minions crownd high.

"From the raised vizar's shade, his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng:

"But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast;
'Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!'"

"The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!
And Murray's plummy helmet rings—
—Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

"What joy the raptur'd youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell—
Or he, who broaches on his steel
The wolf, by whom his infant fell!

"But dearer to my injured eye
To see in dust proud Murray roll;
And mine was ten times trebled joy,
To hear him groan his felon soul.

"My Margaret's spectre glided near
With pride her bleeding victim saw;
And shriek'd in his death-deafen'd ear,
'Remember injured Bothwellhaugh'"
APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

sound the psalm!—P. 501.

Pray—The note blown at the death of the game.—In Caledonia olim frequens erat sylvestris quidam bos, nunc vero rario, quae, colore caudis tigris, jubam densam et despicam instar leonis gestat, truculentus ac ferox ab humano genere abhorrens, ut quemque hominem vel manibus contrectariint, vel halitus perflaverint, ab his multos potius minus omnino obstrueunt. Ad hoc tantum audacia haec bos indita erat, ut non solum irritatus equales furenter prostraveret, sed ne tantillum lacerissimus omnes promiscue homines cornibus ac unguibus pateret; ac canum, qui apud nos ferocissimi sunt, impetus plane confunderebat. Eius carnis cartilaginose, sed saporis suavissimi. Erat olim per illam vastissimam Caledonia silvam frequens, sed humana natalicia tam sumptus tribus tantum locis est reliquis; Strivi, 1 Cambridae, et Kincardine.—Lesseps, Scotiae Descriptio, p. 13.—[See a note on Castle Dangerous, Waverley Novels.—Ed.]

NOTE B.

Stern Claud replied.—P. 501.

Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chathamert, and commendator of the Abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained moulderly attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commandera at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the Queen's faction. He was ancestor of the present Marquis of Abercorn.

1 As oak, half-sawn, with the motto through, is an ancient cognizance of the family of Hamilton.

NOTE C.

Woodhouselee.—P. 501.

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the Lady Bothwellhaugh: whom, however, it confounds with Lady Anne Bothwell, whose Lament is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and, even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the rights of ghosts, as the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the Honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the College of Justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with her child in her arms.

NOTE D.

Drives to the leap his jaded steed.—P. 501.

Birrell informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, “after that spur and wand had failed him he drew forth his dagger, and stroke his horse behind, whilk caused the horse to leap a very brode stanke (i.e. ditch), by whilk means he escapit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses.”—Birrell's Diary, p. 18.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY. 503

NOTE E.

From the wild Border's humbled side.—P. 501.
Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the Borders; which is thus commemorated by the author of his Elegy:

"So having stablished all thing in this sort, To Liddisdalit agane he did resort, Throw Ewisdal, Eskdail, and all the daillis rode he, And also lay three nights in Cannabie, Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeairs before. Nae thief durst stir, they did him feir sa suir; And, that they sold na mair thair thist allege, Threescore and twelf he brocht of thame in pledge, Syne warit thame, whilk maid the rest keep ordour; Than m'Vecht the rasch-bus keep ky on the Border."
Scottish Poems, 16th century, p. 232.

NOTE F.

With hackbut bent.—P. 501.
Hackbut bent—Gun cock'd. The carbine, with which the Regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece, of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a matchlock, for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted.

NOTE G.

The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.—P. 501.
This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the Regent Murray. Hollished, speaking of the battle of Largs, says, "In this batyle the valiancie of an Heiland gentleman, named Macfarlane, stood the Regent's part in great stede; for, in the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up with two hundred of his friends and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the flanke of the Queen's people, that he was a great cause of the disordering of them. This Macfarlane had been lately before, as I have heard, condemned to die, for some outrage by him committed, and obtaining pardon through suyte of the Countess of Murray, he recompened that Clemencie by this piece of service now at this batyle." Calderwood's account is less favourable to the Macfarlanes. He states that "Macfarlane, with his Highlandmen, fled from the wide field where they were set. The Lord Lindsay, who stood nearest to them in the Regent's battle, said, 'Let them go! I shall fill their place better;' and so, stepping forward, with a company of fresh men, charged the enemy, whose spears were now spent, with long weapons, so that they were driven back by force, being before almost overthrown by the avant-guard and harquebusiers, and so were turned to flight."—Calderwood's MS apud Keith, p. 490. Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Renfrew.

NOTE H.

Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh. P. 501.
The Earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the Regent. George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural brother of the Earl of Morton, whose horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

NOTE I.

haggard Lindsay's iron eye, That sow fair Mary weep in vain.—P. 501.
Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the Regent's faction, and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation presented to her in Lochleven castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said, that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

NOTE K.

So close the minions crowded nigh.—P. 501.
Not only had the Regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened. With that infatuation at which men wonder, after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd; so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim.—Spottiswoode, p. 233. Buchanan.
The Gray Brother.

A Fragment.

The imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the Editor's intention to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not biased by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, he has preferred inserting these verses as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of Newbattle, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates.1

The scene with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the Life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps, really believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes which they frequented, and the constant dangers which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

"About the same time he [Peden] came to Andrew Normand's house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face covered; when he lifted up his head, he said, 'They are in this house that I have not one word of salvation unto;' he halted a little again, saying, 'This is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may begin our work!' Then there was a woman went out, ill-looked upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a witch, with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, what John Muirhead (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he came from Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes upon the Scripture read, when a very ill-looking man came, and sat down within the door, at the back of the hall, [partition of the cottage:] immediately he halted and said, 'There is some unhappy body just now come into this house. I charge him to go out, and not stop my mouth!' 'This person went out, and he insisted [went on:] yet he saw him neither come in nor go out.'—The Life and Prophecies of Mr. Alexander Peden, late Minister of the Gospel at New Glenburnie, in Galloway, part ii. § 26.

A friendly correspondent remarks, "that the incapacity of proceeding in the performance of a religious duty, when a contaminated person is present, is of much higher antiquity than the era of the Reverend Mr. Alexander Peden."—Vide Hyginii Fabulis, cap. 26. "Medea Corinthio exul, Athenis, ad Iovem Pandonis filium devemt in hospitium, eisque nuptis.

Putea sacersus Danae Medeaee exagitare capiit, rejecta negabat sacra caste facere posse, co quad in ea cimiatet esset mulier venenica et scelerata; tunc exulatur."

The Gray Brother.

The Pope he was saying the high, high mass,
All on Saint Peter's day.
With the power to him given, by the saints
in heaven.
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneel'd around,
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kiss'd the holy ground.
And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While, through vaulted roof and aisles aloof,
The holy accents rung.

1 This tradition was communicated to me by John Cler, Esq. of Edin., author of an Essay upon Naval Tactics, who will be remembered by posterity, as having taught the Ge-
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY. 505

At the holiest word he quiver'd for fear,  
And falter'd in the sound—  
And, when he would the chalice rear,  
He dropp'd it to the ground.

"The breath of one of evil deed  
Pollutes our sacred day;  
He has no portion in our creed,  
No part in what I say.

"A being, whom no blessed word  
To ghostly peace can bring;  
A wretch, at whose approach abhor'd,  
Recoils each holy thing.

"Up, up, unhappy I haste!  
My adjuration fear!  
I charge thee not to stop my voice,  
Nor longer tarry here!"—

Amid them all a pilgrim kneel'd,  
In gown of sackcloth grey;  
Far journeying from his native field,  
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights so drear,  
I ween he had not spoke,  
And, save with bread and water clear,  
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential dook,  
Seem'd none more bent to pray;  
But, when the Holy Father spoke,  
He rose and went his way.

Again unto his native land  
His weary course he drew,  
To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,  
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His utmost feet his native seat,  
'Mid Esk's fair woods, regain;  
'Thro' woods more fair no stream more sweet  
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the pilgrim came,  
And vassals bent the knee;  
For all 'mid Scotland's chiefs of fame  
Was none more fam'd than he.

And boldly for his country, still,  
In battle he had stood,  
Ay, even when on the banks of Till  
Her noblest pour'd their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!  
By Esk's fair streams that run,  
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,  
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,  
And yield the muse the day;  
There Beauty, led by timid Love,  
May shun the tell-tale ray.

From that fair dome, where suit is paid  
By blast of bugle free,1  
To Auchendinny's hazel glade,2  
And haunted Woodhouselee.3

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,4  
And Roslin's rocky glen,5  
Dalketh, which all the virtues love,6  
And classic Hawthornden? 7

Yet never a path, from day to day,  
The pilgrim's footsteps range,  
Save but the solitary way  
To Burnsdale's ruin'd grange.

A woful place was that, I ween,  
As sorrow could desire;  
For nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,  
And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,  
While, on Carnethy's head,  
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams  
Had streak'd the grey with red:

And the convent bell did vespers tell,  
Newbattle's oaks among,  
And mingled with the solemn knell  
Our Ladye's evening song:

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,  
Came slowly down the wind,  
And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,  
And his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,  
Nor ever raised his eye,  
Until he came to that dreary place,  
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,  
With many a bitter groan—  
And there was aware of a Gray Friar,  
Resting him on a stone.

"Now, Christ thee save!" said the Gray Brother;  
"Some pilgrim thou seemest to be."  
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,  
Nor answer again made he.

"O come ye from east, or come ye from west,  
Or bring reliques from over the sea;  
Or come ye from the shrine of St. James the divine,  
Or St. John of Beverley?"—

"I come not from the shrine of St. Jame the divine,  
Nor bring reliques from over the sea;  
I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,  
Which for ever will cling to me."—

"Now, woful pilgrim, say not so!  
But kneel thee down to me,  
And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin,  
That absolv'd thou mayst be."—

"And who art thou, thou Gray Brother,  
That I should shrive to thee,  
When He, to whom are given the keys of earth and heaven,  
Has no power to pardon me?"—

"O I am sent from a distant clime,  
Five thousand miles away,  
And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,  
Done here 'twixt night and day."—

The pilgrim kneel'd him on the sand,  
And thus began his say;

When on his neck an ice-cold hand  
Did that Gray Brother laye.

* * * * *
APPENDIX.

Notes 1 to 7.

SCENERY OF THE ESKE.

P. 505.

The barony of Pennycuik, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment called the Buckstone, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the King shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence the family have adopted as their crest a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, Free for a Blast.

The beautiful mansion-house of Pennycuik is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.

Auchendinny, situated upon the Eske, below Pennycuik, the present residence of the ingenious H. Mackenzie, Esq., author of the Man of Feeling, &c.—Edition 1803.

"Haunted Woodhouselee."—For the traditions connected with this ruined mansion, see Ballad of Cadwov Castle, Note, p. 502.

Melville Castle, the seat of the Right Honourable Lord Melville, to whom it gives the title of Viscount, is delightfully situated upon the Eske, near Lasswade.

The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronial residence of the ancient family of St. Clair. The Gothic chapel, which is still in beautiful preservation, with the romantic and woody dell in which they are situated, belong to the Right Honourable the Earl of Rosslyn, the representative of the former Lords of Roslin.

The village and castle of Dalkeith belonged of old to the famous Earl of Morton, but is now the residence of the noble family of Balfour. The park extends along the Eske, which is there joined by its sister stream of the same name.

Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummound. A house of more modern date is enclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice upon the banks of the Eske, perforated by winding caves, which in former times were a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London on foot in order to visit him. The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured of late years by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy bower.

"Where Jonson sat in Drummound's social shade."

Upon the whole, tracing the Eske from its source till it joins the sea at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery. 1803. . . . The beautiful scenery of Hawthornden has, since the above note was written, recovered all its proper ornament of wood. 1831.

War-Song

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

"Nenimus. Is not peace the end of arms?"

"Caratach. Not where the cause implies a general conquest.

Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, Britons, for our landmarks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against a slight commotion,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued:
But where we grapple for the land we live on,
The liberty we hold more dear than life,
The gods we worship, and, next these, our honours,
And, with those, swords that know no end of battle—
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,
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The following War-Song was written during the apprehension of an invasion. The corps of volunteers to which it was addressed, was raised in 1797, consisting of gentlemen, mounted and armed at their own expense. It still subsists, as the Right Troop of the Royal Mid-Lothian Light Cavalry, commanded by the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas.¹ The noble and constitutional measure of arming freemen in defence of their own rights, was nowhere more successful than in Edinburgh, which furnished a force of 3000 armed and disciplined volunteers, including a regiment of cavalry, from the city and county, and two corps of artillery, each capable of serving twelve guns. To such a force, above all others, might, in similar circumstances, be applied the exhortation of our ancient Galgacus: "Proinde tueris in arm., et majores vestros et posteros contate." 1812.

War-Song

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle on the breeze,
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd;
We boast the red and blue.²

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown
Dull Holland's tardy train;

¹ Now Viscount Melville.—1831.
² The royal colours.
³ The allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss Guards, on the fatal 16th August, 1792. It is painful, but not useless, to remark, that the passive temper with which the Sw fracte regards the death of their bravest countrymen, merci-

Their ravish'd toys though Romans mourn;
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, guaw the chain;
Oh! had they mark'd the avenging call;
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No, though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody rain;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw
To guard our king, to fence our law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tri-color,
Or footstep of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;
High sounds our bugle-call;
Combined by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is Laws and Liberty!
March forward one and all!

Jessly slaughtered in discharge of their duty, encouraged
and authorised the progressive injustice, by which the
Alps, once the seat of the most virtuous and free people
upon the Continent, have, at length, been converted into
the citadel of a foreign and military despot. A state de-
graded is half enslaved.—1812.

END OF CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.
Ballads,

TRANSLATED, OR IMITATED,

FROM THE GERMAN, &c.

William and Helen.

[1796.]

IMITATED FROM THE "LENORE" OF BURGER.

The author had resolved to omit the following version of a well-known Poem, in any collection which he might make of his poetical trifles. But the publishers having pleaded for its admission, the Author has consented, though not unaware of the disadvantage at which this youthful essay (for it was written in 1795) must appear with those which have been executed by much more able hands, in particular that of Mr. Taylor of Norwich, and that of Mr. Spencer.

The following Translation was written long before the Author saw any other, and originated in the following circumstances:—A lady of high rank in the literary world read this romantic tale, as translated by Mr. Taylor, in the house of the celebrated Professor Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh. The Author was not present, nor indeed in Edinburgh at the time; but a gentleman who had the pleasure of hearing the ballad, afterwards told him the story, and repeated the remarkable chorus—

"Tramp! tramp! across the land they speeded,
Splash! splash! across the sea;
Hurrah! The dead can ride apace!
Dost fear to ride with me?"

In attempting a translation, then intended only to circulate among friends, the present Author did not hesitate to make use of this impressive stanza; for which freedom he has since obtained the forgiveness of the ingenious gentleman to whom it properly belongs.

William and Helen.

I.
From heavy dreams fair Helen rose,
And eyed the dawning red:
"Ah, my love, thou art the fairest long!
O art thou false or dead!"—

II.
With gallant Fred'rick's princely power
He sought the bold Crusade:
But not a word from Judah's wars
Told Helen how he sped.

III.
With Paynum and with Saracen
At length a truce was made,
And every knight return'd to dry
The tears his love had shed.

IV.
Our gallant host was homeward bound
With many a song of joy;
Green waved the laurel in each plume,
The badge of victory.

V.
And old and young, and sire and son,
To meet them crowd the way,
With shouts, and mirth, and melody,
The debt of love to pay.

VI.
Full many a maid her true-love met,
And sobb'd in his embrace,
And flutter'd joy in tears and smiles
Array'd full many a face.

VII.
Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad;
She sought the host in vain;
For none could tell her William's fate,
If faithless, or if slain.

VIII.
The martial hand is past and gone;
She rends her raven hair,
And in distraction's bitter mood
She weeps with wild despair.

IX.
"O rise, my child," her mother said,
"Nor sorrow thus in vain;
A perjured lover's fleeting heart
No tears recall again."—

X.
"O mother, what is gone, is gone,
What's lost for ever lorn:
Death, death alone can comfort me;
O had I ne'er been born!"

XI.
"O break, my heart,—O break at once!
Drink my life-blood, Despair!
No joy remains on earth for me,
For me in heaven no share."—
XII.
"O enter not in judgment, Lord!"
The pious mother prays;
"Impute not guilt to thy frail child!"
She knows not what she says.

XIII.
"O say thy pater noster, child!"
O turn to God and grace!
His will, that turn'd thy bliss to bale,
Can change thy bale to bliss."—

XIV.
"O mother, mother, what is bliss?"
O mother, what is bale?
My William's love was heaven on earth,
Without it earth is hell.

XV.
"Why should I pray to ruthless Heaven,
Since my loved William's slain?"
I only pray'd for William's sake,
And all my prayers were vain."—

XVI.
"O take the sacrament, my child,
And check these tears that flow;
By resignation's humble prayer,
O hallow'd be thy woe!"—

XVII.
"No sacrament can quench this fire,
Or slake this scorching pain:
No sacrament can hid the dead
Arose and live again.

XVIII.
"O break, my heart,—O break at once!
Be thou my goal, Despair!
Heaven's heaviest blow has fallen on me,
And vain each fruitless prayer."—

XIX.
"O enter not in judgment, Lord,
With thy frail child of clay!
She knows not what her tongue has spoke;
Impute it not, I pray!

XX.
"Forbear, my child, this desperate woe,
And turn to God and grace;
Well can devotion's heavenly glow
Convert thy bale to bliss."—

XXI.
"O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
Without my William what were heaven,
Or with him what were hell?"—

XXII.
Wild she arraiens the eternal doom,
Uphoars each sacred power,
Till, spent, she sought her silent room,
All in the lonely tower.

XXIII.
She beat her breast, she wrung her hands,
Till sun and day were o'er,
And through the glimmering lattice shone
The twinkling of the star.

XXIV.
"Thrice! then, the heavy drawbridge fell!
That o'er the moat was hung;
And, clatter! clatter! on its boards
The hoof of courser rung.

XXV.
The clang of echoing steel was heard
As off the rider bounded;
And slowly on the winding stair
A heavy footstep sounded.

XXVI.
And hark! and hark! a knock—Tap! tap!
A rustling stifled noise:—
Door-latch and tinkling staples ring:—
At length a whispering voice.

XXVII.
"Awake, awake, arise, my love!
How, Helen, dost thou fare?
Wak'st thou, or sleep'st? laugh'st thou,
or weep'st?
Hast thought on me, my fair?"—

XXVIII.
"My love! my love!—so late by night!—
I waked, I wept for thee:
Much have I borne since dawn of morn;
Where, William, couldst thou be?"—

XXIX.
"We saddle late—from Hungary
I rode since darkness fell;
And to its bourne we both return
Before the matin-bell."—

XXX.
"O rest this night within my arms,
And warm thee to their fold!
Chill howls through hawthorn bush the wind:
My love is deadly cold."—

XXXI.
"Let the wind howl through hawthorn bush!
This night we must away;
The steed is wight, the spur is bright;
I cannot stay till day.

XXXII.
"Busk, busk, and bonny! Thon mount'st behind
Upon my black barb steed:
O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,
We haste to bridal bed."—

XXXIII.
"To-night—to-night a hundred miles!—
O dearest William, stay!
The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal hour!
O wait, my love, till day!"—

XXXIV.
"Look here, look here—the moon shins clear—
Fall fast I ween we ride:
Mount and away! for ere the day
We reach our bridal bed.

XXXV.
"The black barb shortens, the bridle rings!
Haste, busk, and bonny, and seat thee!
The feast is made, the chamber spread,
The bridal guests await thee."—
XXXVI.

Strong love prevail’d; she husks, she bounces,
She mounts the barb behind,
And round her darling William’s waist
Her lily arms she twined.

XXXVII.

And, hurry! hurry! off they rode,
As fast as fast might be;
Spurn’d from the courser’s thundering heels
The flashing pebbles flee.

XXXVIII.

And on the right, and on the left,
Ere they could snatch a view,
Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and plain,
And cot, and castle, sweet.

XXXIX.

"Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines clear—
Fleet roes my barb—keep hold!
Fear’st thou?—"O no!" she faintly said;
"But why so stern and cold?"

XL.

“What yonder rings? what yonder sings?
Why shrieks the owlet grey?—"
"’Tis death-bells’ clang, ’tis funeral song,
The body to the clay.

XLI.

"With song and clang, at morrow’s dawn,
Ye may inter the dead:
Thought I ride, with my young bride,
To deck our bridal bed.

XLII.

"Come with thy choir, thou coffin’d guest,
To swell our nuptial song!
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast!
Come all, come all along!"

XLIII.

Ceased clang and song; down sunk the bier;
The shrouded corpse arose:
And, hurry! hurry! all the train
The thundering steed pursues.

XLIV.

And, forward! forward! on they go;
High snorts the straining steed;
Thick pants the rider’s labouring breath,
As headlong on they speed.

XLV.

"O William, why this savage haste?
And where thy bridal bed?"
"’Tis distant far, low, damp, and chill,
And narrow, trustless maid."

XLVI.

"No room for me?"—"Enough for both;—
Speed, speed, my barb, thy course!"
O’er thundering bridge, through boiling surge
He drove the furious horse.

XLVII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is light, the spur is bright,
The flashing pebbles flee.

XLVIII.

Fled past on right and left how fast
Each forest, grove, and hower!
On right and left fled past how fast
Each city, town, and tower!

XLIX.

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,
Dost fear to ride with me?—
Hurrath! hurrath! the dead can ride!"
"O William, let them be!"

L.

"See there, see there! What yonder swings
And creaks ’mid whistling rain!—"
"Gibbet and steel, th’ accursed wheel;
A murderer in his chain."

LI.

"Hallo! thou felon, follow here:
To bridal bed we ride;
And thou shalt prance a fetter dance
Before me and my bride."—

LII.

And, hurry! hurry! clash, clash, clash!
The wasted form descends;
And fleet as wind through hazel bush
The wild career attends.

LIII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

LIV.

How fled what moonshine faintly show’d!
How fled what darkness hid!
How fled the earth beneath their feet,
The heaven above their dead!

LV.

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,
And well the dead can ride;
Does faithful Helen fear for them?—
"O leave in peace the dead!"

LVI.

"Barb! Barb! methinks I hear the cock;
The sand will soon be ran:
Barb! Barb! I smell the morning air;
The race is well from done."—

LVII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

LVIII.

"Hurrath! hurrath! well ride the dead;
The bride, the bride is come;
And soon we reach the bridal bed,
For, Helen, here’s my home."

LIX.

Reluctant on its rusty hinge
Revolved an iron door,
And by the pale moon’s setting beam
Were seen a church and tower.
With many a shriek and cry whiz round  
The birds of midnight, scared;  
And rustling like autumnal leaves  
Unhallowed ghosts were heard.

O'er many a tomb and tombstone pale  
He spur'd the fiery horse,  
Till sudden at an open grave  
He check'd the wondrous course.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein,  
Down drops the casque of steel,  
The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,  
The spur his gory heel.

The eyes desert the naked skull,  
The mouldring flesh the bone,  
Till Helen's lily arms entwine  
A ghastly skeleton.

The furious barb snorts fire and foam,  
And, with a fearful bound,  
Dissolves at once in empty air,  
And leaves her on the ground.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,  
Pale spectres fit along,  
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,  
And howl the funeral song.

"E'en when the heart's with anguish clef,  
Revere the doom of Heaven,  
Her soul is from her body reft;  
Her spirit be forgiven!"

The Wild Huntsman.

This is a translation, or rather an imitation, of the Wilde Jager of the German poet Burger. The tradition upon which it is founded hears, that formerly a Wildgrave, or keeper of a royal forest, named Faulkenerz, was so much addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and otherwise so extremely profligate and cruel, that he not only followed this unhallowed amusement on the Sabbath, and other days consecrated to religious duty, but accompanied it with the most unheard-of oppression upon the poor peasants, who were under his vassalage. When this second Nimrod died, the people adopted a superstition, founded probably on the many uncouth sounds heard in the depth of a German forest, during the silence of the night. They conceived they still heard the cry of the Wildgrave's hounds; and the well-known cheer of the deceased hunter, the sounds of his horses' feet, and the rustling of the branches before the game, the pack, and the sportsmen. They are also distinctly discriminated; but the phantoms are rarely, if ever, visible. Once, as a benighted Chasseur heard this infernal chase pass by him, at the sound of the halloo, with which the Spectre Huntsman cheered his hounds, he could not refrain from crying, "Guck zu Falkenburgh!" [Good sport to ye, Falkenburgh!] "Dost thou wish me good sport?" answered a hoarse voice; "thou shalt share the game;" and there was thrown at him what seemed to be a huge piece of foul carrion. The daring Chasseur lost two of his best horses soon after, and never perfectly recovered the personal effects of this ghostly greeting. This tale, though told with some variations, is universally believed all over Germany.

The French had a similar tradition concerning an aerial hunter, who infested the forest of Fontainebleau. He was sometimes visible; when he appeared as a huntsman, surrounded with dogs, a tall grisly figure. Some account of him may be found in "Sully's Memoirs," who says he was called Le Grand Veneur. At one time he chose to hunt so near the palace, that the attendants, and, if I mistake not, Sully himself, came out into the court, supposing it was the sound of the king returning from the chase. This phantom is elsewhere called Saint Hubert.

The superstition seems to have been very general, as appears from the following fine poetical description of this phantom chase, as it was heard in the wilds of Ross-shire.

"Ere since of old, the haughty thanes of Ross,—  
So to the simple swain tradition tells,—  
Wore wert with clans, and ready vassals through—  
To wake the bounding stag, or guilty wolf,  
There oft is heard, at midnight, or at noon,  
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud.  
And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,  
And horns, hoarse winded, blowing far and keen—  
Forthwith the hubbub multiplies; the gale  
Labour waves with wilder shrieks, and rifer din  
Of hot pursuit; the broken cry of deer  
Mangled by throttling dogs; the shouts of men,  
And hoofs, thick beating on the hollow hill.  
Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale  
Starts at the noise, and both the herdsmen's ears  
Tingle with inward dread. Aghast, he eyes  
The mountain's height, and all the ridges round,  
Yet not one trace of living wight discerns,  
Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he stands,  
To what, or whom, he owes his idle fear,  
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend;  
But wonders, and no end of wondering finds.”


A posthumous miracle of Father Lesley, a Scottish capuchin, related to his being buried on a hill haunted by these unearthly cries of hounds and huntsmen. After his sainted relics had been deposited there, the noise was never heard more. The reader will find this, and other miracles, recorded in the life of Father Bonaventura, which is written in the choicest Italian.
THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

[1796.]

The Wildgrave winds his bugle-horn,
To horse, to horse! hallow, hallow!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dush through the bush, the brier, the brake;
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes starting wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day
Had painted yonder spice with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Hallow, hallow! and, hack again!
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of May.

The right-hand Horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;
The left, from eye of tawny clare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford?"

"Cease thy loud bugle's changez knell,"
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;
"And for devotion's choral swell,
Exchange the rude unhallow'd noise.

"To-day, the ill-omen's chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,
'To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain."—

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"
The Sable Hunter hoarse replies;
"To muttering monks leave matin song,
And bells, and books, and mysteries.

The Wildgrave spurr'd his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
"Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and hon'd?"

"Hence, if our manly sport offend!
With pious fools go chant and pray;
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow'd friend;
Hallow, hallow! and, hark away!"

The Wildgrave spurr'd his courser light,
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill;
And on the left and on the right,
Each Stranger Horseman follow'd still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
A star more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn.
"Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!"

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way;
He gasps the thundering hoofs below;
But, live who can, or die who may,
Still, "Forward, forward!" on they go.

See, where you simple fences meet,
A field with Autumn's blessings crown'd;
See, prstrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman with toil embroûnd:

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry.
"Earn'd by the sweat those brows have pour'd,
In searching hour of fierce July."—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheerful to the prey;
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound! so basely born,
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"—
Then loudly rung his bugle-horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holll, ho!"

So said, so done:—A single bound
Clears the poor labourer's humble pale;
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey
Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady blood-hounds trace;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Fall lowly did the herdsman fall;—
"O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all;
These flocks, an orphan's feeble care!"—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheerful to the prey;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmanner'd dog! To stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits, of thy sort,
Were tenants of these carrion kine!"—

Again he winds his bugle-horn.
"Hark forward, forward, holll, ho!"
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near;
The murderous cries the stag appal,—
Again he starts, new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmeard, and white with foam,
While his the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
The humble hermit's hallow'd bower.

But man and horse, and hound and bound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around
With, "Hark away! and, holll, ho!"

THE WILDCRAGUE WORKS.
All mild, amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit pour'd his prayer;
"Forbear with blood God's house to stain;
Revere his altar, and forbear!"

"The meanest brute has rights to plend,
Which, wrong'd by cruelty, or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head;—
Be warn'd at length, and turn aside."

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads;
'Th' Bishop, wild whooping points the prey:—
Alas! the Earl no warooting heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar, and its rites. I spurn;
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,
Not God himself, shall make me turn!"

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, holla!"—
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and hound,
And clamour of the chase, was gone;
For hounds, and howls, and whistle-sound,
A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around;
He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call: for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant having reach'd his ears:
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmanned bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark as the darkness of the grave;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head,
At length the solemn silence broke;
And, from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

"Oppressor of creation fair!
Apostate Spirits' harden'd tool!
Sorcerer of God! Scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Be chased for ever through the wood;
For ever roam the affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meekest creature is his child."

'Twas hush'd:—One flash of sombre glare,
With yellow tinged the forests brown;
Uprose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill;
A rising wind began to sing;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call;—her entrails rend;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mix'd with sulphurous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And, "Hark away, and holla, holla!"

With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind, he marks the throng,
With bloody fangs and eager cry;
In frantic fear he scours along:—

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
Till time itself shall have an end;
By day, they scour earth's cavern'd space,
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
That oft the lated peasant hears;
Appal'd, he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When, at his midnight mass, he hears
The infernal cry of, "Holla, holla!"

The Fire-King.
"The blessing of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him."—Eastern Tale.

This ballad was written at the request of Mr. Lewis, to be inserted in his "Tales of Wonder." It is the third in a series of four ballads, on the subject of Elementary Spirits. The story is, however, partly historical; for it is recorded, that, during the struggles of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight-Templar, called Saint-Alban, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain, in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

Bold knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear,
Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear.
And you happily may sigh, in the midst of your glee.
At the tale of Count Albert, and fair Rosalie,
O see you that castle, so strong and so high?
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?
And see you that palmer, from Palestine's land,
The shell in his hat, and the staff in his hand!—

"Now palmer, grey palmer, O tell unto me,
What news bring you home from the Holy Country?
And how goes the warfare by Galilee's strand?
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?"—

"O well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave,
For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have;
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
For the Heathen have lost, and the Christians have won."
A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung;
O'er the Palmer's grey locks the fair chain has she hung:
"O Palmer, grey Palmer, this chain be thy fee,
For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Countre.

"And, Palmer, good Palmer, by Galilee's wave,
O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross rosh'd on?
O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon!"—

"O lady, fair lady, the tree green it crows;
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows;
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high,
But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

"The green boughs they wither, the thunder-bolt falls,
It leaves of your castle but Levin-scorch'd walls;
The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone;
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon."

O she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed;
And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need;
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's band.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,
Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood, had he;
A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

"O Christian, brave Christian, my love wouldst thou be,
Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee:
Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take;
And this shalt thou first do for Zulema's sake.

"And, next, in the cavern, where burns evermore
The mystical flame which the Curdman adore,
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake;
And this shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

"And, last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand,
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land;
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take,
When all this is accomplish'd for Zulema's sake."

He has thrown by his helmet, and cross-handled sword,
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;
He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep deep under ground,
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,
He has watch'd until daybreak, but sight saw he none,
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the Princess, the Soldan amazed,
Sore murmur'd the priests as on Albert they gazed.
They searched all his garments, and, under his weeds,
They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep deep under ground,
He watch'd the lone night, while the winds whistled round;
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,
The flame burn'd unmoved, and nought else did he spy.

Lord murmur'd the priests, and amazed was the King.
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing;
They search'd Albert's body, and, lo! on his breast
Was the sign of the Cross, by his father impress'd.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain,
And the recreant return'd to the cavern again;
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell:
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!

High bristled his hair, his heart flutter'd and beat,
And he turn'd him five steps, half resolv'd to retreat;
But his heart it was harden'd, his purpose was gone,
When he thought of the Maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce pass'd he the archway, the threshold scarce trode,
When the winds from the four points of heaven were abroad,
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring;
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.

Full sore rock'd the cavern when'er he drew nigh,
The fire on the altar blazed, bickering and high;
In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim
The dreadful approach of the Monarch of Flame.

Unmeasur'd in height, undistinguish'd in form,
His breath it was lightning, his voice it was storm;
I ween the stout heart of Count Albert was tame,
When he saw in his terrors the Monarch of Flame.
In his hand a broad falchion blue-glimmer'd through smoke
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he spoke:
"With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long, and no more,
Till thou bend to the Cross, and the Virgin adore!"

The cloud-shrouded Arm gives the weapon: and see!
The recreant receives the charm'd gift on his knee:
The thunders growl distant, and faint gleam the fires,
As, borne on the whirlwind, the phantom retreats.

Count Albert has arm'd him the Paynim among.
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was strong;
And the Red-cross wax'd faint, and the Crescent came on,
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.

From Lebanon's forests to Galilee's wave,
The sands of Samaar drank the blood of the brave:
Till the Knights of the Temple, and Knights of Saint John,
With Salem's King Baldwin, against him came on.

The war-cymbals clattered, the trumpets replied,
The lances were couch'd, and they closed on each side;
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'erthrew,
Till he pierc'd the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.

Against the charm'd blade which Count Albert did wield,
The fence had been vain of the King's Red-cross shield;
But a Page thrust him forward the monarch before,
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell the diet, that Count Albert stood low
Before the cross'd shield, to his steel saddlerow;
And scarce had he best to the Red-cross his head,—
"Bonne Grace, Notre Dame!" he unwittingly said.

Sore sigh'd the charm'd sword, for its virtue was o'er,
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more;
But true men have said, that the lightning's red wing
Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire-King.

He cleach'd his set teeth, and his gauntleted hand;
He stretch'd, with one buffet, that Page on the strand;
As back from the stripling the broken casque roll'd.
You might see the blue eyes, and ringlets of gold.
Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare.
On those death-swimming eyeballs, and blood-clotted hair;
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood.
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.
The Saracens, Curduans, and Ishmaelites yield
To the scallop, the saltier, and crossletted shield;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,
From Bethsaida's fountains to Napthali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain—
Oh, who is you Paynim lies stretch'd 'mid the slain?
And who is you Page lying cold at his knee?—
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie!

The Lady was buried in Salem's bless'd bound,
The Count he was left to the vulture and bound;
Her soul to high mercy our Lady did bring;
Him went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.
Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,
How the Red-cross it conquer'd, the Crescent it fell:
And lords and gay ladies have sigh'd, 'mid their glee,
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

Frederick and Alice.

[1801.]

This tale is imitated, rather than translated, from a fragment introduced in Goethe's "Clau-
dina Von Villa Bella," where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti, to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend Mr. Lewis, to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvements, published it in his "Tales of Wonder."

Frederick leaves the land of France,
Homeward hastes his steps to measure,
Careless casts the parting glance
On the scene of former pleasure.

Joying in his prancing steed,
Keen to prove his untried blade,
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruin'd, left forlorn,
Lovely Alice wept alone;
Mourn'd o'er love's fond contract torn,
Hope, and peace, and honour flown.
Mark her breast's convulsive throbs,
See, the tear of anguish flows!
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
Loos the langu of frenzy rose.

Wild she cursed, and wild she pray'd;
Seven long days and nights are o'er;
Death in pity brought his aid,
As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France,
Faithless Frederick onward rides;
Marking, b'lieve the morning's glance
mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,
As the tongue of yonder tower,
Slowly, to the hills around,
Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed, and sniffs the air,
Yet no cause of dread appears;
Bristles high the rider's hair,
Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Desperate, as his terrors rise,
In the steed the spur he hides;
From himself in vain he flies,
Anxious, restless, on herides.

Seven long days, and seven long nights,
Wild he wander'd, won the while!
Ceaseless care, and causeless fright,
Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends;
Rivers swell, and rain-streams pour;
While the deafening thunder leads
All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,
Where his head shall Frederick hide,
Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle,
By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal, dank and low,
Past his steed the wanderer bound:
Down a ruin'd staircase slow,
Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie!
Glimmering lights are seen to glide!—
"Blessed Mary, hear my cry!"
"Deign a sinner's steps to guide!"

Often lost their quivering beam,
Still the lights move slow before,
Till they rest their ghastly gleam
Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
Mix'd with peals of laughter, rose;
As they fell, a solemn strain
Lent its wild and wondrous close!

Midst the din, he seem'd to hear
Voice of friends, by death removed;—
Well he knew that solemn air,
'Twas the lay that Alice lov'd.—

Hark! for now a solemn knell
Four times on the still night broke;
Four times, at its deaden'd swell,
Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthen'd clangours die,
Slowly opens the iron door!
Straight a banquet met his eye,
But a funer's form it wore!

Coffins for the seats extend;
All with black the board was spread;
Girl by parent, brother, friend,
Long since number'd with the dead!

Alice, in her grave-clothes bound,
Ghastly smiling, points a seat;
All arose, with thundering sound;
All the expected stranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,
Wild their notes of welcome swell;—
"Welcome, traitor, to the grave!"
Perjurd, bid the light farewell!"

The Battle of Sempach.

[1818.]

These verses are a literal translation of an ancient Swiss ballad upon the battle of Sempach, fought 9th July, 1386, being the victory by which the Swiss cantons established their independence; the author, Albert Tchudi, dominated the Souter, from his profession of a shoemaker. He was a citizen of Lucerne, esteemed highly among his countrymen, both for his powers as a Meister-Singer, or minstrel, and his courage as a soldier; so that he might share the praise conferred by Collins on Eschylus, that

"—Not alone he nursed the poet's fame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the palm of steel."

The circumstance of their being written by a poet returning from the well-fought field he describes, and in which his country's fortune was secured, may confer on Tchudi's verses an interest which they are not entitled to claim from their poetical merit. But ballad poetry, the more literally it is translated, the more it loses its simplicity, without acquiring either grace or strength; and, therefore, some of the faults of the verses must be imputed to the translator's feeing it a duty to keep as closely as possible to his original. The various puns, rude attempts at pleasantry, and disproportioned episodes, must be set down to Tchudi's account, or to the taste of his age.

The military antiquary will derive some amusement from the minute particulars which the martial poet has recorded. The mode in which the Austrian men-at-arms received the charge of the Swiss, was by forming a phalanx, which they defended with their long lances. The gallant Winkelried, who sacrificed his own life by rushing among the spears, clasping in his arms as many as he could grasp, and thus opening a gap in those iron battalions, is celebrated in Swiss history. When fairly mingled together, the unwieldy length of their weapons, and cumbersome weight of their defensive armour, rendered the Austrian men-at-arms a very unequal match for the light-armed mountaineers. The victories obtained by the Swiss over the German chivalry, hitherto deemed as formidable on foot as on horseback, led to important changes in the art of war. The poet describes the Austrian knights and squires as cutting the
peaks from their boots ere they could act
upon foot, in allusion to an inconvenient piece
of topology, often mentioned in the middle
ages. Leopold III., Archduke of Austria,
called "The handsome man-at-arms," was
slain in the battle of Sempach, with the
flower of his chivalry.

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.
'Twas when among our linden-trees
The bees had hous'd in swarms,
(And grey-hair'd peasants say that these
Betoken foreign arms.)
Then looked we down to Willisow,
The land was all in flame;
We knew the Archduke Leopold
With all his army came.
The Austrian nobles made their vow,
So hot their heart and bold,
"On Switzer carles we'll trample now,
And slay both young and old."
With clarion loud, and banner proud,
From Zurch on the lake,
In martial pomp and fair array,
Their onward march they make.
"Now list, ye lowland nobles all
— Ye seek the mountain strand,
Nor wot ye what shall be your lot,
In such a dangerous land.
"I rede ye, shrive ye of your sins,
Before ye farther go;
A skirmish in Helvetian hills
May send your souls to woe."
"But where now shall we find a priest
Our shrift that he may hear?"
"The Switzer priest I has ta'en the field,
He deals a penance drear.
"Right heavily upon your head
He'll lay his hand of steel;
And with his trusty partizan
Your absolution deal."
'Twas on a Monday morning then,
The corn was steep'd in dew,
And merry maids had sickles ta'en,
When the host to Sempach drew.
The stalwart men of fair Lucerne
Together have they joined;
The pith and core of manhood stern,
Was none cast looks behind.
It was the Lord of Hare-castle,
And to the Duke he said,
"Ye little band of brethren true,
Will meet us undismay'd."
"O Hare-castle, thou heart of hare I!
Fierce Oxenstern repli'd —
Shall see then how the game will fare,"
The taunted knight repli'd.
There was facing then of helmets bright,
And closing ranks again;
The peaks they hew'd from their boot points
Might well-nigh load a wain.
And thus they to each other said,
"Ye manful down to new
Will be no boastful tale to tell,
The peasants are so few."
The gallant Swiss Confederates there
They pray'd to God aloud.
And he display'd his rainbow fair
Against a swarthy cloud.
Then heart and pulse throb'd more and
more
With courage firm and high,
And down the good Confederates bore
On the Austrian chivalry.
The Austrian Lion 'gan to growl,
And toss his main and tail;
And hall, and shaft, and crossbow bolt,
Went whistling forth like hail.
Lance, pike, and halbert, mingled there,
The game was nothing sweet;
The boughs of many a stately tree
Lay shivered at their feet.
The Austrian men-at-arms stood fast,
So close their spears they laid;
It charg'd the gallant Winkelred,
Who to his comrades said —
"I have a virtuous wife at home,
A wife and infant son;
I leave them to my country's care,—
This field shall soon be won.
"These nobles lay their spears right thick,
And keep full firm array,
Yet shall my charge their order break,
And make my brethren way."
He rush'd against the Austrian band,
In desperate career,
And with his body, breast, and hand,
Bore down each hostile spear.
Four lances splinter'd on his crest,
Six shiver'd in his side;
Still on the serried files he press'd —
He broke their ranks, and died.
This patriot's self-devoted deed
First tamed the Lion's mood,
And the four forest cantons freed
From thraldom by his blood.
Right where his charge had made a lane,
His valiant comrades burst,
With sword, and axe, and partisan,
And hatch, and stab, and thrust.
The daunted Lion 'gan to whine,
And granted ground amain,
The Mountain Bull & he bend his brows,
And gored his sides again.
Then lost was banner, spear, and shield,
At Sempach in the flight;
The cloister vaults at Konig's-field
Hold many an Austrian knight.
It was the Archduke Leopold,
So lordly would he ride,
But he came against the Switzer churls,
And they slew him in his pride.

When they slighted to fight upon foot, it would seem that
the Austrian gentlemen found it necessary to cut off these
peaks, that they might move with the necessary activity.
The heifer said unto the bull,
"And shall I not complain?
There came a foreign nobleman
To milk me on the plain.

"One thrust of thine outrageous horn
Has gai'd the knight so sore.
That in the churchyard he is borne,
To range our glean no more."

An Austrian noble left the stour,
And fast the flight can take;
And he arrived in luckless hour
At Semach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher call'd,
(His name was Hans Von Rut.)
"For love, or need, or charity,
Receive us in thy boat!"

Their anxious call the fisher heard,
And, glad the need to win,
His shallop to the shore he steer'd,
And took the flyers in.

And while against the tide and wind
Hans stoutly row'd his way,
The noble to his follower sign'd
He should the boatman stay.

The fisher's back was to them turn'd,
The squire his dagger drew,
Hans saw his shadow in the lake,
The boat he overthrew.

He 'whelm'd the boat, and as they strove,
He stunn'd them with his oar.
"Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs,
You'll ne'er stab boatman more.

"Two gilded fishes in the lake
This morning have I caught,
Their silver scales may much avail,
Their carrion flesh is nought."

It was a messenger of woe
Hans sought the Austrian land:
"Ah! gracious lady, evil news!
My lord lies on the strand.

"At Semach, on the battle-field,
His bloody corpse lies there."

"Ah, gracious God! the lady cried,
"What tidings of despair!"

Now would you know the minstrel wight
Who sings of strife so stern,
Albert the Souter as he nigh,
A burger of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,
The night he made the lay,
Returning from the bloody spot,
Where God had judged the day.

THE NOBLE MORINGER.

AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.
[1819.]

The original of these verses occurs in a collection of German popular songs, entitled, Sammlung Deutscher Volkslieder, Berlin, 1807, published by Messrs. Busching and Von der Hagen, both, and more especially the last, distinguished for their acquaintance with the ancient popular poetry and legendary history of Germany.

In the German Editor's notice of the ballad, it is stated to have been extracted from a manuscript Chronicle of Nicholaus Thomann, chaplain to Saint Leonard in Weisenhorn, which bears the date 1333; and the song is stated by the author to have been generally sung in the neighbourhood at that early period. Thomann, as quoted by the German Editor, seems faithfully to have believed the event he narrates. He quotes tombstones and obituaries to prove the existence of the personages of the ballad, and discovers that there actually died, on the 11th May, 1389, a Lady Von Neuffen, Countess of Marstetten, who was, by birth, of the house of Moringer. This lady he supposes to have been Moringer's daughter, mentioned in the ballad. He quotes the same authority for the death of Berckhold Von Neuffen, in the same year. The editors, on the whole, seem to embrace the opinion of Professor Smith of Oim, who, from the language of the ballad, ascribes its date to the 13th century.

The legend itself turns on an incident not peculiar to Germany, and which, perhaps, was not unlikely to happen in more instances than one, when Crusaders abode long in the Holy Land, and their disconsolate dames received no tidings of their fate. A story, very similar in circumstances, but without the miraculous machinery of Saint Thomas, is told of one of the ancient Lords of Haigh-hall, in Lancashire, the patrimonial inheritance of the late Countess of Balcarras; and the particulars are represented on stained glass upon a window in that ancient manor-house.

I.
O, wilt you hear a knightly tale of old Bohemian day,
It was the noble Moringer in wedlock bed he lay;
He hailed and kissed his dearest dame, that was as sweet as May,
And said, "Now, lady of my heart, attend the words I say.

II.
"Tis I have vows'd a pilgrimage unto a distant shrine,
And I must seek Saint Thomas-land, and leave the land that's mine;
Here shall thou dwell the while in state, so thou wilt pledge thy pay,
That thou for my return wilt wait seven twelvemonths and a day."

III.
Then out and spoke that Lady bright, sore troubled in her cheer,
"Now tell me true, thou noble knight, what order takest thou here;
And who shall lead thy valiant hand, and hold thy lurdy sway,
And be thy lady's guardian true when thou art far away?"
IV.
Out spoke the noble Moringer, "Of that have
thou no care,
There's many a valiant gentleman of me holds
living fair;
The trustiest shall rule my land, my vassals
and my state,
And be a guardian tried and true to thee, my
lovely mate.

V.
"As Christian-man, I needs must keep the
vow which I have plight;
When I am far in foreign land, remember thy
true knight;
And cease, my dearest dame, to grieve, for
vanue were sorrow now,
But grant thy Moringer his leave, since God
hath heard his vow."

VI.
It was the noble Moringer from bed he made
him bounte,
And met him there his Chamberlain, with
ewer and with gown;
He flung the mantle on his back, 'twas furr'd
with miniver,
He dip'd his hand in water cold, and bathed
his forehead fair.

VII.
"Now hear," he said, "Sir Chamberlain, true
vassal art thou mine,
And such the trust that I repose in that
proved worth of thine,
For seven years shalt thou rule my towers,
and lead my vassal train,
And pledge thee for my Lady's faith till I
return again."

VIII.
The Chamberlain was blunt and true, and
sturdily said he,
"Abide, my lord, and rule your own, and take
this rede from me;
That woman's faith's a brittle trust—Seven
twelvemonths didst thou say?
I'll pledge me for no lady's truth beyond the
seventh fair day."

IX.
The noble Baron turn'd him round, his heart
was full of care,
His gallant Esquire stood him nigh, he was
Marstetten's heir,
To whom he spoke right anxiously, "Thou
trustiest squire to me,
Wilt thou receive this weighty trust when I am
o'er the sea?

X.
"To watch and ward my castle strong, and to
protect my land,
And to the hunting or the host to lead my
vassal band;
And pledge thee for my Lady's faith till seven
long years are gone,
And guard her as Oor Lady dear was guarded
by Saint John."

XI.
Marstetten's heir was kind and true, but slyer,
hot, and young,
And readily he answer made with too presumpt-
tuous tongue:
"My noble lord, cast care away, and on your
journey wend,
And trust this charge to me until your pilgrim-
age have end.

XII.
"Rely upon my plighted faith, which shall be
truly tried,
To guard your lands, and ward your towers,
and with your vassals ride;
And for your lovely Lady's faith, so virtuous
and so dear,
I'll gage my head—it knows no change, be
absent thirty year."

XIII.
The noble Moringer took cheer when thus he
heard him speak,
And doubt forsook his troubled brow, and
sorrow left his cheek;
A long adieu he bids to all—hoist topsails and
away,
And wanders in Saint Thomas-land seven
twelvemonths and a day.

XIV.
It was the noble Moringer within an orchard
slept,
When on the Baron's slumbering sense a
hodding vision crept;
And whisper'd in his ear a voice, "Tis time,
Sir Knight, to wake,
Thy lady and thy heritage another master
take.

XV.
"Thy tower another banner knows, thy steeds
another rein,
And stoop them to another's will thy gallant
vassal train;
And she, the Lady of thy love, so faithful once
and fair,
This night within thy fathers' hall she weds
Marstetten's heir."

XVI.
It is the noble Moringer starts up and tears
his beard,
"O would that I had ne'er been born! what
tidings have I heard!
To lose my lordship and my lands the less
would be my care,
But, God! that e'er a squire untrue should
wed my Lady fair.

XVII.
"O good Saint Thomas, hear," he pray'd,
"my patron Saint art thou,
A traitor robs me of my land even while I pay
my vow!
My wife he brings to infamy that was so pure
of name,
And I am far in foreign land, and must endure
the shame."
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XVIII.</th>
<th>XXV.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>It was the good Saint Thomas, then, who heard his pilgrim’s prayer, And so a sleep so deep and dead that it o’er-power’d his care; He walked in fair Bohemian land outstretch’d beside a rill, High on the right a castle stood, low on the left a mill.</td>
<td>“I’ve wander’d many a weary step, my strength is waning done, And if she turn me from her gate I’ll see no morrow’s sun; I pray, for sweet Saint Thomas’ sake, a pilgrim’s bed and dole, And for the sake of Moringer’s, her once-liked husband’s soul.”</td>
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<td>XV.</td>
<td>XXVI.</td>
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<td>The Moringer he started up as one from spell unbound, And dizzy with surprise and joy gazed wildly all around; “I know my fathers’ ancient towers, the mill, the stream I know, Now blessed be my patron Saint, who cheer’d his pilgrim’s woe!”</td>
<td>It was the stalwart warder then he came his dame before, “A pilgrim, wondrous and travel-toil’d, stands at the castle door; And prays, for sweet Saint Thomas’ sake, for harbour and for dole, And for the sake of Moringer, thy noble husband’s soul.”</td>
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<td>XX.</td>
<td>XXVII.</td>
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<td>He leant upon his pilgrim staff, and to the mill he drew, So alter’d was his goodly form that none their master knew: The Baron to the miller said, “Good friend, for charity, Tell a poor palmer in your land what tidings may there be!”</td>
<td>The Lady’s gentle heart was moved, “Do up the gate,” she said, “And bid the wanderer welcome be to banquet and to bed; And since he names my husband’s name, so that he lists to stay, These towers shall be his harbourage a twelvemonth and a day.”</td>
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<td>XXI.</td>
<td>XXVIII.</td>
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<td>The miller answer’d him again, “He knew of little news, Save that the Lady of the land did a new bridgroom choose; Her husband died in distant land, such is the constant word, His death sits heavy on our souls, he was a worthy Lord.</td>
<td>It was the stalwart warder then undid the portal broad, It was the noble Moringer that o’er the threshold strode; “And have thou thanks, kind heaven,” he said, “though from a man of sin, That the true lord stands here once more his castle-gate within”</td>
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<td>XXII.</td>
<td>XXIX.</td>
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<td>Of him I held the little mill which wins me living free, God rest the Baron in his grave, he still was kind to me! And when Saint Martin’s tide comes round, and millers take their toll, The priest that prays for Moringer shall have both cope and stole.”</td>
<td>Then up the halls paced Moringer, his step was sad and slow; It sat full heavy on his heart, none seem’d their Lord to know; He sat him on a lowly bench, oppress’d with woe and wrong, Short space he sat, but ne’er to him seem’d little space so long.</td>
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<td>XXIII.</td>
<td>XXX.</td>
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<td>It was the noble Moringer to climb the hill began, And stood before the bolted gate a woe and weary man; “Now help me, every saint in heaven that can compassion take, To gain the entrance of my hall this woful match to break.</td>
<td>Now spent was day, and feasting o’er, and come was evening hour, The time was nigh when new-made brides retire to nuptial bower; “Our castle’s won,” a brides-man said, “bath been both firm and long, No guest to harbour in our halls till he shall chant a song.”</td>
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<td>XXIV.</td>
<td>XXXI.</td>
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</table>
| His very knock it sounded sad, his call was sad and slow, For heart and head, and voice and hand, were heavy all with woe; And to the warder thus he spoke; “Friend, to thy Lady say, A pilgrim from Saint Thomas—land craves harbour for a day. | Then spoke the youthful bridgroom there as he sat by the bride, “My merry minstrel folk,” quoth he, “lay shalm and harp aside; Our pilgrim guest must sing a lay, the castle’s rule to hold, And well his guerdon will I pay with garment and with gold.”—
XXXII.

"Chill flows the lay of frozen age," 'twas thus
the pilgrim sung,
"Nor golden meed nor garment gay, unlocks
his heavy tongue;
Once did I sit, thou bridegroom gay, at board
as rich as thine,
And by my side as fair a bride with all her
charms was mine.

XXXIII.

"But time traced furrows on my face, and I
grew silver-hair'd,
For locks of brown, and cheeks of youth, she
left this brow and beard;
Once rich, but now a palmer poor, I tread life's
latest stage,
And mingle with your bridal mirth the lay of
frozen age."

XXXIV.

It was the noble Lady there this woful lay that
hears,
And for the aged pilgrim's grief her eye was
dim'md with tears;
She bade her gallant cupbearer a golden
beaker take,
And bear it to the palmer poor to quaff it for
her sake.

XXXV.

It was the noble Moringer that dropp'd amid
the wine
A bridal ring of burning gold so costly and so
fine:
Now listen, gentle, to my song, it tells you
but the sooth,
'Twas with that very ring of gold he pledged
his bridal truth.

XXXVI.

Then to the cupbearer he said, "Do me one
kindly deed,
And should my better days return, full rich
shall be thy meed;
Bear back the golden cup again to yender
bride so gay,
And crave of her the courtesy to pledge the
palmer grey."

XXXVII.

The cupbearer was courtely bred, nor was the
boon denied,
The golden cup he took again, and here it to
the bride;
"Lady," he said, "your reverend guest sends
this, and bids me pray,
That, in thy noble courtesy, thou pledge the
palmer grey."

XXXVIII.

The ring hath caught the Lady's eye, she
views it close and near,
Then might you hear her shriek aloud, "The
Moringer is here!"
Then might you see her start from seat, while
tears in torrents fell,
But whether 'twas for joy or woe, the ladies
best can tell.

XXXIX.

But loud she utter'd thanks to Heaven, and
every saintly power,
That lend return'd the Moringer before the
midnight hour;
And loud she utter'd vew on vew, that never
was there bride,
That had like her preserved her troth, or
been so sorely tried.

XL.

"Yes, here I claim the praise," she said, "to
constant matrons due,
Who keep the troth that they have plight, so
stedfastly and true;
For count the term howe'er you will, so that
you count aright,
Seven twelve-months and a day are out when
bells toll twelve to-night."

XLI.

It was Marstetten then rose up, his falchion
there he drew,
He kneel'd before the Moringer, and down his
weapon threw;
"My oath and knightly faith are broke," these
were the words he said,
"Then take, my liege, thy vassal's sword, and
take thy vassal's head."

XLII.

The noble Moringer he smiled, and then aloud
did say,
"He gathers wisdom that hath roam'd seven
twelve-months and a day;
My daughter now hath fifteen years, fame
speaks her sweet and fair,
I give her for the bride you lose, and name her
for my heir.

XLIII.

"The young bridegroom hath youthful bride,
The old bridegroom the old.
Whose faith was kept till term and tide so
punctually were told;
But blessings on the waver'd kind that oped
my castle gate,
For had I come to-morrow tide, I came a day
too late."

---

The Erl-King.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

(The Erl-King is a goblin that haunts the Black
Forest in Thuringia.—To be read by a candle
particularly long in the snuff)

O, who rides by night thro' the woodland so
wild?
It is the fond father embracing his child;
And close the boy nestles within his loved
arm,
To hold himself fast, and to keep himself
warm.
"O father, see yonder I see yonder!" he says;
"My boy, upon what doest thou fearfully
gaze!"—

44
"O, 'tis the Erl-King with his crown and his shroud."

(\textit{The Erl-King speaks})

"O come and go with me, thou loveliest child;
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled;
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy."

"O father, my father, and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?"

"Be still, my heart's darling—my child, be at ease;
It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the trees."

\textit{Erl-King.}

"O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;
She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro' wild,
And press thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child."

With loud explosions to the starry skies,
The stones made liquid as the huge mass flies,
Then back again with greater weight recoils,
While \textit{Erlina} thundering from the bottom boils.

\textbf{On a Thunder Storm.}  

\textit{1783.—\textit{Etat. 12.}}

"In Scott's \textit{Introduction to the Lay}, he alludes to an original effusion of these 'school-hoys days,' prompted by a thunder-storm, which he says 'was much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprang up in the shape of an apothecary's blue-buckined wife,' &c., &c. These lines, and another short piece 'On the Setting Sun,' were lately found wrapped up in a cover, inscribed by Dr. Adams, 'Walter, Scott, July, 1783.'"

Loud o'er my head though awful thunders roll,
And vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole.
Yet 'tis thy voice, my God, that bids them fly,
'Thy arm directs those lightnings through the sky,
Then let the good thy mighty name revere,
And harden'd sinners thy just vengeance fear."
On the Setting Sun.

1783.

Those evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous tints, serve to display
Their great Creator's praise;
Then let the short-lived thing call'd man,
Whose life's comprised within a span,
To him his hommage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold.

The Violet.

1797.

It appears from the Life of Scott, vol. i., p. 333, that these lines, first published in the English Minstrelsy, 1810, were written in 1797, on occasion of the Poet's disappointment in love.

The violet in her green-wood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining;
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow.

To a Lady.

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

1797.

Written in 1797, on an excursion from Gillsland, in Cumberland. See Life, vol. i., p. 365

Take these flowers which, purple waving,
On the ruin'd rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there;
They but yield the passing stranger
Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

FRAGMENTS.

(1.) Bothwell Castle.

1799.

The following fragment of a ballad written at Bothwell Castle, in the autumn of 1799, was first printed in the Life of Sir Walter Scott, vol. ii., p. 28.

When fruitful Clyde'sdale's apple-bowers
Are mellowing in the noon;
When east and west Pembroke's rain'd towers
'The sultry breath of June;
When Clyde, despite his sheltering wood,
Must leave his channel dry;
And vainly o'er the limeful flood
The angler guides his fly;

If chance by Bothwell's lovely braes
A wanderer thou hast been,
Or hid thee from the summer's blaze
In Blantyre's bowers of green.

Full where the copsewood opens wild
Thy pilgrim step hath stood,
Where Bothwell's towers, in ruin piled,
O'erlook the verdant glade;

And many a tale of love and fear
Hath mingled with the scene—
Of Bothwell's banks that bloom'd so dear,
And Bothwell's bonny Jean.

O, if with ragged minstrel lays
Unsat'd be thy ear,
And thou of deeds of other days
Another tale wilt hear.—

Then all beneath the spreading beach,
Flung careless on the sea,
The Gothic muse the tale shall teach
Of Bothwell's sisters three.

Wight Wallace stood on Deckmont head,
He blew his bugle round,
Till the wild bull in Cadyow wood
Has started at the sound.

St. George's cross, o'er Bothwell hung,
Was waving far and wide,
And from the lofty turret flung
Its crimson blaze on Clyde;

And rising at the bugle blast
That mark'd the Scottish foe,
Old England's yeomen mustered fast,
And heut the Norman bow.

Tall in the midst Sir Aylmer rose,
Proud Pembroke's Earl was he—
While"
(2.) The Shepherd's Tale.

1799.

"Another imperfect ballad, in which he had meant to blend together two legends familiar to every reader of Scottish history and romance, has been found in the same portfolio, and the handwriting proves it to be of the same early date."—Lockhart, vol. ii., p. 30.

And ne'er but once, my son, he says,
Was yon sad cavern trod,
In persecution's iron days,
When the land was left by God.

From Bewlie bog, with slaughter red,
A wanderer hither drew,
And oft he stooped and turn'd his head,
As by fits the night wind blew;

For trample round by Cheviot edge
Were heard the troopers keen,
And frequent from the Whitelaw ridge
The death-shot flash'd between.

The moonbeams through the misty shower
On yon dark cavern fell;
Through the cloudy night the snow gleam'd white,
Which sunbeam ne'er could quell.

"Yon cavern dark is rough and rude,
And cold its jaws of snow;
But more rough and rude are the men of blood,
That hunt my life below!"

"Yon spell-bound den, as the aged told,
Was hewn by demon's hands;
But I had loosed m' melle with the fiends of hell,
Than with Clavers and his band."

He heard the deep-mouth'd bloodhound bark,
He heard the horses neigh,
He plunged him in the cavern dark,
And downward sped his way.

Now faintly down the winding path
Came the cry of faulting hound,
And the matter'd oath of baulked wrath
Was lost in hollow sound.

He threw him on the flinted floor,
And held his breath for fear;
He rose and bitter cursed his foes,
As the sounds died on his ear.

"O bare thine arm, thou battling Lord,
For Scotland's wanderings and so
Dash from the oppressor's grasp the sword,
And sweep him from the land!"

"Forget not thou thy people's groans
From dark Dunnotter's tower,
Mix'd with the seabird's shrilly moans,
And Ocean's bursting roar!"

1 Lord / e. lieber—rather.
"For years before in Bowden aisle
The warrior's bones had lain,
And after short while, by female guile,
Sir Michael Scott was slain.

"But me and my brethren in this cell
His mighty charms retain,—
And he that can quell the powerful spell
Shall o'er broad Scotland reign."

He led him through an iron door
And up a winding stair,
And in wild amaze did the wanderer gaze
On the sight which open'd there.

Through the gloomy night flash'd ruddy light,—
A thousand torches glow;
The cave rose high, like the vaulted sky,
O'er stalls in double row.

In every stall of that endless hall,
Stood a steed in barbing bright;
At the foot of each steed, all arm'd save the head,
Lay stretch'd a stalwart knight.

In each mail'd hand was a naked brand;
As they lay on the black bull's hide,
Each visage stern did upwards turn,
With eye-balls fix'd and wide.

A lance gay strong, full twelve ells long,
By every warrior hung;
At each pommel there, for battle yare,
A Jedwood ax was slung.

The casque hung near each cavalier;
The plumes waved mournfully
At every tread which the wanderer made
Through the hall of gramarye.

The ruddy beam of the torches' gleam
That glared the warriors on,
Reflected light from armour bright,
In noontide splendour shone.

And onward seen in lustre sheen,
Still lengthening on the sight,
Through the boundless hall stood steeds in stall,
And by each lay a sable knight.

Still as the dead lay each horseman dread,
And moved nor limb nor tongue;
Each steed stood stiff as an earthfast cliff,
Nor hoof nor bridle rung.

No sounds through all the spacious hall
The deadly still divide,
Save where echoes from the vaulted roof
To the wanderer's step replied.

At length before his wondering eyes,
On an iron column borne,
Of antique shape, and giant size,
Appeard a sword and horn.

"Now choose thee here," quoth his leader,
"Thy venturous fortune try:
Thy woe and woe, thy hoot and bale,
In yon brand and bugle lie."

To the fatal brand he mounted his hand,
But his soul did quiver and quail;
The life-blood did start to his shuddering heart,
And left him wan and pale.

The brand he forsook, and the horn he took
To 'say a gentle sound:
But so wild a blast from the bugle brast
That the Cheviot rock'd around.

From Forth to Tees, from seas to seas,
The awful bugle rung;
On Carlisle wall, and Berwick bythe wall,
To arms the warders sprung.

With clank and clang the cavern rang,
The steeds did stamp and neigh;
And loud was the yell as each warrior fell
Stere up with hoop and cry.

"Woe, woe," they cried, "thou caitiff coward,
That ever thou wert born!
Why drew ye not the knightly sword
Before ye blew the horn?"

The morning on the mountain shone,
And on the bloody ground,
Hur'd from the cave with quiver'd bone,
The mangled wretch was found.

And still beneath the cavern dread,
Among the gidders grey,
A shapeless stone with lichens spread
Marks where the wanderer lay." 1

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1 "The reader may be interested by comparing this ballad the author's prose version of part of its legend, as given in one of the last works of his pen. He says, in the Letters an Demonology and Witchcraft, 1850; — "Thomas of Erelidane, during his retirement, has been supposed, from time to time, to be harbouring forces to take the field in some crisis of his country's fate. The story has often been told of a daring horse-jockey having sold a black horse to a man of venerable and antiquate appearance, who appointed the remarkable hillock upon Edlin hill, called the Lucken-burn, as the place where, at twelve o'clock at night, he should receive the price. He came, his money was paid in ancient coins, and he was invited by his customer to view his residence. The trader in horses followed his guide in the deepest astonishment through several long ranges of stalls, in each of which a horse stood motionless, while an armed warrior lay equally still at the charger's feet. 'All these men,' said the wizard to a whisper, 'will awaken at the battle of Sherifflinmar.' At the extremity of this extraordinary depot hung a sword and a horn, which the prophet pointed out to the horse-dealer as containing the means of dissolving the spell. The man in confusion took the horn and attempted to wind it. The horses instantly started in their stalls, stamped, and shook their bridles, the men arose and clasped their armors, and the mortal, terrified at the tumult he had excited, dropped the horn from his hand. A voice like that of a giant, louder even than the tumult around, pronounced these words: —

"Woe to the coward that ever he was born,
That did not draw the sword before he blew the horn."

A whirlwind expelled the horse-dealer from the cavern, the entrance to which he could never again find. A moral might be perhaps extracted from this legend, namely, that it is better to be armed against danger before bidding it defiance."
(3.) Cheviot.

1799.

Go sit old Cheviot's crest below,
And pensive mark the lingering snow
In all his scars aside,
And slow dissolving from the hill
In many a sightless, soundless roll,
Feed sparkling Bowmont's tide.
Fair shines the stream by bank and lea,
As wimpling to the eastern sea
She seeks Till's sullen bed,
Indenting deep the fatal plain,
Where Scotland's noblest, brave in vain,
Around their monarch bled.
And westward hills on hills you see,
Even as old Ocean's mightiest sea
Heaves high her waves of foam,
Dark and snow-ridged from Cutsfield's wold
To the proud foot of Cheviot roll'd,
Earth's mountain billows come.

(4.) The Reiver's Wedding.

1802.

In "The Reiver's Wedding," the Poet had evidently designed to blend together two traditional stories concerning his own forefathers, the Scots of Harden, which are detailed in the first chapters of his Life. The biographer adds:—"I know not for what reason, Lochwood, the ancient fortress of the Johnstouns in Annandale, has been substituted for the real locality of his ancestor's drum-head Wedding Contract."—Life, vol. ii., p. 94.

O will ye hear a milkthulb bour?
Or will ye hear of courtesie?
Or will hear how a gallant lord
Was wedded to a gay lady?
"Ca' out the lyce," quo' the village berd,
As he stood on the knowe,
"Ca' this ane's nine and that ane's ten,
And bauld Lord William's cow."—
"Ah! by my sooth," quoth William then,
"And stands it that way now,
When knave and churl have nine and ten,
That the Lord has but his cow?"
"I swear by the light of the Michaelmas moon,
And the night of Mary high,
And by the edge of my braidsword brown,
They shall soon say Harden's lyce."
He took a hagie free his side,
With names carved o'er and o'er—
Full many a chief of meickle pride
That border bugle bore—
He blew a note saith sharp and liee,
Till rock and water rang around—
Three-score of moss-troopers and three
Have mounted at that bugle sound.

The Michaelmas moon had enter'd then,
And ere she wan the full,
Ye might see by her light in Harden glen
A bow o' kye and a bassen'd bull.
And loud and loud in Harden tower
The quagh gaed round wi' meikle glee;
For the English beef was brought in bower,
And the English ale flow'd merrilie.
And mony a guest from Teviotside
And Yarrow's Bruses was there;
Was never a lord in Scotland wide
That made more dainty fare.
They ate, they laugh'd, they sang and quaff'd,
Till nought on board was seen,
When knight and squire were bounie to dine,
But a spur of silver sheen.

Lord William has ta'en his herry brown steed—
A sored shent man was he;
"Wait ye, my guests, a little speed—
Weel feasted ye shall be."

He rode him down by Falsehope burn,
His horse dear to see,
With him to take a riding turn—
Wat-draw-the-sword was he.
And when he came to Falsehope glen,
Beneath the trysting-tree,
On the smooth green grass was carved plain,
"To Lochwood bound are we."—

"O if they be gane to dark Lochwood
To drive the Warden's gear,
Betwixt our names, I ween, there's feud;
I'll go and have my share:
"For little reck I for Johnstone's feud,
The Warden though he be."
So Lord William is away to dark Dochwood,
With riders barely three.

The Warlen's daughters in Lochwood sate,
Were all both fair and gay,
All save the Lady Margaret,
And she was wan and wae.
The sister, Jean, had a full fair skin,
And Grace was bauld and brow; But the leaf-fast heart her breast within
It weel was worth them a'.
Her father's pranked her sisters twa
With meikle joy and pride; But Margaret maun seek Durdrenna's wa'— She ne'er can be a bride.
On spear and casque by gallants sent Her sisters' scarfs were borne, But never at tilt or tournament Were Margaret's colours worn.
Her sisters rode to Thirlstane bower, But she was left at hame To wander round the gloomy tower, And sigh young Harden's name.
Lyrical and Miscellaneous Pieces. 527

"Of all the knights, the knight most fair,
From Yarrow to the Tyne;"
Soft sigh’d the maid, "is it Harden’s heir,
But ne'er can he be mine;"

"Of all the maids, the fondest maid
From Teviot to the Dee,
Ah! I sighing said, that lady said,
"Can ne’er young Harden’s be.""

She looked up the briery glen,
And up the mossy brae,
And she saw a score of her father’s men
Yea! in the Johnstone grey.

O fast and fast they downwards sped
The moss and briars among,
And in the midst the troopers led
A shackled knight along.

* * * * *

The Bard’s Incantation.
Written under the threat of invasion
In the autumn of 1804.
The forest of Glenmore is drear;
It is all of black pine and the dark oak-tree;
And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,
Is whistling the forest lullaby;

The moon looks through the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees,
That mingles with the groaning oak—
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock—

There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the bard in fitful mood;
His song was louder than the blast,
As the bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

"Wake ye from your sleep of death,
Minstrels and bards of other days!
For the midnight wind is on the heath,
And the midnight meteors dimly blaze:
The Spectre with his Bloody Hand,¹
Is wandering through the wild woodland;
The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
And the time is meet to awake the dead!

"Souls of the mighty, wake and say,
To what proud strain your harps were strung,
When Loclavin plough’d her billowy way,
And on your shores her Norsemen flung?
Her Norsemen train’d to spoil and blood,
Skill’d to prepare the Raven’s food,
All by your harpings, doom’d to die
On bloody Largs and Luncarty.²

"Mute are ye all? No murmurs strange
Upon the midnight breeze sail by;
Nor through the pines, with whistling change;
Mimic the harp’s wild harmony!
Mute are ye now? — Ye ne’er were mute,
When Murder with his bloody foot,
And Rapine with his iron hand,
Were hovering near you mountain strand.

"O yet awake the strain to tell,
By every deed in song enroll’d,
For every chief who fought or fell,
For Albion’s weal in battle bold:—
From Coigich,³ first who roll’d his car
Through the deep ranks of Hængst’s strain,
More impious than the heathen Dane,
More grasping than all-grasping Rome,
Gaul’s ravening legions hither come!"

The wind is hush’d, and still the lake—
Strange murmurs fill my tinkling ears,
Bratles my hair, my aunews quake,
At the dread voice of other years—
"When targets clash’d, and bugles rung,
And the swords round warriors’ heads were sung,
The foremost of the band were we,
And hymn’d the joys of Liberty!"

Wellvellyn.
1806.

In the spring of 1806, a young gentleman
of talents, and of a most amiable disposition,
perished by losing his way on the mountain
Wellvellyn. His remains were not discovered
 till three months afterwards, when they were
found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his
constant attendant during frequent solitary
rambles through the wilds of Cumberland
and Westmoreland.

I climb’d the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam’d
misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was
yelling.
And starting around me the echoes replied
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn
was bending,
And Cutchedean its loft verga was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I mark’d the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was the spot ’mid the brown
mountain-heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch’d
in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon’d to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.

¹The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called
Lhamdearg, or Red-hand.
²Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two
bloody defeats.
³The Gaulegis of Tacitus.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number;
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh, was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him—
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him—
Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?
When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the people should fall.
But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wilder'd, he draws from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam,
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

The Dying Bard.

1806.

Air—Doffydz Gangwen.

The Welsh tradition bears, that a Bard, on his death-bed, demanded his harp, and played the air to which these verses are adapted; requesting that it might be performed at his funeral.

I.

Dinas Emlyn, lament; for the moment is nigh,
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die:

No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

II.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade
Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that suog.

III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlyn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

IV.

And oh, Dinas Emlyn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair,
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

V.

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been;
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,
And sage Taliesin, high harping to hold.

VI.

And adieu, Dinas Emlyn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids!
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
Farewell, my loved Harp! my last treasure, farewell!

The Norman Horse-Shoe.

1806.

Air—The War-Song of the Men of Glamorgan.

The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following verses are supposed to celebrate a defeat of Clare, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of Neville, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers of Monmouthshire. Hymny is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Gla-
morgen: Caerphily, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

I.
Red glows the forge in Strignil's hounds,
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
And armourers, with iron toil,
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the courser's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

II.
From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
Was heard afar the bugle-horn;
And forth, in banded pomp and pride,
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
They swore, their banners broad should gleam,
In crimson light, on Rymny's stream;
They vow'd, Caerphily's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurring heel.

III.
And sooth they swore—the sun arose,
And Rymny's wave with crimson glows;
For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
Roll'd down the stream to Severn's tide!
And sooth they vow'd—the trumped green
Show'd where hot Neville's charge had been:
In every sable hoof-tramp stood
A Norman horseman's curling blood!

IV.
Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,
That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
No more the stamp of armed steel
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace he there, in early spring,
Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.

The Maid of Toro.

1806.

O, low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waved
The dark wood.
All as a fair maiden, bewilder'd in sorrow,
Solely sigh'd to the breezes, and wept to the flood.
"O saints, from the mansions of bliss lowly bending;
Sweet Virgin! who hearest the suppliant's cry,
Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die!"

All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dreadful rattle,
And the chase's wild clamour, came loading the gale.

Breathless she gazed on the woodlands so dreary;
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.
"O save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying!
O save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low!
Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is lying,
And fast through the woodland approaches the foe."

Scarce could he falter the tidings of sorrow,
And scarce could she hear them benumb'd with despair;
And when the sun sank on the sweet lake of Toro,
For ever he set to the Brave and the Fair.

The Palmer.

1806.

"O open the door, some pity to show,
Keen blows the northern wind!
The glen is white with the drifted snow,
And the path is hard to find.

"No outlaw seeks your castle gate,
From chasing the King's deer,
Though even an outlaw's wretched state
Might claim compassion here.

"A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
I wander for my sin;
O open, for Our Lady's sake!
A pilgrim's blessing win!

"I'll give you pardons from the Pope,
And relics from o'er the sea;
Or if for these you will not ope,
Yet open for charity.

"The hare is crouching in her form,
The hart beside the hinds;
An aged man, amid the storm,
No shelter can I find.

"You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar,
Dark, deep, and strong is he,
And I must ford the Ettrick o'er,
Unless you pity me.

"The iron gate is bolted hard,
At which I knock in vain;
The owner's heart is closer barr'd,
Who hears me thus complain.

"Farewell, farewell! and Mary grant,
When old and frail you be,
You never may the shelter want,
That's now denied to me.

"The Ringer on his couch lay warm,
And heard him to plead in vain;
But oft amid December's storm,
He'll hear that voice again:

For lo, when through the vapours dank,
Morn shone on Ettrick fair.
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer welter'd there.
The Maid of Neilpath.

1806.

There is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neilpath castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of Murch, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family, and a son of the Laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father, consenting that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said, to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognizing her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock; and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. There is an incident similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's "Fleur d'Epine."

O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neilpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hector's hue
Across her cheek were flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keeneest powers to see and hear,
Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd,
She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in palloring phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken.

Wandering Willie.

1806.

All joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
And climb'd the tall vessel to sail you wide sea;
O weary betide it! I wander'd beside it,
And bann'd it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd thy fortune,
Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain;
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were wailing,
I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my ee,
And thought o' the bairk where my Willie was sailing,
And wish'd that the tempest could a' blow on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,
Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,
Music to me were the wildest winds' roaring,
That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the dark ocean faen.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they did rattle,
And blithe was each heart for the great victory,
In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me,
But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,
Of each bold adventure, and every brave scar;
And trust me, I'll smile, though my e'en they may glisten;
For sweet after danger's the tale of the war,
And oh, how we doubt when there's distance 'tween lovers.
When there's naething to speak to the heart thro' the ee:
How often the kindest and warmest prove rovers,
And the love of the faithfulest ebbs like the sea.

Till, at times—could I help it?—I pined and I ponder'd,
If love could change notes like the bird on the tree—
Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may hae wander'd,
Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through channel,
Hardships and danger despising for fame,
Furnishing story for glory's bright annal.
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeana and hame!
Enough, now thy story in annals of glory
Has humbled the pride of France, Holland,
and Spain;
No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt thou leave me,
I never will part with my Willie again.

Wealth to Lord Melville.

1806.

Air—Carrickfergus,

"The impeachment of Lord Melville was among the first measures of the new (Whig) Government; and personal affection and gratitude graced as well as heightened the zeal with which Scott watched the issue of this, in his eyes, vindictive proceeding; but, though the ex-minister's ultimate acquittal was, as to all the charges involving his personal honour, complete, he must now be allowed that the investigation brought out many circumstances by no means creditable to his discretion: and the rejoicings of his friends ought not, therefore, to have been scornfully jubilant. Such they were, however—at least in Edinburgh; and Scott took his share in them by inditing a song, which was sung by James Ballantyne, and received with clamorous applauses, at a public dinner given in honour of the event, on the 27th of June, 1806."

Since here we are set in array round the table,
Five hundred good fellows well met in a hall,
Come listen, brave boys, and I'll sing as I'm able
How innocence triumph'd and pride got a fall.
But push round the claret—
Come, stewards, don't spare it—
With rapture you'll drink to the toast that I give:
Here, boys,
Off with it merrily—
Melville for ever, and long may he live!
What were the Whigs doing, when boldly pursuing,
Pitt banish'd Rebellion, gave Treason a string:
Why, they swore on their honour, for Arthur O'Connor,
And fought hard for Despard against country and king.
Well, then, we knew, boys, Pitt and Melville were true boys,
And the tenper was raised by the friends of reform.
Ah! woe! Weep to his memory; Low lies the pilot that weather'd the storm!
And pray, don't you mind when the Blues first were raising,
And we scarcely could think the house safe o'er our heads?
When villains and coxcombs, French politics praising,
Drove peace from our tables and sleep from our beds!

Our hearts they grew bolder
When, musket on shoulder,
Stepped forth our old Statesmen example to give.
Come, boys, never fear,
Drink the Blue grenadier—
Here's to old Harry, and long may he live!
They would turn us adrift, though rely, sir, upon it—
Our own faithful chronicles warrant us that
The free mountaineer and his bonny blue bonnet
Have left gone as far as the regular's hat.
We laugh at their taunting,
For all we are wanting
Is licence our life for our country to give.
Off with it merrily,
Horse, foot, and artillery.
Each loyal Volunteer, long may he live!
'Tis not us alone, boys— the Army and Navy
Have each got a slap 'mid their politic pranks;
Cornwallis cashier'd, that watch'd winters to save ye,
And the Cape call'd a bauble, unworthy of thanks.
But vain is their taunt,
No soldier shall want
The thanks that his country to valour can give:
Come, boys,
Drink it off merrily, sir,
Sir David and Popham, and long may they live!
And then our revenue— Lord knows how they view'd it,
While each petty statesman talk'd lofty and big;
But the beer-tax was weak, as if Whitbread had brew'd it,
And the pig-iron duty a shame to a pig.
In vain is their vaunting.
Too surely there's wanting
What judgment, experience, and steadiness give:
Come, boys,
Drink about merrily, sir,
Health to sage Melville, and long may he live!
Our King, too— our Princess—I dare not say more, sir,
May Providence watch them with mercy and might!
While there's one Scottish hand that can wag a claymore, sir,
They shall ne'er want a friend to stand up for their right.
Be damn'd he that dare not,—
For my part, I'll spare not
To beauty affix'd a tribute to give:
Pill it up steadily,
Drink it off readily—
Here's to the Princess, and long may she live!
And since we must not set Auld Reekie in glory,
And make her brown visage as light as her heart;"
Till each man illumine his own upper story,
Nor law-book nor lawyer shall force us to part,
In Grenville and Spencer,
And some few good men, sir,
High talents we honour, slight difference forgive;
But the Brewer we'll hoax,
Tallyho to the Fox,
And drink. Melville for ever, as long as we live!—

Hunting Song.

1808.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size:
We can show the marks he made,
When 'ganst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay;
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we:
Time, stern huntsman! who can bank,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawke;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

The Resolve.

IN Imitation of an old English poem.

1808.

My wayward fate I needs must plain,
Though bootless be the theme;
I loved, and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream:
For as her love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone;
No more I'll bask in flame so hot,
But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
My fancy shall beguile,
By flattering word, or feigned tear,
By gesture, look, or smile:

No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot;
I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,
In cheek, or chin, or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
As weak as woman's vow:
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,
'That is but lightly won;
I'll steel my breast to beauty's art,
And learn to live alone.

The wakening torch soon blazes out,
The diamond's ray abides;
The flame its glory hurls about,
The gem its lustre hides;
Sect gem I fondly deem'd was mine,
And glow'd a diamond stone,
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dream shall tinge my thought
With dyes so bright and vain,
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
Shall tangle me again:
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,
I'll live upon mine own,
Nor shall wild passion trouble it,—
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll bush my heart to rest,—
"Thy loving labour's lost:
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
To be so strangely cleft;
The widow'd turtles mateless die,
The phoenix is but one;
They seek no loves—no more will I—
I'll rather dwell alone."

Epitaph,

DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT
IN LITCHFIELiD CATHEDRAL, AT THE BURIAL-
PLACE OF THE FAMILY OF MISS SEWARD.

Amid these aisles, where once his precepts show'd
The Heavenward pathway which in life he trod,
This simple tablet marks a Father's bier,
And those he loved in life, in death are near;
For him, for them, a Daughter tude it rise,
Memorial of domestic charities,
Still wouldst thou know why o'er the marble spread,
In female grace the willow droops her head;
Why on her branches, silent and musing,
The minstrel harp is emblematic hung;
What poet's voice is smother'd here in dust
Till waked to join the chorus of the just,—
I lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
Honour'd, beloved, and mourn'd, here Seward lies.
Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship say,—
Go seek her genius in her living lay.
Prologue

TO MISS BAILLIE'S PLAY OF THE FAMILY LEGEND.¹

1809.

'Tis sweet to hear expiring Summer's sigh, Through forests tinged with russet, wall and out: 'Tis sweet and sad the latest notes to hear Of distant music, dying on the ear; But far more sadly sweet, on foreign strand, We list the legends of our native land, Link'd as they come with every tender tie, Memorials dear of youth and infancy.

Chief, thy wild tales, romantic Caledon, Wake keen remembrance in each hardy son. Whether on India's burning coasts he toil, Or till Acadia's winter-fetter'd soil, He hears with throbbing heart and moisten'd eyes, And, as he hears, what dear illusions rise! It opens on his soul his native dell, The woods wild waving, and the water's swell; Tradition's theme, the tower that threatens the plain. The mossy cairn that hides the hero slain; The cot, beneath whose simple porch were told, By grey-hair'd patriarch, the tales of old, The infant group, that husht'd their sports the while, And the dear maid who listen'd with a smile. The wanderer, while the vision warms his brain, Is denizen of Scotland once again.

Are such keen feelings to the crowd confined? And sleep they in the Poet's gifted mind? Oh no! For she, within whose mighty page Each tyrant Passion shows his woe and rage, Has felt the wizard influence they inspire, And to your own traditions tune her lyre. Yourselves shall judge — who'er has raised the sail By Mull's dark coast, has heard this evening's tale. The plieded boatman, resting on his ear, Points to the fatal rock amid the roar Of whitening waves, and tells what'er to-night Our humble stage shall offer to your sight; Proudly preferr'd that first our efforts give Scenes glowing from her pen to breathe and live; More proudly yet, should Caledon approve The filial token of a Daughter's love.

¹ Miss Baillie's Family Legend was produced with considerable success on the Edinburgh stage in the winter of 1809-10. This prose was spoken on that occasion by the Author's friend, Mr. Daniel Terry.

² Acadia, or Nova Scotia.

The Poacher.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF CRABBE, AND PUBLISHED IN THE EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER OF 1809.

Welcome, grave Stranger, to our green retreats, Where health with exercise and freedom meets! Thrice welcome, Sage, whose philosophic plan By nature's limits metes the rights of man; Generous as he, who now for freedom bawls, Now gives full value for true Indian shawls: O'er courts, o'er customhouse, his shoe who sings, Now bilks excisemen, and now bullies kings. Like him, I ween, thy comprehensive mind Holds laws as mouse-traps baited for mankind:
Thine eye, applause, each sly vermin sees, That baulks the snare, yet battens on the cheese; Thine ear has heard, with scorn instead of awe, Our buckskin'd justices expound the law, Wire-draw the acts that fix for wires the pain. And for the netted partridge noose the swain; And thy vindictive arm would fain have broke The last light fetter of the feudal yoke, To give the denizens of wood and wild, Nature's free race, to each her free-born child. Hence hast thou mark'd, with grief, fair London's race, Mock'd with the boon of one poor Easter chase, And long'd to send them forth us free as when Pont'd o'er Chantilly the Parisian train, When musket, pistol, blunderbuss, combined, And scarce the field-pieces were left behind! A squadron's charge each leveret's heart dismay'd. On every covert fired a bold brigade; La Douce Humanite approved the sport, For great the alarm indeed, yet small the hurt; Shouts patriotic solemnized the day, And Seint re-echoed, Vive la Liberte! But naiv Citoyen, meek Monseur again, With some few added links resumes his chain. Then, since such scenes to France no more are known, Come, view with me a hero of thine own! One, whose free actions vindicate the cause Of silvan liberty o'er feudal laws. Seek we yon glades, where the proud oak o'ertops Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel copse, Leaving between deserted isles of land, Where stunted heath is patch'd with reddy sand: And lonely on the waste the yew is seen, Or straggling hollies spread a brighter green. Here, little worn, and winding dark and steep, Our scarce mark'd path descends you dingle deep:
Follow—but heedful, cautious of a trip,—
In earthy mire philosophy may slip.
Step slow and wary o'er that swampy stream,
Till, guided by the charcoal's smothering steam.
We reach the frail yet barricaded door
Of novel form'd for poorest of the poor;
No hearth the fire, no vent the smoke receives,
The walls are wattles, and the covering leaves;
For, if such hut, our forest statutes say,
Rise in the progress of one night and day,
(Though placed where still the Conqueror's hosts o'erawe,
And his son's stirrup shames the badge of law.)
The builder claims the unenviable boon,
To tenant dwelling, framed as slight and soon
As wigwam wild, that shoos the native frow
On the bleak coast of frost-barr'd Labrador.

Approach, and through the uncelled window peep,
No shrunk not back, the inmate is asleep;
Sunk 'tween yon sodden blankets, till the sun
Stoop to the west, the plunderer's toils are done.
Loaded and primed, and prompt for desperate hand,
Rifle and fowling-piece beside him stand;
While round the hut are in disorder laid
The tools and booty of his lawless trade;
For force or fraud, resistance or escape,
The snow, the saw, the bludgeon, and the crane.
His pilder'd powder in yon nook he hoards,
And the fillch'd lead the church's roof affords—
(Thus shall the rector's congregation fret,
That while his sermon's dry his walls are wet.)
The fish-spear barb'd, the sweeping net are there,
Doe-hides, and pheasant plumes, and skins of hare,
Cordage for toils, and wiring for the snare.
Bart'd for game from chase or warren won,
Yet cask holds moonlight,2 run when moon was none;
And late-smatch'd spoils lie stow'd in hutch apart,
To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.

Look on his pallet foul, and mark his rest;
What scenes pertur'd are acting in his breast:
His moist brow in wet and wrung with pain,
And his dilated nostril toils in vain;
For short and scant the breath each effort draws,
And 'twixt each effort Nature claims a pause.
Beyond the loose and sable sackcloth stretch'd,
His sinewy throat seems by convulsion twitch'd;
While the tongue falters, as to utterance loth,
Sounds of dire import—watchword, threat, and oath.

Though, stupified by toil, and dragg'd with gin,
The body sleep, the restless guest within
Now piles on wood and wold his lawless trade,
Now in the fangs of justice wakes dismay'd—
"Was that wild start of terror and despair,
Those bursting eyeballs, and that wilder'd air,
Signs of compunction for a murder'd hare?
Do the locks bristle and the eyebrows arch,
For grouse or partridge massacred in March?"—

"No, scoffer, no! Attend, and mark with awe,
There is no wicket in the gate of law!
He, that would e'er so lightly set anjr
That awful portal, must undo each bar:
Tempting occasion, liab, passion, pride,
Will join to storm the breach, and force the barrier wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid and dread,
Whom huirers, poachers, smugglers, call Black Ned.
Was Edward Mansell once,—the lightest heart,
That ever play'd on holiday his part!
The leader he in every Christmas game,
The harvest-feast grew blither when he came,
And liveliest on the chords the bow did glance,
When Edward named the tune and led the dance.
Kind was his heart, his passions quick and strong,
Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his song;
And if he loved a gun, his father swore,
"I was but a trick of youth would soon be o'er,
Himself had done the same some thirty years before."

But he whose humours spurn law's awful yoke,
Must herd with those by whom law's bonds are broke,
The common dread of justice soon allies
The clown, who robs the warren, or excise,
With sterner felons train'd to act more dread,
Even with the wretch by whom his fellow bled.
Then, as in plagues the foul contagion pass,
Leavening and fester the corrupted mass,—
Guilt leagues with guilt, while mutual motives draw,
Their hope impurity, their fear the law:—
Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the same.
Till the revenue bank'd, or pilder'd game,
Pleas the young culprit, and example leads
To darker villany, and drier deeds.

Wild howl'd the wind the forest glades along,
And o'er the owl renew'd her dismal song:
Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,
Red William's spectral walk'd his midnight round.

1 Such is the law in the New Forest, Hampshire, tending greatly to increase the various settlements of thieves, smugglers, and deer-stealers, who infest it. In the forest courts the presiding judge wears as a badge of office an antique stirrup, said to have been that of William Rufus. See Mr. William Rose's spirited poem, entitled "The Red King."
2 A cant term for smuggled spirits.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 535

When o'er the swamp he cast his blighting look,
From the green marshes of the stagnant brook
The bittern's sullen shout the sedges shook!
The waning moon, with storm-presaging gleam,
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam;
The old oak stooped his arms, then flung them high,
Bellowing and groaning to the troubled sky—
'Twas then, that, couched amid the brushwood sere,
In Midsummer-walk young Mansell watch'd the deer:
The fattest buck received his deadly shot—
The watchful keeper heard, and sought the spot.
Stout were their hearts, and stubborn was their strife,
O'erpower'd at length the Outlaw drew his knife.
Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell—
The rest his waking agony may tell!

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Song.

Oh, say not, my love, with that mortified air,
That your spring-time of pleasure is flown,
Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair,
For those raptures that still are thine own.

Though April his temples may wreath with the vine,
Its tendrils in infancy curl'd,
'Tis the ardour of August matures us the wine,
Whose life-blood enlivens the world.

Though thy form, that was fashion'd as light
as a fairy's,
Has assumed a proportion more round,
And thy glance, that was bright as a falcon's at gaze,
Looks soberly now on the ground,—

Enough, after absence to meet me again,
'Thy steps still with ecstacy move;
Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
For me the kind language of love.

---

The Bold Dragoon; 1

or,

THE PLAIN OF BADAJOBS.

1812.

'Twas a Maréchal of France, and he fain
would honour gain,
And he long'd to take a passing glance at
Portugal from Spain;

With his flying guns this gallant gay,
And boasted corps d'armée—
O he fear'd not our dragoons, with their long
swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

To Campo Mayor come, he had quietly sat down,
Just a friar to pick while his soldiers sack'd the town.
When 'twas peste! morbleu! mon General,
Hear the English bugle-call!
And behold the light dragoons, with their long
swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Right about went horse and foot, artillery and all,
And, as the devil leaves a house, they tumbled through the wall; 2
They took no time to seek the door,
But, best foot set before—
O they ran from our dragoons, with their long
swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Those valiant men of France they had scarcely fled a mile,
When on their flank there suus'd at once the British rank and file;
For Long, De Grey, and Otway, then Ne'er mused one to ten,
But came on like light dragoons, with their long
swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Three hundred British lads they made three thousand reel,
Their hearts were made of English oak, their
swords of Sheffield steel,
Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,
And Beresford they led;
So huzza for brave dragoons, with their long
swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Then here's a health to Wellington, to Beresford, to Long,
And a single word of Bonaparte before I close my song;
The eagles that to fight he brings
Should serve his men with wings,
When they meet the bold dragoons, with their long
swords, boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

---

On the Massacre of Glencoe.

1814.

1 In the beginning of the year 1692, an action
of unexampled barbarity disgraced the govern-
ment of King William III. in Scotland. In the
August preceding, a proclamation had been
issued, offering an indemnity to such insur-
gents as should take the oaths to the King and
Queen, on or before the last day of Decem-
ber.

2 In their hasty evacuation of Campo Mayor, the French
pulled down a part of the rampart, and marched out over the glacis.
ber; and the chiefs of such tribes as had been in arms for James, soon after took advantage of the proclamation. But Macdonald of Glencoe was prevented by accident, rather than by design, from tendering his submission within the limited time. In the end of December he went to Colonel Hill, who commanded the garrison in Fort-William, to take the oath of allegiance to the government; and the latter having furnished him with a letter to Sir Colin Campbell, sheriff of the county of Argyll, directed him to repair immediately to Inverary, to make his submission in a legal manner before that magistrate. But the way to Inverary lay through almost impassable mountains, the season was extremely rigorous, and the whole country was covered with a deep snow. So eager, however, was Macdonald to take the oaths before the limited time should expire, that, though the road lay within half a mile of his own house, he stopped not to visit his family, and, after various obstructions, arrived at Inverary. The time had elapsed, and the sheriff hesitated to receive his submission; but Macdonald prevailed by his importunities, and even tears, in inducing that functionary to administer to him the oath of allegiance, and to certify the cause of his delay. At this time Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards Earl of Stair, being in attendance upon William as Secretary of State for Scotland, took advantage of Macdonald's neglecting to take the oath within the time prescribed, and procured from the king a warrant of military execution against that chief and his whole clan. This was done at the instigation of the Earl of Breadalbane, whose lands the Glencoe men had plundered, and whose treachery to government in negotiating with the Highland clans, Macdonald himself had exposed. The king was accordingly persuaded that Glencoe was the main obstacle to the pacification of the Highlands; and the fact of that chief's submission having been concealed, the singular order of proceeding to military execution against his clan were in consequence obtained. The warrant was both signed and countersigned by the king's own hand, and the Secretary urged the officers who commanded in the Highlands to execute their orders with the utmost rigour. Campbell of Glenlyon, a captain in Argyll's regiment, and two subalterns, were ordered to repair to Glencoe on the first of February with a hundred and twenty men. Campbell, being uncle to young Macdonald's wife, was received by the father with all manner of friendship and hospitality. The men were lodged at free quarters in the houses of his tenants, and received the kindest entertainment. Till the 13th of the month the troops lived in the utmost harmony and familiarity with the people; and on the very night of the massacre the officers passed the evening at cards in Macdonald's house. In the night, Lieutenant Lindsay, with a party of soldiers, called in a friendly manner at his door, and was instantly admitted. Macdonald, while in the act of rising to receive his guest, was shot dead through the back with two bullets. His wife had already died; but she was stripped naked by the soldiers, who tore the rings off her fingers with their teeth. The slaughter now became general, and neither age nor infirmity was spared. Some women, in defending their children, were killed; boys implored mercy, were shot dead by officers on whose knees they hung. In one place nine persons, as they sat enjoying themselves at table, were butchered by the soldiers. In Inverarvon, Campbell's own quarters, nine men were first bound by the soldiers, and then shot at intervals, one by one. Nearly forty persons were massacred by the troops; and several who fled to the mountains perished by famine and the inconstancy of the season. Those who escaped owed their lives to a tempestuous night. Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, who had received the charge of the execution from Dalrymple, was on his march with four hundred men, to guard all the passes from the valley of Glenconon; but he was obliged to stop by the severity of the weather, which proved the safety of the unfortunate clan. Next day he entered the valley, laid the houses in ashes, and carried away the cattle and spoil, which were divided among the officers and soldiers."--Article "Britain," Encyc. Britannica--New Edition.

"O tell me, Harper, wherefore now Thy wayward notes of wail and woe, Far down the desert of Glencoe, Where none may list their melody? Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly, Or to the dun deer glancing by, Or to the eagle, that from high Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?"

"No, not to these, for they have rest,- The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest, The starz his lair, the eane her nest, Abode of lone secretary, But those for whom I pour the lay, Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain grey, Not this deep dell, thst shreds from day, Could screen from treach'rous cruelty."

"Their flag was furled, and mute their drum, The very household doors were dumb, Unwont to play at guests that come In guise of hospitality. His blithest notes the piper plied, Her gayest snood the maiden tied, The dame her distaff flung aside, To tend her kindly housewifery."

"The hand that mingled in the meal, At midnight drew the felon steel, And gave the host's kind haest to feel: Mee'd for his hospitality! The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand, At midnight arm'd it with the brand, That bade destruction's flames expand Their red and fearful blazonry."

"Then woman's shriek was heard in vain, Nor infancy's unptied plain, More than the warrior's groan, could gain Respite from ruthless butcherry! The wimple wound that untied shrill, The snows that night that cloaked the hill, Though wild and pitiless, had still Far more than Southern clemency.

"Long have my harp's best notes been gone, Few are its strings, and faint their tone, They can but sound in desert lone. Their grey-hair'd master's misery.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 537

Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations sing,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
‘Revenge for blood and treachery!’

For a’ that an’ a’ that.1
A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

Though right be a ight put down by strength,
As many a day we saw that,
The true and leilfu’ cause at length
Shall hear the grie for a’ that.
For a’ that an’ a’ that,
Guns, guillotines, and a’ that,
The Fleur-de-lis, that lost her right,
Is queen again for a’ that!

We’ll twine her in a friendly knot
With England’s Rose, and a’ that; The hamrock shall not be forgot,
For Wellington made braw that.
The Thistle, though her leaf be rude,
Yet faith we’ll no mis’ that,
She shelter’d in her solitude
The Fleur-de-lis, for a’ that.

The Austrian Vine, the Prussian Pine,
(For Blucher’s sake, hurrah that,) The Spanisch Olive, too, shall join,
And bloom in peace for a’ that.
Stout Russia’s Hemp, so surely twined
Around our wrath we’ll draw that,
And he that would the cord unbind,
Shall have it for his gar-vat!

Or, if to choke sae purr a sot,
Your pity scorn to throw that,
The Devil’s elbow be his lot,
Where he may sit and claw that.
In spite of slight, in spite of might,
In spite of brags, an’ a’ that,
The lads that battled for the right,
Have won the day, an’ a’ that!

There’s ae bit spot I had forgot,
A coward plot her rats had got
Their father’s flag to gaw that:
Now see it fly top-gallant high,
Atlantic winds shall blow that,
And Yankee loon, beware your crown,
There’s kames in hand to claw that!

For on the land, or on the sea,
Where er the breezes blow that,
The British Flag shall bear the grie,
And win the day for a’ that!

And beholding broad Europe bow’d down by her foes,
Pitt closed in his anguish the map of her reign!
Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his brave spirit
To take for his country the safety of shame;
O, then in her triumph remember his merit,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Round the husbandman’s head, while he traces the furrow,
The mists of the winter may mingle with rain,
He may plough it with labour, and sow it in sorrow,
And sigh while he fears he has sow’d it in vain;
He may die ere his children shall reap in their gladness,
But the blithe harvest-home shall remember his claim;
And their jubilee-shout shall be soften’d with sadness,
While they hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Though anxious and timeless his life was expended,
In toils for our country preserved by his care,
Though he’d die ere one ray o’er the nations ascended.
To light the long darkness of doubt and despair;
The storms he endured in our Britain’s December,
The perils his wisdom foresaw and o’ercame,
In her glory’s rich harvest shall Britain remember,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Nor forget His grey head, who, all dark in affliction,
Is deaf to the tale of our victories won,
And to sounds the most dear to paternal affection,
The shout of his people applauding his Son;
By his firmness unmoved in success and disaster,
By his long reign of virtue, remember his claim.
With our tribute to Pitt join the praise of his Master,
Though a tear stain the goblet that flows to his name.

Yet again fill the wine-cup, and change the sweet measure.
The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid,
To our Prince, to our Heroes, devote the bright treasure,
The wisdom that plann’d, and the zeal that obey’d;
Fill Wellington’s cup till it beam like his glory,
Forget not our own brave Dalhousie and Grey;
A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at their story,
And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame.

Song,
FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE PIT“ CLUB OF SCOTLAND.

1814.

O, dread was the time, and more dreadful the omen,
When the brave on Marengo lay slaughter’d in vain,

1 Sung at the first meeting of the Pitt Club of Scotland, and published in the Scotia Magazine for July, 1814.
SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

Pharos Luctor.
Far in the bosom of the deep,  
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;  
A ruddy gem of changeful light;  
Bound on the dusky brow of night,  
The seaman bids my lustre fade,  
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

Lines.

ADRESSED TO RANALD MACDONALD, ESQ. OF STAFFA.

1814.

Staffa, sprung from high Macdonald,  
Worthy branch of old Clan Ranald!  
Staffa! king of all kind fellows!  
Well he saith his hills and valleys,  
Lakes and inlets, deeps and shallows—  
Cliffs of darkness, caves of wonder,  
Echoing the Atlantic thunder;  
Mountains which the grey mist covers,  
Where the Chief’s spirit soars,  
Passing while his opinions dawer,  
Stretch’d to quit our land for ever!  
Each kind influence reign above thee!  
Warmer heart, ’twixt this and Staffa  
Beats not, than in heart of Staffa.

LETTER IN VERSE.

ON THE VOYAGE WITH THE COMMISSIONERS OF NORTHERN LIGHTS.

"Of the letters which Scott wrote to his friends during those happy six weeks, I have recovered only one, and it is, thanks to the leisure of the yacht, in verse. The strong and easy heroics of the first section prove, I think, that Mr. Canning did not err when he told him that if he chose he might emulate even Dryden’s command of that noble measure; and the dancing anapests of the second, show that he could with equal facility have rivalled the gay graces of Cotton, Anstey, or Moore."—Lockhart, Life, vol. iv., p. 372.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCLEUCH,  
&c. &c. &c.

Lighthouse Yacht in the Sound of Lerwick, Zetland, 6th August, 1814.

Health to the chiefstain from his clansman true!  
From her true minstrel, health to fair Bucleuch!

1 On the 30th of July, 1814, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Erskine, and Mr. Duff, Commissioners, along with Mr. (new Sir) Walter Scott, and the writer, visited the Lighthouse; the Commissioners being then on one of their voyages of inspection, noticed in the Introduction. They breakfasted in the Library, when Sir Walter, at the entreaty of the party, upon inscribing his name in the Album, sowed these interesting lines."—Stevenson’s Account of the Bell-Rock Lighthouse. 1824. "Scott’s Diary of the Voyage is now published in the 4th volume of his Life.

2 These lines were written in the Album, kept at the Sound of Utsa Inn, in the month of August, 1814.

3 Afterwards Sir Reginald Macdonald Stewart Seton, of Staffa, Allanston, and Touch, Baronet. He died 16th April 1868, in his 61st year. The reader will find a warm tribute to Staffa’s character as a Highland landlord, in Scott’s article on Sir John Carr’s Caledonian Sketches.—Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. xix.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 539

Greetings every former mate and brother tar,
Marvellous how Lerwick's paced the rage of war,
Tell's many a tale of Gallic outrage done,
And ends by blessing God and Wellington.
Here too the Greenland tar, a fiercer guest,
Claims a brief hour of riot, not of rest;
Proves each wild frolic that in wine has birth,
And wakes the land with brawls and boisterous mirth.

A sadder sight on you poor vessel's prow
The captive Norseman sits in silent woe,
And over the flags of Britain as they flow,
Hard fate of war, which bade her terrors sway,
His destined course, and seize so mean a prey;
A bark with planks so warp'd and seams so riven.
She scarce might face the gentlest airs of heaven;
Pensive he sits, and questions oft if none
Can list his speech, and understand his moan;
In vain—no islesman now can use the tongue
Of the bold Norse, from whom their lineage sprung.
Not thus of old the Norsemen hither came,
Won by the love of danger or of fame;
On every storm heat cape a shapeless tower
Tells of their wars, their conquests, and their fame;
For never for Greece's vales, nor Latian land,
Was fiercer strife than for this burren strand;
A race severe—the isle and ocean lords
Loved for its own delight the strife of swords;
With scornful laugh the mortal pang defied,
And blist their gods that they in battle died.

Such were the sires of Zetland's simple race,
And still the eye may faint resemblance trace
In the blue eye, tall form, proportion fair,
The hands athletic, and the long light hair—
(Such was the mien, as Scold and Minstrel sings,
Of four-hair'd Harold, first of Norway's Kings.)
But their high deeds to scale these crags confined,
Their only warfare is with waves and wind.

Why should I talk of Mousa's castled couch?
Why of the horrors of the Sunnborg Rest;
May not these baid disjointed lines suffice,
Penn'd while my comrades whirled the rattling dice—
While down the cahir skylight lessening shine
The rays, and eve is chased with mirth and wine?
Imagined, while down Mousa's desert bay
Our well-trimm'd vessel urged her nimble way,
While to the freshening breeze she lean'd her side,
And bade her bowsprit kiss the foamy tide I

Such are the lays that Zetland isles supply;
Drown'd with the drizzly spray and dropping sky.
Weary and wet, a sea-sick minstrel I—

W. Scott.

POSTSCRIPTUM.
Kirkwall, Orkney, Aug. 13, 1814.

In respect that your Grace has commission'd a Kraken.
You will please be inform'd that they seldom are taken;
It is January two years, the Zetland folk's say
Since they saw the last Kraken in Scalloway bay.
He lay in the offing a fortnight or more,
But the devil a Zetlander put from the shore,
Though bold in the seas of the North to assail
The morn and the sea-horse, the grampus and whale.

If your Grace thinks I'm writing the thing that is not,
You may ask at a namesake of ours, Mr. South—
(He's not from our clan, though his merits deserve it,
But springs, I'm inform'd, from the Scotts of Scotalver;)
He question'd the folks who beheld it with eyes,
But they differ'd confoundedly as to its size.
For instance, the modest and diffident swore
That it seem'd like the keel of a ship, and no more—
Those of eyesight more clear, or of fancy more high;
Said it rose like an island 'twixt ocean and sky—
But all of the hulk had a steady opinion
That 'twas sure a live subject of Neptune's dominion—
And I think, my Lord Duke, your Grace hardly would wish,
To cumber your house, such a kettle of fish.
Had my order related to night-cap or hose,
Or mitten of worsted, there's plenty of those,
Or would you be pleased but to fancy a whale?
And direct me to send it—by sea or by mail?
The season, I'm told, is nigh over, but still
I could get you one fit for the lake at Bowhill.
Indeed, as to whales, there's no need to be thrifty,
Since one day last fortnight two hundred and fifty,
Pursued by seven Orkney men's boats and no more,
Betwixt Truness and Luffness were drawn on the shore.
You'll ask if I saw this same wonderful sight; I own that I did not, but easily might—
For this mighty shoal of leviathans lay
On our lee-beam a mile, in the loop of the bay,
And the islesmen of Sanda were all at the oar.
And stenching, (so term it) the blubber to boil;
(Ye spirits of lavender, drown the reflection
That awakes at the thought of this odorous dissection.)
To see this huge marvel full 'tain would we go,
But Wilson, the wind, and the current, said no.

Great clan of the Border—and their armorial bearings are different.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

We have now got to Kirkwall, and needs I
must stare
When I think that in verse I have once call'd
it fair;
"Tis a base little borough, both dirty and
mean—
There's nothing to hear, and there's nought to
be seen.
Save a church, where, of old times, a prelate
harangued,
And a palace that's built by an earl that was
hang'd.
But, farewell to Kirkwall—aboard we are
going,
The anchor's a-peak, and the breezes are
blowing;
Our commodore calls all his band to their
places,
And 'tis time to release you—good night to
your Graces!

Verses from Waverley.

1814.

"The following song, which has been since
borrowed by the worshippful author of the
famous 'History of Eyre Bacon,' has been
with difficulty deciphered. It seems to have
been sung on occasion of carrying home the
bride."

(1.)—BRIDAL SONG.

To the tune of "I have been a Fiddler," &c.

And did ye not hear of a mirth befell
The morrow after a wedding day,
And carrying a bride at home to dwell?
And away to Tewin, away, away.

The quintain was set, and the garlands were
made,
'Tis pity old customs should ever decay;
And woe be to him that was horseed on a jade,
For he carried no credit away, away.

We met a concert of fiddle-de-dees;
We set them a-cockhorse, and made them play
The winning of Ballen, and Upsey-frees,
And away to Tewin, away, away!

There was ne'er a lad in all the parish
That would go to the plough that day;
But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,
And away to Tewin, away, away!

The butler was quick, and the ale he did tap.
The maidens did make the chamber full
gay;
The servants did give me a fuddling cup,
And I did carry 't away, away.

The smith of the town his liquor so took,
That he was persuaded that the ground
look'd blue;
And I dare boldly he sworn on a book,
Such smiths as he there's but a few.

A posset was made, and the women did sip,
And simpering said, they could eat no more;
Full many a maiden was laid on the lip—
I'll say no more, but give o'er, (give o'er.)

Appendix to the General Preface.

(2.)—WAVERLEY.

"On receiving intelligence of his commission
as captain of a troop of horse in Colonel
Galliner's regiment, his tutor, Mr. Pembroke,
picked up about Edward's room some frag-
ments of irregular verse, which he appeared
to have composed under the influence of the
agitating feelings occasioned by this sudden
page being turned up to him in the book of
life."

Late, when the autumn evening fell
On Mirkwood-Mere's romantic dell,
The lake return'd, in chasten'd gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam:
Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool;
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care.
A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake!
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And down'd at once his sable cloak,
As warrior, at the battle cry,
Invests him with his panoply:
Then, as the whirlwind nearer press'd,
He 'gan to shake his foamy crest
O'er furrow'd brow and blacken'd cheek,
And bade his surge in thunder speak.
In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,
Flitted that fond ideal world;
And, to the shore in tumult tost,
The realms in fairy bliss were lost.

Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change
As warr'd the wind with wave and wood,
Upon the ruin'd tower I stood,
And felt my heart more strongly bound,
Responsive to the lofty sound,
While, jowling in the mighty roar,
I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.

So, on the idle dreams of youth
Breaks the loud trumpet-call of truth,
Bids each fair vision pass away,
Like landscape on the lake that lay,
As fair, as fleeting, and as frail,
As that which fled the autumn gale—
For ever dead to fancy's eye
Be each gay form that glistened by,
While dreams of love and lady's charms
Give place to honour and to arms!

Chap. v.

(3.)—DAVIE GELLATLEY'S SONG.

"He (Daft Davie Gellatley) sung with great
earnestness, and not without some taste, a
fragment of an old Scotch ditty;"
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 641

False love, and hast thou play'd me this
In summer among the flowers?
I will repay thee back again
In winter among the showers.
Unless again, again, my love,
Unless you turn again;
As you with other maidens rove,
I'll smile on other men.

"This is a genuine ancient fragment, with
some alteration in the last two lines."

— The question'd party replied.—and,
like the witch of Thalaba, 'still his speech
was song.'

The Knight's to the mountain
His bugle to wind:
The lady's to greenwood
Her garland to bind.
The bower of Burd Ellen
Has moss on the floor.
That the step of Lord William
Be silent and sure.

Chap. ix.

(4.) — SCENE
IN LUCKIE MACLEARY'S TAVERN.

"In the middle of this din, the Baron repeatedly implored silence; and when at length the instinct of polite discipline so far prevailed, that for a moment he obtained it, he hastened to beseech their attention 'unto a military ariette, which was a particular favourite of the Maréchal Duc de Berwick'; then, imitating, as well as he could, the manner and tone of a French masquetaire, he immediately commenced;"

Mon cœur volage, dit-elle,
N'est pas pour vous, garçon,
Est pour un homme de guerre,
Qui a barbe au menton.
Lon, Lon, Laridon.

Qui porte chapeau a plume,
Soulier a rougè talon,
Qui joue de la flute,
Aussi de violon.
Lon, Lon, Laridon.

"Balmawhapple could hold no longer, but broke in with what he called a d—d good song, composed by Gibby Gaitherowit, the Piper of Cupar; and, without wasting more time, struck up—"

It's up Glembarchan's bræs I gaed,
And o' she bent of Killiebrae,
And monny a weary cast I made,
To cuttle the moor-fowl's tail.

If up a bonny black-cock should spring,
To whistle him down wi' a slug in his wing,
And strap him on to my lunzie strung,
Right seldom would I fail.

Chap. xi.

(5.)—"HIE AWAY, HIE AWAY."

"The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and Davie Gellatley's voice singing to the two large deer greyhounds,"

Hie away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten keenest,
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it;
Hie to haunt right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae.
Hie away, hie away.

Chap. xii.

(6.)—ST. SWITHIN'S CHAIR.

"The view of the old tower, or fortalice, introduced some family anecdotes and tales of Scottish chivalry, which the Baron told with great enthusiasm. The projecting peak of an impending crag, which rose near it, had acquired the name of St. Swithin's Chair. It was the scene of a peculiar superstition, of which Mr. Rubrick mentioned some curious particulars, which reminded Waverley of a rhyme quoted by Edgar in King Lear; and Rose was called upon to sing a little legend, in which they had been interwoven by some village poet,

Who, notless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved others' names, but left his own unsung.

"The sweetness of her voice, and the simple beauty of her music, gave all the advantage which the minstrel could have desired, and which his poetry so much wanted."

On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you bounce ye to rest,
Ever beware that your couch be bless'd;
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,
Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride,
And all her nine-fold sweeping on her side,
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,
Sailing through moonshine or swath'd in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in St. Swithin's Chair,
The dew of the night has damp'd her hair;
Her cheek was pale—but resolved and high,
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She mutter'd the spell of Swithin bold,
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
When he stopp'd the Hag as she rode the night,
And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair,
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three when he speaks the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege,
These three long years in battle and siege:
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

News are there none of his weal or his woe,
And sido the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she
speaks:—
Is it the woody owl that shrieks?
Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and
scream,
The voice of the Demon who haunts the
stream?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,
And the roaring torrent had ceased to flow;
The calm was more dreadful than raging
storm,
When the cold grey mist brought the ghostly
form! * * * * * Chap. xiii.

(7.)—DAVIE GELLATLEY'S SONG.

"The next day Edward arose betimes, and
in a morning walk around the house and its vicinity, came suddenly upon a small court in front of the dog-kennel, where his friend Davie was employed about his four-footed
charge. One quick glance of his eye recog-
ized Waverley, when, instantly turning his
back, as if he had not observed him, he began
to sing part of an old ballad."

Young men will love thee more fair and more
fast;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?
Old men's love the longest will last,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his
wing.

The young man's wrath is like light straw on
fire;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?
But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his
wing.

The young man will brawl at the evening
hour;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?
But the old man will draw at the dawning
sword,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his
wing.

[The song has allusion to the Baron of
Braulwadine's personal encounter with Bal-
mawhappie early next morning, after the
evening quarrel betwixt the latter and Wa-
verley.] Chap. xiv.

(8.)—JANET GELLATLEY'S ALLEGED
WITCHCRAFT.

"This anecdote led into a long discussion of,"
All those idle thoughts and phantasies,
Devices, dreams, opiniun unsound,
Shows, visions, soothsays, and prophecies,
And all that feigned is, as leasings, tales, and
lies.

(9.)—FLORA MACIVOR'S SONG.

"Flora had exchanged the measured and
monotonous recitative of the bard for a lofty
and uncommon Highland air, which had been
a battle-song in former ages. A few irregular
strains introduced a prelude of a wild and
peculiar tone, which harmonized well with the
distant water-fall, and the soft sigh of the
evening breeze in the rustling leaves of an
aspen which overhung the seat of the fair
harpess. The following verses convey but
little idea of the feelings with which, so sung
and accompanied, they were heard by Waver-
ley."

There is mist on the mountain, and night on
the vale.
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the
Gael.
A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd every
hand!
The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but redder'd with
rust:
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.
The deeds of our sires if our bards should
rehearse,
Let a bluss or a blow be the meed of their
verse!
Be mute every string, and be hush'd every
tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is
flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber
are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at
last:
Glenaladale's peaks are illumined with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in
the blaze.

O high-minded Moray!—the exiled—the
dear!
In the blush of the dawning the Standard
uprear!
Wide, wide to the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is
nigh!
Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning
shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to
wake?
That dawn never beam'd on your forefathers'
eye.
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish
or die.
O sprung from the Kings who in Islay kept
state,
Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengary, and
Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one moun-
tain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish
thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle’s hold swell.
Tulliar Coryarrick resound to the knell!
Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivet, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of grey Fiogon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven.
Unite with the race of renown’d Rorrij More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shimeil will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o’er tresses of grey!
How the race of wrong’d Alpine and murder’d Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the Frith, and the lake!
’Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call.
’Tis the pibroch’s shrill summons—but not to the hall.

’Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin’s in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore!
Or die, like your sires, and endure it no more!

“Alas Flora concluded her song, Fergus stood before them, and immediately commenced with a theatrical air,”

O vous, qui avez a tasse pleine,
A cette heureuse fontaine,
On on ne voit sur le rivage
Que quelques vilains troupeaux,
Suivis de nymphes de village,
Qui les escortent sans sabots—

(Chap. xxii.)

(10.)—LINES ON CAPTAIN WOGAN.

“The letter from the Chief contained Flora’s lines on the fate of Captain Wogan, whose enterprising character is so well drawn by Clarendon. He had originally engaged in the service of the Parliament, but had abjured that party upon the execution of Charles I; and upon hearing that the royal standard was set up by the Earl of Glencarn and General Middleton in the Highlands of Scotland, took leave of Charles I, who was then at Paris, passed into England, assembled a body of cavaliers in the neighbourhood of London, and traversed the kingdom, which had been so long under domination of the usurper, by marches conducted with such skill, dexterity, and spirit, that he safely united his handful of horsemen with the body of Highlanders then in arms. After several months of desultory warfare, in which Wogan’s skill and courage gained him the highest reputation, he had the misfortune to be wounded in a dangerous manner, and no surgical assistance being within reach, he terminated his short but glorious career.”

The Verses were inscribed,

TO AN OAK TREE,

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF —— IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, SAID TO MARK THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN WOGAN, KILLED IN 1648.

Emblem of England’s ancient faith,
Full proudly may thy branches wave,
Where loyalty lies low in death,
And valour fills a timeless grave.

And thou, brave tenant of the tomb! Repine not if our clime deny,
Above thine honour’d sod to bloom,
The flowrets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May;
Beneath a fiercer sun they live,
Before the winter storm decay—
And can their worth be type of thine?

No! for, ’mid storms of Fate opposing,
Still higher swell’d thy dauntless heart,
And, while Despair the scene was closing,
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part.

’Twas then thou sought’st on Albion’s hill,
(When England’s sons the strife resign’d,) A rugged race resoling still,
And unsubdued though unrefined.
Thy death’s hour heard no kindred wail,
No holy knell thy requiem rung;
Thy mourners were the plaudt Gael,
Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.
Yet who, in Fortune's summer-shine
'To waste life's longest term away,
Would change that glorious dawn of thine,
Though darken'd ere its noontide day?
Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs
Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom!
Rome bound with oak her patriot's brows,
As Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb. 

Chap. xix. 

(11)—"FOLLOW ME, FOLLOW ME?"

"Who are dead," said Waverley, forgetting
the incapacity of Davie to hold any connected
discourse.
"Baron—and Baillie—and Sanders Sanders-
son—and Lady Rose, that sang so sweet—A'
death and gane—death and gae, (said Davie)—
But follow, follow me;
While glow-worms light the lea,
I'll show ye where the dead should be—
Each in his shroud,
While winds pipe loud,
And the red moon peeps dim through the cloud.
Follow, follow me;
Brave should he be
That treads by the night the dead man's lea."

Chap. ixiii. 

The Author of Waverley.

["I am not able to give the exact date of the
following reply to one of John Ballinntyne's
expostulations on the subject of the secret."
Life, vol. iv., p. 179.]

"No, John, I will not own the book—
I won't, you Piccaroon.
When next I try St. Grubby's brook,
The A. of Wa—shall ha't the hook—
And flat-fish bite as soon.
As if before them they had got
The worn-out wriggler

WALTER SCOTT."

Farewell to Mackenzie, 
HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL.
FROM THE GAELIC.

1815.—ET. 44.

The original verses are arranged to a beautiful
Gaelic air, of which the chorus is adapted
to the double pull upon the oars of a galley,
and which is therefore distinct from the ordi-
nary jorrams, or boat-songs. They were com-
piled by the Family Bard upon the departure
of the Earl of Seaforth, who was obliged
to take refuge in Spain, after an unsuccessful
effort of insurrection in favour of the Stuart
family, in the year 1718.

Farewell to Mackenneth, great Earl of the
North,
The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, an Sea-
forth;
To the Chieftain this morning his course who
began,
Launching forth on the billows his bark like a
swan.
For a far foreign land he has hoisted his sail,
Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!
O swift be the galley, and hardly her crew,
May her captain be skilful, her mariners true,
In danger undaunted, unwearie by toil,
Though the whirling wind should rise, and the
ocean should boil:
On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank her
bonail,1
And farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of
Kintail!

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet southland
gale!
Like the sighs of his people, breathe soft on
his sail:
Be prolong'd as regret, that his vassals must
know,
Be fair as their faith, and sincere as their wre:
Be so soft, and so fair, and so faithful, sweet
gale,
Waiting onward Mackenzie, High Chief of
Kintail!
Be his pilot experienced, and trusty, and wise,
To measure the seas and to study the skies:
May he hoist all his canvas from stremmer to
deck.
But O! crowd it higher when wafting him
back—
Till the cliffs of Skooroora, and Conan's glad
vale,
Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief of
Kintail!

IMITATION OF THE PRECEDING
SONG.3

So sung the old Bard, in the grief of his heart,
When he saw his loved Lord from his people
depart.
Now mute on thy mountains, O Albyn, are
heard
Nor the voice of the song, nor the harp of the
bard;
Or its strings are but waked by the stern
winter gale,
As they mourn for Mackenzie, last Chief of
Kintail.
From the far Southland Border a Minstrel
came forth,
And he waited the hour that some Bard of the
north
His hand on the harp of the ancient should
cast,
And bid its wild numbers mix high with the
blast;

1 Beinil, or Boonile, the old Scottish phrase for a feast
at paring with a friend.
2 These verses were written shortly after the death of
Lord Seaforth, the last male representative of his illustri-
ous race. He was a nobleman of extraordinary talents
who must have made for himself a lasting reputation, had
not his political exertions been checked by the painful
natural infirmities alluded to in the fourth stanza.—See
But no bard was there left in the land of the
Gael.
To lament for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.
And shalt thou then sleep, did the Minstrel
exclaim.
Like the son of the lowly, unnoticed by fame?
No, son of Fitzgerald: in accents of woe,
The song thou hast loved o'er thy coffin shall
flow.
And teach thy wild mountains to join in the
wail,
That laments for Mackenzie, last chief of
Kintail.
In vain, the bright course of thy talents to
wrong,
Fate debarred the ear and imprison'd thy
tongue:
For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose
The glow of the genius they could not oppose:
And who in the land of the Saxon or Gael,
Might match with Mackenzie high Chief of
Kintail.
Thy sons rose around thee in light and in
love.
All a father could hope, all a friend could
approve:
What vails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell,
In the spring-time of youth and of promise
they fell!
Of the line of Fitzgerald remains not a male,
To bear the proud name of the Chief of
Kintail.
And thou, gentle Dame, who must bear, to thy
grief,
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a
Chief,
Whom brief rolling moons in six changes have
left,
Of thy husband, and father, and brethren
bereft.
To thine ear of affection, how sad is the hail,
That sinks thee the heir of the line of
Kintail.

War-Song of Lachlan,
HIGH CHIEF OF MACLEAN.
FROM THE GAELIC.
1815.

This song appears to be imperfect, or, at
least, like many of the early Gaelic poems,
makes a rapid transition from one subject to
another; from the situation, namely, of one
of the daughters of the clan, who opens the
song by lamenting the absence of her lover,
to an eulogium over the military glories of
the Chief lain. The translator has endeav-
oured to imitate the abrupt style of the
original.

1 The Honorable Lady Hood, daughter of the last Lord
Sca'forth, widow of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, now Mrs.
Stewart Mackenzie of Scourie and Glanerston.—1833.
2 i. e. The clan of Maclean, literally the race of Gillian.

A weary month has wander'd o'er
Since last we parted on the shore:
Heaven! that I saw thee, Love, once more,
Safe on the shore again!—
'Twas valiant Lachlan gave the word:
Lachlan, of many a gallery lord:
He call'd his kindred bands on board,
And launch'd them on the main.

Clan-Gillian 2 is to ocean gone,
Clan-Gillian, fierce in far and known;
Rejoicing in the glory won
In many a bloody boul:
For wide is heard the thund'ring fray,
The rout, the ruin, the dismay,
When from the twilight glens away,
Clan-Gillian drives the spoil.

Woe to the hills that shall rebound
Our banner'd bug-pipes' maddening sound;
Clan-Gillian's outst echoing round,
Shall shake their imnest cell.
Woe to the bark whose crew shall gaze,
Where Lachlan's silken streamer plays!
The fools might face the lightning's blaze
As wisely and as well.

Saint Cloud.
[Paris, 5th September, 1815.]

Soft spread the southern summer night
Her veil of darksome blue;
Ten thousand stars combined to light,
The terrace of Saint Cloud.
The evening breezes gently sigh'd,
Like breath of lover true,
Bewailing the deserted pride
And wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.
The drum's deep roll was heard afar,
The bugle wildly blew
Good-night to Hulan and Hassar,
That garrison Saint Cloud.
The startled Naiads from the shade
With broken urns withdrew,
And silenced was that proud cascade,
The glory of Saint Cloud.
We set on its steps of stone,
Nor could its silence roe,
When waked, to music of our own,
The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note
Fall light as summer dew,
While through the moonless air they float,
Prolong'd from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet
His waters never knew,
Though music's self was wont to meet
With Princes at Saint Cloud.

Nor then, with more delighted ear,
The circle round her drew,
Than ours, when gather'd round to hear
Our songstress 1 at Saint Cloud.

1 These lines were written after an evening spent at
Saint Cloud with the late Lady Alvanley and her daugh-
ters, one of whom was the songstress alluded to in the
text.
When down the destined plain,
'Twixt Britain and the hands of France,
Wild as marsh-born meteor's glance,
Strange phantoms wheel'd a revel dance,
And down'd the future slain.

Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard.
When Scotland's James his march prepared
For Flodden's fatal plain: 2
Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
As Choosers of the Slain, adored
The yet unchristen'd Daue.
An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheel'd their ring-dance hand in hand,
With gestures wild and dread.
The Seer, who watch'd them ride the storm,
Saw through their faint and shadowy form
The lightning's flash more red;
And still their ghastly roundelay
Was of the coming battle-fray
And of the destined dead.

IV.
SONG.

"Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave,
As each wild gust blows by;
But still the corn,
At dawn of morn,
Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste,
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

V.

"Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance!
Brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room;
Make space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear, and plume,
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier!

Room for the men of steel!
Through crest and plate
The broadsword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

VI.

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And thunders rattle loud,
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The broadsword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

VI.

"Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.
Sons of the spear!
You feel us near
In many a ghastly dream;
With fancy's eye
Our forms you spy.

And hear our fatal scream.
With clearer sight
Ere falls the night,
Just when to weal or woe
Your disembodied souls take flight
On trembling wing—each startled sprite
Our choir of death shall know.

VII.

"Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave.
To sleep without a shroud.

Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,
Redder rain shall soon be ours—
See the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame.
Elemental rage is tane
To the wrath of man."

VIII.

At morn, grey Allan's mates with awe
Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,
The legend heard him say:
But the seer's gifted eye was dim,
Deafen'd his ear, and stark his limb,
Ere closed that bloody day—
He sleeps far from his Highland heath—
But often of the Dance of Death
His comrades tell the tale,
On picquet-post, when ebb's the night,
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,
And dawn is glimmering pale.

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

1815.

The original of this little Romance makes part of a manuscript collection of French Songs, probably compiled by some young officer, which was found on the field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and with blood, as sufficiently to indicate the fate of its late owner. The song is popular in France, and is rather a good specimen of the style of composition to which it belongs. The translation is strictly literal.

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine,
But first he made his orisons before St. Mary's shrine:
"And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven," was still the Soldier's prayer,
"That I may prove the bravest knight, and love the fairest fair.

His oath of honour on the shrine he graved it
With his sword,
And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of his Lord;
Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill'd the air,
"Be honour'd, ye the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair."

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his Liege-Lord said,
"The heart that has for honour beat by bliss
must be repaid.—
"My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot before
Saint Mary's shrine,
That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands combine;
And every lord and lady bright, that were in chapel there,
Cried, "Honour'd be the bravest knight,
Beloved the fairest fair!"

THE TROUBADOUR.

FROM THE SAME COLLECTION.

1815.

Glowing with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
Beneath his Lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good-morrow:
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true-love's bower;
Gaily for love and fame to fight
Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on head
And harp in hand, the DESCANT rung,
As, faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel-burden still he sung:
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour."

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hewed his way,
'Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
And still was heard his warrior-lay:
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

Alas! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
But still reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave:—
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love and fame to fail in flight
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."
From the French.

1815.

It chanced that Cupid on a season,
By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,
But could not settle whether Reason
Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then?—Upon my life,
"I was bad example for a deity—"
He takes me Reason for a wife,
And Folly for his hours of gaiety.

Though thus he dealt in petty treason,
He loved them both in equal measure;
Fidelity was born of Reason,
And Folly brought to bed of Pleasure.

Song.

ON THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER OF THE
HOUSE OF BUCCLEUCH, AT A GREAT FOOT-BALL
MATCH ON CARTERHAUGH.

1815.

From the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame:
And each forester blithe, from his mountain descending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.

CHORUS.

Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.

When the Southern invader spread waste and disorder,
At the glance of her crescents he paused and withdrew,
For around them were marshall'd the pride of the Border.
The Flowers of the Forest, the Bands of Buccleuch.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

A Stripling's weak hand 2 to our revel has borne her,
No mail-glove has grasped her, no spearman surround;
But ere a bold suitor should scathe or should scorn her,
A thousand true hearts would be cold on the ground.

Then up with the Banner, &c.

We forget each contention of civil dissension,
And hail, like our brethren, Home, Douglas, and Car:
And Elliot and Pringle in pastime shall mingle,
As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,
And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure,
To each laird and each Lady that witness'd our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,
To the lads that have lost and the lads that have won.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

May the Forest still flourish, both Borough and land-ward,
From the hall of the Peer to the herd's ingle-nook:
And buzzzal my brave hearts, for Buccleuch and his standard,
For the King and the Country, the Clan, and the Duke!

Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.

Lullaby of an Enfant Chief.

Air—"Cadul gu lo.

1815.

I.

O, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

II.

O, fear not the bangle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;

1 The foot-ball match on which this song was written took place on December 3, 1815, and was also celebrated by the Ettrick Shepherd. See Life of Scott, vol. v. pp. 118, 119, 120.

2 The bearer of the standard was the Author's eldest son.

3 "Sleep on till day." These words, adapted to a melody somewhat different from the original, are sung in my friend Mr. Terry's drama of "Owy Manorings."
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Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foe-an draws near to thy bed.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

III
O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come;
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum:
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may.
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

VERSES FROM GUY MANNERING.

1815.

(1.) SONGS OF MEG MERRILLES.

NATIVITY OF HARRY BERTRAM.

Canny moment, lucky fit;
Is the lady lighter yet?
Be it bad, or be it less,
Sign wi' cross, and sae wi' mass.

Trefoil, vervain, John's-wort, dill,
Hinders witches of their will;
Weel is them, that weel may
Fast upon St. Andrew's day.

Saint Bride and her brat,
Saint Coline and her cat,
Saint Michael and his spear,
Keep the house frae reif and wear.

Chap iii.

"TWIST YE, TWINE YE."

Twist ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle shades of joy and wo,
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild, and follies vain,
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain;
Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle,
'Twist ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle human bliss and wo.

Ibid.

THE DYING GIPSY SMUGGLER.

Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay?
From the body pass away:—
Hark! the mass is singing.
From thee doff thy mortal weed,
Mary Mother be thy speed,
Saints to help thee at thy need:—
Hark! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
Sleet, or hail, or levin blast;
Soon the shroud shall lay thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast.
That shall never know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth fits fast, and time draws on,—
Gasp thy gasp, and drown thy groan.
Day is near the breaking.

"The songstress paused, and was answered
by one or two deep and hollow grunts, that
seemed to proceed from the very agony of the
mortal strife. 'It will not be,' she muttered
to herself. 'He cannot pass away with that
on his mind; it teeters him here.

Heaven cannot abide it;
Earth refuses to hide it.

I must open the door.'

"— She lifted the latch, saying,
'Open locks, end strife,
Come death, and pass life.'"

Chap. xxvii.

THE PROPHECY.

The dark shall be light,
And the wrong made right,
When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height.

Chap. xii.

(2.) SONGS OF DIRK HATTERAICK
AND GLOSSIN.

"'And now I have brought you some break-
fast,' said Glossin, producing some cold meat
and a flask of spirits. The latter Hatteraick
eagerly seized upon, and applied to his mouth:
and, after a hearty draught, he exclaimed with
great rapture, 'Das schmeckt!—That is good
—that warms the liver!—Then broke into the
fragment of a High-Dutch song:—"

Sauen bier, und brante-wein,
Schmeissen alle die fenstern ein;
Ich ben lieberlich,
Du bist lieberlich,
Sind wir nicht lieberlich leute a.

"'Well said, my hearty Captain!' cried
Glossin, endeavouring to catch the tone of
revelry;"

Gin by pailfuls, wine in rivers,
Dash the window-glass to shivers!
For three wild lads were we, brave boys,
And three wild lads were we;
Thou on the land, and I on the sand,
And Jack on the gallows-tree!

Chap. xxxiv.
The Return to Ulster.

1816.

Once again,—but how changed since my wand’ring began—
I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,
And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the roar
That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.
Alas! my poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn?
With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?
Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
That flow’d when these echoes first mix’d with my strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and unknown,
High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown;
The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,
The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.
I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire
At the rush of their verse, and the sweep of their lyre:
To me ’twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,
But a vision of noon-tide, distinguish’d and clear.

Ultonia’s old heroes awoke at the call,
And renew’d the wild pomp of the chase and the ball;
And the standard of Fion flash’d fierce from on high.
Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh.
It seem’d that the harp of green Erin once more
Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore.—
Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, shouldst thou burn?
They were days of delusion, and cannot return.

But was she, too, a phantom, the Maid who stood by,
And listen’d my lay, while she turn’d from mine eye?
Was she, too, a vision, just glancing to view,
Then dispersed in the sunbeam, or melted to dew?
Oh! would it have been so.—Oh! would that her eye
Had been but a star-glance that shot through the sky,
And her voice that was moulded to melody’s thrill,
Had been but a zephyr, that sigh’d and was still!

Oh! would it had been so,—not then this poor heart
Had learn’d the sad lesson, to love and part;
To bear, unassisted, its burthen of care,
While I toil’d for the wealth I had no one to share.
Not then had I said, when life’s summer was done,
And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding on,
“Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your train,
And restore me the dream of my spring-tide again.”

Jock of Hazeldean.

Air—A Border Melody.

1816.

The first stanza of this Ballad is ancient.
The others were written for Mr. Campbell’s Albyn’s Anthology.

I.

“Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I’ll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride:
And ye shall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen” —
But aye she loit the tears down fa’
For Jock of Hazeldean.

II.

“Now let this wilfu’ grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale:
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha’,
His sword in battle keen” —
But aye she loit the tears down fa’
For Jock of Hazeldean.

III.

“A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o’ them a’,
Shall ride our forest queen” —
But aye she loit the tears down fa’
For Jock of Hazeldean.

IV.

The kirk was deck’d at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer’d fair;
The priest and bridgroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her bath by bower and ha’;
The ladie was not seen!
She’s o’er the Border, and awa’
Wi’ Jock of Hazeldean.
Lyrical and Miscellaneous Pieces. 551

Pibroch of Donald Dhu.

Air—"Probair of Donald Dhu." 1

1816.

This is a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan-MacDonald, and supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1331, launched from the Isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own. The words of the set, theme, or melody, to which the pipe variations are applied, run thus in Gaelic:

Piobaireachd Dhonuill Dhuideh, piobaireachd Donuil;
Piobaireachd Dhonuill Dhuideh, piobaireachd Donuil;
Piobaireachd Dhonuill Dhuideh, piobaireachd Donuil;
Piob acus-brathach air faiche Inverloch.ie.
The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The war-pipe and the penann are on the gathering-place at Inverlochy. 2

Pibroch of Donuill Din,
Pibroch of Donuill,
Waked thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuill.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and penann
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel-blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninter'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Bravarios and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaid, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuill Din,
Kael for the onset!

Nora’s Vow.

Air—"Cha teid mis a chaoidh." 3

Written for Albyn’s Anthology.

1816.

In the original Gaelic, the Lady makes protestation that she will not go with the Red Earl’s son, until the swan should build in the cliff, and the eagle in the lake—until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add, that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind—except the vehemence of her protestation.

I.

Hear what Highland Nora said,—
"The Earlie’s son I will not wed, should all the race of nature die, and none be left but he and I. For all the gold, for all the gear, and all the lands both far and near, that ever valour lost or won, I would not wed the Earlie’s son."

II.

"A maiden’s vows," old Callum spoke,
"Are lightly made and lightly broke; the heather on the mountain’s height begins to bloom in purple light; the frost-mist soon shall sweep away, that justice deep from Glen and brae; yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone, may blithely wed the Earlie’s son."

III.

"The swan," she said, "the lake’s clear breast; may bear for the eagle’s nest; the Awe’s fierce stream may backward turn, Ben-Cruachan fall, and crush Kichurn; our kilted clans, when blood is high, before their foes may turn and fly; but I were all these marvels done, would never wed the Earlie’s son."

IV.

Still in the water-jilly’s shade
Her watched nest the wild-swain made;
Ben-Cruachan stands as fast as ever.
Still downward flows the Awe’s fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman’s steel,
No Highland brogue has turned the heel; but Nora’s heart is lost and won.
—She’s wedded to the Earlie’s son!

1 “The pibroch of Donald the Black.” This song was written for Campbell’s Albyn’s Anthology, 1516.
2 Compare this with the gathering-song in the third canto of the Lady of the Lake, etc.
3 "I will never go with him."
Macgregor's Gathering.

Air—"Thain a Grigalac." 1

WRITTEN FOR ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY.

1816.

These verses are adapted to a very wild, yet lively gathering-tune, used by the MacGregors. The severe treatment of this Clan, their outlawry, and the proscription of their very name, are alluded to in the Ballad. 2

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the Clan has a name that is nameless by day:
Then gather, gather, gather Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather, &c.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful hallo!
Then hallo, Grigalach! hallo, Grigalach!
Hallo, hallo, hallo, Grigalach, &c.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalachurn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours:
We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!
Landless, landless, landless, &c.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,
MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword:
Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!
Courage, courage, courage, &c.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roods to the flame, and their fleece to the eagles!
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigalach!
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, &c.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!
Come then, Grigalach, come then, Grigalach,
Come then, come then, come then, &c.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall steer,
O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt.
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather, &c.

Verses,

COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION, ADAPTED TO HAYDN'S AIR,
"God save the Emperor Francis,"
AND SUNG BY A SELECT BAND AFTER THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH TO THE
GRAND-DUKE NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA,
AND HIS SUI ET IN, 19TH DECEMBER, 1816.

God protect brave Alexander,
Heaven defend the noble Czar,
Mighty Russia's high Commander,
First in Europe's banded war;
For the realms he did deliver
From the tyrant overthrown,
Then, of every good the Giver,
Grant him long to bless his own!
Bless him, 'mid his land's disaster,
For her rights who battled brave,
Of the land of poemen master,
Bless him who their wrongs forgave.
O'ver his just resentment victor,
Victor over Europe's foes,
Late and long supreme director,
Grant in peace his reign may close.
Hail! then, hail! illustrious stranger!
Welcome to our mountain strand;
Mutual interests, hopes, and danger,
Link us as by thy native land.
Freemen's force, or false beguiling,
Shall that union ne'er divide,
Hand in hand while peace is smiling,
And in battle side by side. 4

From the Antiquary.

1816.

(1) — TIME

"The window of a turret, which projected at an angle with the wall, and thus came to be very near Lovel's apartment, was half open, and from that quarter he heard again the same music which had probably broken short his dream. With its visionary character it had lost much of its charms—it was now nothing more than an air on the harpsichord, tolerably well performed—such is the caprice of man's fancy..." — Introduction to Rob Roy, Waverley Novels.

4 Mr. afterwards Sir William Arbuthnot, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who had the honour to entertain the Grand-Duke, new Emperor of Russia, was a personal friend of Sir Walter Scott's; and these Verses, with their heading, are now given from the newspapers of 1816.
of imagination as affecting the fine arts. A female voice sung, with some taste and great simplicity, something between a song and a hymn, in words to the following effect: —

"Why sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and grey?
Dost thou its former pride recant,
Or ponder how it pass'd away?"

"Know'st thou not me?" the Deep Voice cried;
"So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused!"

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away!
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourishing, and decay.

"Redeem mine hours — the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time and thou shalt part for ever!"

Chap. x.

(2.) — EPITAPH ON JON O' YE GERRY.

"Beneath an old oak-tree, upon a hillock,
Lay a moss-grown stone, and, in memory of
de the departed worthy, it bore an inscription, of which, as Mr. Oldhuck affirmed, (though many doubted,) the departed characters could be distinctly traced to the following effect: —

Heir lyeth Jon o' ye Gerry,
Erth has ye nit and henye ye kirmell.
In hys tymne ilk wy'se heunnis colokit,
Ika cud mannis herth wi' bairnis was stokit,
Hed deleth a boll o' heair in firlottis fyn,
Foure for ye hale kirke and ane for pure mennis wyris.

Chap. xi.

(3.) — ELSPETH'S BALLAD.

"As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut, he was surprised to hear the shrill trebulous voice of Elspeth chanting forth an old ballad in a wild and delightful recitative: —

The herring loves the merry moon-light,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,
For they came of a gentle kind.

Now hauk your tongueo, baith wife and carle,
And listen great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The chronach's cried on Bennachie,
And down the Don and a',
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw.

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They had briddled a hundred black,
With a chaffron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rang free side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood,
That Highland host to see:
"Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardy:
"What would'st thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne,—
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

"To turn the reen were sin and shame,
To fight were wondrous peril,—
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl?"

"Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spear should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

"If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaid,
And we are mail-clad men.

"My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
As through the moorland fen —
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kenne,

• • • • ••

He turn'd him right and round again,
Said, Scorn na at my mither;
Light loves I may get mony a ane,
But minnie ne'er anither.

Chap. xi.

MOTTOES IN THE ANTIQUARY.

"The scraps of poetry which have been in most cases tacked to the beginning of chapters in these Novels, are sometimes quoted either from reading or from memory, but, in the general case, are pure invention. I found it too troublesome to turn to the collection of the British Poets to discover apposite mottoes, and, in the situation of the theatrical mechanism, who, when the white paper which represented his shower of snow was exhausted, continued the shower by snowing brown, I drew on my memory as long as I could, and when that failed, eked it out with invention. I believe that, in some cases, where actual names are affixed to the supposed quotations, it would be to little purpose to seek them in the works of the authors referred to. In some cases, I have been entertained when Mr. Watts and other graver authors have been insinuated in vain for stanzas for which the novelist alone was responsible." — Introduction to Chronicles of the Canongate.
I knew Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent.
Wisdom and cunning had their places of him;
But he was shrewish as a wayward child,
And pleased again by toys which childhood please;
As—book of fables graced with print of wood,
Or else the jingling of rusty medal,
Or the rare melody of some old ditty,
That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.

(2.)—CHAP. IX.
"Be grave," she cried, "you yet may be our guest.
Our haunted room was ever held the best:
If, then, your valour can the fight sustain
Of rustling curtains, and the clinking chain;
If your courageous tongue have powers to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;
If you dare ask it why it leaves its tomb,
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room." True Story.

(3.)—CHAP. XI.
Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this vision sent,
And order'd all the pageants as they went;
Sometimes that only 'twas wild Fancy's play—
The loose and scatter'd relics of the day.

(4.)—CHAP. XII.
Beggar!—the only freemen of your Commonwealth;
Free above Scot-free, that observe no laws,
Obey no governor, use no religion
But what they draw from their own ancient customs,
Or constitute themselves, yet they are no rebels. Brome.

(5.)—CHAP. XIX.
Here has been such a stormy encounter,
Betwixt my cousin Captain, and this soldier,
About I know not what!—nothing, indeed;
Competitions, degrees, and comparatives Of soldiership— A Faire Quarrel.

(6.)—CHAP. XX.
——If you fall honour here,
Never presume to serve her any more;
Bid farewell to the integrity of arms,
And the honourable name of soldier.
Fall from you, like a shiver'd wreath of laurel
By thunder struck from a desertless forehead. A Faire Quarrel.

(7.)—CHAP. XXI.
——The Lord Abbot had a soul
Subtle and quick, and searching as the fire:
By mine stairs he went as deep as hell,
And if in devils' possession gold be kept,
He brought some sure from thence—'tis hid in caves,
Known, save to me, to none—— The Wonder of a Kingdome.

(8.)—CHAP. XXVII.
——Many great ones
Would part with half their states, to have the plan
And credit to beg in the first style.— Beggars Bush.

(9.)—CHAP. XXX.
Who is he?—One that for the lack of land
Shall fight upon the water—he hath challenged
Formerly the grand whale; and by his titles Of Leviathan, Behemoth, and so forth.
He tilted with a sword-fish—Marry, sir,
Th' aquatic had the best—the argument
Still galls our champion's breech. Old Play.

(10.)—CHAP. XXXI.
Tell me not of it, friend—when the young wax,
Their tears are lukewarm brine;—from our old eyes
Sorrow falls down like hail-drops of the North,
Chilling the furrows of our wither'd cheeks,
Cold as our hopes, and hardened as our feeling—
Theirs, as they fall, sink sightless—ours recoil,
Heap the fair plain, and bleaken all before us. Old Play.

(11.)—CHAP. XXXIII.
Remorse—she ne'er forsakes us!—
A bloodhound stench—she tracks our rapid step
Through the wild labyrinth of youthful frenzy,
Unheard, perchance, until old age hath tamed us;
Then in our lair, when Time hath chill'd our joints,
And main'd our hope of combat, or of flight,
We hear her deep-mouth'd bay, announcing all,
Of wrath and woe and punishment that bides us. Old Play.

(12.)—CHAP. XXXIV.
Still in his dead hand clenched remain the strings
That thrill his father's heart—'e'en as the limit,
Lopp'd off and laid in grave, retains, they tell us,
Strange commerce with the mutilated stump,
Whose nerves are twining still in main'd existence. Old Play.

(13.)—CHAP. XXXV.
——Life, with you,
Glows in the brain and dances in the arteries;
'Tis like the wine some joyous guest hath quaff'd,
That glads the heart and elevates the fancy:
Mine is the poor residuum of the cup,
Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only rolling
With its base dregs the vessel that contains it. Old Play.

(14.)—CHAP. XXXVII.
Yes! I love Justice well—as well as you do—
But, since the good dame's blind, she shall excuse me.
If, time and reason fitting, I prove dumb;—
The breath I utter now shall be no means
To take away from me my breath in future. Old Play.

(15.)—CHAP. XXXVIII.
Well, well, at worst, 'tis neither theft nor coinage,
Grunting I knew all that you charge me with.
What, tho' the tomb hath born a second birth,
And given the wealth to one that knew not on't.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 555

Yet fair exchange was never robbery,
Far less pure bounty — Old Play.

(16.) — CHAP. XL.
Life ebbs from such old age, unmark'd and silent,
As the slow neap-tide leaves you stranded galley.
Late she rock'd merrily at the least impulse
The wind or wave could give; but now her keel
Is settling on the sand, her mast has ta'en
An angle with the sky, from which it shifts not.
Each wave receding shakes her less and less,
Till, becalmed on the strand, she shall remain
Useless and motionless. Old Play.

(17.) — CHAP. XII.
So, while the Goose, of whom the fable told,
Incumbent, brooded o'er her eggs of gold,
With hand outstretched impatient to destroy,
Stole on her secret nest the cruel Boy.
Whose guile rapacious changed her splendid dream,
For wings vain fluttering, and for dying scream.
The Loves of the Sea-weeds.

(18.) — CHAP. XLI.
Let those go see who will — I like it not—
For, say he was a slave to rank and pomp,
And all the nothing he is now divorced from
By the hard doom of stern necessity;
Yet is it sad to mark his alter'd brow,
Where Vanity adjusts his flimsy veil
O'er the deep wrinkles of repentant Anguish.

(19.) — CHAP. XLI.
Fortune, you say, flies from us — She but circles,
Like the fleet sea-bird round the fowler's skiff—
Lost in the mist one moment, and the next
Brushing the white sail with her whiter wing,
As if to court the aim.— Experience watches,
And has her on the weel. Old Play.

(20.) — CHAP. XLIV.
Nay, if she love me not, I care not for her:
Shall I look pale because the maiden blooms?
Or sigh because she smiles — and smiles on others?
Not I, by Heaven! — I hold my peace too dear,
To let it, how the plume upon her cap,
Shake at each nod that her caprice shall dictate.

["It may be worth noting, that it was in correcting the proof sheets of 'The Antiquary' that Scott first took to equipping his chapters with mottoes of his own invention. On one occasion he happened to ask John Ballantyne, who was sitting by him, to hunt for a particular passage in Beaumont and Fletcher. John did as he was bid, but did not succeed in discovering the lines "Hang it, Johanne," cried Scott, "I believe I can make a motto sooner than you will find one." He did so accordingly; and from that hour, whenever memory failed to suggest an appropriate epigraph, he had recourse to the inexhaustible mines of 'old play' or 'old ballad,' to which we owe some of the most exquisite verses that ever flowed from his pen." — Life, vol. v., p. 145.]

From the Black Dwarf.

1816.

MOTTOES.

(1.) — CHAP. V.
The bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath
Feels, in its barrenness, some touch of spring;
And, in the April breeze, or beam of May,
Its moss and lichen freshen and revive;
And thus the heart, most sear'd to human pleasure,
Melts at the tear, joys in the smile of woman.

Beaumont.

(2.) — CHAP. XVL
Twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: Time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days.
The former man may make him — Bring us to him,
And change it as it may.

Old Play.

From Old Mortality.

1816.

(1.) — MAJOR BELLENDEN'S SONG.
And what though winter will pinch severe
Thro' locks of grey and a cloak that's old,
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.
For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow;
Was never wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow him.

Chap. xix.

(2.) — VERSES FOUND IN BOTHWELL'S POCKET-BOOK.
"With these letters was a lock of hair wrapped in a copy of verses, written obviously with a feeling which atoned, in Morton's opinion, for the roughness of the poetry, and the conceits with which it abounded, according to the taste of the period;"
Thy hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright,
As in that well-remember'd night,
When first that mystic braid was wove,
And first my Agnes whisper'd love.

Since then how oft hast thou press'd
The torrid zones of this wild breast,
Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell
With the first sin that peopled hell,
A breast whose blood's a troubled ocean,
Each throb the earthquake's wild commotion!
O, if such clime thou canst endure,
Yet keep thy hue unstem'd and pure,
What conquest o'er each erring thought
Of that fierce realm had Aruen wrought? I
Had not wander'd wild and wide,
With such an angel for my guide;
Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me
If she had lived, and lived to love me.

Not then this world's wild joys had been
To me one savage hunting scene,
My sole delight the headlong race,
And frantic hurry of the chase;
To start, pursue, and bring to bay,
Rush in, drag down and rend my prey,
Then—from the carcase turn away!
Mine irdful mood had sweetness tamed,
And soothe each wound which pride
inflamed.
Yes, God and man might now approve me,
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me.

(3.)—EPISTAPH ON BALFOUR OF BURLEY.

"Gentle reader, I did request of mine
honest friend, Peter Froudefoot, travelling mer-
chant, known to many of this land for his
faithful and just dealings, as well in muslins
and cambrics us in small wares, to procure
me, on his next peregrinations to that vicinage,
a copy of the Epitaphion alluded to. And,
according to his report, which I see no ground
to discredit, it ranneth thus:"—

Here lyes ane saint to prelates surly,
Being John Balfour, sometime of Burley,
Who, stirr'd up to venemose take,
For solemn League and Covenant's sake,
Upon the Marcus-Moor, in Fife,
Did tak' James Sharpe the apostate's life;
By Dutchman's hands was hacked and shot,
Then drowned in Clyde near this saum spot.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. V.

Arouse thee, youth!—it is no common call,—
God's church is leaguer'd—haste to man the
call;
Haste where the Red-cross banners wave on
high,
Signals of honour'd death or victory.

James Duff.

(2.)—CHAP. XIV.

My hounds may a' rim masterless,
My hawks may fly free tree to tree,
My lord may grip my vassal lands,
For there again maun I never be!

Old Ballad.

(3.)—CHAP. XXXIV.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Anonymous.

The Search after Happiness;
or,
The Quest of Sultaun Solmaun.

1817.

I.

Oh for a glance of that gay Muse's eye,
That lighten'd on Bandello's laughing tale,
And twinkled with a lustre shrewd and sly.
When Giam Battista hude her vision hail!—1
Yet fear not, ladies, the naive detail
Given by the natives of that land canons;
Italian license loves to leap the pale.
We Britons have the fear of shame before us,
And, if not wise in mirth, at least must be
decorous.

II.

In the far eastern clime, no great while
since,
Lived Sultaun Solmaun, a mighty prince,
Whose eyes, as oft as they perform'd their
round,
Beheld all others fix'd upon the ground;
Whose ears received the same unvaried
phrase,
"Sultaun! thy vassal hears, and he obeys!"
All have their tastes—this may the fancy
strike
Of such grave folks as pomp and grandeur
like;
For me, I love the honest heart and warm
Of Monarch who can amble round his farm,
Or, when the toil of state no more annoys,
in chimney corner seek domestic joys—
I love a prince who bids the bottle pass,
Exchanging with his subjects glance and
glass;
In fitting time, can, gayest of the gay,
Keep up the jest, and mingle in the lay—
Such Monarchs best our free-born humours
suit,
But Despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

III.

This Solmaun, Serendib had in sway—
And where's Serendib, may some critic say—
Good lack, mine honest friend, consult the
chart,
Scare not my Pegasus before I start!
If Rennell has it not, you'll find, mayhap,
The isle laid down in Captain Sinbad's
map,—
Famed mariner! whose merciless narrations
Drove every friend and kinsman out of
patience,
Till, fain to find a guest who thought them
shorter,
He deign'd to tell them over to a porter—2
The last edition see, by Long. and Co.,
Rees, Hurst, and Orme, our fathers in the
Row.

IV.

Serendib found, deem not my tale a fiction—
This Sultaun, whether lacking contradic-
tion—

1 The hint of the following tale is taken from La
Camacina Magico, a novel of Giam Battista Censi.

2 See the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.
(A sort of stimulant which hath its uses, 
To raise the spirits and reform the juices, 
—Soeverieen specific for all sorts of cures 
In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours.) 
The Sultaun lacking this same wholesome bitter, 
Or cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter— 
Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams 
With Degaal, Gunnsut, and such wild themes 
Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft, 
I wot not—but the Sultaun never laugh'd, 
Scarse ate or drank, and took a melancholy 
That soorn'd all remedy—profane or holy; 
In his long list of melancholies, mad, 
Or mazed, or dumb, hath Burton none so bad.1 

V. 
Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware, and tried, 
As e'er scrawl'd jargon in a darken'd room; 
With heedful glance the Sultaun's tongue they eyed, 
Peep'd in his bath, and God knows where beside, 
And then in solemn accent spoke their doom. 
"His majesty is very far from well." 
Then each to work with his specific fell: 
The Hakim Ibrahim instanter brought 
His unquenched Mahazim al Zerdjukkaat, 
While Roopmot, a practitioner more wily, 
Relied on his Munaksik al filifly.2 
More and yet more in deep array appear, 
And some the front assault, and some the rear; 
Their remedies to reinforce and vary, 
Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary; 
Till the tired Monarch, though of words grown chary, 
Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless labour, 
Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre. 
There lack'd, I promise you, no longer speeches 
To rid the palace of those learned leeches. 

VI. 
Then was the council call'd—by their advice, 
(They deem'd the matter ticklish all, and nice, 
And sought to shift it off from their own shoulders,) 
Tartars and freeholders in all speed were sent, 
To call a sort of Eastern Parliament 
Of feudatory chieftains and freeholders— 
Such have the Persians at this very day, 
My gallant Malcolm calls them convoititi; 3 
I'm not prepared to show in this slight song 
That to Serendib the same forms belong, 
E'en let the learn'd go search, and tell me if I'm wrong. 

VII. 
The Omrahs,4 each with hand on scimitar, 
Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice for war— 
"The sabre of the Sultaun in its sheath 
Too long has slept, nor own'd the work of death: 
Let the Tambourgi bid his signal rattle, 
Baug the loud gong, and raise the shout of battle! 

This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's day, 
Shall from his kindled bosom flit away, 
When the bold Looite wheels his courser round, 
And the arm'd elephant shall shake the ground, 
Each noble pants to own the glorious summons, 
And for the charges — Lo! your faithful Commons!" 
The Riots who attended in their places 
(Serendib language calls a farmer Riot) 
Look'd ruefully in one another's faces, 
From this oration urging much disquiet, 
Double assessment, forage, and free quarters; 
And fearing these as China-men the Tartars, 
Or as the whisker'd veteran fear the mousers, 
Each fumbled in the pocket of his browsers. 

VIII. 
And next came forth the reverend Convocation, 
Bald heads, white beards, and many a turban grown, 
Imam and Mollah there of every station, 
Santon, Fakir, and Calendar were seen. 
Their votes were various — some advised a Mosque 
With fitting revenues should be erected, 
With seemly gardens and with gay Kiosque, 
To recreate a band of priests selected: 
Others opined that through the realms a dole 
Be made to holy men, whose prayers might profit 
The Sultaun's weal in body and in soul. 
But their long-headed chief, the Shiek Ul-Sotit, 
More closely touch'd the point: — "Thy studious mood," 
Quoth he. "O Prince! hath thicken'd all thy blood, 
And dull'd thy brain with labour beyond measure; 
Wherefore relax a space and take thy pleasure, 
And toy with beauty, or tell o' er thy treasure; 
From all the cares of state, my Liege, enlarge thee, 
And leave the burden to thy faithful clergy." 

IX. 
These counsels sage availed not a whit, 
And so the patient (as is not uncommon 
Where grave physicians lose their time and wit) 
Resolved to take advice of an old woman; 
His mother she, a dame who once was beauteous, 
And still was called so by each subject duteous. 
Now whether Fatima was witch in earnest, 
Or only made believe, I cannot say— 
But she professed to cure disease the sternest, 
By dint of magic amulet or lay; 
And when all other skill in vain was shown, 
She deem'd it fitting time to use her own. 

X. 
"Sympathia magica hath wonders done," 
(Thus did old Fatima bespeak her sou,) 

1 See Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. 
2 For these hard words see D'Hervelot, or the learned editor of the Recipes of Avicenna. 
3 See Sir John Malcolm's admirable History of Persia. 
4 Nobility.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

"It works upon the fibres and the poren,  
And thus, insensibly, our health restores;  
And it must help us here—Thou must endure  
The ill, my son, or travel for the cure.  
Search land and sea, and get, where'er you can,  
The honest vesture of a happy man,  
I mean his shirt, my son: which, taken warm  
And fresh from off his back, shall chase your harum,  
Bid every current of your veins rejoice,  
And your dull heart leap light as shepherdboy's."

Such was the counsel from his mother came:—  
I know not if she had some under-game,  
As Doctors have, who bid their patient's roam  
And live abroad, when sure to die at home;  
Or if she thought, that, somehow or another,  
Queen-Regent sounded better than Queen-Mother;  
But, says the Chronicle (who will go look it,)  
That such was her advice—the Sultaun took it.

XI.

All are on board—the Sultaun and his train,  
In gilded galley prompt to plough the main.  
The old Rais 'twas the first who questioned,  
"Whither?"  
They paused—"Arabia," thought the pensive Prince,  
"Was call'd The Happy many ages since—  
For Mokha, Rais."—And they came safely thither.  
But not in Arab, with all her balm,  
Not where Judea weeps beneath her palm,  
Not in rich Egypt, not in Nubian waste,  
Could there the step of happiness be traced.  
One Capt. alone profess'd to have seen her smile,  
When Bruce his goblet fill'd at infant Nile:  
She bless'd the dauntless traveller as he quaff'd,  
But vanish'd from him with the ended draught.

XII

"Enough of turbans," said the weary King,  
"These dominans of ours are not the thing;  
Try we the Giaours, these men of coat and cap,  
Incline to think some of them must be happy;  
At least, they live in a fair cause as any can.  
They drink good wine and keep no Ramazan.  
Then northward, ho!"—The vessel cuts the sea,  
And fair Italia lies upon her lee.  
But fair Italia, she who once unfurl'd  
Her eagle banners o'er a conquer'd world,  
Long from her throne of dominion tumbled,  
Lay, by her quinam vastass, surely humbled:  
The Pope himself look'd pensive, pale, and lean,  
And was not half the man he once had been.  
"While these the priest and those the noble flocks,  
Our poor old book," they said, "is torn to pieces.  
Its tops the vengeful claws of Austria feel,  
And the Great Devil is reading toe and heel."

1 Master of the vessel.  
2 The well-known resemblance of Italy in the map.  
3 Florence, Venice, &c.

If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,  
We think she dwells with one Giovanni Bulli;  
A tramontane, a heretic,—the buck,  
Puffarded! still has all the luck;  
By land or ocean never strikes his flag—  
And then—a perfect walking money-bag."

Of set our Prince to seek John Bull's abode,  
But first took France—it lay upon the road.

XIII

Monsieur Baboon, after much late communion,  
Wasidgeted like a settling ocean,  
Quite out of sorts, and could not tell what all'd him;  
Only the glory of his house had fail'd him;  
Besides, some tumours on his middle biding,  
Gave indication of a recent hiding.  
Our Prince, though Sultaun of such things  
Are needless,  
Thought it a thing indecortate and needless  
To ask, if at that moment he was happy.  
And Monsieur, seeing that he was comme il faut,  
A loud voice mustered up, for "Vite le Roi!"  
Then whisper'd, "Ave you any news of Nabby?"  
The Sultaun answer'd him with a cross ques-

"Pray, can you tell me aught of one John Bull,  
That dwells somewhere beyond your her-
ring-pool?"

The query seem'd of difficult digestion,  
The party shrug'd, and grinn'd, and took his snuff,  
And found his whole good-breeding scarce enough.

XIV.

Twitching his visage into as many pucker  
As damsel's wont to put into their tuckers,  
(Ere liberal Fashion dam'd both lace and lawn,  
And bade the veil of modesty be drawn,)  
Replied the Frenchman, after a brief pause,  
"Jean Boul—I was not know him—Yes, I was."

1 vas remember dat, von year or two,  
I saw him at von place call'd Vaterloo—  
Ma foi! il s'est tres jillement battu,  
Dat is for Englishman,—m'entendez-vous?  
But den he had wit him one damn gun-nun,  
Rogue I no like—dey call him Yellington,"  
Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret,  
So Soliman took leave, and cross'd the strait.

XV.

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,  
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods;  
His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,  
And on his counter beat the devil's tattoo,  
His wars were ended, and the victory won,  
But then, 'twas reckoning-day with honest John;  
And authors rouch, 'twas still this Worthy's war.  
"Never to grumble till he came to pay;  
And then he always thinks, his temper's such,  
The work too little, and the pay too much."  

4 The Calabrians, infested by bands of assassins. One of  
the leaders was called Fez Draoul.  
5 Or dubbing; so called in the Shang Dictionary.  
6 See the True Born Englishman, by Daniel De Foe.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 559

Yet, grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty,
That when his mortal foe was on the floor,
And past the power to harm his quiet more,
Poor John had wealhing wept for Bona-
part!—
Such was the wight whom Solimaun salam’d.—
And who are you,” John answer’d, “and be
d—d I”

XVI.
“A stranger, come to see the happiest man,—
So, signor, all avouch,—in Frangistan.”—

“Happy! my tenants breacking on my hand;
Unstock’d my pastures, and until’d my land;
Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths
The sole consumers of my good breadclothes—
Happy!—Why, cursed war and racking tax
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs.”—

“In that case, signor, I may take my leave;
I came to ask a favour—but I grieve”——

“Favour?” said John, and eyed the Sultana
hard.

“It’s my belief you come to break the yard!—
But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sin-
er,—
Take that to buy yourself a shirt and din-
er.”——

With that he chuck’d a guinea at his head;
But, with due dignity, the Sultana said,
“Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline;
A shirt indeed I seek, but none of thine.
Signor, I kiss your hands, so fare you well.”——

“Kiss and be d—d,” quoth John, “and go to
hell!”

XVII.

Next door to John there dwelt his sister Peg;
Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg
When the blithe bagpipe blew—but, soberer
now,
She doucely span her flax and milk’d her cow.
And whereas erst she was a needy slattern,
Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,
Yet once a month her house was partly swept,
And once a week a plentiful board she kept.
And whereas, eke, the virxen used her claws
And teeth, of yore, on slander provocation,
She now has grown unamenable to laws,
A quiet soul as any in the nation;
The sole remembrance of her warlike joys
Was in old songs she sang to please her boys.
John Bull, whom, in their years of early strife,
She went to lead a cat-and-dogish life,
Now found the woman, as he said, a neigh-
bor,
Who look’d to the main chance, declined no
labour,
Loved a long grace, and spoke a northern
jargon,
And was d-d close in making of a bargain.

XVIII.
The Sultana enter’d, and he made his leg,
And with decorum curtsy’d sister Peg;
(She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,
And guess’d at once with whom she had to do.)
She bade him “Sit into the fire,” and took
Her dram, her cake, her keebuck from the
ook;
Ask’d him “about the news from Eastern
parts;
And of her absent barns, puri Highland
hearts!”

If peace brought down the price of tea and
pepper,
And if the nilmugs were grown any cheaper—
Were there nay speerings of our Mungo Park—
Ye’ll be the gentleman that wants the sark?
If ye wad buy a web o’ naid wife’s spinnin’,
I’ll warrant ye it’s a weel-waring linen.”

XIX.

Then up got Peg, and round the house ‘gan
scuttle
In search of goods her customer to nail,
Until the Sultana strain’d his princely throttle,
And hullo’d,—“Ma’am that is not what I nil.
Pray, are you happy, ma’am, in this snug
glee?”—

“Happy!” said Peg, “What for d’ye want to
ken?
Besides, just think upon this by-gane year,
Grain wadon pay the yoking of the
pleugh.”——

“What say you to the present I?”—“Meal’s sae
dear,
To mak’ their brose my barns have scarce and
scarcely.”——

“The devil take the shirt,” said Solimaun,
“I think my quest will end as it began.—
Farewell, ma’am: nay, no ceremonie, I beg?”—

“Ye’ll no be for the linen then!” said Peg.

XX.

Now, for the land of verdant Erin,
The Sultana’s royal bark is steering,
The Emerald Isle, where honest Paddy dwells,
The consin of John Bull, as story tells.
For a long space had John, with words of
thunder,
Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy
under,
Till the poor lad, like boy that flog’d un-
duly,
Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly.
Hard was his lot and lodging, you’ll allow,
A wig-wam that would hardly serve a sow;
His landlord, and of middle-men two brace;
Had screw’d his rent up to the starring place;
His garment was a top-coat, and an old one,
His meat was a potato, and a cold one;
But still for fun or frolic, and all that.
In the round world was not the match of Pat.

XXI.
The Sultana saw him on a holiday,
Which is with Paddy still a jolly day:
When mass is ended, and his load of sins
Confess’d, and Mother Church hath from her
hims
Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,
Then is Pat’s time for fancy, whim, and spirit!
To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,
And dance as light as leaf upon the tree.
“By Mahomet,” said Sultana Solimaun,
“That ragged fellow is our very man!
Rush in and seize him—do not do him hurt,
But, will he not he, let me have his shirt.”——

XXII.
Shifera their plan was wealhing after bank-
ing,
(Much less provocation will set it a-walking.)
But the odds that foil’d Hercules foil’d Paddy
Whack;
They siezed, and they floor’d, and they stripp’d
him,—Alack!
Mr. Kemble's Farewell

Address,

ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDINBURG STAGE.

1817.

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground
Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
And longs to rush on the embattled lines,
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near;
To think my scenic hour for ever past,
And that these valued plaudits are my last.
Why should we part, while still some powers remain,
That in your service strive not yet in vain?
Cannot a high zeal the strength of youth supply.
And sense of duty fire the fading eye;
And all the wrongs of age remain subdued
Beneath the burning glow of gratitude?
Ah, no! the taper, wearing to its close,
Oft for a space in fitful lustre glows;
But all too soon the transient gleam is past,
It cannot be renew'd, and will not last;
Even duty, zeal, and gratitude, can wage
But short-lived conflict with the frost of age.
Yes! It were poor, remembering what I was,
To live a pensioner on your applause,
To drain the dregs of your endurance dry,
And take, as alms, the praise I once could buy;
Till every sneering youth around enquires,
"Is this the man who once could please our sures?"
And scorn assumes compassion's doubtful mien,
To warn me off from the encumber'd scene.
This must not be;—and higher duties crave
Some space between the theatre and the grave,

That, like the Roman in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:
My life's brief act in public service flown,
The last, the closing scene, must be my own.

Here, then, adieu! while yet some well-graced parts
May fix as best favourite in your hearts,
Not quite to be forgotten, even when
You look on better actors, younger men:
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget—
O, how forget!—how oft I bither came
In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has waved immortal Shakspeare's magic wand,
Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt, and you have fann'd the flame!
By memory treasured, while her reign endures,
Those hours must live—and all their charms are yours.
O favour'd Land! renown'd for arts and arms,
For manly talent, and for female charms,
Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervent benedictions now were thine!
But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faltering from my tongue;
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is—Friends and Patrons, hail, and fare you well.

Lines,

WRITTEN FOR MISS SMITH.

1817.

When the lone pilgrim views afar
The shrine that is his guiding star,
With awe his footsteps print the road
Which the loved saint of yore has trod.
As near he draws, and yet more near,
His dim eye sparkles with a tear;
The Gothic fanes unwonted show,
The choral hymn, the tapers' ginw,
Oppress his soul; while they delight
And chasen't captain with affright.

1 These lines first appeared, April 5, 1817, in a weekly sheet, called the "Sale Room," and published by Messrs. Balcanlyne and Co., at Edinburgh. In a note prefixed, Mr. James Balcanlyne says, "The character fixed upon, with happy propriety, for Kemble's closing scene, was Macbeth, in which he took his final leave of Scotland on the evening of Saturday, the 20th March, 1817. He had laboured under a severe cold for a few days before, but on this memorable night the physical annoyance yielded to the energy of his mind.—He was, he said, in the green-room, immediately before the curtain rose, determined to leave behind him the most perfect specimen of his art which he had ever show'd, and his success was complete. At the moment of the tyrant's death the curtain fell by the universal acclamation of the audience. The applause were vehement and prolonged; they ceased—were resumed—rose again—were reiterated—and again were boistered. In a few minutes the curtain ascended, and Mr. Kemble came forward in the dress of Macbeth, (the audience by a consentaneous movement rising to receive him,) to deliver his farewell." . . . . "Mr. Kemble delivered these lines with exquisite beauty, and with an effect that was evinced by the tears and sobs of many of the audience. His own emotions were very conspicuous. When his farewell was closed, he lingered long on the stage, as if unable to retire. The house again stood up, and cheered him with the waving of hats and long sheets of applause. At length he finally retired, and, to so far as regards Scotland, the curtain dropped upon his professional life for ever."

2 These lines were first printed in "The Forget-Me-Not, for 1814." They were written for recitation by the distinguished actress, Miss Smith, now Mrs Barley, on the night of her benefit at the Edinburgh Theatre, in 1817; but reached her too late for her purpose. In a letter which enclosed them, the poet intimated that they were written on the morning of the day on which they were seal—that he thought the idea better than the execution, and forwarded them with the hope of their adding *a little salt to the bill."
No longer dare he think his toil
Can merit aught his patron’s smile;
’Tis light appears the distant way,
The chilly eve, the sultry day—
All these endured no favour claim,
But murmuring forth the sainted name,
He lays his little offering down,
And only deprecates a frown.

We too, who ply the Thespian art,
Oft feel such bodings of the heart,
And, when our utmost powers are strain’d,
Dare hardly hope your favour gain’d.
She, who from sister chuses has sought
The ancient land where Wallace fought;—
And long renown’d for arms and arts,
And conquering eyes and dauntless hearts;—
She, as the flutterings here awow,
Feels all the pilgrim’s terrors now;
Yet sure on Caledonian plain
The stranger never sued in vain.
’Tis yours the hospitable task
To give the applause she dare not ask;
And they who bid the pilgrim speed,
The pilgrim’s blessing be their need.

The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill.

1817.

[“Scott’s enjoyment of his new territories was, however, interrupted by various returns of his cramp, and the depression of spirit which always attended, in his case, the use of opium, the only medicine that seemed to have power over the disease. It was while straggling with such languor, on one lovely evening of this autumn, that he composed the following beautiful verses. They mark the very spot of their birth,—namely, the then naked height overlooking the northern side of the Cauldshiels Loch, from which Melrose Abbey to the eastward, and the hills of Ettrick and Yarrow to the west, are now visible over a wide range of rich woodland,—all the work of the poet’s hand.”—Life, vol. v., p. 237.]

Air—“Rimhin aluin ’stu mo run.”

The air, composed by the Editor of Albyn’s Anthology. The words written for Mr. George Thomson’s Scottish Melodies, [1822.]

The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In Ettrick’s vale is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright lines that once it bore;
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Plumes o’er the hills of Ettrick’s shore.

With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed’s silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin’d pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,—
Are they still such as once they were?
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warp’d and broken board,
How can it bear the painter’s dye?
The harp of strain’d and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel’s skill reply?
To aching eyes each landscape bowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby’s or Eden’s bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

The Monks of Bangor’s March.

Air—“Yndaith Miong.”

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEORGE THOMSON’S WELSH MELODIES

1817.

Ethelfrid, or Olfrid, King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and Brockmæl, a British Prince, advancing to relieve it, the religious of the neighbouring Monastery of Bangor marched in procession, to pray for the success of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heathen victor put the monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The tune to which these verses are adapted is called the Monks’ March, and is supposed to have been played at their ill-omened procession.

When the heathen trumpet’s clang,
Round beleaguer’d Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar grey
March’d from Bangor’s fair Abbey;
High their holy anthems sound,
Cestrin’s vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the silvan Dee,
O miserere, Domine!

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crossess grows,
And the Virgin-mother mild
In their peaceful banner smiled;
Who could think such sweetly bland
Doom’d to feel unhallowed hand?
Such was the Divine decree,
O miserere, Domine!

Bands that masses only sang,
Hands that censers only awong,
Met the northern bow and ball,
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill:
Woe to Brockmæl’s feeble hand,
Woe to Olfrid’s bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,
O miserere, Domine!

2a Nathaniel Gow told me that he got the air from an old gentleman, Mr. Dailenaple of Orangedale, (he thinks), who had it from a friend in the Western Isles, as an old Highland air.”—George Thomson.
Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurn'd by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,
Bazoor's peaceable monks are laid:
Word of parting rest unspoken,
Mass unsung, and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity,
Sing, O miserere, Domine!

Bazoor! o'er the murder wall!
Long thy ruins told the tale,
Shattered towers and broken arch
Long recall'd the woeful march:
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere, Domine!

Letter

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH,
DRUMLANRIG CASTLE.

Sanquhar, 3 o'clock, July 30, 1817.

From Ross, where the clouds on Benlomond are sleeping—
From Greenock, where Clyde to the Ocean is sweeping—
From Larss, where the Scotch gave the Northmen a drizzling—
From Ardrossan, whose harbour cost many a shilling—
From Old Cumnock, where beds are as hard as a plank, sir—
From a chop and green pease, and a chicken in Sanquhar,
This eve, please the fates, at Drumlanrig we anchor.

W.S.

[Sir Walter's companion on this excursion was Captain, now Sir Adam Ferguson. — See Life, vol. v., p. 234.]

From Rob Roy.

1817.

(1.) — TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

"A bit of a piece of paper dropped out of the book, and being taken up by my father, he interrupted a hint from Owen, on the propriety of securing loose memoranda with a little paste, by exclaiming, 'To the memory of Edward the Black Prince — What's all this!' Verses! — By Heaven, Frank, you are a greater blockhead than I supposed you!"

O for the voice of that wild horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
The dying hero's call,
That told imperial Charlemagne,
How Paynim sons of swarthly Spam,
Had wrought his champion's fall.

[William of Malmsbury says, that in his time the extent of the ruins of the monastery bore ample witness to the desolation occasioned by the massacre: — "Tot semi-

(2.) — TRANSLATION FROM ARISTOT.

1817.

"Miss Vernon proceeded to read the first stanza, which was nearly to the following purpose:"—

Ladies, and knights, and arms, and love's fair flame,
Deeds of emprise and courtesy, I sing;
What time the Moors from sultry Africk came,
Led on by Agramant, their youthful king—
He whom revenge and lusty ire did bring
O'er the broad wave, in France to waste and war;
Such ills from old Trojan's death did spring,
Which to avenge he came from realms afar,
And menaced Christian Charles, the Rouan Emperor.

rei pariaret ecclesiariam, tot anfractus particium, tanta turba rudorum quantum via alibi cess"
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 563

Of dauntless Roland, too, my strain shall sound,
In import never known in prose and rhyme,
How He, the chief of judgment deem’d profound,
For luckless love was crazed upon a time—
"There is a great deal of it," said she, glancing along the paper, and interrupting the sweet sound which mortal ears can drink in; those of a youthful poet’s verses, nameless read by the lips which are dearest to them."

Chap. xvi.

(3.) — MOTTOES.

(1.) — CHAP. X.

In the wide pile, by others heeded not,
Hers was one sacred solitary spot,
Whose gloomy aisles and bending shelves contain,
For moral hunger food, and cures for moral pain.

"The library at Oshaldstone Hall was a gloomy room," &c.

Anonymous.

(2.) — CHAP. XIII.

Dire was his thought, who first in poison steep’d;
The weapon form’d for slaughter—direr his, And worthier of damnation, who instill’d The mortal venom in the social cup,
To fill the veins with death instead of life.

Anonymous.

(3.) — CHAP. XXI.

Look round thee, young Astolpho: Here’s the place
Where men (for being poor) are sent to starve in,—
Rude remedy, I trow, for sore disease.
Within these walls, atidied by damp and stench,
Doth Hope’s fair torch expire; and at the snuff,
Ere yet ‘tis quite extinct, rude, wild, and wayward,
The desperate revelries of wild despair,
Kindling their hell-born cressets, light to deeds.
That the poor captive would have died ere practised,
Till bandage sunk his soul to his condition.

The Prison, Scene iii. Act i.

(4.) — CHAP. XXVII.

Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorna’d the lively green; No birds, except as birds of passage, flew; No bee was heard to hum, no dove to coo; No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear. Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.

Prophecy of Famine.

(5.) — CHAP. XXXI.

"Woe to the vanquish’d!" was stern Brennus’ word,
When sunk proud Rome beneath the Gallic sword.
"Woe to the vanquish’d!" when his massive blade
Bore down the scale against her ransom weight,
And on the field of foughten battle still,
Who knows no limits save the victor’s will.

The Gauliad.

(6.) — CHAP. XXXIII.

And be he safe restored ere evening set,
Or, if there’s vengeance in an injured heart, And power to wreak it in an armed band,
Your land shall ache for’t.

Old Play.

(7.) — CHAP. XXXVI.

Farewell to the land where the clouds love to rest.
Like the abrood of the dead on the mountain’s cold breast:
To the cataract’s roar where the eagles reply,
And the lake her lone bosom expands to the sky.

Epilogue to The Appeal. 1

SPOKEN BY MRS. HENRY SIDDONS.

Feb. 16, 1818.

A cat of yore (or else old Aesop lied)
Was changed into a fair and blooming bride,
But spied a mouse upon her marriage-day,
Forgot her spouse, and seized upon her prey;
Even thus my bridegroom lawyer, as you saw,
Threw off poor me, and pounced upon papa.
His neck from Ilymen’s mystic knot made loose,
He twisted round my sire’s the literal noose.
Such are the fruits of our dramatic labour,
Since the New Jail became our next-door neighbour. 2

Yes, times are changed; for, in your fathers’ age,
The lawyers were the patrons of the stage;
However high advanced by future fate,
There stands the bench (points to the Pit) that first received their weight.

The future legal sage, ‘twas ours to see,
Doom though unwigg’d, and plead without a fee.

But now, astounding each poor mimic elf.
Instead of lawyers comes the law herself;
Tremendous neighbour, on our right she swells,
Builds higher her towers and excavates her walls;
While on the left she agitates the town,
With the tempestuous question. Up or down? 3

’Twixt Seylia and Charybis thus stand we,
Law’s final end, and law’s uncertainty.

Ep. 1 "The Appeal," a Tragedy, by John Galt, Esq., was played for four nights at this time in Edinburgh.

2 It is necessary to mention, that the allusions in this piece are all local, and addressed only to the Edinburgh audience. The new prisons of the city, on the Calton Hill, are not far from the theatre.

3 At this time the people of Edinburgh was much agitated by a lawsuit between the Magistrates and many of the Inhabitants of the City, concerning a range of new buildings on the western side of the North Bridge; which the latter insisted should be removed as a deformity.
Dear land! to the shores, whence unwilling we sever.
Return-return-return shall we never
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille!
Cha till, cha till. cha till sin tuille,
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Gen thilis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon!

Donald Caird’s Come Again.

Air—“Malcolm Caird’s come again.”

Chorus.
Donald Caird’s come again
Donald Caird’s come again
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird’s come again

Donald Caird can lift and sing,
Blithely dance the Highland fling,
Drink till the gudewife be blind;
Fleech till the gudewife be kind;

Hoe a lechin, clout a pan.
Or crack a pow wi’ any man;
Tell the news in brugh and glen.

Donald Caird’s come again
Donald Caird’s come again
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird’s come again

Donald Caird can wire a maunkin,
Kens the wiles o’ dun-deer staukin’;
Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift;

Water-haillifs, rangers, keepers,
He can wank when they are sleepers;
Not for bountith or reward
Dare ye meil wi’ Donald Caird.

Donald Caird’s come again
Donald Caird’s come again
Gar the haipipes hum amain,
Donald Caird’s come again.

Donald Caird can drink a gill
Fast as hostler-wife can fill;
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor
Kens how Donald bents a hicker;
When he’s fou he’s stout and saucy,

Keeps the cattle o’ the caswye;
Hieland chief and Lawland laird
Mann gie room to Donald Caird

Donald Caird’s come again
Donald Caird’s come again
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird’s come again

Steek the amrie, lock the kist,
Else some gear may weel be mist;
Donald Caird finds o’rra things
Where Allan Gregor fant the tings;

Dunts of keeblick, taits o’ woe,
Whiles a hen and whiles a sow,
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
Wear the wudde, Donald Caird!

Donald Caird’s Lament.

1818.

Air—“Cha till mi tuille.”

Mackrimmon, hereditary piper to the Laird of Macleod, is said to have composed this Lament when the Clan was about to depart upon a distant and dangerous expedition. The Minstrel was impressed with a belief, which the event verified, that he was to be slain in the approaching feud; and hence the Gaelic words, “Cha till mi tuille; ged thilis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon,” “I shall never return; although Macleod returns, yet Mackrimmon shall never return!” The piece is but too well known, from its being the strain with which the emigrants from the West Highlands and Isles usually take leave of their native shore.

Macleod’s wizard flag from the grey castle sallies,
The rovers are seated, unmoor’d are the galleries;
Gleam war-axe and broadsword, clang target and quiver,
As Mackrimmon sings, “Farewell to Dunvegan for ever!”
Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming;
Farewell, each dark glen, in which red-deer are running;
Farewell, lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river;
Macleod may return, but Mackrimmon shall never!

“Farewell the bright clouds that on Quellan are sleeping;
Farewell the bright eyes in the Dun that are weeping;
To each minstrel delusion, farewell!—and for ever—
Mackrimmon departs, to return to you never!
The Banhier’s wild voice sings the death-dirge before me,

The pail of the dead for a mantle hangs o’er me;
But my heart shall not flag, and my nerves shall not shiver,
Though devoted I go—to return again never!

“Too oft shall the notes of Mackrimmon be wailing,
Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing;

1 “We return no more.”

2 See a note on Banhier, Lady of the Lake, ante, p. 211.
3 Caird signifies Tinker.

564. SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 565

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dunia let the Shirra ken
Donald Caird's come again.

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
Crag to tether, legs to surn;
But Donald Caird, wi' mickle study,
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddle;
Rings of surn, and bolts of steel,
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dunia let the Justice ken,
Donald Caird's come again.1

From the Heart of Mid-Lothian.
1818.

(1)—MADGE WILDFIRE'S SONGS.
When the gledit's in the blue cloud,
The larrock lies still;
When the hound's in the green-wood,
The hind keeps the hill.

O sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
When ye suld rise and ride?
There's twenty men, wi' how and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide.

Hey for cavaliers, ho for cavaliers,
Duh a dub, dub a dub;
Have at old Beelzebub,—
Oliver's running for fear.—

I glance like the wildfire through country and town;
I'm seen on the causeway—I'm seen on the down;
The lightning that flashes so bright and so free,
Is scarcely so blithe or so bonny as me.

What did ye wi' the bridal ring—bridal ring—
Brudal ring?
What did ye wi' your wedding ring, ye little cutty queen, O?
I gied it till a sodger, a sodger, a sodger,
I gied it till a sodger, an auld true love o' mine, O.

Good even, good fair moon, good even to thee;
I prythee, dear moon, now show to me
The form and the features, the speech and degree,
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

1 Mr. D. Thomson, of Galashie, produced a parody on
this song at an annual dinner of the manufacturers there,
which Sir Walter Scott usually attended; and the Poet
was highly amused with a sly allusion to his two-fold

It is the bonny butcher lad,
That wears the sleeves of blue;
He sells the flesh on Saturday,
On Friday that he slew.

There's a bloodhound ranging Tinwald Wood,
There's a harness glancing sheen;
There's a maiden sits on Tinwald brae,
And she sings loud between.

Up in the air,
On my bonnie grey mare,
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet.

In the bonnie cells of Bedlam,
Ere I was ane and twenty,
I had hampen bracelets strong,
And merry whips, ding-dong,
And prayer and fasting plenty.

My banes are buried in your kirk-yard
'Seas fae ayont the sea,
And it is but my blithsome ghaist
That's speaking now to thee.

I'm Madge of the country, and Madge of the town,
And I'm Madge of the lad I am blithest to own,—
The Lady of Beever in diamonds may shine,
But has not a heart half so lightsome as mine.

I am Queen of the Wake, and I'm Lady of May,
And I lead the blithe ring round the May-pole to-day;
The wild-fire that flashes so fair and so free
Was never so bright, or so bonny as me.

He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

Fulness to such a burden is
That go upon pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
In blest from age to age.

"As Jeanie entered, she heard first the air,
And then a part of the chorus and words of what had been, perhaps, the song of a jolly harvest-home."

Our work is over—over now,
The goodmanwipe his weary brow,
The last long wain wends slow away,
And we are free to sport and play.

The night comes on when sets the sun,
And labour ends when day is done.
When Autumn's gone, and Winter's come,
We hold our jovial harvest-home.

character of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and author-suspect of "Rob Roy," in the chorus. —
"Think ye, does the Shirra ken
Rob McGregor's come again?"
"The attendant on the hospital arranged her in her bed as she desired, with her face to the wall, and her back to the light. So soon as she was quiet in this new position, she began again to sing in the same low and modulated strains, as if she was recovering the state of abstraction which the interruption of her visitants had disturbed. 'The strain, however, was different, and rather resembled the music of the methodist hymns, though the measure of the song was similar to that of the former:"

When the fight of grace is fought,—
When the marriage vest is wrought,—
When Faith has chased cold Doubt away,—
And Hope but sickens at delay,—
When Charity, imprisoned here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere;
Duff thy robes of sin and clay;
Christian, rise, and come away.

"Her next seemed to be the fragment of some old ballad:"

Could is my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep of sorrow:
But thine sail be as sad and could,
My fause true-love to-morrow.
And weep ye not, my maidens free,
Though death your mistress borrow;
For he for whom I die to-day,
Shall die for me to-morrow.

"Again she changed the tune to one wilder, less monotonous, and less regular. But of the words only a fragment or two could be collected by those who listened to this singular scene:"

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early:
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"

"When six braw gentlmen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"

"The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.
The owl from the steeple sing,
'Welcome, proud lady.'"

"Her voice died away with the last notes,
and she fell into a slumber, from which the experienced attendant assured them, that she would never awake at all, or only in the death-agony.

"Her first prophecy was true. The poor maniac parted with existence, without again uttering a sound of any kind."

Chap. xv.—xxxvii. passim.

(2.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. XIX.

To man, in this his trial state,
The privilege is given.
When lost by tides of human fate,
To anchor fast to Heaven.

Watts' Hymns

(2.)—CHAP. XXIII.

Law, take thy victim!—May she find the mercy
In yon mild heaven which this hard world denies her!

(2.)—CHAP. XXVII.

And Need and Misery, Vice and Danger, bind
In sad alliance, each degraded mind.

(4.)—CHAP. XXXV.

I beseech you—
These tears beseech you, and these chaste hands wo you,
That never yet were heaved but to things holy—
Things like yourself—You are a God above us;
Be as a God, then, full of saving mercy!

The Bloody Brother.

(11.)—CHAP. XLVI.

Happy thou art! then happy be,
Nor envy me my lot;
Thy happy state I envy thee,
And peaceful cot.

Lady C—C—1.

From the Bride of Lammermoor.

1819.

(1.)—LUCY ASHTON'S SONG.

"The silver tones of Lucy Ashton's voice mingled with the accompaniment in an ancient air, to which some one had adapted the following words:"

Look not thou on beauty's charming,—
Sit thou still when kings are arming,—
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,—
Speak not when the people listen,—
Stop thine ear against the singer,—
From the red gold keep thy finger,—
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

Chap. iii.

(2.)—NORMAN THE FORESTER'S SONG.

"And humming his rustic roundelay, the yeoman went on his road, the sound of his rough voice gradually dying away as the distance between them increased."

The monk must arise when the matins ring,
The abbot may sleep to their chime;
But the yeoman must start when the bugles sing,
'Tis time, my hearts, 'tis time.

There's nocks and rays on Billhope braes,
There's a herd on Shortwood Shaw;
But a lily-white doe in the garden goes,
She 's fairly worth them a'.

Chap. iii.
(3.) — THE PROPHECY.

"With a quivering voice, and a cheek pale with apprehension, Caleb faltered out the following lines:"

When the last Laird of Ravenswood to
Ravenswood shall ride,
And woo a dead maiden to be his bride,
He shall gird his steed in the Kelpie's flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermore!

Chap. xviii.

(4.) — MOTTOES.

(1.) — CHAP. VIII.
The hearth in hall was black and dead.
No board was dight in bower within,
Nor merry bowl nor welcome bed;
"Here's sorry cheer," quoth the Heir of Linne.

Old Ballad,
[Altered from "The Heir of Linne."]

(2.) — CHAP. XIV.
As to the Autumn breeze's buzzle-sound,
Various and vague the dry leaves dance their round,
Or, from the garner-door, on aether borne,
The chaff flies devious from the winnow'd corn;
So vague, so devious, at the breath of heav'n,
From their fix'd aim are mortal counsels driven.

Anonymous.

(3.) — CHAP. XVII.
Here is a father now,
Will truck his daughter for a foreign venture,
Make her the stop-gap to some canker'd feud,
Or fling her o'er, like Jonah, to the fishes,
To appease the sea at highest.

Anonymous.

(4.) — CHAP. XVIII.
Sir, stay at home and take an old man's counsel:
Seek not to bask you by a stranger's hearth;
Our own blue smoke is warmer than their fire.
Domestic food is wholesome, though 'tis homely,
And foreign dainties poisonous, though taste-ful.

The French Courtezan.

(5.) — CHAP. XXV.
True-love, an' thou be true,
Thou hast ane kittle part to play,
For fortune, fashion, fancy, and thou,
Maun strive for many a day.

I've kend by mony friend's tale,
Far better by this heart of mine,
What time and change of fancy avail,
A true-love knot to untwine.

Henderson.

(6.) — CHAP. XXVII.
Why, now I have Dame Fortune by the fore-lock,
And if she 'scapes my grasp, the fault is mine;
He that hath buffeted with stern adversity,
Best knows to shape his course to favouring breezes.

Old Play.

From the Legend of Montrose.

(1.) — ANCIENT GAELIC MELODY.

"So saying, Annot Lyle sate down at a little distance upon the bench on which Allan M'Aulay was placed, and tuning her clarsach, a small harp, about thirty inches in height, she accompanied it with her voice. The air was an ancient Gaelic melody, and the words, which were supposed to be very old, were in the same language; but we subjoin a translation of them, by Secundus McPherson, Esq., of Glenfargen; which, although submitted to the fettors of English rhythm, we trust will be found nearly as genuine as the version of Ossian by his celebrated namesake."

1. Birds of omen dark and foul,
Night-crow, raven, bat, and owl,
Leave the sick man to his dream—
All night long he heard you scream.
Haste to cave and ruin'd tower,
Ivy-tod, or dingled-bower,
There to wink and mop, for, hark!
In the mid air sings the lark.

2. He to moorish girls and rocks,
Prowling wolf and wily fox,—
Hie ye fast, nor turn your view,
Though the lamb bleats to the ewe.
Couch your trains, and speed your flight,
Safety parts with parting night;
And on distant echo borne,
Comes the hunter's early horn.

3. The moon's wan crescent scarcely gleams,
Ghost-like she fades in morning beams;
Hie hence, each peevish imp and fae,
That scare the pilgrim on his way—
Quench, kelpy! quench, in bowl and fan,
The torch, that chastens benighted men;
Thy dance is o'er, thy reign is done,
For Benyieglu hath seen the sun.

4. Wild thoughts, that sinful, dark, and deep,
O'erpower the passive mind in sleep.
Pass from the slumberer's soul away.
Like night-mists from the brow of day:
Boul flag, whose blasted usage grim
Smother the pulse, unmoors the limb,
Spur thy dark palfrey, and begone;
Thou darest not face the godlike sun.

Chap. vi.

(2.) — THE ORPHAN MAID.

"Tuning her instrument, and receiving an assenting look from Lord Monteith and Allan, Annot Lyle executed the following ballad, which our friend, Mr. Secundus McPherson, whose goodness we had before to acknowledge, has thus translated into the English tongue."
November's hail-cloud drifts away,
November's sun-beam wan
Looks coldly on the castle grey,
When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,
Her arms, her feet, were bare;
The hail-drops had not melted yet,
Amid her raven hair.

"And, dame," she said, "by all the ties
That child and mother know,
Aid one who never knew these joys,—
Relieve an orphan's woe."—

The lady said, "An orphan's state
Is hard and sad to hear;
Yet worse the widow's mother's fate,
Who mourns both lord and heir.

"Twelve times the rolling year has sped,
Since, from the vengeance wild
Of fierce Strathallan's chief I fled,
Forth's eddies whelm'd my child."

"Twelve times the year its course has borne,
The wandering maid replied;
"Since fishers on St. Bridget's morn,
Drew nets on Campsie side.

"St. Bridget sent no scaly spoil,
An infant, well nigh dead,
They saved, and rear'd in want and toil,
To beg from you her bread."

The orphan maid the lady kiss'd,—
"My husband's looks you bear;
Saint Bridget and her morn be bless'd I
You are his widow's heir."

They've robed that maid, so poor and pale,
In silk and sandals rare;
And pearls, for drops of frozen hair,
Are glittering in her hair. Chap. ix.

(3.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. X.
Dark on their journey hour'd the gloomy day,
Wild were the hills, and doubtful grew the way;
More dark, more gloomy, and more doubtful,
show'd
The mansion which received them from the road.

The Travellers, a Romance.

(2.)—CHAP. XI.
Is this thy castle, Baldwin? Melancholy Displays her sable banner from the donjon,
Dark'ning the foam of the whole surge beneath;
Were I a habitant, to see this gloom
Pollute the face of nature, and to hear
The ceaseless sound of wave and sea-bird's scream,
I'd wish me in the hut that poorest peasant
Ere framed to give him temporary shelter.

Browne.

(3.)—CHAP. XIV.
This was the entry, then, these stairs— but whither after?
Yet he that's sure to perish on the land
May quit the nicety of card and compass,
And trust the open sea without a pilot.

Tragedy of Bremovall.

From Ivanhoe.

(1.)—THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

1.
High deeds achieved of knightly fame,
From Palestine the champion came;
The cross upon his shoulders borne,
Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn.
Each dint upon his hanner'd shield
Was token of a foureighn field;
And thus, beneath his lady's bower,
He sung, as fell the twilight hour:

"Joy to the fair!—thy knight behold,
Return'd from yonder land of gold;
No wealth he brings, nor welsch can need,
Save his good arms and battle-steed;
His spurs to dash against a foe,
His lance and sword to bend him low;
Such all the trophies of his toil,
Such—and the hope of Tekla's smile!"

2.
"Joy to the fair! whose constant knight
Her favour fired to feats of might!
I noted shall she not remain
Where meet the bright and noble train;
Minstrel shall sing, and herald tell—
' Mark yonder maid of beauty well,
'Tis she for whose bright eyes was won
The listed field of Ascalon!"

3.
"Note well her smile!—it edged the blade
Which fifty wives to widows made,
When, vain his strength and Mahound's spell,
Iconium's turband Soldan fell.
See'st thou her locks, whose sunny glow
Half shows, half shades, her neck of snow?
' Twines not of them one golden thread,
But for its sake a Paynium bled.'

5.
"Joy to the fair!—my name unknown,
Each deed, and all its praise, thine own;
Then, oh! unbar this curishful gate,
The night—dew falls, the hour is late.
Inured to Syria's glowing breath,
I feel the north breeze chill as death;
Let grateful love quell maiden shame,
And grant him bliss who brings thee fame." Chap. xvi.

(2.)—THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR.

1.
I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,
To search Europe through from Byzantium to Spain;
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 569

But me'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar,

2.
Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,
And is brought home at even-song pricks'd through with a spear;
I confess him in haste—for his lady desires
No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Friar's.

3.
Your monarch!—rishaw! many a prince has been known
To harter his robes for our cowl and our gown:
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the grey hood of a Friar!

4.
The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has gone,
The land and its amazement are mark'd for his own;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop where he tires,
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

5.
He's expected at noon, and no wight, till he comes,
May profane the great chair, or the porridge of plums;
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,
Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

6.
He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot.
They broach the brown ale, and they fill the black pot;
And the good-wife would wish the good-man in the mire, Ere he lack'd a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.

7.
Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,
The dread of the devil and trust of the Pope! For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the brier, Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

Chap. xviii.

(3.)—THE SAXON WAR-SONG.

"The fire was spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle, when Ulrica, who had first kindled it, appeared on a turret, in the guise of one of the ancient furies, yelling forth a war-song, such as was of yore chanted on the field of battle by the yet heathen Saxons. Her long dishevelled grey hair flew back from her uncovered head; the imbracing delight of gratified vengeance contended in her eyes with the fire of insanity; and she brandished the distaff which she held in her hand, as if she had been one of the Fatal Sisters, who spin and abridge the thread of human life. Tradition has preserved some wild strophes of the barbarous hymn which she chanted wildly amid that scene of fire and slaughter:"

1.
Whet the bright steel,
Sons of the White Dragon!
Kindle the torch,
Daughter of Hengist!
The steel glimmers not for the carving of the banquet,
It is hard, broad, and sharply pointed;
The torch goeth not to the bridal chamber,
It steams and glitters blue with sulphur.
Whet the steel, sons of the Dragon!
Kindle the torch, daughter of Hengist!

2.
The black clouds are low over the thane's castle:
The eagle screams— he rides on their bosom.
Scream not, grey rider of the sable cloud
'Thy banquet is prepared, The maids of Valhalla look forth,
The race of Hengist will send them guests.
Shake your black tresses, maidsens of Valhalla!
And strike your loud timbrels for joy!
Many a haughty step bends to your halls,
Many a helmed head.

3.
Dark sits the evening upon the thane's castle,
The black clouds gather round;
Soon shall they be red as the blood of the valiant,
The destroyer of forests shall shake his red crest against them;
He, the bright consumer of palaces, Broad waves he his blazing banner,
Red, wide and dusky,
Over the strife of the valiant;
His joy is in the clashing swords and broken bucklers;
He loves to lick the hissing blood as it bursts warm from the wound.

4.
All must perish!
The word cleaveth the helmet;
The strong armour is pierced by the lance;
Fire devoureth the dwelling of princes,
Engines break down the fences of the battle.
All must perish!
The race of Hengist is gone—
The name of Horsa is no more!
Shrink not then from your doom, sons of the sword!
Let your blades drink blood like wine;
Feast ye in the banquet of slaughter,
By the light of the blazing halls!
Strong be your swords while your blood is warm,
And spare neither for pity nor fear,
For vengeance hath but an hour;
Strong hate itself shall expire!
I also must perish.

Note,—"It will readily occur to the antiquary, that these verses are intended to imitate the ancient poetry of the Scalds—the
minstrels of the old Scandinavians—the race,
as the Laureate so happily terms them,

"Stern to inflict, and stubborn to endure,
Who smiled in death."

The poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, after their civilisation and conversion, was of a different and softer character; but, in the circumstances of Ulrich, she may be not unnaturally supposed to return to the wild strains which animated her forefathers during the times of Paganism and untamed ferocity." Chap. xxxii.

(1.)—REBECCA’S HYMN.

"It was in the twilight of the day when her trial, if it could be called such, had taken place, that a low knock was heard at the door of Rebecca's prison chamber. It disturbed not the inmate, who was then engaged in the evening prayer recommended by her religion, and which concluded with a hymn, which we have ventured thus to translate into Eng-lish."

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers’ God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow,
By night, Arabia’s crimson’d sands,
Return’d the fiery column’s glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer’d keen,
And Zion’s daughters pour’d their lays,
With priest’s and warrior’s voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.

And oh, when stoops on Judah’s path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel’s streams,
The tyrant’s jest, the Gentile’s scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.

But Thou hast said, ‘The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.’" Chap. xli.

(5.)—THE BLACK KNIGHT’S SONG.

"At the point of their journey at which we take them up, this joyous pair were engaged in singing a virelai, as it was called, in which the clown bore a staff and mellow burthen to the better instructed Knight of the Fetterlock. And thus ran the ditty;"

Anna-Marie, love, up is the sun,
Anna-Marie, love, morn is begun,
Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,
Up in the morning, love, Anna-Marie.

Anna-Marie, love, up in the morn.
The hunter is winding blithe sounds on his horn,
The echo rings merry from rock and from tree.

"Tis time to arouse thee, love, Anna-Marie.

WAMBA.

O Tybalt, love, Tybalt, awake me not yet,
Around my soft pillow while softer dreams slit;
For what are the joys that in waking we prove,
Compared with these visions, O Tybalt! my love!
Let the birds to the rise of the mist carol shrill,
Let the hunter blow out his loud horn on the hill,
Softer sounds, softer pleasures, in slumber I prove,
But think not I dream’d of thee, Tybalt, my love.

(6.)—SONG.

THE BLACK KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

"The Jester next struck into another carol,
a sort of comic ditty, to which the Knight,
catching up the tune, replied in the like manner.

KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

There came three merry men from south,
west, and north,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
To win the Widow of Wycombe forth,
And where was the widow might say them nay?

The first was a knight; and from Tynedale he came,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
And his fathers, God save us, were men of
great fame,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,
He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;
She had him go bask by his sea-coal fire,
For she was the widow would say him nay.

WAMBA.

The next that came forth, swore by blood and
by nails,
Merrily sing the roundelay;
Hur’s a gentleman, God wot, and hur’s lineage
was of Wales,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh
Ap Tudor Ap Rhice, quoth his roundelay;
She said that one widow for so many was too few,
And she bade the Welshman wend his way.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

But then next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent, John singing his roundelay;
He spoke to the widow of living and rent, And where was the widow could say him nay?

Both.

So the knight and the squire were both left in the mire,
There for to sing the roundelay;
For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
There ne'er was a widow could say him nay.

Chap. xii.

(7.)—FUNERAL HYMN.

"Four maidens, Rowena leading the choir, raised a hymn for the soul of the deceased, of which we have only been able to decipher two or three stanzas:"

Dust unto dust,
To this all must;
The tenant hath resign'd
The faded form
To waste and worm—
Corruption claims her kind.

Through paths unknown
Thy soul hath flown;
To seek the realms of woe,
Where fiery pain
Shall purge and stain
Of actions done below.

In that sad place,
By Mary's grace.
Brief may thy dwelling be!
Till prayers and alms,
And holy psalms,
Shall set the captive free.

Chap. xliii.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. XIX.

Away! our journey lies through dell and dingle,
Where the blithe fawn trips by its timid mother,
Where the broad oak, with intercepting boughs,
Chequers the sun-beam in the green sword alley—
Up and away!—for lovely paths are many
To tread, when the glad sun is on his throne:
Less pleasant, and less safe, when Cynthia's lamp,
With doubtful glimmer, lights the dreary forest.

Eltrick Forest.

(2.)—CHAP. XXI.

When autumn nights were long and drear,
And forest walks were dark and dim,
How sweetly on the pilgrim's ear
Was wont to steal the hermit's hymn!

Devotion borrows Music's tone;
And Music took Devotion's wing,
And, like the bird that hails the sun,
They soar to heaven, and soaring sing.
The Hermit of St. Clement's Well.

(3.)—CHAP. XXXVII.

The hottest horse will oft be cool,
The dullest will show fire.
The friar will often play the fool,
The fool will play the friar.

Old Song.

(4.)—CHAP. XXXIX.

This wandering race, sever'd from other men, Boast yet their intercourse with human arts;
The sea, the woods, the deserts which they haunt, Find them acquainted with their secret treasures;
And unregarded herbs, and flowers and blossoms, Display undream'd-of powers when gather'd by them.
The Jew.

(5.)—CHAP. XXXX.

Approach the chamber, look upon his bed, His is the passing of no peaceful ghost, Which, as the lark arises to the sky, 'Mid morning's sweetest breeze and softest dew, Is wing'd to heaven by good men's sighs and tears!

Anselm parts otherwise.

Old Play.

(6.)—CHAP. XXXIII.

Trust me, each state must have its policies; Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters; Even the wild outlaw, in his forest-walk, Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline. For not since Adam wore his verdant apron, Hath man with man in social union dwelt, But laws were made to draw that union closer.

Old Play.

(7.)—CHAP. XXXVI.

Arouse the tiger of Hyrcanian deserts, Strive with the half-starved lion for his prey; Lesser the risk, than rouse the slumbering fire Of wild Fanaticism.

Anonymous.

(8.)—CHAP. XXXVIII.

Say not my art is fraud—all live by seeming. The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming: The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier Will eke with it his service.—All admit it, All practise it; and he who is content With showing what he is, shall have small credit In church, or camp, or state.—So wags the world.

Old Play.

(9.)—CHAP. XXXVII.

Stern was the law which bade its vot'ries leave At human woes with human hearts to grieve; Stern was the law, which at the winning wile Of frank and harmless mirth forbade to smile; But sternest still, when high the iron-rod Of tyrant power she shook, and call'd that power of God.

Middle Ages.
Epitaph on Mrs. Erskine.  

1819.

Plain, as her native dignity of mind,  
Arise the tomb of her we have resign'd;  
Undaw'd and stainless be the marble scroll,  
Emblem of lovely form and candid soul—  
But, oh! what symbol may avail, to tell  
The kindness, wit, and sense, we loved so well!  
What sculpture show the broken ties of life,  
Here buried with the parent, friend, and wife  
Or on the tablet stamp each title dear,  
By which thine urn, Euphemia, claims the tour!  
Yet taught, by thy meek sufferance, to assume  
Patience in anguish, hope beyond the tomb,  
Resign'd, though sad, this votive verse shall flow,  
And brief, alas! as thy brief span below.

From the Monastery.

1820.

(1.)—SONGS OF THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL.

NO TWEED RIVER.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,  
Both current and ripple are dancing in light.  
We have roused the night raven, I heard him creak,  
As we plashed along beneath the oak  
That fringes its broad branches so far and so wide.  
Their shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.  
"Who wakens my nestlings!" the raven said,  
"My beak shall ere morn in his blood be red!  
For a blue swollen corpse is a dainty meal.  
And I'll have my share with the pike and the eel."

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,  
There's a golden gleam on the distant height:  
There's an silver shower on the alders dapp'd,  
And the drooping willows that wave on the bank.  
I see the Abbey, both turret and tower,  
It is all astir for the vesper hour;  
The Monks for the chapel are leaving each cell,  
But where's Father Philip should toll the bell?

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,  
Downward we drift through shadow and light,  
Under you rock the eddies sleep,  
Calm and silent, dark and deep.

The Kelpy has risen from the fathomless pool.  
He has lighted his candle of death and of dool:  
Look, Father, look, and you'll laugh to see  
How he gapes and glares with his eyes on thee!

Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to-night?  
A man of mean or a man of might?  
Is it layman or priest that must float in your cove,  
Or lover who crosses to visit his love?  
Hark! heard ye the Kelpy reply as we pass'd,  
"God's blessing on the wander, he lock'd the bridge fast!  
All that come to my cove are sunk,  
Priest or layman, lover or monk."

Landed—landed! the black book hath won.  
Else had you seen Berwick with morning sun!  
Sain ye, and save ye, and blithe mot ye be,  
For seldom they land that go swimming with me.

TO THE SUB-PRIOR.

Good evening, Sir Priest, and so late as you ride,  
With your mule so fair, and your mantle so wide;  
But ride you through valley, or ride you o'er hills,  
There is one that has warrant to wait on you still.

Back, back,  
The volume black!  
I have a warrant to carry it back.

What, ho! Sub-Prior, and came you but here  
To conjure a book from a dead woman's her?  
Sain you, and save you, be wary and wise,  
Ride back with the book, or you'll pay for your prize.

Back, back.  
There's death in the track!  
In the name of my master, I bid thee bear back.

"In the name of my Master," said the astonished Monk, "that name before which all things created tremble, I conjure thee to say what thou art, that blinkest me thus!"  
The same voice replied—

'That which is neither ill nor well,  
Tint which belongs not to heaven nor to hell,  
A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,  
'Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream;  
A form that men spy  
With the half-shut eye  
In the beams of the setting sun, am I."

Vainly, Sir Prior, wouldst thou bar me my right!  
Like the star when it shoots, I can dart through the night;

1 Mrs. Euphemia Robison, wife of William Erskine, Esq. (afterwards Lord Kicooder,) died September, 1819, and was buried at Saline, in the county of Fife, where these lines are inscribed on the tombstone.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 573

I can dance on the torrent, and ride on the air,
And travel the world with the bonny nightingale.
Again, again,
At the crook of the glen,
Where bickers the burnie, I'll meet thee again.

Men of good are bold as sulkless, I
Men of rude are wild and reckless.
Lie thou still
In the nook of the hill.
For those he before thee that wish thee ill.

HALBERT'S INCANTATION.
Thrice to the holly brake—
Thrice to the well—
I bid thee awake,
White Maid of Avenell.
Noon gleams on the Lake—
Noon glows on the Fell—
Wake thee, O wake,
White Maid of Avenell.

TO HALBERT.
Youth of the dark eye, wherefore didst thou call me?
Wherefore art thou here, if terrors can appall thee?
Ile that seeks to deal with us must know nor fear, nor failing;
To coward and churl our speech is dark, our gifts are unavailing.
The breeze that brought me hither now must sweep Egyptian ground,
The fleecy cloud on which I ride for Araby is bound;
The fleecy cloud is drifting by, the breeze signs for my stay,
For I must sail a thousand miles before the close of day.

What I am I must not show—
What I am thou couldst not know—
Something betwixt heaven and hell—
Something that neither stood nor fell—
Something that through thy wit or will
May work thee good—may work thee ill.
Neither substance quite, nor shadow,
Haunting lonely moor and meadow,
Dancing by the haunted spring,
Riding on the whirlwind's wing;
Apeing in fantastic fashion
Every change of human passion,
While o'er our frozen minds they pass,
Like shadows from the horror'd glass.
Wayward,ickle, is our mood.
Hovers betwixt bad and good,
Happier than brief-dated man,
Living ten times o'er his span;
Far less happy, for we have
Help nor hope beyond the grave!
Man awakes to joy or sorrow;
Ours the sleep that knows no morrow.
This is all that I can show—
This is all that thou may'st know.

Ay! and I taught thee the word and the spell,
To waken me here by the Fairies' Well.
But thou hast loved the heron and hawk,
More than to seek my haunted walk;
And thou hast loved the lance and the sword,
More than good and holy word;
And thou hast loved the deer to track,
More than the lines and the letters black;
And thou art a ranger of moors and wood,
And scornest the nurture of gentle blood.

Thy craven fear my truth accused,
Thine idolhood my trust abused;
He that draws to harbour late,
Must sleep without, or burst the gate.
There is a star for thee which burn'd,
Its influence wanes, its course is turn'd;
Valour and constancy alone
Can bring thee back the chance that's flown.

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Happiest they of human race,
'Those whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
'To lift the latch, and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Many a fathom dark and deep
I have laid the book to sleep;
Ethereal fires around it glowing—
Ethereal music ever flowing—
The sacred pledge of heav'n
All things revere,
Each in his sphere,
Save man for whom 'twas given:
Lend thy hand, and thou shalt spy
Things ne'er seen by mortal eye.

Fearest thou to go with me?
Still it is free to thee
A peasan to dwell;
Though may'st drive the dull steer,
And chase the king's deer,
But never more come near
This haunted well.

Here lies the volume thou hast boldly sought;
Touch it, and take it, 'twill dearly be bought.

Rush thy deed,
Mortal weed
To immortal flames applying:
Rusher trust
Has things of dust,
On his own weak worth relying:
Strip thee of such fences vain,
Strip, and prove thy luck again.

Mortal warp and mortal woof
Cannot brook this charmed roof;
All that mortal art hath wrought
In our cell returns to nought.
The molten gold returns to clay,
The polish'd diamond melts away;
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

All is alter'd, all is flown,
Nought stands fast but truth alone.
Not for that thy quest give o'er:
Courage! prove thy chance once more.

Alas! alas!
Not ours the grace
These holy characters to trace:
Idle forms of painted air,
Not to us is given to share
The boon bestow'd on Adam's race.
With patience bide,
Heaven will provide
The fitting time, the fitting guide.
Chap. xi.

HALBERT'S SECOND INTERVIEW
WITH THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL.

"She spoke, and her speech was still song,
or rather measured chant; but if, as now, more familiar, it flowed occasionally in modulated blank verse, and, at other times, in the lyrical measure which she had used at their former meeting."

This is the day when the fairy kind
Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,
And the wood-maiden sighs to the sighing wind,
And the mermaid weeps in her crystal grot;
For this is a day that the deed was wrought,
In which we have neither part nor share.
For the children of clay was salvation bought,
But not for the forms of sea or air!
And ever the mortal is most forlorn,
Who meeteth our race on the Friday morn.

Daring youth! for thee it is well,
Here call me in haunted dell,
That thy heart has not quail'd,
Nor thy courage fail'd,
And that thou couldst brook
The angry look
Of Her of Avenel.
Dul one limb shiver,
Or an eyelid quiver,
Then wert lost for ever.
Though I am form'd from the ether blue,
And my blood is of the unfallen dew,
And thou art framed of mud and dust,
'Tis thine to speak, reply I must.

A mightier wizard far than I
Wields o'er the universe his power;
He owns the eagle in the sky,
The turtle in the bower.
Changeful in shape, yet mightiest still,
He wields the heart of man at will,
From ill to good, from good to ill,
In cot and castle-tower.

Ask thy heart, whose secret cell
Is fill'd with Mary Avenel!
Ask thy pride, why scornful look
In Mary's view it will not brook?

Ask it, why thou seek'st to rise
Among the mighty and the wise,—
Why thou spurn'st thy lowly lot,—
Why thy pastimes are forgot,—
Why thou wouldst in bloody strife
Mend thy luck or lose thy life?
Ask thy heart, and it shall tell,
Sighing from its secret cell,
'Tis for Mary Avenel.

Do not ask me;
On doubts like these thou canst not task me.
We only see the passing show
Of human passions' ebb and flow;
And view the pageant's idle glance
As mortals eye the northern dance,
When thousand streamers, flashing bright,
Career it o'er the brow of night.
And gazers mark their chanceful gleams,
But feel no influence from their beams.

By ties mysterious link'd, our fated race
Holds strange connection with the sons of men.
The star that rose upon the House of Avenel,
When Norman Ulric first assumed the name,
That star, when culminating in its orbit,
Shot from its sphere a drop of diamond dew,
And this bright font received it—and a Spirit Rose from the fountain, and her date of life
Hath co-existence with the House of Avenel
And with the star that rules it.

Look on my girdle—on this thread of gold—
'Tis fine as weft of lightest gossamer,
And, but there is a spell on't, would not bind,
Light as they are, the folds of my thin robe.
But when 'twas donn'd, it was a massive chain,
Such as might bind the champion of the Jews,
Even when his locks were longest—it hath dwindled,
Hath 'minish'd in its substance and its strength.

As sunk the greatness of the House of Avenel,
When this frail thread gives way, I to the elements
Resign the principles of life they lent me.
Ask me no more of this!—the stars forbid it.

Dim burns the once bright star of Avenel,
Dim as the beacon when the morn is nigh,
And the o'er-wearied warder leaves the light-house;
There is an influence sorrowful and fearful,
That dogs its downward course. Disastrous passion,
Pierce hate and rivalry, are in the aspect
That lowers upon its fortunes.

Complain not on me, child of clay,
If to thy harm I yield the way.
We, who soar thy sphere above,
Know not aught of hate or love;
As will or wisdom rules thy mood,
My gifts to evil turn or good.

When Piercie Shafton boasteth high,
Let this token meet his eye.
The sun is westering from the dell,
Thy wish is granted—fare thee well!
Chap. xvii.
THE WHITE LADY TO MARY AVENEL.

Maiden, whose sorrows wail the Living Dead, Whose eyes shall commune with the Dead Alive.
Maiden, attend! Beneath my feet lies hid The Word, the Law, the Path which thou dost strive
To find, and canst not find,—Could Spirits shed Tears for their lot, it were my lot to weep, Showing the road which I shall never tread, Though my foot points it.—Sleep, eternal sleep,
Dark, long, and cold forgetfulness my lot!— But do not thou at human ills repine; Secure there lies full guerdon in this spot For all the woes that wait frail Adam’s line—
Stoop then and make it your’s,—I may not make it mine! Chap. xxx.

THE WHITE LADY TO EDWARD GLENDINNING.

Thou who seek’st my fountain lone, With thoughts and hopes thou darst not own; Whose heart within leapt with joy so glad. When most his brow seem’d dark and sad, Hie thee back, thou find’st not here Corpse or coffin. grave or bier; The Dead Alive is gone and fled— Go thou, and join the Living Dead!
The Living Dead, whose sober brow Off shrouds such thoughts as thou hast now, Whose hearts within are seldom cured Of passions by their vows abjured; Where, under sad and solemn show, Vain hopes are nursed, wild wishes grow. Seek the convent’s vaulted room, Prayer and vigil be thy doom; Doff the green, and don the grey, To the cloister hence away! Chap. xxxii.

THE WHITE LADY’S FAREWELL.

Fare thee well, thou Holly green! Thou shalt never be seen, With all thy glittering garlands bending, As to greet my slow descending, Startling the wilder’d mind, Who sees thee wave without a wind.
Farewell, Fountain! now not long Shalt thou murmur to my song. White thy crystal bubbles glancing, Keep the time in mystic dancing, Rise and swell, are burst and lost, Like mortal schemes by fortune cross’d.
The knot of fate at length is tied, The Churl is Lord, the Maid is Bride! Vainly did my magic slight Send the lover from her sight; Wither bush, and perish well, Fall’n is lofty Avenel! Chap. xxxvii.

(2)—BORDER BALLAD.

1.
March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale, Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale, All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
Many a hanner spread, Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story, Mount and make ready then, Sons of the mountain glen.
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

2.
Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing, Come from the glen of the buck and the roe; Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing, Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow. Trumpets are sounding, War-steads are bounding, Stand to your arms, and march in good order. England shall many a day Tell of the bloody fray, When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border. Chap. xxv.

MOTTOES.

(1)—CHAP. I.
O ay! the Monks, the Monks, they did the mischief! Theirs all the grossness, all the superstition Of a most gross and superstitious age.— May He be praised that sent the healthful tempest, And scattered all these pestilential vapours; But that we owed them all to yonder Harlot Throned on the seven hills with her cup of gold, I will as soon believe, with kind Sir Roger, That old Moll White took wing with cat and broomstick, And raised the last night’s thunder. Old Play.

(2)—CHAP. II.
In ye lone vale his early youth was bred, Not solitary then—the bogle-horn Of fell Alecto often waked its wondings, From where the brook joins the majestic river, To the wild northern bog, the curlew’s haunt, Where ooze forth its first and feeble streamlet. Old Play.

(2)—CHAP. V.
A priest, ye cry, a priest!—lame shepherds they, How shall they gather in the straggling flock? Dumb dogs which bark not—how shall they compel The loitering vagrants to the Master’s fold? Fitter to bask before the blazing fire, And snuff the mess neat-handed Phillis dresses, Than on the snow-wreath battle with the wolf. Reformation.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

(4.) — CHAP. VI.
Now let us sit in conclave. That these weeds
Be rooted from the vineyard of the Church.
That these foul tares be severed from the wheal,
We are, I trust, agreed.—Yet how to do this,
Nor hurt the wholesome grain and tender vine-
plants,
Craves good advisement.

The Reformation.

(5.) — CHAP. VIII.
Nay, daily not with time, the wise man's trea-
sure,
Though fools are lavish on't—the fatal Fisher
Hooks souls, while we waste moments.

Old Play.

(6.) — CHAP. XI.
You call this education, do you not?
Why, 'tis the forced march of a herd of bul-
locks
Before a shuffling drover. The glad van
Move on at ease, and pause a while to snatch
A passing morsel from the dewy green-sward.
While all the blovs, the oaths, the indignation,
Fall on the croppers of the ill-fated laggard.
That cripples in the rear.

Old Play.

(7.) — CHAP. XII.
There's something in that ancient superstition,
Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves.
The spring that, with its thousand crystal
bubbles
Bursts from the bosom of some desert rock
In secret solitude, may well be deem'd
The haunt of something purer, more refined,
And mightier than ourselves.

Old Play.

(8.) — CHAP. XIV.
Nay, let me have the friends who eat my
violins,
As various as my dishes. The feast's
sought,
Where one huge plate predominates.—John
Plain-text,
He shall be mighty beef, our English staple:
The worthy Alderman, a butter'd dumpling:
You pair of whisker'd Corneys, ruffs and
reese;
Their friend the Dandy, a green goose in
sippets.
And so the board is spread at once and fill'd
On the same principle — Variety.

New Play.

(9.) — CHAP. XV.
He strikes no coin, 'tis true, but coins new
phrases,
And sends them forth as knaves vend gilded
counters,
Which wise men scorn, and fools accept in
payment.

Old Play.

(10.) — CHAP. XVI.
A courtier extraordinary, who by diet
Of meats and drinks, his temperate exercise,
Choice music, frequent bath, his horary shifts
Of shirts and waistcoats, means to immor-
talize
Mortality itself, and makes the essence
Of his whole happiness the trim of court.

Magnetic Lady.

(11.) — CHAP. XIX.
Now choose thee, gallant, betwixt wealth and
honour;
There lies the pelf, in sum to bear thee
through
The dance of youth, and the turmoil of man-
hood.
Yet leave enough for age's chimney-corner;
But an thou grasp to it, farewell Ambition!
Farewell each hope of bettering thy condition,
And raising thy low rank above the chorists
That till the earth for bread! Old Play.

(12.) — CHAP. XX.
Indifferent, but indifferent — pshaw! he doth it
not
Like one who is his craft's master — ne'erthe-
less
I have seen a clown confere a bloody coxcomb
On one who was a master of defence.

Old Play.

(13.) — CHAP. XXII.
Yes, life hath left him — every busy thought,
Each fiery passion, every strong affection.
The sense of outward ill and inward sorrow,
Are fled at once from the pale trunk before
me;
And I have given that which spoke and
moved,
Thought, acted, suffer'd, as a living man,
To be a ghastly form of bloody clay.
Soon the foul food for reptiles. Old Play.

(14.) — CHAP. XXIII.
'Tis when the wound is stiffening with the
cold,
The warrior first feels pain — 'tis when the
heat
And fiery fever of his soul is past,
The sinner feels remorse. Old Play.

(15.) — CHAP. XXIV.
I'll walk on tiptoe; arm my eye with caution,
My heart with courage, and my hand with
weapon,
Like him who ventures on a lion's den.

Old Play.

(16.) — CHAP. XXVII.
Now, by Our Lady Sheriff, 'tis hard
reckoning,
That I, with every odds of birth and barony,
Should be detain'd here for the casual death
Of a wild forester, whose utmost having
is but the brazen buckle of the belt
In which he sticks his hedge-knife.

Old Play.

(17.) — CHAP. XXX.
You call it an ill angel — it may be so;
But sure I am, amine the ranks which fell,
'Tis the first fiend ere counsel'd man to rise,
And win the bliss the sprite himself had
forfeited.

Old Play.

(18.) — CHAP. XXXI.
At school I knew him — a sharp-witted youth,
Grave, thoughtful, and reserved among his
mates,
Turning the hours of sport and food to
labour,
Starving his body to inform his mind.

Old Play.
(18) — CHAP. XXXIII.

Now on my faith this gear is all entangled,
Like to the yarn-clew of the drowsy knitter,
Dragg'd by the frolic kitten through the cabin,
While the good dame sits nodding o'er the fire
Masters, attend; 'twill crave some skill to clear it. Old Play.

(20) — CHAP. XXXIV.

It is not texts will do it—Church artillery
Are silenced soon by real ordnance,
And canons are but vain opposed to cannon.
Go, coin your crosier, melt your church plate down,
Bid the starred soldier banquet in your halls,
And quaff the long-saved hogsheds—Turn them out
Thus prized with your good cheer, to guard your wall,
And they will venture fort. — Old Play.

From the Abbot.

1820.

(1.) — THE PARDONER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

"At length the pardoner pulled from his scrip a small phial of clear water, of which he vaunted the quality in the following verses:"

Listneth, good people, everiche one,
For in the laude of Babylone,
Far eastward I wot it lyeth,
And is the first laude the sonne espieth,
Ther, as he cometh fro out the se;
In this ilk laude, as thynkest me,
Right as hoile legynes tell,
Shutreth from a roke or well,
And falleth into one bath of ston,
Wher chast Susanne in times long gon,
Was wont to wash her bodie and lim—
Mickle vertue hath that streme,
As ye shall se er that ye pas,
Ensemble by this little glas—
Through nightses cold and dayses hote,
Hiderward I have it brought;
Hath a wife made slip or slide,
Or a maiden stepp'd aside;
Putteth this water under her nese,
Wold she nold she, she shall sneese.

Chap. xxvii.

(2.) — MOTTOES.

(1.) — CHAP. V.

— In the wild storm,
The seaman hews his mast down, and the merchant
Heaves to the billows wares he once deen'd precious:
So prince and peer, 'mid popular contentions,
Cast off their favourites. Old Play.

(2.) — CHAP. VI.

Thou hast each secret of the household, Francis,
I dare be sworn thou hast been in the buttery
Steeping thy curious humour in fat ale,
And in the butler'sattle—ay, or chatting
With the gib waiting-woman o'er her counts—
These bear the key to each domestic mystery. Old Play.

(3.) — CHAP. VIII.

The sacred tapers' lights are gone,
Grey moss has clad the altar stone
The holy image is o'erthrown,
The bell has ceased to toll.
The long-ribb'd aisles are burst and shrunk,
The holy shrines to ruin sunk,
Departed is the pious monk,
God's blessing on his soul! Residua.

(4.) — CHAP. XI.

Life hath its May, and all is mirthful then:
The woods are vocal, and the flowers all odour;
Its very blast has mirth in't—and the maidens,
The while they don their cloaks to skreen their kirtles,
Laugh at the rain that wets them. Old Play.

(5.) — CHAP. XIV.

Not the wild billow, when it breaks its barrier—
Not the wild wind, escaping from its cavern—
Not the wild fiend, that mingles both togeth'—
And pours their rage upon the ripeing harvest,
Can match the wild freaks of this mirthful meeting—
Comic, yet fearful—droll, and yet destructive.
The Conspiracy.

(7.) — CHAP. XVI.

Youth! thou wast to manhood now,
Darker lip and darker brow,
Statelier step, more pensive mien,
In thy face and gait are seen:
Thou must now brook midnight watches,
Take thy food and sport by snatch'ead
For the gambol and the jest,
Thou wert wont to love the best,
Graver follies must thou follow,
But as senseless, false, and hollow.
Life, a Poem.

(8.) — CHAP. XVI.

It is and is not—'tis the thing I sought for,
Have knee'd for, pray'd for, risk'd my fame and life for,
And yet it is not—no more than the shadow
Upon the hard, cold, flat, and polish'd mirror,
Is the warm, graceful, rounded, living substance
Which it presents in form and lineament. Old Play.
(9.)—CHAP. XXIII.
Give me a morsel on the greensward rather,
Coarse as you will the cooking—Let the fresh spring
Bubble beside my napkin—and the free birds,
Twitters and chirping, hop from bough to bough,
To claim the crumbs I leave for perquisites—
Your prison-feasts I like not.
Tis a weary life this———
Vaults overhead, and grates and bars around me,
And my sad hours spent with as sad companions,
Whose thoughts are brooding o'er their own
Far, far too deeply to take part in mine.

(10.)—CHAP. XXIV.
And when Love's torch hath set the heart in flame,
Comes Seignor Reason, with his saws and cautions,
Giving such aid as the old grey-beard Sexton,
Who from the church-vault drags his crazy engine,
To ply its dribbling ineffectual streamlet
Against a confutation.

(11.)—CHAP. XXV.
And when Love's torch hath set the heart in flame,
Comes Seignor Reason, with his saws and cautions,
Giving such aid as the old grey-beard Sexton,
Who from the church-vault drags his crazy engine,
To ply its dribbling ineffectual streamlet
Against a confutation.

(12.)—CHAP. XXVIII.
In some breasts passion lies conceal'd and silent,
Like war's swart powder in a castle vault,
Until occasion, like the linstock, lights it;
Then comes at once the lightning and the thunder,
And distant echoes tell that all is rent asunder.

(13.)—CHAP. XXX.
Death distant?—No, alas! he's ever with us,
And shakes the dart at us in all our actions;
He lurks within our cup, while we're in health;
Sits by our sick-bed, mocks our medicines;
We cannot walk, or sit, or ride, or travel,
But Death is by to seize us when he lists.

(14.)—CHAP. XXXIII.
Ay, Pedro,—Come you here with mask and lantern,
Ladder of ropes, and other moonshine tools—
Why, you master, thou may'st cheat the old Duenna;
Flatter the waiting-woman, bribe the valet:
But know, that I her father play the Gryphon,
Tameless and sleepless, proof to fraud or bribe,
And guard the hidden treasure of her beauty.

From Kenilworth.

1821.

(1.)—GOLDTHRED'S SONG.
"After some brief interval, Master Goldthred, at the earnest instigation of mine host, and the joyous concurrence of his guests, indulged the company with the following morsel of melody:"

We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl.

(16.)—CHAP. XXXV.
It is a time of danger, not of revel,
When churchmen turn to masquers.

(17.)—CHAP. XXXVII.
Ay, sir—our ancient crown, in these wild times,
Oft stood upon a cast—the gamester's ducat,
So often staked, and lost, and then regained,
Scarce knew so many hazards.

The Spanish Father.
What loveliest face, that loving ranks enfold,
Like brightest diamond chased in purest gold?
Dazzled and blind, none office I forsake,
My club, my key, my knee, my homage take.
Bright paragon, pass on in joy and bliss—
Besheer the gate that opens not wide at such
a sight as this! —  Chap. xxx.

(3.) — MOTTOES.

(1.) — CHAP. IV.

Not serve two masters! Here's a youth will try it —
Would fain serve God, yet give the devil his due;
Says grace before he doth a deed of villainy,
And returns his thanks devoutly when 'tis acted.  Old Play.

(2.) — CHAP. V.

—He was a man
Versed in the world as pilot in his compass.
The needle pointed ever to that interest
Which was his loadstar, and he spread his sails
With vantage to the gale of others' passion.
_The Deceiver—a Tragedy._

(3.) — CHAP. VII.

—This is He
Who rides on the court-gale; controls its tides:
Knows all their secret shoals and fatal eddies;
Whose frown ahauses, and whose smile exalts
He shines like any rainbow—and, perchance,
His colours are as transient.  Old Play.

(4.) — CHAP. XIV.

—This is rare news thou tell'st me, my good fellow;
There are two bulls fierce battling on the green
For one fair heifer—if the one goes down,
The dale will be more peaceful, and the herd,
Which have small interest in their bruise-
ment,
May pasture there in peace.  Old Play.

(5.) — CHAP. XVII.

—Well, then, our course is chosen; spread the sail,—
Heave off the lead, and mark the soundings well;
Look to the helm, good master; many a shoal
Marks this stern coast, and rocks where sits the siren.
Who, like ambition, lures men to their ruin.
_The Shipwreck._

(6.) — CHAP. XXIII.

—Now God be good to me in this wild pilgri-
mage!
All hope in human aid I cast behind me.
O, who would be a woman? who that fool,
A weeping, pining, faithful, loving woman?
She has hard measure still where she hopes
kindest,
And all her bounties only make ingrates.
_Love's Pilgrimage._

Hark! the bells summon, and the bangle calls,
But she the fairest answers not; the tide
Of nobles and of ladies throngs the halls,
But she the loveliest must in secret hide.
What eyes were thine, proud Prince, which in the gleam
Of your gay meteors lost that better sense,
That o'er the glow-worm doth the star esteem,
And merits modest blush o'er courtly insol-
ence?
_The Glass Slipper._

What, man, no'cr lack a draught, when the full can
Stands at thine elbow, and craves emptying!—
Nay, fear not me, for I have no delight
To watch men's vices, since I have myself
Of virtue nought to boast of.—I'm a striker,
Would have the world strike with me, yelling all.
_Pandemonium._

Now fare thee well, my master! if true ser-
vice
Be guerdon'd with hard looks, e'en cut the tow-
line,
And let our barks across the pathless flood
Hold different courses.  _Shipwreck._

Now bid the steeple rock—she comes, she comes!
Speak for us, bells! I speak for us, shrill-
tongued tuckets!
Stand to the limstock, gooner; let thy cannon
Play such a peal, as if a Paynim foe
Came stretch'd in turban'd ranks to storm the ramparts.
We will have pageants too; but that craves wit,
And I'm a rough-hewn soldier.
_The Virgin-Queen, a Tragi-Comedy._

The wisest sovereigns err like private men,
And royal hand has sometimes laid the sword
Of chivalry upon a worthless shoulder,
Which better had been branded by the hang-
man.

What then? Kings do their best,—and they
and we
Must answer for the intent, and not the event.
_Old Play._

Here stands the victim—there the proud be-
trayer,
'E'en as the hind pull'd down by strangling
dogs
Lies at the hunter's feet, who courteous pro-
sfers
To some high dame, the Dion of the chase,
To whom he looks for guerdon, his sharp
blade,
To gag the sobbing throat.
_The Woodsman._

This is an imitation of Gascoigne's verses, spoken by
the Herculean porter, as mentioned in the text [of the
Novel.] The original may be found in the republication
of the Princeely Pleasures of Kenilworth, by the same
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

{XL}—CHAP. XL.
High o'er the eastern steep the sun is beaming,
And darkness dyes with her deceitful shadows;
So truth prevails o'er falsehood. *Old Play.*

From the Pirate.

1821.

(1.)—THE SONG OF THE TEMPEST.

"A Norwegian invocation, still preserved in the island of Unst, under the name of the Song of the Reim-kenar, though some call it the Song of the Tempest. The following is a free translation, it being impossible to render literally many of the elliptical and metaphorical terms of expression peculiar to the ancient Northern poetry:"—

1.

Stern eagle of the far north-west,
Thou that bearest in thy grasp the thunderbolt,
Thou whose rushing pinions air ocean to madness,
Thou the destroyer of herds, thou the scatterer of waves,
Amidst the scream of thy rage,
Amidst the rushing of thy onward wings,
Though thy scream be loud as the cry of a perishing nation,
Though the rushing of thy wings be like the roar of ten thousand waves,
Yet hear, in thine ire and thy hate,
Hear thou the voice of the Reim-kenar.

2.

Thou hast met the pine-trees of Drontheim,
Their dark-green heads lie prostrate beside their uprooted stems;
Thou hast met the rider of the ocean,
The tall, the strong bark of the fearless rover,
And she has struck to thee the topsail
That she had not veil'd to a royal armada:
Thou hast met the tower that bears its crest among the clouds,
The battling massive tower of the Jarl of former days,
And the cope-stone of the turret
Is lying upon its hospitable hearth;
But thou too shalt stoop, proud compeller of clouds,
When thou hearest the voice of the Reim-kenar.

3.

There are verses that can stop the stag in the forest,
Ay, and when the dark-colour'd dog is opening
On his track,
There are verses can make the wild hawk pause on the wing.
Like the falcon that wears the hood and the jesses,
And who knows the shrill whistle of the fowler.

Thou who canst mock at the scream of the drowning mariner,
And the crash of the ravaged forest,
And the groan of the overwhelmed crowds,
When the churchain hath fallen in the moment of prayer;
There are sounds which thou also must list,
When they are chanted by the voice of the Reim-kenar.

4.

Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the ocean,
The widow wailing their hands on the beach;
Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the land,
The husbandman folds his arms in despair;
Cease thou the waving of thy pinions,
Let the ocean repose in her dark strength;
Cease thou the flashing of thine eyes,
Let the thunderbolt sleep in the armoury of Odin:
Be thou still as my bidding, viewless racer of the north-western heaven.—
Sleep thou at the voice of Noroa the Reim-kenar.

5.

Eagle of the far north-western waters,
Thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kenar,
Thou hast closed thy wide sails at her bidding,
And folded them in peace by thy side.
My blessing be on thy retiring path;
When thou stoop'st from thy place on high,
Soft be thy slumbers in the caverns of the unknown ocean.
Rest till destiny shall again awaken thee;
Eagle of the north-west, thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kenar. *Chap. vi.*

(2.)—CLAUD HALCRO'S SONG.

MARY.

Farewell to Northmaven,
Grey Hillswick, farewell!
To the calms of thy haven,
The storms on thy fell—
To each breeze that can vary
The mood of thy main,
And to thee, bonny Mary!—
We meet not again!

Farewell the wild ferry,
Which Hacon could brave,
When the peaks of the Skerry
Were white in the wave,
There's a maid may look over
These wild waves in vain,—
For the skiff of her lover—
He comes not again!

The vows thou hast broke,
On the wild currents fling them;
On the quicksand and rock
Let the mermaidens sing them.
New sweetness they'll give her
Bewildering strain;
But there's one who will never
Believe them again.
SONG.

To

To

Onward

Horses.

Charge

Headlong

Hear

"Grow

View

Doom'd

Many

Screaming,

Peep

The

Forward

Louder

Victory,

Many

From

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Gather


THE

SINGING

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49-.

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THE

SONG

OF

HAR

FAGER.

The sun is rising dimly red,
The wind is wailing low and dread;
From his cliff the eagle sailles,
Leaves the wolf his darksome valleys;
In the mist the ravens hover,
Peep the wild dogs from the cover,
Screaming, croaking, baying, yelling,
Each in his wild accents telling,
"Soon we feast on dead and dying,
Fair-hair'd Harold's flag is flying."

Many a crest on art is streaming,
Many a helmet darkly gleaming,
Many an arm the axe uprears,
Doom'd to hew the wood of spears.
All about the crowded ranks
Horses neigh and armour clanks;
Chiefs are shouting, clarions ringing,
Louder still the bard is singing.
"Gather footmen, gather horsemen,
To the field, ye valiant Norsemen!"

"Halt ye not for food or slumber,
View not vantage, count not number.
Jolly reapers, forward still,
Grow the crop on vale or hill,
Thick or scatter'd, stiff or light,
It shall down before the scythe.
Forward with your sickles bright,
Reap the harvest of the fight.—
Onward footmen, onward horsemen,
To the charge ye gallant Norsemen!"

"Fateful Choosers of the Slaughter,
O'er you hovers Odin's daughter;
Hear the choice she spreads before ye,—
Victory, and wealth, and glory;
Or old Valhalla's roaring hail,
Her ever-circling mead and ale,
Where for eternity unite
The joys of wassail and of fight.
Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,
Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen!"—

Chap. xvi.

(3.)—THE SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGER.

Children of wild Thule, we,
From the deep caves of the sea,
As the lark springs from the lea,
Hither come, to share your glee.

MERMAN.

From reining of the water-horse,
That bounded till the waves were foaming,
Watching the infant tempest's course,
Chasing the sea-snake in his roaring;
From winding charge-notes on the shell,
When the haurke whale and sword-fish duel,
Or tolling shroudless seamen's knell,
When the winds and waves are cruel;
Children of wild Thule, we
Have plough'd such furrowa on the sea,
As the steer draws on the lea,
And hither we come to share your glee.

MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.

We heard ye in our twilight caves,
A hundred fathom deep below;
For notes of joy can pierce the waves,
That drown each sound of war and woe.
Those who dwell beneath the sea,
Love the sons of Thule well;
Thus, to aid your mirth, bring we
Dance, and song, and sounding shell.
Children of dark Thule, know,
Those who dwell by haaf and voe,
Where your daring shallop row,
Come to share the festal show.

Chap. xvi.

(5.)—NORNA'S SONG.

For leagues along the watery way,
Through gulf and stream my course has been;
The billows know my Runic lay,
And smooth their crests to silent green.

The billows know my Runic lay,—
The gulf grows smooth, the stream is still;
But human hearts, more wild than they,
Know but the rule of wayward will.

One hour is mine, in all the year,
To tell ye woes, and one alone;
When gleams this magic lamp, 'tis here,—
When dies the mystic light, 'tis gone.

Daughters of northern Magnus, hail!
The lamp is lit, the flame is clear,—
To you I come to tell my tale,
Awake, arise, my tale to hear!—

Chap. xix.

(6.)—CLAUD HALCRO AND NORNA.

CLAUD HALCRO.

Mother darksome, Mother dread,
Dweller on the Fityful-head,
Thou canst see what deeds are done
Under the never-setting sun.
Look through sleet, and look through frost,
Look to Greenland's caves and coast,—
By the ice-berg is a sail
Chasing of the swarthy whale;
Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
Tell us, has the good ship sped?
NORA.
The thought of the aged is ever on ear,—
On his fishing, his furrow, his flock, and his steer;
But thrive may his fishing, flock, furrow, and herd,
While the aged for anguish shall bear his grey beard.
The ship, well-laden as bark need be,
Lies deep in the furrow of the Iceland sea;—
The breeze for Zetland blows fair and soft,
And gaily the garland is fluttering aloft:
Seven good fishes have spouted their last,
And their jaw-bones are hanging to yard and mast;—
Two are for Lerwick, and two for Kirkwall,—
Three for Burgh Westra, the choicest of all.

CLAUD HALCRO.
Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
Dweller of the Fitful-head,
Thou hast conn'd full many a rhyme,
That lives upon the surge of time:
Tell me, shall my lays be sung,
Like Bacon's of the golden tongue,
Long after Halcro's dead and gone!
Or shall Haltland's minstrel own
One note to rival glorious John?

NORA.
The infant loves the rattle's noise:
Age, double childhood, hath its toys;
But different far the descant rings,
As strikes a different hand the strings.
The eagle mounts the polar sky—
The Imber-goose, unskill'd to fly;
Must be content to glide alone.
Where seal and sea-dog list his song.

CLAUD HALCRO.
Be mine the Imber-goose to play,
And haunt lone cave and silent bay;—
The minstrel's aim so shall I try—
So shall I 'scape the leviell'd gun—
Content my verses' tuneless jingle, With Thule's sounding tides to mingle,
While, to the ear of wondering wight,
Upon the distant headland's height,
Soften'd by marmur of the sea.
The rude sounds seem like harmony!

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
Dweller of the Fitful-head,
A gallant bark from far abroad,
Saint Magnus hath her in his road.
With guns and firelocks not a few—
A silken and a scarlet crew,
Deep stored with precious merchandise,
Of gold, and goods of rare device—
What interest hath our comrade bold In bark and crew, and goods and gold?

NORA.
Gold is ruddy, fair, and free,
Blood is crimson, and dark to see;—
I look'd out on Saint Magnus bay,
And I saw a falcon that struck her prey,—
A gobbled of flesh in her beak she bore,
And talons and singles are dripping with gore;—
Let he that asks after them look on his hand, And if there is blood on't, he's one of their band.

CLAUD HALCRO.
Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
Dweller of the Fitful-head,
Well thou know'st it is thy task
To tell what Beauty will not ask;—
Then steep thy words in wine and milk, And weave a doom of gold and silk.—
For we would know, shall Brenda prove In love, and happy in her love?

NORA.
Untouch'd by love, the maiden's breast
Is like the snow on Rona's crest;
High seated in the middle sky,
In bright and barren purity;
But by the sunbeam gently kiss'd,
Scarce by the gazing eye 'tis miss'd, Ere, down the lonely valley stealing,
Fresh grass and growth its course revealing,
It cheers the flock, revives the flower, And decks some happy shepherd's bower.

MAGNUS TROLL.
Mother speak, and do not tarry,
Here's a maiden fair would marry.
Shall she marry, ay or not?
If she marry, what's her lot?

NORA.
Nor shall the men of Norroan shoals,
Wear the plumed headdress, the mantle bright,
Shall they be sick of the snares of the sea.
May they not lose or be taken by surprise.
For they have heard, and heard again,
That the sea is a danger and a prey.

SONG OF THE ZETLAND FISHERMAN.

"While they were yet within hearing of the shore, they chanted an ancient Norse ditty, appropriate to the occasion, of which Claud Halcro had executed the following literal translation:"—

Parewell, merry maidens, to song and to laugh,
For the brave lads of Westra are bound to the Haaf;
And we must have labour, and hunger, and pain,
Ere we dance with the maids of Dunrossness again.

For now, in our trim boats of Noroway deal,
We must dance on the waves, with the porpoise and seal;
The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too high,
And the gull be our songstress when'er she flies by.
Sing on, my brave bird, while we follow, like thee,
By bank, shaln, and quicksand, the swarms of the sea;"
And when twenty-score fishes are straining
our line,
Sing louder, brave bird, for their spoils shall
be thine.
We'll sing while we bait, and we'll sing while
we haul,
For the deeps of the Haaf have enough for us
all:
There is torsk for the gentle, and skate for the
carle,
And there's wealth for bold Magnus, the son of
the earl.

Huzza! my brave comrades, give way for the
Haaf,
We shall sooner come back to the dance and
the laugh;
For light without mirth is a lamp without oil;
Then, mirth and long life to the bold Magnus
Troll!  

(8.)—CLEVELAND'S SONGS.

1. Love wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps!
O for Music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme,
For Beauty's dream.
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!

2. Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm.
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

3. O wake and live!
No dream can give
A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that Love is telling.

Farewell! farewell! the voice you hear,
Hast left its last soft tone with you,—
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents which I scarce could form
Beneath your frown's controlling check,
Must give the word, above the storm.
To cut the mast, and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,—
The hand, that shook when press'd to thine,
Must point the guns upon the chase—
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love, or hope, or fear,—
Honour, or own, a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear,
Farewell! save memory of you!  

(9.)—CLAUD HALCRO'S VERSES.

And you shall deal the funeral dole;
Ay, deal it, mother mine,
To weary body, and to heavy soul,
The white bread and the wine.
And you shall deal my horses of pride;
Ay, deal them, mother mine;
And you shall deal my lands so wide,
And deal my castles nine.
But deal not vengeance for the deed,
And deal not for the crime:
The body to its place, and the soul to Heaven's
grace,
And the rest in God's own time.

Saint Magnus control thee, that martyr of
treason;
Saint Roman rebuke thee, with rhyme and
with reason;
By the mass of Saint Martin, the might of
Saint Mary,
Be thou gone, or thy weird shall be worse if
thou tarry!
If of good, go hence and hallow thee:
If of ill, let the earth swallow thee;
If thou'rt of air, let the grey mist fold thee;
If of earth, let the swart mine hold thee;
If a Pixie, seek thy ring;
If a Nixie, seek thy spring;
If on middle earth thou'rt been
Slave of sorrow, shame, and sin,
Hast eat the bread of toil and strife,
And dree'd the lot which men call life;
Begone to thy stone! for thy coffin is scant of
then,
The worm, thy play-fellow, wails for the want
of thee;
Hence, houseless ghost! let the earth hide thee,
Till Michael shall blow the blast, see that
there thou bide thee!—
Phantom, fly hence! take the Cross for a
token,
Hence pass till Hallowmass!—my spell is
spoken.

Where corpse-light
Dances bright,
Be it by day or night,
Be it by light or dark,
There shall corpse lie stiff and stark.

Menseful maiden ne'er should rise,
Till the first beam tinge the skies;
Silk-fringed eyelids still should close,
Till the sun has kiss'd the rose;
Maiden's foot we should not view,
Mark'd with tiny print on dew,
Till the opening flowerets spread
Carpet meet for beauty's tread.

(10.)—NORNA'S INCANTATIONS.

Champion, famed for warlike toil,
Art thou silent, Idholt Troll?
Sand, and dust, and pebbly stones,
Are leaving bare thy giant bones.
Who dared touch the wild bear's skin
Ye slumber'd on, while life was in—
A woman now, or babe, may come
And cast the covering from thy tomb.
Yet be not wrathful, Chief, nor blight
Mine eyes or ears with sound or sight!
I come not with unshallow'd tread,
To wake the slumbers of the dead,
Or lay thy giant relics bare;
But what I seek thou well canst spare.
Be it to my hand allow'd
To shear a merk's weight from thy shroud;
Yet leave thee sheathed lead enough
To shield thy bones from weather rough.

See, I draw my magic knife —
Never, while thou wert in life,
Laidest thou still for sloth or fear,
When point and edge were glittering near;
See, the cerements now I sever —
Waken now, or sleep for ever!
Thou wilt not wake — the deed is done!
The prize I sought is fairly won.

Thanks, Ribolt, thanks — for this the sea
Shall smooth its ruffled crest for thee —
And while its billows flow,
Subside to peace near Ribolt's tomb.
Thanks, Ribolt, thanks — for this the might
Of wild winds racing at their height,
When to the place of slumber nigh,
Shall soften to a lullaby.

She, the dame of doubt and dread,
Norna of the Fitful-head,
Mighty in her own despite, —
Miserable in her might,
In despair and frenzy great,
In her greatness desolate;
Wisest, wickedest who lives, —
Well can keep the word she gives.

Chap. xxv.

[AT INTERVIEW WITH MINNA.]

Thou, so needful, yet so dread,
With cloudy crest, and wing of red;
Thou, without whose genial breath
The North would sleep the sleep of death;
Who deign'st to warm the cottage hearth,
Yet hurst proud palaces to earth,
Brightness, keystone of the Powers,
Which form and rule this world of ours,
With thy rhyme of Ronic.
I thank thee for thy agency.

Old Reimkennar, to thy art
Mother Hertha sends her part;
She, whose gracious bounty gives
Needful food for all that lives.
From the deep mine of the North
Came the mystic metal forth,
Doom'd amidst disjointed stones,
Long to cere a champion's bone,
Disinhumed my charms to aid —
Mother Earth, my thanks are paid.

Girdle of our islands dear,
Element of Water, hear!
Thou whose power can overwhelm
Broken mounds and ruin'd realm

On the lowly Belgian strand;
All thy fiercest rage can never
Of our soil a furlong sever
From our rock-defended land;
Play then gently thou thy part,
To assist old Norna's art.

Elements, each other greeting,
Gifts and power attend your meeting!

Thou, that over billows dark
Safely send'st the fisher's bark,—
Giving him a path and motion
Through the wilderness of ocean;
Thou, that when the billows brave ye,
Over the shelves caust drive the navy,—
Did'st thou chase as one neglected,
While thy brethren were respected?
To appease thee, see, I tear
This full grasp of grizzled hair;
Oft thy breath bath through it sung,
Softening to my magic tongue,—
Now, 'tis thine to bid it fly
Through the wild expanse of sky,
'Mid the countless swarms to sail
Of wild-fowl wheeling on thy gale;
Take thy portion and rejoice,—
Spirit, thou hast heard my voice!

She who sits by haunted well,
Is subject to the Nixies' spell;
She who walks on lonely beach,
To the Mermaid's charmed speech;
She who walks round ring of green,
Offends the peevish Fairy Queen;
And she who takes rest in the Dwarf's cave
A weary weird of woe shall have.

By ring, by spring, by cave, by shore,
Minna Troll has braved all this and more;
And yet hath the root of her sorrow and ill
A source that's more deep and more mystical still,—
Thou art within a demon's hold,
More wise than Heims, more strong than Trolld;
No siren sings so sweet as he—
No fairy springs lighter on the lea;
No elfin power hath half the art
To soothe, to move, to wring the heart,—
Life-blood from the cheek to drain,
Drench the eye, and dry the vein.
Maiden, ere we farther go,
Dost thou note me, ay or no?

MINNA.

I mark thee, my mother, both word, look, and sign;
Speak on with thy riddle — to read it be mine.

NORMA.

Mark me! for the word I speak
Shall bring the colour to thy cheek.
This leaden heart, so light of cost,
The symbol of a treasure lost,
Thou shalt wear in hope and in peace,
That the cause of your sickness and sorrow may cease,
When crimson foot meets crimson hand
In the Martyr's Aisle, and in Orkney land.—
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 585

Be patient, be patient; for Patience hath power
To ward us in danger, like mantle in shower;
A fairy gift you best may hold
In a chain of fairy gold;—
The chain and the gift are each a true token,
That not without warrant old Norna has spoken;
But thy nearest and dearest must never be hold them,
Till time shall accomplish the truths I have told them.  
Chap. xxviii.

(11.)—BRYCE SNAILSFoot'S ADVERTISEMENT.
Poor sinners whom the snake deceives,
Are fain to cover them with leaves.
Zetland hath no leaves, 'tis true,
Because that trees are none, or few,
But we have flax and rags of wool',
For linen cloth and wadmal blue;
And we have many of foreign knacks
Of finer waft than wool' or flax.
Ye gallanty Lambmas lads appear,
And bring your Lambmas sisters here
Bryce Snailesfoot spares not cost or care,
To please every gentle pair.  
Chap. xxxii.

(12.)—MOTTOES.
(1.)—CHAP. II.
'Tis not alone the scene—the man, Anselmo,
The man finds sympathies in these wild wastes,
And roughly tumbling seas, which fairer views
And smoother waves deny him.  
Ancient Drama.

(2.)—CHAP. VII.
She does no work by halves, yon raving ocean;
Engulphing those she strangles, her wild womb
Affords the mariners whom she hath dealt on,
Their death at once, and sepulchre.  
Old Play.

(3.)—CHAP. IX.
This is a gentle trader, and a prudent—
He's no Autolycus, to blear your eye,
With quips of worldly gauds and gamesomeness;
But seasons all his glittering merchandize
With wholesome doctrine suited to the use,
As men sauce goose with sage and rosemary.  
Old Play.

(4.)—CHAP. XI.
—All your ancient customs,
And long-descended usages, I'll change.
Ye shall not eat, nor drink, nor speak, nor move,
Think, look, or walk, as ye were wont to do;
Even your marriage-beds shall know mutation;
The bride shall have the stock, the groom the wall;
For all old practice will I turn and change,
And call it reformation—marry, will I!
'Tis Even that we're at Odds.

(5.)—CHAP. XIV.
We'll keep our customs—what is law itself,
But old establish'd custom?
What religion,
(I mean, with one-haif of the men that use it,)  
Save the good use and wont that carries them
To worship how and where their fathers worshipp'd?
All things resolve in custom—we'll keep ours.  
Old Play.

(6.)—CHAP. XXV.
—I do love these ancient ruins!
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history,
And questionless, here in this open court,
(Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather,) some men lie inter'd,
Loved the Church so well, and gave so largely to it,
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till doomsday;—but all things have their end—
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
Must have like death which we have.  
Duchess of Malfy.

(7.)—CHAP. XXIX.
See yonder woman, whom our swains revere,
And dread in secret, while they take her counsel
When sweetheart shall be kind, or when
cross dame shall die;
Where lurks the thief who stole the silver tankard,
And how the pestilent murrain may be cured;
This sage adviser's mad, stark mad, my friend;
Yet, in her madness, hath the art and cunning
To wring fools' secrets from their inmost bosoms,
And pay inquirers with the coin they gave her.  
Old Play.

(8.)—CHAP. XXX.
What ho, my jovial mates! come on! we'll frolic it
Like fairies frisking in the merry moonshine,
Seen by the curtail friar, who, from some christening,
Or some bith of bridal, hies belated cell-ward—
He starts, and changes his bold bottle swagger
To churchman's pace professional,—and, ram-sacking
His treacherous memory for some holy hymn,
Finds but the roundel of the midnight catch.  
Old Play.

(9.)—CHAP. XXXII.
I strive like to the vessel in the tide-way,
Which, lacking favouring breeze, hath not the power
To stem the powerful current.—Even so,
Resolving daily to forsake my vices,
Habit, strong circumstance, renew'd temptation
Sweep me to sea again.—O heavenly breath,
Fill thou my suils, and aid the feeble vessel,
Which ne'er can reach the blessed port without thee!
'Tis Odds when Evens meet.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

(10.)—CHAP. XXXIII.
Parental love, my friend, has power o'er
Wisdom, and is the charm, which, like the falconer's
Lure, can bring from heaven the highest soaring
Spirits.
So when famed Prosper don'd his magic robe.
it was Miranda pluck'd it from his shoulders.
Old Play.

(11.)—CHAP. XXXIV.
Hark to the insult loud, the bitter sneer;
The fierce threat answering to the brutal
Jeer;
Oaths fly like pistol-shots, and vengeful words
Clash with each other like conflicting
Swords.
The robber's quarrel by such sounds is
Known, and true men have some chance to gain their
Own.
Captivity, a Poem.

(12.)—CHAP. XXXVII.
Over the mountains and under the waves,
Over the fountains and under the graves,
Over floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obeys,
O'er rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.
Old Song.

On Etrick Forest's Mountains
Dun. 1

1822.

On Etrick Forest's mountains dun,
'Tis blithe to hear the sportsman's gun,
And seek the heath-frequenting brook
Far through the noonday solitude;
By many a cairn and trenched mound,
Where chiefs of yore sleep long and sound,
And springs, where grey-hair'd shepherds tell,
That still the fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed,
'Tis blithe the mimicking fly to lead,
When to the hook the salmon springs,
And the line whistles through the rings;
The boiling eddy see him try,
Then dashing from the current high,
Till watchful eye and cautious hand
Have led his wasted strength to land.

'Tis blithe along the midnight tide,
With stalwart arm the boat to guide;
On high the dazzling blaze to rear,
And heedful plunge the barbed spear.
Rock, wood, and scur, emerging bright,
Flung on the stream their ruddy light;
And from the bank our hand appears
Like Genii, arm'd with fiery spears.

'Tis blithe at eve to tell the tale,
How we succeed, and how we fail,
Whether at Alwys's 2 lordly meal,
Or lower board of Ashestiel; 3
While the gay tapers cheerily shine,
Bickers the fire, and flows the wine—
Days free from thought, and nights from care,
My blessing on the Forest fair!

Farewell to the Muse. 4

1822.

Enchantress, farewell, who so oft has decoy'd me, At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam,
Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking,
The language alternate of rapture and woe:
Oh! none but some lover, whose heart-strings are breaking,
The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came sorrow,
Or pale disappointment to darken my way,
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow,
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day!

But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou canst not assuage;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.

'Twas thou that once taught me, in accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain,
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblin in vain;
As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild Numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers—
Farewell, then, Enchantress! I meet thee no more!

1 Written after a week's shooting and fishing, in which the poet had been engaged with some friends.
2 See the famous salmon-spearers scene in Guy Mannering.
3 Alwys, the seat of Lord Somerville; now, alas! untenanted, by the lamented death of that kind and hospitable nobleman, the author's nearest neighbour and intimate friend. Lord R. died February 1819.
4 Ashestiel, the poet's residence at that time.
5 Written, during illness, for Mr. Thomson's Scottish Collection, and first published in 1822, united to an air composed by George Kinloch, Esq., of Kinloch.
The Maid of Isla.

Air—"The Maid of Isla."

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEORGE THOMSON'S SCOTTISH MELODIES.

1822.

Oh, Maid of Isla, from the cliff
That looks on troubled wave and sky,
Dost thou not see yon little skiff
Contend with ocean gallantly?

Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,
Why does she war unequal urge?
Oh, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

Oh, Isla's maid, you sea-bird mark,
Her white wing gleams through mist and spray,
Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,
As to the rock she wheels a way:—

When clouds are dark and billows rave,
Why to the shelter should she come
Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave?
Oh, maid of Isla, 'tis her home!

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,
Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,
And cold as is your wintry cliff,
Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.

Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;
For in thy love, or in his grave,
Most Allan Vourich finds his home.

Carle, now the King's come.

BEING NEW WORDS TO AN AULD SPRING.

1822.

The news has flown from mouth to mouth,
The North for ane has ban'd the South;
The deil a Scotman's die o' drouth;
Carle, now the King's come!

CHORUS.

Carle, now the King's come!
Carle, now the King's come!
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing.
Carle, now the King's come!

Auld England held him long and fast;
And Scotland's turn is come at last—
Carle, now the King's come!

Auld Reekie, in her rokelay grey,
Thought never to have seen the day;
He's been a weary time away—
But, Carle, now the King's come!

She's skirling frae the Castle-hill,
The Carlino's voice is given sae shrill,
Ye'll hear her at the Canun-mill—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Up, bairns!" she cries, "baith grit and sma',
And busk ye for the weapon-shaw!
Stand by me, and we'll bang them a'—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come from Newbattle's ancient spires,
Baud Lothian, with your knights and squires,
And match the mettle of your sires—
Carle, now the King's come!

"You're welcome hame, my Montazu!
Bring in your hand the young Buccleuch;
I'm missing some that I may rue—
Carle, now the King's come!"

"Come, Haddington, the kind and gay,
You've graced my causeway mony a day;
I'll weep the cause if you should stay—
Carle, now the King's come!"

"Come, premier Duke, and carry down
Fae yourer Craig his ancient crow;
It's had a lang sleep and a soon—
But, Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Athole, from the hill and wood,
Bring down your clannsin men like a cloud;
Come, Morton, show the Douglas' blood—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Tweeddale, true as sword to sheath;
Come, Hopetoun, fear'd on fields of death;
Come, Clerk, and give your bugle breath;
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Wemyss, who modest merit aids;
Come, Rosebery, from Dalmeny shades;
Breadalbane, bring your belted plaid;
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true;
Girt with the sword that M'indon knew;
We have o'er few such lairds as you—
Carle, now the King's come!

"King Arthur's crown a common crier,
He's heard in Fife and far Canton,
"Fie, lauds, behold my crest of fire!"
Carle, now the King's come!

"Saint Abb roars out, 'I see him pass,
Between 'Tantallon and the Bass!'
Calton, get out your keeking-glass—
Carle, now the King's come!"

1 This imitation of an old Jacobite ditty was written on the appearance, in the Frith of Forth, of the fleet which conveyed his Majesty King George the Fourth to Scotland, in August 1822; and was published as a broadside.

2 Lord Montagu, uncle and guardian to the young Duke of Buccleuch, placed his Grace's residence of Dalkeith at his Majesty's disposal during his visit to Scotland.

3 Charles, the tenth Earl of Haddington, died in 1829.

4 The Duke of Hamilton, as Earl of Angus, carried the ancient royal crown of Scotland on horseback in King George's procession, from Holyrood to the Castle.

5 The Castle.

6 Sir George Clerk of Penicuik, Bart. The Baron of Penicuik is bound by his tenure, whenever the King comes to Edinburgh, to receive him at the Haestone (in which the standard of James IV. was erected when his army encamped on the Boroughmuir, before his fatal expedition to England,) now built into the park-wall at the end of Tipperlinie Lane, near the Boroughmuir-head; and, standing thereon, to give three blasts on a horn.
The Carline stopp'd; and, sure I am, 
For very glee had ta'en a dwam, 
But Oman 1 help'd her to a dram.—
Cógie, now the King's come! 
Cógie, now the King's come! 
Cógie, now the King's come! 
I 'se be fou' and ye's be trim, 2
Cógie, now the King's come!

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME.

PART SECOND.

A Hawick gill of mountain dew, 
Heised up Auld Riekie's heart, I trow, 
It mind'd her of Waterloo— 
Carle, now the King's come!
Again I heard her summons swell, 
For, sic a dirdum and a yell, 
It drown'd Saint Giles's jowling bell—
Carle, now the King's come!

"My trusty Provost, tried and tight, 
Stand forward for the Good Town's right, 
There's warer than you been made a knight— 
Carle, now the King's come!

"My reverend Clergy, look ye say 
The best of thanksgivings ye hae, 
And warstie for a sunny day—
Carle, now the King's come!

"My Doctors, look that you agree, 
Cure a't the town without a fee; 
My Lawyers; dinna pike a plea—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come forth each sturdy Burgher's bairn, 
That dints on wood or clanks on air, 
That fires the o'en, or winds the pirk—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come forward with the Blanket Blue, 
Your sires were loyal men and true, 
As Scotland's foemen oft might rue—
Carle, now the King's come!

1 Mr. Oman, landlord of the Waterloo Hotel. 
2 Empty.
3 The Lord Provost had the agreeable surprise to hear 
his health proposed, at the civic banquet given to George 
IV. in the Parliament-House, as "Sir William Arbuthnot, 
Bart."
4 The Blue Blanket is the standard of the incorporated 
trades of Edinburgh, and is kept by their convener, "at 
whose appearance therewith," observes Maitland, "it is
said, that not only the artificers of Edinburgh are obliged 
to repair to it, but all the artificers or craftsmen within 
Scotland are bound to follow it, and sit under the con-
vener of Edinburgh as aforesaid." According to an 
old tradition, this standard was used in the Holy War by 
a body of crusaders from Edinburgh, and was the first 
that was planted on the walls of Jerusalem, when that 
city was stormed by the Christian army under the famous 
Godfrey. But the real history of it seems to be this— 
James III. a prince who had virtues which the rude age in 
which he lived could not appreciate, having been de-
tained for nine months in the Castle of Edinburgh by his
feudal nobles, was relieved by the citizens of Edinburgh, 
who assaulted the castle and took it by surprise; on such 
occasion James presented the citizens with this banner, 
"with a power to display the same in defence of their 
king, country, and their own rights."—Note to this stanza 
in the "Account of the King's Visit," ed. 8vo. 1822.
5 Sir Thomas Bradford, then commander of the forces 
in Scotland.
6 Edinburgh Castle.
7 Lord Melville was colonel of the Mid-Lothian Yeo-
merry Cavalry: Sir John Hope of Pinkie, Bart., Major; 
and Robert Cockburn, Esq., and Lord Eicho, were captains 

"Scots downa loud, and rin, and rave, 
We're steady folks and something grave, 
We'll keep the causeway firm and brave— 
Carle, now the King's come!

"Sir Thomas, 6 thunder from your rock, 6 
Till Pentland dinieus wi' the shock, 
And lace wi' fire my nued o' smoke—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Melville, bring out your bands of blue, 
A' Louden lads, bairt stout and true, 
With Eichie, Hope, and Cockburn, too—
Carle, now the King's come!

"And you, who on yon blude bras 
Compell'd the vanquish'd Despot's praise; 
Rank out—rank out—my gallant Greys— 8
Carle, now the King's come!

"Cock o' the North, my Huntly bra', 
Where are you with the Forty-two? 9
Ah! wae's my heart that ye've awa'—
Carle, now the King's come!

"But yonder come my canty Celts, 
With dink and pistols at their belts, 
Thank God, we've still some plauds and 
kilts—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Lord, how the philibisc groan and yell! 
Macdonell's 10 ta'en the field himself, 
Macleod comes brancing o'er the fell—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Bend up your how each Archer spark, 
For you're to guard him light and dark; 
Faith, lads, for once you've hit the mark—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Young Errol, 11 take the sword of state, 
The sceptre, Panie-Morachate; 12 
Knight Mareschal, 13 see ye clear the gate—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Kind cummer, Leith, ye've been mis-set, 
But dinna be upon the fret— 
Ye've hae the handiel of him yet, 
Carle, now the King's come! 

1 The Scots Greys, headed by their gallant colonel, Ge-
neral Sir James Stewart of Collines, Bart., were on duty 
at Edinburgh during the King's visit. Bonaparte's excla-
mation at Waterloo is well known: "Ces beaux chevaux 
uis, comme ils travaillent!" 2 Marquis of Haddo, who since became the last Duke 
of Gordon, was colonel of the 49th Regiment, and died in 
1836.
3 Colonel Ronaldson Macdonell of Glengarry—who died 
in January, 1829.
4 The Earl of Errol is hereditary Lord High Constable 
of Scotland.
5 In more correct Gaelic orthography, Banamor-Chat, 
or the Great Lady, (literally Female Lord of the Chota); 
the Celtic title of the Counties of Sutherland. "Evin 
unto this day, the country of Sutherland is yet called 
Cattay, the inhabitants Catlegh, and the Earl of Suther-
land Morweir Cattey, in old Scottish or Irish; which 
language the inhabitants of this country doe still use."— 
"Gordon's History of the Kings and the Earls of Sutherland," 
p. 18. It was determined by his Majesty, that the right of 
carrying the sceptre lay with this noble family; and 
Lord Francis Douglas Gordon, (now Egerton), second son 
of the Counties (afterwards Duke of Sutherland), was 
permitted to act as deputy for his mother in that honour-
able office. After obtaining his Majesty's permission to 
deport for Dunrobin Castle, his place was supplied by the 
Honourable John M. Stuart, second son of the Earl of 
Moray.—Ed.
6 The Author's friend and relation, the late Sir Alex-
ander Keith, of Dunnetar and Barholm.
"My daughters, come with een sae blue,  
Your garlands weave, your blossoms strew;  
He ne'er saw fairer flowers than you—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"What shall we do for the propine—  
We used to offer something fine,  
But ne'er a groat's in pouch of mine—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Deil care—for that I've never start,  
We'll welcome him with Highland heart;  
Whate'er we have he's get a part—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"I'll show him mason-work this day—  
None of your bricks of Babel clay,  
But towers shall stand till 'Time's away—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"I'll show him wit, I'll show him lair,  
And gallant lads and lasses fair,  
And what wad kind heart wish for mair?  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Step out, Sir John, 1 of projects rife,  
Come win the thanks of an auld wife,  
And bring him health and length of life—  
Carle, now the King's come!"

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**From The Fortunes of Nigel.**

1822.

**MOTTOES.**

(1.) — CHAP. I.

Now Scot and English are agreed,  
And Saunders hastens to cross the Tweed.  
Where, such the splendours that attend him,  
His very mother scarce had ken'd him.  
His metamorphosis behold,  
From Glasgow frieze to cloth of gold;  
His back-sword, with the iron-hilt,  
'To rapier, fairly hatch'd and gilt;  
Was ever seen a gallant braver!  
His very bonnet's grown a heaver.  

*The Reformation.*

(2.) — CHAP. II.

This, sir, is one among the Seignory,  
Has wealth at will, and will to use his wealth,  
And wit to increase it. Marry, his worst folly  
Lies in a thriftless sort of charity,  
That goes a-gadding sometimes after objects  
Which wise men will not see when thrust upon them.  

*The Old Couple.*

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(3.) — CHAP. IV.

Ay, sir, the clouted shoe hath oftimes craft in't,  
As says the rustic proverb, and your citizen,  
In's grooms suit, gold chain, and well-black'd shoes.  
Bears under his flat cap oftimes a brain  
Wiser than burns beneath the cap and feather.  
Or seethes within the statesman's velvet nightcap.  

*Read me my Riddle.*

(4.) — CHAP. V.

Wherefore come ye not to court?  
Certain his the rarest sport;  
There are silks and jewels glistening,  
Prattling fools and wise men listening,  
Bullies among brave men justling,  
Beggars amongst nobles bustling;  
Low-breathed talkers, minion lispers,  
Cutting honest throats by whispers;  
Wherefore come ye not to court?  
Skelton swears his glorious sport.  

*Skelton Skeltonizeth.*

(5.) — CHAP. VI.

O, I do know him—'tis the mouldy lemon  
Which our court wits will wet their lips withal,  
When they would sauce their bonied conversation  
With somewhat sharper flavour.—Marry, sir,  
That virtue's wellnigh left him—all the juice  
That was so sharp and poignant, is squeezed out.  
While the poor rind, although as sour as ever,  
Must season soon the draff we give our grumters.  
For two-legged things are weary on't.  

*The Chamberlain—A Comedy.*

(6.) — CHAP. VII.

Things needful we have thought on; but the thing  
Of all most needful—that which Scripture terms,  
As if alone it merited regard,  
The one thing needful—that's yet unconsider'd.  

*The Chamberlain.*

(7.) — CHAP. VIII.

Ahl mark the matron well—and laugh not,  
Harry,  
At her old steeple-hat and velvet guard—  
'I've called her like the ear of Dionysus:  
I mean that ear-form'd vault, built o'er the dungeon,  
To catch the groans and discontented murmurs  
Of his poor bondsman.—Even so doth Martha  
Drink up, for her own purpose, all that passes,  
Or is supposed to pass, in this wide city—  
She can retail it, too, if that her profit  
Shall call on her to do so: and retail it  
For your advantage, so that you can make your profit jump with hers.  

*The Conspiracy.*

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1 The Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair, Bart., author of "The Code of Health and Longevity," &c. &c., the well-known patron and projector of national and patriotic plans and improvements innumerable, died 21st December 1853, in his eighty-second year.—Ed.
(8.)—CHAP. X.

Bid not thy fortune trull upon the wheels Of yonder dancing cubes of mottled bone;
And drawn it not, like Egypt's royal harlot,
Dissolving her rich pearl in the brimm'd wine-cup.
These are the arts, Lothario, which shrink acres
Into brief yards—bring sterling pondage to fardines,
Credit to intamy; and the poor gull,
Who might have lived an honour'd, easy life,
To ruin, and an unregarded grave.

The Changes.

(9.)—CHAP. XII.

This is the very barn-yard,
Where muster daily the prime cocks of the game.
Ruffle their pinions, crow till they are hoarse,
And spar about a barleycorn. Here, too, chickens,
The callow, unfeuded brood of forward folly,
Learn first to rear the crest, and aim the spur,
And tune their note like full-plumed Chaotic cleer.

The Bear Garden.

(10.)—CHAP. XIII.

Let the proud salmon gorge the feather'd hook.
Then strike, and thou en him.—He will wince;
Spin out your line that it shall whistle from you
Some twenty yards or so, yet you shall have him—
Marry! you must have patience—the stout rock
Which is his trust, hath edges something sharp;
And the deep pool hath ooze and sledge enough
To mar your fishing—less you are more careful.

Albion, or the Double Kings.

(11.)—CHAP. XVI.

Give way—give way—I must and will have justice.
And tell me not of privilege and place;
Where I am injured, there I'll sue redress.
Look to it, every one who has my access;
I have a heart to feel the injury,
A hand to right myself, and, by my honour,
That hand shall grasp what grey-beard Law denies me.

The Chamberlain.

(12.)—CHAP. XVII.

Come hither, young one—Mark me! Thou art now
'Mongst men o' the sword, that live by reputation
More than by constant income—Single-suited
They are, I grant you; yet each single suit
Maintains, on the rough guess, a thousand followers—
And they be men, who, hazarding their all,
Needsful apparel, necessary income,
And human body, and immortal soul,
Do in the very deed but hazard nothing—
So strictly is that all bound in reversion;
Clothes to the broker, income to the usurer,—
And body to disease, and soul to the foul fiend;

Who laughs to see Soldadoes and fooladoes,
Play better than himself his game on earth.

The Mohocks.

(13.)—CHAP. XVIII.

Mother. What! dazzled by a flash of Cupid's mirror,
With which the boy, as mortal orchins wot,
Flings back the sunbeam in the eye of passers—
Then laughs to see them stumble!

Daughter. Mother! no—
It was a lightning-flash which dazzled me,
And never shall these eyes see true again

Bee and Pudding—An Old English Comedy.

(14.)—CHAP. XIX.

By this good light, a wench of matchless mettla!
This were a leaguer-lark to love a soldier.
To bind his wounds, and kiss his bloody brow,
And sing a roundel as she help'd to arm him,
Though he rough foeman's drums were beat so nigh,
They seemed to bear the burden.

Old Play.

(15.)—CHAP. XX.

Credit me, friend, it hath been ever thus,
Since the ark rested on Mount Ararat.
False man hath awara, and woman hath believed—
Repented and reproach'd, and then believed once more.

The New World.

(16.)—CHAP. XIXI.

Rove not from pole to pole—the man lives here
Whose razor's only equall'd by his beer;
And where, in either sense, the cockney-put
May, if he pleaseth, get confounded cut

On the Sign of an Alehouse kept by a Barber.

(17.)—CHAP. XXI.

Chance will not do the work—Chance sends the breeze;
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts as towards the port
May dash us on the shelves.—The steersman's part is vigilance,
Blow it or rough or smooth.

Old Play.

(18.)—CHAP. XXIV.

This is the time—Heaven's maiden-sentinel
Hath quitted her high watch—the lesser spangles
Are paling one by one; give me the ladder
And the short lever—bid Anthony
Keep with his carabine the wicket-gate;
And do thou bare thy knife and follow me,
For we will in and do it—darkness like this
Is dawning of our fortunes.

Old Play.

(19.)—CHAP. XXV.

Death finds us 'mid our playthings—snatches us,
As a cross nurse might do a wayward child,
From all our toys and baubles. His rough call
Unlooseth all our favourite ties on earth;
And well if they are such as may be answer'd
In yonder world, where all is judged of truly.

Old Play.

(20.)—CHAP. XXVI.

Give us good voyage, gentle stream—we stun not
Thy sober ear with sounds of revelry:
Wake not the slumbering echoes of thy banks
With voice of flute and horn—we do but seek
On the broad pathway of thy swelling bosom
To glide in silent safety.

The Double Bridal.

(21.)—CHAP. XXVII.

This way lie safety and a sure retreat;
Yonder lie danger, shame, and punishment.
Most welcome danger then—Nay, let me say,
Though spoke with swelling heart—welcome
e’en shame;
And welcome punishment—for, call me guilty,
I do but pay the tax that’s due to justice;
And call me guiltless, then that punishment
Is shame to those alone who do inflict it.

The Tribunal.

(22.)—CHAP. XXXIX.

How fares the man on whom good men would look
With eyes where scorn and censure combated,
But that kind Christian love hath taught the lesson—
That they who merit most contempt and hate,
Do most deserve our pity—Old Play.

(23.)—CHAP. XXXL.

Marry, came up, sir, with your gentle blood!
Here’s a red stream beneath this coarse blue doublet,
That warms the heart as kindly as if drawn
From the far source of old Assyrian kings,
Who first made mankind subject to their sway.

Old Play.

(24.)—CHAP. XXXV.

We are not worse at once—the course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant’s hand might stem its breach with clay;
But let the stream get deeper, and philosophy
Ay, and religion too,—shall strive in vain
To turn the headlong torrent. Old Play.

From
Peversil of the Peak.

1823.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. II.

Why then, we will have bellowing of beves,
Broaching of barrels, brandishing of spigots;
Blood shall flow freely, but it shall be gore
Of herds and flocks, and venison and poultry,
Join’d to the brave heart’s-blood of John-a-Barleycorn!

Old Play.

(2.)—CHAP. IV.

No, sir,—I will not pledge—I’m one of those
Who thinks good wine needs neither bush
nor preface
To make it welcome. If you doubt my word,
Fill the quart-cup, and see if I will choke on’t.

Old Play.

(3.)—CHAP. VI.

You shall have no worse prison than my chamber,
Nor jailer than myself. The Captain.

(4.)—CHAP. XVI.

Acasto. Can she not speak?
Oswald. If speech be only in accented sounds,
Framed by the tongue and lips, the maiden’s dumb.
But if by quick and apprehensive look,
By motion, sign, and glance, to give each meaning,
Express as clothed in language, be term’d speech,
She hath that wondrous faculty; for her eyes,
Like the bright stars of heaven, can hold discourse,
Though it be mute and soundless. Old Play.

(5.)—CHAP. XVII.

This is a love meeting? See the maiden mourns,
And the sad suitor bends his looks on earth.
There’s more hath pass’d between them than
belongs
To Loves sweet sorrows. Old Play.

(7.)—CHAP. XIX.

Now, hoist the anchor, mates—and let the sails
Give their broad bosom to the buxom wind,
Like lass that wooes a lover. Anonymous.

(7.)—CHAP. XXII.

He was a fellow in a peasant’s garb;
Yet one could censurate you a woodcock’s carvings,
Like any courtier at the ordinary. The Ordinary.

(8.)—CHAP. XXIV.

We meet, as men see phantoms in a dream,
Which glide and sigh, and sign, and move
their lips,
But make no sound: or, if they utter voice,
’Tis but a low and indistinguish’d moaning,
Which has nor word nor sense of utter’d sound. The Chieftain.

(9.)—CHAP. XXV.

The course of human life is changeful still,
As is the fickle wind and wandering rill;
Or, like the light dance which the wild-breeze
weaves
Amidst the faded race of fallen leaves;
Which now its breath bears down, now tosses high,
Beats to the earth, or wafts to middle sky.
Such, and so varied, the precarious play
Of fate with man, frail tenant of a day!

Anonymous.

(10.)—CHAP. XXVI.

Necessity—thou best of peacemakers,
As well as surest prompter of invention—
Help us to composition! Anonymous.

(11.)—CHAP. XXVII.

—This is some creature of the elements
Most like your sea-gull. He can wheel and whistle
His screaming song, e'en when the storm is
to take his sheathed couch the restless foam
Of the wild wave-crest — slumber in the
calm,
And daily with the storm. Yet 'tis a gull,
An arrant gull, with all this.
   The Chieftain.

(13.) — CHAP. XXXI.
I fear the devil most when gown and cassock,
Or, in the lack of them, old Calvin's cloak,
Conceals his cloven hoof.
   Anonymous.

(14.) — CHAP. XXXIII.
'Tis the black ban-dog of our jail — Pray look
on him,
But at a wary distance — rouse him not —
He hays not till he worries.
   The Black Dog of Newgate.

(15.) — CHAP. XXXVII.
"Speak not of niceness, when there's chance
of wreck."
The captain said, as ladies writhed their neck
To see the dying dolphin flap the deck;
"If we go down, on us these gentry snap;
We dine upon them, if we haul them up.
Wise men applaud us when we eat the
The devil laughs when keen folks cheat the
cheaters."
   The Sea Voyage.

(16.) — CHAP. XL.
— Contentions fierce,
Ardent, and dire, spring from no petty cause.
   Albion.

(17.) — CHAP. XLIII.
He came amongst them like a new-raised spirit,
To speak of dreadful judgments that impend,
And of the wrath to come.
   The Reformer.

(18.) — CHAP. XLIV.
And some for safety took the dreadful leap;
Some for the voice of Heaven seemed calling
on them;
Some for advancement, or for Lucere's sake —
I leap'd in frolic.
   The Dream.

(19.) — CHAP. XLV.
High feasting was there there — the gilded
roofs
Rung to the waspish—health — the dancer's
step
Sprung to the chord responsive — the gay game-
ster
To fate's disposal hung his heap of gold,
And laugh'd alike when it increased or less-
end:
Such virtue hath court-air to teach us pa-
tience
Which schoolmen preach in vain.
   Why come ye not to Court?

(20.) — CHAP. XLVI.
Here stand I tight and trim,
Quick of eye, though little of limb;
He who demeath the word I have spoken,
Betwixt him and me shall lances be broken.
   Lay of the Little John de Saintre.

From
Quentin Durward.

1823.

(1.) — SONG — COUNTY GUY.
Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
   The sun has left the lea,
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,
   The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,
   But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
   Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know —
But where is County Guy?
   Chap. iv.

(2.) — MOTTOES.

(1.) — CHAP. XL
Painters show Cupid blind — Hath Hymen's
eyes!
Or is his sight warp'd by those spectacles
Which parents, guardians, and advisers, lend
him,
That he may look through them on lands and
mansions,
On jewels, gold, and all such rich donations,
And see their value ten times magnified?
   Methinks 'twill brook a question.
   The Miseries of Enforced Marriage.

(2.) — CHAP. XII.
This is a lecturer so skill'd in policy,
That (no disparagement to Satan's cunning)
He well might read a lesson to the devil,
And teach the old seducer new temptations.
   Old Play.

(3.) — CHAP. XIV.
I see thee yet, fair France — thou favour'd land
Of art and nature — thou art still before me;
Thy sons, to whom their labour is a sport,
So well thy grateful soil returns its tribute;
Thy sun burnt daughters, with their laughing
eyes
And glossy raven-locks. But, fav'rd France,
Thou hast had many a tale of woe to tell,
In ancient times as now.
   Anonymous.

(4.) — CHAP. XV.
He was a son of Egypt, as he told me,
And one descended from those dread magi-
cians,
Who waged rash war, when Israel dwelt in
Goshen,
With Israel and her Prophet — matching rod
With his the sons of Levi's — and encountering
Jehovah's miracles with incantations,
Till upon Egypt came the avenging Angel,
And those proud sages wept for their first-born,
As wept the unletter'd peasant.

Anonymous.

(6) — CHAP. XXIV.
Rescue or none, Sir Knight, I am your captive;
Deal with me what your nobleness suggests—
Thinking the chance of war may one day place
you
Where I must now be reckon'd—i' the roll
Of melancholy prisoners.

Anonymous.

(8) — CHAP. XXIV.
No human quality is so well wove
in warp and woof, but there's some flaw in it;
I've known a brave man fly a shepherd's cur.
A wise man so demean him, drivelling idiocy
Had well nigh been ashamed on't. For your
crafty,
Your worldly-wise man, he, above the rest,
Weaves his own snares so fine, he's often
caught in them.

Old Play.

(7) — CHAP. XXVI.
When Princes meet, astrologers may mark it
An ominous conjunction, full of boding,
Like that of Mars with Saturn.

Old Play.

(8) — CHAP. XXIX.
Thy time is not yet out—the devil thou servest
Has not as yet deserted thee. He aids
The friends who drudge for him, as the blind
man
Was aided by the guide, who lent his shoulder
O'er rough and smooth, until he reach'd the brink
Of the fell precipice—then hurl'd him down-wards.

Old Play.

(9) — CHAP. XXX.
Our counsels waver like the unsteady bark,
That reels amid the strife of meeting currents.

Old Play.

(10) — CHAP. XXXI.
Hold fast thy truth, young soldier. — Gentle
maiden,
Keep thou your promise plighted—leave age its
subtlesties,
And grey-hair'd policy its maze of falsehood;
But be thou candid as the morning sky,
Ere the high sun sucks vapours up to stain it.

The Trial.

From
St. Konan's Well.

1823.

MOTTOES.
(1.) — CHAP. II. — THE GUEST.
Quis novus hic hospes?
Dido apud Virgilium.
Ch'm-maid! — The Gemman in the front par-
lour!

Boots's free Translation of the Eneid.

(2.) — CHAP. II.
There must be government in all society—
Bees have their Queen, and stag herds have
their leader;
Rome had her Consuls, Athens had her Ar-
chons,
And we, sir, have our Managing Committee.
The Album of St. Konan.

(3.) — CHAP. X.
Come, let me have thy counsel, for I need it;
Thou art of those, who better help their
friends
With sage advice, than usurers with gold,
Or brawlers with their swords—I'll trust to
thee,
For I ask only from thee words, not deeds.
The Devil hath met his Match.

(4.) — CHAP. XI.
Nearest of blood should still be next in love;
And when I see these happy children playing,
While William gathers flowers for Ellen's
ringlets,
And Ellen dresses flies for William's angle,
I scarce can think, that in advancing life,
Coldness, unkindness, interest, or suspicion,
Will e'er divide that unity so sacred,
Which Nature bound at birth.

Anonymous.

(6.) — CHAP. XXXII.
Oh! I would be a vestal maid, I warrant,
The bride of Heaven—Come—we may shake
your purpose:
For here I bring in hand a jolly suitor
Hath 'aen degrees in the seven sciences
'At ladies love best—he is young and noble,
Handsome and valiant, gay and rich, and
liberal.
The Nun.

(6.) — CHAP. XXXIII.
It comes—it wrings me in my parting hour,
The long-hid crime—the well-disguised guilt.
Bring me some holy priest to lay the speare!

Old Play.

(7.) — CHAP. XXXIV.
Sedet post equum astra cura—
Still though the headlong cavalier,
O'er rough and smooth, in wild career,
Seems racing with the wind;
His sad companion—ghastly pale,
And darksome as a widow's veil,
Care—keeps her seat behind.

Horace.

(8.) — CHAP. XXXVIII.
What sheeted ghost is wandering through the
storm?
For never did a maid of middle earth
Choose such a time or spot to vent her sor-
rows.

Old Play.

(9.) — CHAP. XXXIX.
Here come we to our close—for that which
follows
Is but the tale of dull, unvaried misery.
Steep crags and headlong liss may court the
pencil
Like sudden haps, dark plots, and strange ad-
ventures;
But who would paint the dull and fog-wrapt
moon
In its long tract of sterile desolation?

Old Play.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

The Bannatyne Club. 1

1823.

I.
Assist me, ye friends of Old Books and Old Wine,
To sing in the praises of sage Bannatyne,
Who left such a treasure of old Scottish lore
As enables each age to print one volume more.
One volume more, my friends, one volume more,
We'll ransack old Banny for one volume more.

II.
And first, Allan Ramsay was eager to glean
From Bannatyne's Hortus his bright Evergreen;
Two light little volumes (intended for four)
Still leave us the task to print one volume more.
One volume more, &c.

III.
His ways were not ours, for he cared not a pin
How much he left out, or how much he put in;
The truth of the reading he thought was a bore,
So this accurate age calls for one volume more.
One volume more, &c.

IV.
Correct and sagacious, then came my Lord Hailes,
And weighed every letter in critical scales,
But left out some brief words, which the prurient abhor,
And castrated Banny in one volume more.
One volume more, my friends, one volume more;
We'll restore Banny's manhood in one volume more.

V.
John Pinkerton next, and I'm truly concern'd
I can't call that worthy so candid as learn'd;
He railed at the plaid and blasphemed the claymore,
And set Scots by the ears in his one volume more.
One volume more, my friends, one volume more.
Celt and Goth shall be pleased with one volume more.

VI.
As bitter as gall, and as sharp as a razor,
And feeding on herbs as a Nebuchadnezzar,
His diet too acrid, his temper too sour,
Little Ritson came out with his two volumes. 2

1 Sir Walter Scott was the first President of the Club, and wrote these verses for the anniversary dinner of March, 1820.
2 In accordance with his own regimen, Mr. Ritson published a volume entitled "An Essay on Abstinence from Animal Food as a Moral Duty." 1802.
3 See an account of the Medical Antiquarian Researches of Pinkerton, Ritson, and Hord, &c., in the Introductory Remarks on Popular Poetry, ante, p. 416, et seq.

But one volume, my friends, one volume more,
We'll dine on roast-beef and print one volume more. 3

VII.
The stout Gothic ye'diturn, next on the roll. 4
With his beard like a brush and as black as a coal;
And honest Greysteel 5 that was true to the core,
Lent their hearts and their hands each to one volume more.
One volume more, &c.

VIII.
Since by these single champions what wonders were done,
What may not be achieved by our Thirty and One?
Law, Gospel, and Commerce, we count in our corps,
And they, Trade and the Press join for one volume more.
One volume more, &c.

IX.
Ancient libels and contraband books, I assure ye,
We'll print as secure from Exchequer or Jury;
Then hear your Committee, and let them count o'er
The Chela they intend in their three volumes more.
Three volumes more, &c.

X.
They'll produce you King Jamie, the sapient and Sext,
And the Rob of Dumblane and her Bishops come next;
One tome miscellaneous they'll add to your store,
Resolving next year to print four volumes more.
Four volumes more, my friends, four volumes more;
Pay down your subscriptions for four volumes more.

This club was instituted in the year 1822, for
the publication or reprint of rare and curious works connected with the history and antiquities of Scotland. It consisted, at first, of a very few members,—gradually extended to one hundred, at which number it has now made a final pause. They assume the name of the Bannatyne Club from George Bannatyne, of whom little is known, beyond that prodigious effort which produced his present honours, and is, perhaps, one of the most singular instances of its kind which the literature of any country exhibits. His labours as an amanuensis were undertaken during the time of pestilence, in 1558. The dread

4 James Sibbald, editor of Scottish Poetry, &c. "The Yeddict," was the name given by him to the late Lord Fend, then Mr. John Clerk, advocate. The description of him here is very accurate.
5 David Herd, editor of Songs and Historical Ballads. 3 vols. He was called Greysteel by his intimates; from having been long in unsuccessful quest of the romance of that name.
of infection had induced him to retire into solitude, and under such circumstances he had the energy to form and execute the plan of saving the literature of the whole nation; and, undisturbed by the general mourning for the dead, and general fears of the living, to devote himself to the task of collecting and recording the triumphs of human genius in the poetry of his age and country;—thus, amid the wreck of all that was mortal, employing himself in preserving the lays by which immortality is at once given to others, and obtained for the writer himself. He informs us of some of the numerous difficulties he had to contend with in this self-imposed task. The volume containing his labours, deposited in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, is no less than eight hundred pages in length, and very neatly and closely written, containing nearly all the ancient poetry of Scotland now known to exist.

This Caledonian association, which boasts several names of distinction, both from rank and talent, has assumed rather a broader foundation than the parent society, the Roxburghe Club, which, in its plan, being restricted to the reprinting of single tracts, each executed at the expense of an individual member, it follows as almost a necessary consequence, that no volume of considerable size has emanated from it, and its range has been thus far limited in point of utility. The Bannatyne, holding the same system with respect to the ordinary species of club reprints, levies, moreover, a fund among its members of about 1,500 a-year, expressly to be applied for the editing and printing of works of acknowledged importance, and likely to be attended with expense beyond the reasonable bounds of an individual's contribution. In this way either a member of the Club, or a competent person under its patronage, superintends a particular volume, or set of volumes. Upon these occasions, a very moderate number of copies are thrown off for general sale; and those belonging to the Club are only distinguished from the others by being printed on the paper, and ornamented with the decorations, peculiar to the Society. In this way several useful and eminently valuable works have recently been given to the public for the first time, or at least with a degree of accuracy and authenticity which they had never before attained. —


To J. E. Lockhart, Esq.

ON THE COMPOSITION OF MAIDA'S EPIPHAPH.

1824.

"Maidae Marmora dormias sub imagine Maida
Ad januam domini sit ubi terra levus."—


"Dear John,—I some time ago wrote to inform his
Fat worship of jaces, misprinted for dormis;

But that several Southrons assured me the
janua
Was a twitch to both ears of Ass Priscian's
brain.

You, perhaps, may observe that one Lionel
Berguer,

In defence of our blunter appears a stout
anger;

But at length I have settled, I hope, all these
clutters,

By a root in the papers, fine place for such
matters.

I have, therefore, to make it for once my
command, sir,

That my gudeson shall leave the whole thing
in my hand, sir,

And by no means accomplish what James
says you threaten,

Some buffer in Blackwood to claim your dog-
Latin

I have various reasons of weight, on my word,
sir,

For pronouncing a step of this sort were
absurd, sir,—

Firstly, erudite sir, 'twas against your ad-
visage,

I adopted the lines this monstrosity lies in;

For you modestly hinted my English transla-
tion

Would become better far such a dignified
station.

Second—how, in God's name, would my bacon
be saved,

By not having writ what I clearly engraved?

On the contrary, I, on the whole, think it
better

To be whipped as a thief, than his lousy
reseter,

Thirdly—don't you perceive I don't care a
bodle

Although fifty false metres were flung at my
noddle,

For my back is as broad and as hard as Ben-
lomian's,

And I trust as well as I please both the Greeks
and the Romans;

Whereas the said heathens might rather look
serious,

At a kick on their drum from the scribe of
Valenus.

And, fourthly and lastly—it is my good
pleasure

To remain the sole source of that murderous
measure.

So set pro ratione voluntas—be tractile,

Invade not, I say, my own dear little
dactyl!

If you do, you'll occasion a breach in our
intercourse:

To-morrow you will see me in town for the
winter-course,

But not at your door, at the usual hour,
sir,

My own pye-house daughter's good prog to
devour, sir.

Ergo—peace!—on your duty, your squeamish-
ness throttle,

And we'll soothe Priscian's spleen with a
canny third bottle.

A fig for all dactyls, a fig for all spon-
ders.

A fig for all dances and dominie Grundys;

A fig for dry thrapples, south, north, east, and
west, sir,
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Epilogue
TO THE DRAMA FOUNDED ON "ST. RONAN'S WELL."

1824.

"After the play, the following humorous address, (ascrived to an eminent literary character,) was spoken with infinite effect by Mr. Mackay in the character of Mez Dodd's." — Edinburgh Weekly Journal, 9th June, 1824.

Enter Mez Dodd's, encircled by a crowd of unruly boys, whom a town's-officer is driving off.

That's right, friend — drive the gaitlings back.
And lend you muckle ane a whack;
Your Embrod' burn's are grown a pack.
See proud and saucy,
They scarce will let an auld wife walk
Upon your causey.

I've seen the day they would have been scuar'd,
Wi' the Tolbooth, or wi' the Guard,
Or maybe wud has some regard
For James Laing —

The Water-hole 6 was right weel wared
On sic a gang.

But what's the guide Tolbooth? gane now?
What's the old Cluach? 8 wi' red and blue?
What's Jamie Laing? and what's John Doo? 9
Deil ha'et I see but what is new,
Except the Playhouse!

Yoursells are changed frae head to heel,
There's some that gar the causeway reel
What clashing hufe and rattling wheel,
And horses canter;
Wha's father's dauner'd lane as weel
Wi' lass and lantern.

Myseling being in the public line,
I look for hows I kenn'd lang syne,
What gentles used to drink gude wine,
And eat cheap dinners;
But deil a soul ganges there to dine,
Of saints or sinners!

The lines, with this date, appeared in the Edinburgh Annual Register of 1824.
This Mez Dodd was one of the most celebrated ventriloquists of the 18th century, with a repertoire that included a character named Jamie Laing.

1 There is an excellent story (but too long for quotation) in the Memoirs of the Somervilles (vol. i., p. 240) about an old Lord of that family, who, when he wished preparations to be made for high feasting at his Castle of Cowthully, used to send on a billet inscribed with this laconic phrase, "Spoes and raxes," i.e. spits and rakes.

2 Fatsman was one of Mr. James Ballantyne's many sakes. Another (to which Constable mostly adhered) was Mr. "Basketball" — an allusion to the celebrated printer Banker.

3 "When Monsieur Alexandre, the celebrated ventriloquist, was introduced in Edinburgh, in 1824, he paid a visit to Abbotford, where he entertained his distinguished host, and the other visitors, with his unrivalled imitations. Next morning, when he was about to depart, Sir Walter felt a good deal embarrassed as to the sort of acknowledgment he should offer; but at length, resolving that it would probably be most agreeable to the young foreigner to be paid in professional coin, if he was to be a stopped snipe for a few minutes, and, on returning, presented him with this epigram. The reader need hardly be reminded that Sir Walter Scott held the office of Sheriff of the county of Selkirk," —Scott's Newspaper, 1820.
Lyrical and Miscellaneous Pieces.

Fortune's 1 and Hunter's 2 game, alas!
And Bayly's 3 is lost in empty space;
And now if folk would splice a brace,
Or crack a bottle,
They gang to a new-fangled place
They ca' a Hottle.

The deevil hottle them for Meg!
They are sae greedy and sae gler,
That if ye're served but wi' an egg,
(And that's pair pickin')
In comes a chief and makes a leg,
And charges chicken!

"And wha may ye be," gin ye apair,
"That brings your anvil-warld clavers here?"
Troth, if there's onybody near
That kens the roads,
I'll haul ye Burgundy to beer,
He kens Meg Dodds.

I came a piece frae west o' Currie;
And, since I see you're in a hurry,
Your patience I'll nae longer worry,
But be sae cruise
As speak a word for aee Will Murray, 4
That keeps this house,
Plays are un'd-fashion'd things, in truth,
And ye've seen wonders man uncouth
Yet actors shou'dna suffer drouth,
Or want of dramock,
Although they speak but wi' their mouth,
Not with their stomach.

But ye tak care of a' folk's pantry;
And surely to hae streen sentry
Ower this big house, (that's far frae rent-free),
For a lone sister,
Is claims as gude's to be a venti—
How'st ca'd—loquister.

Weel, sirs, gude'en, and have a care
The bairns mak fun o' Meg nae mair;
For gin they do, she tells you fair,
And without falzie,
As sure as ever ye sit there,
She'll tell the Bailie.

Epilogue. 5

1824.

The sages—for authority, pray look
Seneca's morals, or the copy-hook—
The sages, to disparage woman's power,
Say, beauty is a fair, but fading flower—
I cannot tell—I've small philosophy—
Yet, if it fades, it does not surely die,

But, like the violet, when decay'd in bloom,
Survives through many a year rich perfume.
Witness our theme to-night, two ages gone,
A third wanes fast, since Mary fill'd the throne.
Brief was her bloom, with scarce one sunny day,
"Twixt Pinkie's field and fatal Fotheringay:
But when, while Scottish hearts and blood you boast,
Shall sympathy with Mary's woes be lost?
O'er Mary's memory the learned quarrel,
By Mary's grave the poet plants his laurel,
Time's eldest, old tradition, makes her name
The constant burden of his falling theme;
In each old hall his grey-hair'd heralds tell
Of Mary's picture, and of Mary's cell,
And show—my fingers tingle at the thought—
The loads of tapestry which that poor Queen wrought.
In vain did fate bestow a double dower
Of every ill that waits on rank and pow'r,
Of every ill on beauty that attends—
False ministers, false lovers, and false friends.
Spite of three wedlocks so completely curst,
They rose in ill from bad to worse, and worst,
In spite of errors—I dare not say more,
For Duncan Targe lays hand on his claymore.
In spite of all, however, humours vary,
There is a talisman in that word Mary,
That unto Scottish bosoms all and some
Is found the genuine open sesame!
In history, ballad, poetry, or novel,
It charms alike the castle and the hovel,
Even you—forgive me—who, demure and shy,
Gorge not each bait, nor stir at every fly,
Must rise to this, else in her ancient reign
The Rose of Scotland has survived in vain.

From Redgauntlet.

1824.

"It was but three nights ago, that, worn out by the uniformity of my confinement, I had manifested more symptoms of despondence than I had before exhibited, which I conceive may have attracted the attention of the domestics, through whom the circumstance might transpire. On the next morning, the following lines lay on my table; but how conveyed there, I cannot tell. The hand in which they are written is a beautiful Italian manuscript."—Darcy Latimer's Journal, Chap. x.

As lords their labourers' hire delay,
Fate quits our toil with hopes to come,
Which, if far short of present pay,
Still owns a debt and names a sum.

Such was the digested character of this house, that the waiter always appeared in full dress, and nobody was admitted who had not a white neckcloth—the considered an indispensable insignia of a gentleman.

4 Mr. William Murray became manager of the Edinburgh Theatre in 1818.

5 "I recovered the above with some difficulty. I believe it was never spoken, but written for some play. Afterwards withdrawn, in which Mrs H. Siddons was to have spoke it in the character of Queen Mary."—Extract from a Letter of Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Constable, 22d October, 1894.
Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer, then,  
Although a distant date he given;  
Despair is treason towards man,  
And blasphemy to Heaven.

From The Betrothed. 
1825.

(1.)—SONG—SOLDIER WAKE.

I.
Soldier, wake—the day is peeping,  
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping,  
Never when the sunbeams still  
Lay unreflected on the hill:  
'Tis when they are glistned back  
From axe and armour, spear and jack,  
That they promise future story  
Many a page of deathless glory.  
Shields that are the foeman's terror,  
Ever are the morning's mirror.

II.
Arm and up, the morning beam  
Hath call'd the rustic to his team,  
Hath call'd the fai'cher to the lake,  
Hath call'd the huntsman to the brake;  
The early student ponders o'er  
His dusty tomb of ancient lore.  
Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame;  
Thy study, conquest; war, thy game.  
Shield, that would he foeman's terror,  
Still should gleam the morning's mirror.  

III.
Poor hire repays the rustic pain;  
More paupry still the sportsman's gain:  
Vainest of all the student's theme  
Ends in some metaphysic dream:  
Yet each is up, and each has toil'd  
Since first the peep of dawn has smil'd;  
And each is eager in his aim  
Than he who harters life for fame.  
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror!  
Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror.  

(2.)—SONG—THE TRUTH OF WOMAN.

I.
Woman's faith, and woman's trust—  
Write the characters in dust;  
Stamp them on the running stream,  
Print them on the moon's pale beam,  
And each evanescent letter  
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,  
And more permanent, I ween,  
Than the things those letters mean.

II.
I have strain'd the spider's thread  
*Gainst the promise of a maid;  
I have weigh'd a grain of sand  
*Gainst her plight of heart and hand;  
I told my true love of the token,  
How her faith proved light, and her word  
Was broken:

Again her word and truth she plught,  
And I believed them again ere night.  

(3.)—SONG—I ASKED OF MY HARPS.

—"The minstrel took from his side a rote,  
And striking, from time to time, a Welsh descant, sung at others a lay, of which we can offer only a few fragments, literally translated from the ancient language in which they were chanted, premising that they are in that exquisitely symbolic style of poetry, which Taliesin, Ilewarch, Hen, and other bards, had derived perhaps from the time of the Druids."

I ask'd of my harp, "Who hath injured thy chords?"  
And she replied, "The crooked finger, which I mocked in my tune."  
A blade of silver may be bended—a blade of steel shideth—  
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

The sweet taste of mead passeth from the lips,  
But they are long corroded by the juice of wormwood;  
The lamb is brought to the shambles, but the wolf ranseth the mountain;  
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

I ask'd the red-hot iron, when it glimmer'd on the anvil,  
"Wherefore glowest thou longer than the firebrand?"  
"I was born in the dark mine, and the brand in the pleasant greenwood."  
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

I ask'd the green oak of the assembly, wherefore its boughs were dry and seared like the horns of the stag;  
And it show'd me that a small worm had gnaw'd its roots.  
The boy who remembered the scourge, undid the wicket of the castle at midnight.  
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

Lightning destroyeth temples, though their spires pierce the clouds;  
Storms destroy armadas, though their sails intercept the gale.  
He that is in his glory fadeth, and that by a contemptible enemy.  
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.  

(4.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. II.

In Madoc's tent the clarion sounds,  
With rapid clangour hurried far;  
Each hill and dale the note rebounds,  
But when return the sons of war!  
Thou, born of stern Necessity,  
Dull Peace! the valley yields to thee,  
And owns thy melancholy sway.  

Welsh Poem.
From The Talisman.

1825.

(1)—AHRIMAN.

—"So saying, the Saracen proceeded to chant verses, very ancient in the language and structure, which some have thought derive their source from the worship of Arimanas, the Evil Principle."

Dark Ahriman, whom Irak still
Holds origin of woe and ill!
When, bending at thy shrine,
We view the world with troubled eye,
Where see we, 'neath the extended sky,
An empire matching thine!

If the Benign Power can yield
A fountain in the desert field,
Where weary pilgrims drink:
Thine are the waves that lash the rock,
Thine the tornado's deadly shock,
Where countless navies sink!

Or if He bid the soil dispense
Balsams to cheer the sinking sense,
How few can they deliver
From lingering pains, or pang intense,
Red Fever, spotted Pestilence,
The arrows of thy quiver!

Chief in Man's bosom sits thy sway,
And frequent, while in words we pray
Before another throne,
Whate'er of specious form be there,
The secret meaning of the prayer
Is, Ahriman, thine own.

Say, hast thou feeling, sense, and form,
Thunder thy voice, thy garments storm,
As Eastern Maxi say;
With sentient soul of hate and wrath,
And wings to sweep thy deadly path,
And fangs to tear thy prey?

Or art thou mix'd in Nature's source,
An ever-operating force,
Converting good to ill;
An evil principle innate,
Contending with our better fate,
And oh! victorious still!

Hoea'er it be, dispute is vain.
On all without thou hold'st thy reign,
Nor less on all within;
Each mortal passion's fierce career,
Love, hate, ambition, joy, and fear,
Thou goadest into sin.

Whene'er a sunny gleam appears,
'To brighten up our vale of tears,
Thou art not distant far;
'Mid such brief solace of our lives,
Thou whett'st our very banquet-knives
To tools of death and war.

Thus, from the moment of our birth,
Long as we linger on the earth,
Thou rul'st the fate of men:
Thine are the pangs of life's last hour,
And—who dare answer!—is thy power,
Dark Spirit! ended Then?

(2)—SONG OF BLONDEL.—THE BLOODY VEST.

"The song of Blondel was, of course, in the Norman language; but the verses which follow express its meaning and its manner."

"I was near the fair city of Benevent,
When the sun was setting on bough and bent,
And knights were preparing in bower and tent,
On the eve of the Baptist's tournament;
When in Lincoln green a striping sent,
Well seeming a page by a princess sent,
Wander'd the camp, and, still as he went,
Enquired for the Englishman, Thomas a Kent.

Far hath he fared, and farther must fare,
Till he finds his pavilion nor stately nor rare,—
Little save iron and steel was there;
And, as lacking the coin to pay armourer's care,
With his snowey arms to the shoulders bare,
The good knight with hammer and file did repair
The mail that to-morrow must see him wear,
For the honour of Saint John and his lady fair.

"Thus speaks my lady," the page said he,
And the knight bent lowly both head and knee,
"She is Benevent’s Princess so high in degree,
And thou art as lowly as knight may well be—
He that would climb so lofty a tree,
Or spring such a gulf as divides her from thee,
Must dare some high deed, by which all men may see
His ambition is back’d by his high chivalrie.

"Therefore thus speaks my lady," the fair page he said,
And the knight lowly looted with hand and head,
"Fling aside the good armour in which thou art clad,
And throw thou this weed of thy night-gear instead,
For a hauberk of steel, a kirtle of thread;
And charge, thus attired, in the tournamented,
And fight, as thou wert, where most blood is shed,
And bring honour away, or remain with the dead."

Untroubled in his look, and untroubled in his breast,
The knight the weed hath taken, and reverently hath kiss’d:
"Now bless’d be the moment, the messenger be blest!
Much honour’d do I hold me in my lady’s high behest;
And say unto my lady, in this dear night-weed dress’d,
To the best arm’d champion I will not veil my crest;
But if I live and bear me well, ‘tis her turn to take the test."
Here, gentlest, ends the foremost fytte of the Lay of the Bloody Vest.

THE BLOODY VEST.

FYTTE SECOND.

The Baptist’s fair morrow beheld gallant feats—
There was winning of honour, and losing of seats—
There was rowing with falchions, and splintering of staves,
The victors won glory, the vanquish’d won graves.
O, many a knight there fought bravely and well,
Yet one was accounted his peers to excel,
And ‘twas he whose sole armour on body and breast,
Seem’d the weed of a damsel when bonne for her rest.
There were some dealt him wounds that were bloody and sore,
But others respected his plight and forebore.

"It is some oath of honour," they said, “and I trow,
’Twere unknighthly to slay him achieving his vow."
Then the Prince, for his sake, bade the tournament cease,
He flung down his warder, the trumpets sung peace.
And the judges declare, and competitors yield,
That the Knight of the Night-gear was first in the field.
The feast it was nigh, and the mass it was nigher,
When before the fair Princess low louted a squire,
And deliver’d a garment unseemly to view,
With sword-cut and spear-thrust, all hack’d and pierced through;
All rent and all tatter’d, all clotted with blood,
With foam of the horses, with dust, and with mud,
Not the point of that lady’s small finger, I ween,
Could have rested on spot was unsullied and clean.

"This token my master, Sir Thomas a Kent,
Restores to the Princess of fair Benevent;
He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit,
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his suit;
Through life’s utmost peril the prize I have won.
And now must the faith of my mistress be shown;
For she who prompts knights on such danger to run,
Must avouch his true service in front of the sun.

"I restore,’ says my master, ‘the garment I’ve worn,
And I claim of the Princess to don it in turn;
For its stains and its rents she should prize it the more,
Since by shame ‘tis unsullied, though crimson’d with gore.’"
Then deep blush’d the Princess — yet kiss’d she and press’d she
The blood-spotted robes to her lips and her breast.
"Go tell my true knight, church and chamber shall show,
If I value the blood on this garment or no."
And when it was time for the nobles to pass,
In solemn procession to minster and mass,
The first walk’d the Princess in purple and pall,
But the blood-besmear’d night-robe she wore over all;
And eke, in the hall, where they all sat at dine.
When she knelt to her father and proffer’d the wine,
Over all her rich robes and state jewels, she wore
That wimple unseemly bedabbled with gore.
Then lords whisper’d ladies, as well you may think,
And ladies replied, with nod, titter, and wink;
And the Prince, who in anger and shame had
look'd down,
Turn'd at length to his daughter, and spoke
with a frown:
"Now since thou hast publish'd thy folly and
guilt,
E'en stone with thy hand for the blood thou
hast spill'd;
Yet sore for your boldness you both will re-
pent,
When you wander as exiles from fair Bene-
vant."

Then out spoke stout Thomas, in hall where
he stood,
Exhausted and feeble, but dauntless of mood:
"The blood that I lost for this daughter of
thine,
I pour'd forth as freely as flasks give its wine:
And if for my sake she brooks penance and
blame,
Do not doubt I will save her from suffering
and shame;
And light will she reck of thy princedom and
rent,
When I hail her, in England, the Countess of
Kent." — Chap. xxvi.

(3.) — MOTTOES.

(1.) — CHAP. IX.
This is the Prince of Leeches; fever, plague,
Cold rheum, and hot podagra, do but look
on him,
And quit their grasp upon the tortured sinews.
Anonymous.

(2.) — CHAP. XI.
One thing is certain in our Northern land,
Allow that birth, or valour, wealth, or wit,
Give each precedence to their possessor,
Envy, that follows on such eminence,
As comes the lyme-hound on the roebuck's trace,
Shall pull them down each one.
Sir David Lindsay.

(3.) — CHAP. XIII.
You talk of Gaiety and Innocence!
The moment when the fatal fruit was eaten,
They parted ne'er to meet again; and Malice
Has ever since been playmate to light Gaiety,
From the first moment when the smiling
infant,
Destroys the flower or butterfly he toys with,
To the last chuckle of the dying miser,
Who on his deathbed laughs his last to hear
His wealthy neighbour has become a bankrupt.
Old Play.

(4.) — CHAP. XVI.
'Tis not her sense — for sure, in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her wit is only chat,
Like any other woman.
Song.

(5.) — CHAP. XVII.
Were every hair upon his head a life,
And every life were to be supplicated
By numbers equal to those hairs quadrupled,
Life after life should out like waning stars
Before the daybreak — or as festive lamps,
Which have lent lustre to the midnight revel;
Each after each are quench'd when guests depart!
Old Play.

(6.) — CHAP. XIX.
Must we then sheath our still victorious
sword;
Turn back our forward step, which ever trode
O'er foemen's necks the onward path of glory:
Unclasp the mail, which, with a solemn vow,
In God's own house we hung upon our
shoulders:
That vow, as unaccomplish'd as the promise
Which village nurses make to still their chil-
dren,
And after think no more of?
——
The Crusade, a Tragedy.

(7.) — CHAP. XX.
When beauty lends the lion in her toils,
Such are her charms he dare not raise his
mane,
Far less expand the terror of his fangs.
So great Alcides made his club a distaff,
And spun to please fair Omphale.
Anonymous.

(8.) — CHAP. XXIII.
'Mid these wild scenes Enchantment waves
her hand,
To change the face of the mysterious land;
Till the bewildering scenes around us seem
The vain productions of a feverish dream.
Astolfo, a Romance.

(9.) — CHAP. XXIV.
—— A grain of dust
Soiling our cup, will make our sense reject
Fastidiously the draught which we did thirst
for;
A rusted nail, placed near the faithful com-
pass,
Will sway it from the truth, and wreck the
argosy.
Even this small cause of anger and disgust
Will break the bonds of amity 'mongst princes,
And wreck their noblest purposes.
The Crusade.

(10.) — CHAP. XXVI.
The tears I shed must ever fall!
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time may happier hours recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead,
Their pains are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those that loved their steps must tread,
When death shall join to part no more.
But worse than absence, worse than death,
She wept her lover's sullied fame,
And, fired with all the pride of birth,
She wept a soldier's injured name.
Ballad.

Life of Napoleon.

JUNE, 1825.

While Scott was engaged in writing the Life of
Napoleon, Mr. Lockhart says,—"The rapid
accumulation of books and MSS. was at once
flattering and alarming; and one of his notes
to me, about the middle of June, had these
rhymes by way of postscript:—
When with Poetry dealing,
Room enough in a shelter:
Neither cabin nor howel
Too small for a novel:
Though my back I should rub
On Diogenes’ tub,
How my fancy could prance
In a dance of romance!
But my house I must swap
With some Brobdingnag chap,
Ere I grapple, God bless me! with Em-\n
perator Nap.”

\textit{Life, vol. vii. p. 391.}

\textbf{From Woodstock.}

\textit{1826.}

\textbf{(1.)—AN HOUR WITH THEE.}

An hour with thee!—When earliest day
Dapples with gold the eastern grey,
Oh, what can frame my mind to bear
The toil and turmoil, care and care,
New griefs, which coming hours unfold,
And sad remembrance of the old?
One hour with thee.

One hour with thee!—When burning June
Waves his red flag at pitch of noon;
What shall repay the faithful swain,
His labour on the sultry plain;
And more than cave or sheltering bough,
Cool feverish blood, and throbbing brow!—
One hour with thee.

One hour with thee!—When sun is set,
O, what can teach me to forget
The thankless labours of the day;
The hopes, the wishes flung away;
The increasing pains, and lessening gains,
The master’s pride, who scorns my pains?—
One hour with thee.

\textit{Chap. xxvi.}

\textbf{(2.)—MOTTOES.}

\textit{(1.)—CHAP. II.}

Come forth, old man—Thy daughter’s side
Is now the sitting place for thee:
When Time hath quell’d the oak’s bold pride,
The youthful tendril yet may hide
The ruins of the parent tree.

\textbf{(2.)—CHAP. III.}

Now, ye wild blades, that make loose inn’s
your stage,
To vapour forth the acts of this sad age,
Stout Edgehill fight, the Newberries and the West,
And northern clashes, where you still fought
best;
Your strange escapes, your dangers void of fear,
When bullets flew between the head and ear.
Whether you fought by Damme or the Spirit,
Of you I speak.

\textit{Legend of Captain Jones.}

\textbf{(3.)—CHAP. IV.}

—Yon path of greensward
Winds round by sparry grot, and gay pavilion;
There is no limit to thy tender foot,
There’s ready shelter from each breeze, or shower.—
But Duty guides not that way—see her stand,
With wand entwined with amaranth, near you cliffs.
Oft where she leads thy blood must mark thy footsteps,
Oft where she leads thy head must bear the storm.
And thy shrump form endure heat, cold, and hunger;
But she will guide thee up to noble heights,
Which he who gains seems native of the sky.
While earthly things lie stretch’d beneath his feet,
Diminish’d, shrunk, and valueless—

\textit{Anonymous.}

\textbf{(4.)—CHAP. V.}

My tongue pales slowly under this new lan-
guage,
And starts and stumbles at these uncouth phrases.
They may be great in worth and weight, but
hang
Upon the native glibness of my language
Like Saul’s plate-armour on the shepherd boy.
Encumbering and not arming him.

\textit{J. B.}

—Here we have one head
Upon two bodies—your two-headed bullock
Is but an ass to such a prodigy.
These two have but one meaning, thought, and counsel;
And when the single noodle has spoke out,
The four legs scrape assent to it.

\textit{Old Play.}

—Deeds are done on earth,
Which have their punishment era the earth
closes.
Upon the perpetrators, Be it the working
Of the remorse-stir’d fancy, or the vision,
Distinct and real, of unearthly being,
All ages witness, that beside the couch
Of the fell homicide oft stalks the ghost
Of him he slew, and shows the shadowy wound.

\textit{Old Play.}

—We do that in our zeal,
Our calmer moments are afraid to answer.

\textit{Anonymous.}

\textbf{(8.)—CHAP. XXIV.}

The deadliest snakes are those which, twined
mongst flowers,
Blend their bright colouring with the varied
blossoms,
Their fierce eyes glittering like the spangled
dew-drop;
In all to like what nature has most harmless,
That sportive innocence, which dreads no
danger,
Is poison’d unwares.

\textit{Old Play.}
Lines to Sir Cuthbert Sharp.

1827.

"Sir Cuthbert Sharp, who had been particularly kind and attentive to Scott when at Sunderland, happened, in writing to him on some matter of business, to say he hoped he had not forgotten his friends in that quarter. Sir Walter's answer to Sir Cuthbert (who had been introduced to him by his old and dear friend, Mr. Surtees of Mainstorth) begins thus:—

Forget thee! No! my worthy fare!
Forget the universal shout!
When "canny Sunderland" spoke out—
A truth which knaves affect to doubt—
Forget thee! No.

Forget you? No—though now-a-day
I've heard your knowing people say,
Disown the debt you cannot pay,
You'll find it far the thirstiest way—
But I, O no.

Forget your kindness found for all room,
In what, though large, seem'd still a small room,
Forget my Surtees in a ball-room—
Forget you! No.

Forget your sprightly dumpty-diddles,
And beauty tripping to the siddles,
Forget my lovely friends the Laddies—
Forget you! No.

"So much for oblivion, my dear Sir C.; and now, having dismounted from my Pegasus, who is rather spavined, I charge a-foot, like an old droazer as I am," &c. &c. —Life of Scott, vol. ix., p. 165.

From Chronicles of the Canongate.

1827.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—THE TWO DROVERS.

CHAP. I.

Were ever such two loving friends!—How could they disagree? O thus it was he loved him clear, And thought how to requite him, And having no friend left but he, He did resolve to fight him.

Duke upon Duke.

(2.)—MY AUNT MARGARET'S MIRROR.

There are times
When Fancy plays her gambols, in despite
Even of our watchful senses, when in sooth
Substance seems shadow, shadow substance seems,
When the broad, palpable, and marked partition,
'Twixt that which is and is not, seems dissolved,
As if the mental eye gained power to gaze
Beyond the limits of the existing world.
Such hours of shadowy dreams I better love
Than all the gross realities of life.

Anonymous.

From The Fair Maid of Perth.

1828.

(1.)—THE LAY OF POOR LOUISE.

Ah, poor Louise! the livelong day
She roams from cot to castle gay;
And still her voice and viol say,
Ah, maids, beware the woodland way,
Think on Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The sun was high,
It smirch'd her cheek, it dimm'd her eye,
The woodland walk was cool and nigh,
Where birds with chinning streamlets vie
To cheer Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The savage bear
Made ne'er that lovely grove his lair;
The wolves molest not paths so fair—
But better far had such been there
For poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! In woody wold
She met a huntsman fair and bold;
His baldric was of silk and gold,
And many a witching tale he told
To poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! Small cause to pine
Hadst thou for treasures of the mine;
For peace of mind, that gift divine,
And spotless innocence, were'thine,
Ah, poor Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! Thy treasure's rest!
I know not if by force or theft,
Or part by violence, part by gift;
But misery is all that's left
To poor Louise.

Let poor Louise some succour have!
She will not long your bounty crave,
Or tire the gay with warning stave—
For Heaven has grace, and earth a grave.—
Poor poor Louise.

Poor poor Louise.

Chap. x.

whose composition, to say nothing of her singing, might make any poet proud of his verse; Mrs. Robert Arkwright, born Miss Kemble.
"Ere he guessed where he was going, the leech was hurried into the house of the late Oliver Proudfoot, from which he heard the chant of the women, as they swathed and dressed the corpse of the unwhilome Bonnetmaker, for the ceremony of next morning; of which chant, the following verses may be received as a modern imitation:"

1.

Viewless Essence, thin and bare,
Well nigh melted into air;
Still with fondness hovering near
The earthly form thou once did wear;

2.

Pause upon thy pinion's flight,
Be thy course to left or right;
Be thou doom'd to soar or sink,
Pause upon the awful brink.

3.

To avenge the deed expelling
Thee 'ntimely from thy dwelling,
Mystic force thou shalt retain
O'er the blood and o'er the brain.

4.

When the form thou shalt espy
That darken'd on thy closing eye;
When the footprint thou shalt hear,
That thrill'd upon thy dying ear;

5.

Then strange sympathies shall wake,
The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall quake;
The wounds renew their clotter'd flood,
And every drop cry blood for blood.  

Chap. xxii.

"She sung a melancholy dirge in Norman French; the words, of which the following is an imitation, were united to a tune as doleful as they are themselves."

1.

Yes, thou mayst sigh,
And look once more at all around,
At stream and bank, and sky and ground.
Thy life its fatal course has found,
And thou must die.

2.

Yes, lay thee down,
And while thy struggling pulses flutter,
Bid the grey monk his soul-nass mutter
And the deep bell its death-tone utter—
Thy life is gone.

(2.) — DEATH CHANT.

3.

Be not afraid.
'Tis but a pang, and then a thrill,
A fever fit, and then a chill;
And then an end of human ill,
For thou art dead.  
Chap. xxx.

(4.) — MOTTOES.

(1.) — INTRODUCTORY.

The ashes here of murder'd Kings
Beneath my footsteps sleep:
And yonder lies the scene of death,
Where Mary learnt to weep.

Captain Marjoribanks.

(2.) — CHAP. I.

"Behold the Tiber!" the vain Roman cried,
Viewing the angle Tay from Baillie's side;
But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?

Anonymous.

(3.) — CHAP. XI.

Fair is the damsel, passing fair—
Sunny at distance gleams her smile!
Approach—the cloud of woeful care
Hangs trembling in her eye the while.

Lucinda, a Ballad.

(4.) — CHAP. XV.

O for a draught of power to steep
The soul of agony in sleep!

Bertha.

(5.) — CHAP. XXIII.

Lo! where he lies embalm'd in gore,
His wound to Heaven cries;
The flood-gates of his blood implore
For vengeance from the skies.

Uranus and Psyche.

The Death of Keeldar.

Percy or Percival Rede of Trochend, in Redesdale, Northumberland, is celebrated in tradition as a huntsman and a soldier. He was, upon two occasions, singularly unfortunate; once, when an arrow, which he had discharged at a deer, killed his celebrated dog Keeldar; and again, when, being on a hunting party, he was betrayed into the hands of a clan called Crossar, by whom he was murdered. Mr. Cooper's painting of the first of these incidents, suggested the following stanzas.1

1 These stanzas, accompanying an engraving from Mr. Cooper's subject, "The Death of Keeldar," appeared in The Gown of 1828, a literary journal edited by Thomas Hood, Esq. In the acknowledgment to his contributors, Mr. Hood says, "To Sir Walter Scott—not merely a literary lether in my cap, but a whole plume of them—1 owe, and with the hand of my heart acknowledge, a deep obligation. A poem from his pen is likely to confer on the book that contains it, if not perpetually, at least a very Old Mortality."

—Preface, p. 4. The original painting by Cooper, remains at Abbotsford.—Ed.
The Falstire sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the game's hound;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound:
They were a jovial three!

Man, hound, or horse, of higher name,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Albowick's Earl pursued the game,
On Cheviot's ruthless day;
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Tarra's, nor ever a matchless steed,
A peerless archer, Percy Rede;
And right dear friends were they.

The chase engross'd their joys and woes,
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the moon's repose,
By fountain or by stream;
And off, when evening skies were red,
The heather was their common bed,
Where each, as wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near,
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear,
You thicket holds the harbour'd deer,
The signs the hunters know;
With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears;
The restless palfrey paws and rears;
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot!—Halloo! Halloo!
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue;
But woe the shaft that erring flew—
That ever it left the string!
And ill betide the faithless yew!
The stag bounds scatheless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
Has drench'd the grey-goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,
Death, death has glaz'd his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
Without a groan or quiver.
Now day may break and boggle sound,
And whoop and hollow ring around,
And of his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps for ever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
He knows not that his comrade lies,
Nor what is death—but still
His aspect hath expression drear
Of grief and wonder, mix'd with fear,
Lakes startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,
The fatal chance, for when he stood
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
And fell amid the fray,
'Even with his dying voice he cried,
"Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied—
I had not died to-day!"

Remembrance of the erring bow
Long since had join'd the tides which flow,
Conveying human bliss and woe
Down the dark oblivion's river;
But Art can Time's stern doom arrest,
And snatch his spoil from Lethe's breast,
And, in her Cooper's colours drest,
The scene shall live for ever.


From Anne of Geierstein.

1829.

(1.)—THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

"Philipson could perceive that the lights proceeded from many torches, borne by men muffled in black cloaks, like mourners at a funeral, or the Black Friars of Saint Francis's Order, wearing their cowls drawn over their heads, so as to conceal their features. They appeared anxiously engaged in measuring off a portion of the apartment; and, while occupied in that employment, they sung, in the ancient German language, rhymes more rude than Philipson could well understand, but which may be imitated thus:"—

Measurers of good and evil,
Bring the square, the line, the level,—
Rear the altar, dig the trench,
Blood both stone and ditch shall drench.
Cubits six, from end to end,
Must the fatal bench extend,—
Cubits six, from side to side,
Judge and culprit must divide.
On the east the Court assembles,
On the west the Accused trembles—
Answer, brethren, all and one,
Is the ritual rightly done?

On life and soul, on blood and bone,
One for all, and all for one,
We warrant this is rightly done.

How wears the night!—Doth morning shine
In early radiance on the Rhine?
What music floats upon his tide?
Do birds the tardy morning chide?
Brethren, look out from hill and height,
And answer true, how wears the night?

The night is old; on Rhine's broad breast
Glance drowsy stars which long to rest.
No beams are twinkling in the east,
There is a voice upon the flood,
The stern still call of blood for blood;
'Tis time we listen the behest.
SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

Up, then, up! When day’s at rest,
’Tis time that such as we are watchers;
Rise to judgment, brethren, rise!
Vengeance knows not sleepy eyes,
He and night are matchers. Chap. xx.

MOTTOES.

(1)—CHAP. III.
Cursed be the gold and silver, which persuade
Weak man to follow far fatiguing trade.
The lily, peace, outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore.
Yet money tempts us o’er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Hassan, or the Camel-driver.

(2)—CHAP. V.
I was one
Who loved the greenwood bank and lowing herd,
The russet prize, the lowly peasant’s life,
Season’d with sweet content, more than the halls
Where revellers feast to fever-height. Believe me,
There ne’er was poison mix’d in maple bowl.
Anonymous.

(3)—CHAP. VI.
When we two meet, we meet like rushing torrents;
Like warring winds, like flames from various points.
That mate each other’s fury—there is nought
Of elemental strife, were fiends to guide it,
Can match the wrath of man.
Frenaud.

(4)—CHAP. X.
We know not when we sleep nor when we wake.
Visions distinct and perfect cross our eye,
Which to the slumberer seem realities;
And while they waked, some men have seen such sights
As set at nought the evidence of sense,
And left them well persuaded they were dreaming.
Anonymous.

(5)—CHAP. XI.
These be the adept’s doctrines—every element
Is peopled with its separate race of spirits.
The airy Sylphs on the blue ether float;
Deep in the earthy cavern skulks the Gnome;
The sea-green Naiad skims the ocean-billow,
And the fierce fire is yet a friendly home
To its peculiar sprite—the Salamander.
Anonymous.

(6)—CHAP. XVIII.
Upon the Rhine, upon the Rhine they cluster,
The grapes of Juive divine,
Which make the soldier’s jovial courage muster,
O, blessed be the Rhine!
Drinking Song.

(7)—CHAP. XXII.
Tell me not of it—I could ne’er abide
The mummary of all that forced civility.

“Pray, seat yourself, my lord.” With cringing hams
The speech is spoken, and with bended knee,
Heard by the smiling courtier.—“ Before you, sir?
It must be on the earth then.” Hang it all!
The pride which cloaks itself in such poor fashion
Is scarcely fit to swell a beggar’s bosom.
Old Play.

(8)—CHAP. XXVIII.
A mirthful man he was—the snows of age
Fell, but they did not chill him. Gaiety,
Even in life’s closing, touch’d him in teeming brain.
With such wild visions as the setting sun
Rises in front of some hoar glacier,
Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.
Old Play.

(9)—CHAP. XXX.
Ay, this is he who wears the wreath of bays
Wove by Apollo and the Sisters Nine,
Which Jove’s dread lightning scathes not. He hath doft
The embrous helm of steel, and flung aside
The yet more galling diadem of gold;
While, with a leafy circlet round his brows,
He reigns the King of Lovers and of Poets.
Anonymous.

(10)—CHAP. XXXI.
—Want you a man
Experienced in the world and its affairs?
Here he is for your purpose.—He’s a monk.
He hath forsworn the world and all its work—
The rather that he knows it passing well,
‘Special the worst of it, for he’s a monk.’
Old Play.

(11)—CHAP. XXXII.
Toll, toll the bell!
Greatness is o’er,
The heart has broke,
To sche no more;
An unsubstantial pageant all—
Drop o’er the scene the funeral pall.
Old Poem.

(12)—CHAP. XXXV.
Here’s a weapon now,
Shall shake a conquering general in his tent,
A monarch on his throne, or reach a prelate,
However holy be his offices.
E’en while he serves the altar.
Old Play.

The Foray.

SET TO MUSIC BY JOHN WHITEFIELD, MUB.
DOC. CAM.

1830.

I

The last of our steers on the board has been spread,
And the last flask of wine in our goblet is red;
Up! up, my brave kinsmen! belt swords and begone;
There are dangers to dare, and there’s spoil to be won.

“Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachen unsere Reben,
Gesegnet sei der Rhein,” &c.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 607

The eyes, that so lately mix'd glances with ours,
For a space must be dim, as they gaze from the towers,
And strive to distinguish through tempest and gloom,
The prance of the steed and the toss of the plume.
The rain is descending; the wind rises loud;
And the moon her red beacon has veil'd with a cloud;
'Tis the better, my mates! for the warder's dull eye
Shall in confidence slumber, nor dream we are nigh.

Our steeds are impatient! I hear my blithe Grey!
There is life in his hoof-clang, and hope in his neigh;
Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his mane
Shall marshal your march through the darkness and rain.
The drawbridge has dropp'd, the bugle has blown;
One pledge is to quaff yet—then mount and begone!—
To their honour and peace, that shall rest with the slain;
To their health and their glee, that see Teviot again!

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Epitaph
FOR THE MONUMENT OF THE REV. GEORGE SCOTT.

1830.

To youth, to age, alike, this tablet pale
Tells the brief moral of its tragic tale.
Art thou a parent? Reverence this bier,
The parents' fondest hopes lie buried here.
Art thou a youth, prepared on life to start,
With opening talents and a generous heart,
Fair hopes and flattering prospects all shine ov'n!
Lo! here their end—a monumental stone.
But let submission tame each sorrowing thought,
Heaven crown'd its champion ere the fight was fought.

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Lines on Fortune.

1831.

"By the advice of Dr. Ebenezer Clarkson,
Sir Walter consulted a skilful mechanist,
by name Fortune, about a contrivance for the support of the lame limb, which had of late

1 This young gentleman, a son of the author's friend and relation, Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden, (now Lord Polwarth,) became Rector of Keatinge, in Devonshire, in 1828, and died there the 9th June, 1850. This epitaph appears on his tomb in the chancel there.

2 "I believe this is the only verse of the old song (often alluded to by Shakespeare and his contemporaries) that has as yet been recovered."—Lockhart, Life, vol. 2, p. 85.
Heaven's windows are flung wide; the inmost deeps
Call in hoarse greeting one upon another;
On comes the flood in all its foaming horrors,
And where's the dike shall stop it?
The Deluge, a Poem.

(4.)—CHAP. VI.
Vain man! thou mayst esteem thy love as fair
As fond hyperboles suffice to raise.
She may be all that's matchless in her person,
And all-divine in soul to match her body;
But take this from me — thou shalt never call her
Superior to her sex, while one survives,
And I am her true votary. Old Play.

(5.)—CHAP. VIII.
Through the vain webs which puzzle sophists' skill.
Plato sense and honest meaning work their way;
So sink the varying clouds upon the hill,
When the clear dawning brightens into day. Dr. Watts.

(6.)—CHAP. IX.
Between the foaming jaws of the white torrent:
The skilful artist draws a sudden mound;
By level long he subdivides their strength,
Stealing the waters from their rocky bed,
First to diminish what he means to conquer;
Then, for the residue he forms a road,
Easy to keep, and painful to desert,
And guiding to the end the planner aim'd at. The Engineer.

(7.)—CHAP. X.
These were wild times — the antipodes of ours:
Ladies were there, who oftener saw themselves
In the broad lustre of a foeman's shield
Than in a mirror, and who rather sought
To match themselves in battle, than in dalliance.
To meet a lover's onset. — But though Nature was outraged thus, she was not overcome.
Feudal Times.

(8.)—CHAP. XI.
Without a ruin, broken, tangled, cumbersome, Within it was a little paradise, Where Taste had made her dwelling. — Statue.
First-born of human art, moulded her images,
And bade men mark and worship. Anonymous.

(9.)—CHAP. XII.
The parties met. The wily, wordy Greek,
Weighing each word, and canvassing each syllable;
Evading, arguing, equivocating,
And the stern Frank came with his two-hand sword,
Watching to see which way the balance sways,
That he may throw it in, and turn the scales. Palestine.

(10.)—CHAP. XVI.
Strange ape of man, who loathes thee while he loves thee;
Half a reproach to us and half a jest.
What fancies can be ours ere we have pleasure
In viewing our own form, our pride and passions,
Reflected in a shape grotesque as thine! Anonymous.

(11.)—CHAP. XVII.
Tis strange that, in the dark sulphureous mine,
Where wild ambition piles its ripening stores
Of slumbering thunder, Love will interpose His tiny torch, and cause the stern explosion To burst, when the deviser's least aware.
Anonymous.

(12.)—CHAP. XXIV.
All is prepared — the chambers of the mine
Are cram'd with the combustible, which, harmless
While yet unkindled, as the sable sand,
Needs but a spark to change its nature so,
That he who wakes it from its slumbrous mood,
Dreads scarce the explosion less than he who knows
That 'tis his towers which meet its fury.
Anonymous.

(13.)—CHAP. XXV.
Heaven knows its time; the bullet has its billet,
Arrow and javelin each its destined purpose;
The fated beasts of Nature's lower strain
Have each their separate task. Old Play.

From Castle Dangerous.

1831.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. V.
A tale of sorrow, for your eyes may weep;
A tale of horror, for your flesh may tingle;
A tale of wonder, for the eyebrows arch;
And the flesh curdles if you read it rightly. Old Play.

(2.)—CHAP. XI.
Where is he? Has the deep earth swallow'd him?
Or hath he melted like some airy phantom
That shuns the approach of morn and the young sun?
Or hath he wrapt him in Cimmerian darkness,
And pass'd beyond the circuit of the sight
With things of the night's shadows? Anonymous.

(3.)—CHAP. XIV.
The way is long, my children, long and rough—
The moors are dreary, and the woods are dark;
But he that creeps from cradle on to grave,
Unskil'd save in the velvet course of fortune,
Hath miss'd the discipline of noble hearts.

Old Play.

(4) — CHAP. XVIII.

His talk was of another world—his bodeaments
Strange, doubtful, and mysterious; those who
heard him
Listen'd as to a man in feverish dreams,
Who speaks of other objects than the present,
And mutters like to him who sees a vision.

Old Play.

DRAMATIC PIECES.

HALIDON HILL;

A DRAMATIC SKETCH FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.

PREFACE.

Though the Public seldom feel much interest in such communications, (nor is there any reason why they should,) the Author takes the liberty of stating, that these scenes were commenced with the purpose of contributing to a miscellany projected by a much-esteemed friend. But instead of being confined to a scene or two, as intended, the work gradually swelled to the size of an independent publication. It is designed to illustrate military antiquities, and the manners of chivalry. The drama (if it can be termed one) is, in no particular, either designed or calculated for the stage.

The subject is to be found in Scottish history; but not to overload so slight a publication with antiquarian research, or quotations from obscure chronicles, may be sufficiently illustrated by the following passage from Pinkerton's History of Scotland, vol. i., p. 72.

"The Governor (anno 1102) dispatched a considerable force under Murdac, his eldest son: the Earls of Angus and Moray also joined Douglas, who entered England with an army of ten thousand men, carrying terror and devastation to the walls of Newcastle. The Earl of Northumberland, and his son, the Hotspur Percy, with the Earl of March, collected a numerous array, and awaited the return of the Scots, impeded with spoil, near Milfield, in the north part of Northumberland. Douglas had reached Wooler, in his return; and, perceiving the enemy, seized a strong post between the two armies, called Humildon-hill. In this method he rivalled his predecessor at the battle of Otterburn, but not with like success. The English advanced to the assault, and Henry Percy was about to lead them up the hill, when March caught his bride, and advised him to advance no farther, but to pour the dreadful shower of English arrows into the enemy. This advice was followed by the usual fortune; for in all ages the bow was the English instrument of victory; and though the Scots, and perhaps the French, were superior in the use of the spear, yet this weapon was useless after the distant bow had dented the combat. Robert the Great, sensible of this at the battle of Bannockburn, ordered a prepared detachment of cavalry to rush among the English archers at the commencement, totally to disperse them, and stop the deadly effusion. But Douglas now used no such precaution; and the consequence was, that his people, drawn up on the face of the hill, presented one general mark to the enemy, many of whose arrows descended in vain. The

1 The author alludes to a collection of small pieces in verse, edited, for a charitable purpose, by Mrs. Joanna Baillie.—See Life of Scott, vol. vii., pp. 7, 18, 109 79.

2 In the first edition, the text added, "In case any attempt shall be made to produce it in action, (as has happened in similar cases,) the author takes the present opportunity to intimate, that it shall be at the peril of those who make such an experiment." Advertising to this passage, the New Edinburgh Review (July, 1821) said,—"We, nevertheless, do not believe that any thing more essentially dramatic, in so far as it goes, more capable of stage effect, has appeared in England since the days of her greatest genius; and giving Sir Walter, therefore, full credit for his consciousness the present occasion, we ardently hope that he is but trying his strength in the most arduous of all literary enterprises, and that, ere long, he will demonstrate his right to the highest honours of the tragic muse."
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Scots fell without fight, and unreenged, till a spirited knight, Swinton, exclaimed aloud, 'O my brave countrymen! what fascination has seized you to-day, that you stand like deer to be shot, instead of indulging your ancient courage, and meeting your enemies hand to hand? Let those who will, descend with me, that we may gain victory, or life, or fall like men.' This being heard by Sir Adam Gordon, between whom and Swinton there remained an ancient deadly feud, attended with the mutual slaughter of many followers, he instantly fell on his knees before Swinton, begged his pardon, and desired to be dubbed a knight by him whom he must now regard as the wisest and the boldest of that order in Britain. The ceremony performed, Swinton and Gordon descended the hill, accompanied only by one hundred men; and a desperate valour led the whole body to death. Had a similar spirit been shown by the Scottish army, it is probable that the event of the day would have been different. Douglas, who was certainly deficient in the most important qualities of a general, seeing his army begin to disperse, at length attempted to descend the hill; but he was met by the archers, retiring a little, sending a flight of arrows so sharp and strong, that no armour could withstand; and the Scottish leader himself, whose panoply was of remarkable temper, fell under five wounds, though not mortal. The English men-of-arms, knights, or squires, did not strike one blow, but remained spectators of the rout, which was now complete. Great numbers of the Scots were slain, and near five hundred perished in the river Tweed upon their flight. Among the illustrious captives was Douglas, whose chief wound deprived him of an eye; Murdcoc, son of Albany; the Earls of Moray and Angus: and about twenty-four gentlemen of eminent rank and power. The chief slain were, Swinton, Gordon, Livingston of Cailler, Ramsay of Dalhousie, Walter Soutar, Roger Gordon, Walter Scott, and others. Such was the issue of the unfortunate battle of Homildon.'

It may be proper to observe, that the scene of action has, in the following pages, been transferred from Homildon to Halidon Hill. For this there was an obvious reason;—for who would again venture to introduce upon the scene the celebrated Hotspur, who commanded the English at the former battle? There are, however, several coincidences which may reconcile even the severer antiquary to the substitution of Halidon Hill for Homildon. A Scottish army was defeated by the English on both occasions, and under nearly the same circumstances of address on the part of the victors, and management on that of the vanquished; for the English long-bow decided the day in both cases. In both cases, also, a Gordon was left on the field of battle; and at Halidon, as at Homildon, the Scots were commanded by an ill-fated representative of the great house of Douglas. He of Homildon was surnamed Tinemans, i.e. Loesman, from his repeated defeats and misadventures; and, with all the personal valour of his race, seems to have enjoyed so small a portion of their sagacity, as to be unable to learn military experience from reiterated calamity. I am far, however, from intimating, that the traits of imbecility and envy attributed to the Regent in the following sketch, are to be historically ascribed either to the older Douglas of Halidon Hill, or to him called Tinemans, who seems to have enjoyed the respect of his countrymen, notwithstanding that, like the celebrated Anne de Montmorency, he was either defeated, or wounded, or made prisoner, in every battle which he fought. The Regent of the sketch is a character purely imaginary.

The tradition of the Swinton family, which still survives in a lineal descent, and to which the author has the honour to be related, avers, that the Swinton who fell at Homildon in the manner related in the preceding extract, had slain Gordon's father; which seems sufficient ground for adopting that circumstance into the following dramatic sketch, though it is rendered improbable by other authorities.

If any reader will take the trouble of looking at Froissart, Fordun, or other historians of the period, he will find, that the character of the Lord of Swinton, for strength, courage, and conduct, is by no means exaggerated.

W. S. 

Abbotsford, 1822.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SCOTTISH.

The Regent of Scotland.

Gordon, | 
Swinton, | 
Lennox, | 
Sutherland, | 
Ross, | 
Maxwell, | 
Johnstone, | 
Loudesay, | 
Adam de Vipont, a Knight Templar. | 
The Prior of Maison-Dieu. | 
Reynald, Swinton's Squire. | 
Hob Hattley, a Border Moss-Trooper. | 
Heralds.

ENGLISH.

King Edward III.

Chandos, | 
Percy, | 
| English and Norman Nobles. | 
Ribaumont, | 
| The Abbots of Walthamstow.

WALDTON HILL.

ACT I. — SCENE I.

The northern side of the eminence of Halidon. The back Scene represents the summit of the ascent, occupied by the Rear-guard of the Scottish army. Bodies of armed men appear as advancing from different points, to join the main body.

Enter De Vipout and the Prior of Maison-Dieu.

Vip. No farther, Father—here I need no guidance—

I have already brought your peaceful step Too near the verge of battle.
Pri. Fain would I see you join some Baron's banner.
Before I say farewell. The honour'd sword
That fought so well in Syria, should not wave
Amid the ignoble crowd.

Vip. Each spot is noble in a pitched field,
So that a man has room to fight and fall on't.
But I shall find out friends. 'Tis scarce twelvemonth.
Since I left Scotland for the wars of Palestine,
And then the flower of all the Scottish nobles
Were known to me; and I, in my degree,
Not all unknown to them.

Pri. Alas! there have been changes since that time!
The Royal Bruce, with Randolph, Douglas,
Grahame,
Then shook in field the banners which now

Over their graves i' the chancel.
Vip. And thence comes it,
That while I look'd on many a well-known crest
And blazon'd shield, as hitherward we came,
The faces of the Barons who display'd them
Were all unknown to me. Brave youths they would
Yet, surely, fit to adorn the tilt-yard,
Than to be leaders of a war. Their followers,
Young like themselves, seem like themselves unpractised—
Look at their battle-ruak.

Pri. I cannot gaze on't with undazzled eye.
So thick the rays dart back from shield and helmet,
And sword and battle-axe, and spear and pennon.
Sure 'tis a gallant show! The Bruce himself
Hath often conquer'd at the head of fewer
And worse appointed followers.

Vip. Ay, but 'twas Bruce that led them first.
Reverend Father,
'Tis not the falchion's weight decides a combat;
It is the strong and skilful hand that wields it;
I'll fain believe we should lack the noble King.
And all his champions now! Time call'd them not.
For when I parted hence for Palestine,
The bows of most were free from grizzled hair.

Pri. Too true, alas! But well you know,
In Scotland
Few hairs are silver'd underneath the helmet;
'Tis cowls like mine which hide them.
'Mongst the lady, War's the rash reaper, who trusts in his

Before the grain is white. In three score years
And ten, which I have seen, I have outlived
Well wits two generations of our nobles.
The race which holds you summit is the third.

Vip. Thou mayst outlive them also.

Pri. Heaven forfend it!
My prayer shall be, that Heaven will close my

Before they look upon the wrath to come.

Vip. Retire, retire, good Father!—Pray for Scotland—

Think not on me. Here comes an ancient friend,
Brother in arms, with whom to-day I'll join me.
Back to your choir, assemble all your brotherhood.
And weary Heaven with prayers for victory.

Pri. Heaven's blessing rest with thee.
Champion of Heaven, and of thy suffering country!

(Exit Prior. Vipont draws a little aside
And lets down the beaver of his helmet.

Enter Swinton, followed by Reynald and others,
To whom he speaks as he enters.

Sui. Halt here, and plant my pennon, till
The Regent
Assign our band its station in the host.

Rey. That must be by the Standard. We have
That right since good Saint David's reign at least.

Fain would I see the Marcher would dispute it.

Sui. Peace, Reynald! Where the general plants the soldier,
There is his place of honour, and there only
His valour can win worship. Thou'rt of those
Who would have war's deep heart beat the wild

Of some disorder'd hunting, where, pell-mell,
Each trusting to the swiftness of his horse,
Gallants press on to see the quarry fail.

You steel-clad Southrons, Reynald, are no
deer,
And England's Edward is no stag at bay.

Vip. (advancing) 'There needest not, to
Blazon forth the Swinton,
His ancient bursarion, the sable Boar
Chair'd to the guard'd oak!—nor his proud

Noble stature, nor the ponderous mace,
Which only he, of Scotland's realm, can wield:
His discipline and wisdom mark the leader,
As doth himself the champion. Hail, brave

Swinton!
Sui. Brave Templar, thanks! Such your
cross'd shoulder speaks you:

But the clos'd visor, which conceals your

Forbids more knowledge. Umfraville, perhaps—

Vip. (unclosing his helmet) No; one less
worthy of our sacred Order.

Yet, unless Syrian suns have scorched'd my

Swart as my sable visor, Alan Swinton
Will welcome Eynon Vipont.

Sui. (embracing him) As the Hithe reaper
Welcomes a practised mate, when the ripe

Lies deep before him, and the sun is high!

Thou'rt follow you old pennon, wilt thou not?
'Tis tatter'd since thou saw'st it, and the

Boar-heads

Look as if brought from off some Christmas

Board,
Where knives had notched them deeply.

Vip. Have with them, ne'ertheless. The

Stuart's Chequer,
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

The Bloody Heart of Douglas, Ross's Lymphads, Sutherland's Wild-cats, nor the royal Lion, Rampant in golden treasure, wins me from them. We'll back the Boar-heads bravely. I see round them A chosen band of lances—some well known to me. Where's the main body of thy followers? Sir, Symon de Vipont, thou dost them all That Swinton's bugle-horn can call to battle, However loud it rings. There's not a boy Left in my halls, whose arm has strength enough To bear a sword—there's not a man behind, However old, who moves without a staff. Stripkins and greybeards, every one is here, And here all should be—Scotland needs them all: And more and better men, were each a Hercules, And yonder handful centupled. Vip. A thousand followers—such, with friends and kinsmen, Allies and vassals, thou wert wont to lead—A thousand followers shrank to sixty lances In twelve years' space!—And thy brave sons, Sir Alan? Als! I fear to ask. Sw. All alain, De Vipont. In my empty home A puny babe lips to a widow'd mother, "Where is my grandsire! wherefore do you weep?" But for that prattler, Lyulphe's house is heirless, I'm an old oak, from which the foresters Have hew'd four goodly boughs, and left beside me Only a sapling, which the fawn may crush As he springs over it. Vip. All slain!—als! Sw. Ay, all, De Vipont. And their attri- John with the Long Spear—Archibald with the Axe— Richard the Ready—and my youngest darling, My Fair-hair'd William—do but now survive In measures which the grey-hair'd minstrels sing, When they make maidens weep. Vip. These wars with England, they have spoilt out The flowers of Christendom. Knights, who might win The sepulchre of Christ from the rude heathen, Fall in unhly warfare! Sw. Unholy warfare! ay, well hast thou named it; But a match with England—would her cloth-yard splendid Have bored their cuirasses! Their lives had been Lost like their grandsire's, in the bold defence Of their dear country—but in private feud With the proud Gordon, fell my Long-spear'd John, He with the Axe, and he men call'd the Ready, Ay, and my Fair-hair'd Will—the Gordon's wrath Devour'd my gallant issue.

Vip. Since thou dost weep, their death is unmourned? Sw. Templar, what think'st thou me?—See yonder rock, From which the fountain gushes—is it less Compact of adamant, though waters flow from it? Firm hearts have moister eyes. —They are avenged: I were not till they were—till the proud Gordon Had with his life-blood dyed my father's sword, In gerdan that he thine'd my father's lineage, And then I wept my sons; and, as the Gordon Lay at my feet, there was a tear for him, Which mingled with the rest. We had been friends, Had shared the banquet and the chase toge- ther, Fought side by side,—and our first cause of strife, Woe to the pride of both, was but a light one! Vip. You are at feud, then, with the mighty Gordon? Sw. At deadly feud. Here in this Border-land Where the sire's quarrels descend upon the son, As due a part of his inheritance, As the strong castle and the ancient blazon, Where private Vengeance holds the scales of justice, Weighing each drop of blood as scrupulously As Jews or Lombards balance silver pence, Not in Snow's land, 'twixt Solway and Saint Abb's, Rages a bitterer feud than mine and theirs, The Swinton and the Gordon. Vip. You, with some threescore lances—and the Gordon Leading a thousand followers. Sw. You rate him far too low. Since you sought Palestine He has had grants of baronies and lordships In the far-distant North. A thousand horse His southern friends and vassals always number'd Add Badenoch kerne, and horse from Day and Spey, He'll count a thousand more.—And now, De Vipont, If the Boar-heads seem in your eyes less worthy For lack of followers—seek yonder standard— The bounding Stag, with a brave host around it; There the young Gordon makes his earliest field, And pants to win his spurs. His father's friend As well as mine, thou wert—go, join his And grace him with thy presence. Vip. When you were friends, I was the friend of both And now I can be enemy to neither; But my poor person, though but slight the aid, Joins on this field the banner of the two Which hath the smallest following. Sw. Spoke like the generous Knight, who gave up all, Leading and lordship, in a heathen land
HALIDON HILL.

To fight, a Christian soldier! Yet, in earnest, I pray, De Vipont, you would join the Gordon in this high battle. 'Tis a noble youth,—So fame doth vouch him,—amorous, quick, and valiant; Takes knighthood, too, this day, and well may His spurs too rashly in the vish to win them. A friend like thee beside him in the fight, Were worth a hundred spears, to rein his valour. And temper it with prudence: —'tis the aged eagle Teaches his brood to gaze upon the sun, With eye undazzled.

Vip. Alas! brave Swinton! Would'st thou train the hunter That soon must bring thee to the bay! Your custom, Your most unchristian, savage, fiend-like custom, Binds Gordon to avenge his father's death. Swi. Why, be it so! I look for nothing else: My part was acted when I slew his father, Avening my four sons—Young Gordon's sword, If it should find my heart, can ne'er inflict there A pang so poignant as his father's did. But I would perish by a noble hand, And such will his be it he bear him nobly, Nobly and wisely on this field of Halidon.

Enter a Pursuivant.


Swi. Say to the Regent, we obey his orders. [Exit Pursuivant.

[To Reynald.] Hold thou my casque, and furl my pennon up Close to the staff. I will not show my crest, Nor standard, till the common foe shall challenge them. I'll wake no civil strife, nor tempt the Gordon With aught that's like defiance. Vip. Will he not know your features? Swi. He never saw me. In the distant North. Against his will, 'tis said, his friends detain him During his nurture — caring not, belike, To trust a pledge so precious near the Boartusk. It was a natural but needless caution: I wage no war with children, for I think Too deeply on my own. Vip. I have thought on it, and will see the Gordon As we go hence to council. I do bear A cross, which binds me to be a Christian priest, As well as Christian champion. God may grant, That I, at once his father's friend and yours, May make some peace betwixt you. Swi. When that your priestly zeal, and knightly valour, Shall force the grave to render up the dead. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.

The summit of Halidon Hill, before the Regent's Tent. The Royal Standard of Scotland is seen in the background, with the Pennons and Banners of the principal Nobles around it. Council of Scottish Nobles and Chiefs. Sutherland, Ross, Lennox, Maxwell, and other Nobles of the highest rank, are close to the Regent's person, and in the act of keen debate. Vipont with Gordon and others, remain unarmed at some distance on the right-hand of the stone. On the left, standing also apart, is Swinton, alone and bare-headed. The Nobles are dressed in Highland or Lowland habits, or, as historical costume requires. Trumpets, Heralds, &c., are in attendance.

Len. Nay, Lordlings, put no shame upon my counsels. I did but say, if we retired a little, We should have fairer field and better vantage. I've seen King Robert—ay, The Bruce himself— Retreat six leagues in length, and think no shame on't. Rev. Ay, but King Edward sent a haughty message, Defying us to battle on this field, This very hill of Halidon; if we leave it Unfought withal, it squares not with our honour. 

Swi. (apart.) A perilous honour, that allows the enemy, And such an enemy as this same Edward, To choose our field of battle! He knows how To make our Scottish pride betray its master Into the pitfall.

[During this speech the debate among the Nobles is continued.

Suth. (aloud.) We will not back one furlong— not one yard, No, nor one inch; where'er we find the foe, Or where the foe finds us, there will we fight him.

Retreat will dull the spirit of our followers, Who now stand prompt to battle. Ross. My Lords, methinks great Morarchat has doubts, That, if his Northern clans once turn the seam Of their check'd hose behind, it will be hard To halt and rally them. Suth. Say'st thou, MacDonnell?—Add another falsehood, And name when Morarchat was coward or traitor! Thine island race, as chronicles can tell, Were oft affianced to the Southern cause; Loving the weight and temper of their gold, More than the weight and temper of their steel.

Ross. Peace, my Lords, ho! But Ross (throwing down his Glove). MacDonnell will not peace! There lies my pledge, Proud Morarchat, to witness thee a liar. 

Max. Brought I all Nithsdale from the Western Border; Left 1 my towers exposed to foraying England, And thieving Annandale, to see such misrule?

1 Morarchat is the ancient Gaelic designation of the Earls of Sutherland. See ante, page 586, note.
Let the closed tent conceal your disagreement;
Else 'twill be said, ill fares it with the flock,
If shepherds trouble, when the wolf is nigh.
Reg. Old Knight counsels well. Let every Lord
Or Chief, who leads five hundred men or more,
Follow to council—and others are excluded—
We'll have no vulgar removers of our conduct—
[Looking at Swinton.]
Young Gordon, your high rank and numerous following
Give you a seat with us, though yet un

Gor. I pray you, pardon me. My youth's unfit
To sit in council, when that Knight's grey hairs
And wisdom wait without.
Reg. Do as you will; we deign not bid you twain—
[The Regent, Ross, Sutherland, Lennox, Maxwell, &c. enter the Tent. The rest remain grouped about the Stage.]

Gor. (observing Swi.) That helmetless old Knight, his giant stature,
His awful accents of rebuke and wisdom,
Have caught my fancy strangely. He doth seem
Like to some vision'd form which I have dream'd of.
But never saw with waking eyes till now.
I will accost him.

Vip. Pray you, do not so;
Anon I'll give you reason why you should not.
There's other work in hand—

Gor. I will but ask his name. There's in his presence
Something that works upon me like a spell,
Or like the feeling made my childish ear
Dute upon tales of superstitious dread.
Attracting while they chill'd my heart with fear.

Now, born the Gordon, I do feel right well
I'm bound to fear nought earthly—and I fear nought.
I'll know who this man is—

[Accosts Swinton.]

Sir Knight, I pray you, of your gentle courtesy,
To tell your honour'd name. I am ashamed,
Being unknown to arms, to say that mine
Is Adam Gordon.

Swi. (shows emotion, but instantly subdues it.)
It is a name that soundeth in my ear
Like to a death-knell—ay, and like the call
Of the shrill trumpet to the mortal lists;
Yet, 'tis a name which never hath been dishonour'd,
And never will, I trust—most surely never
By such a youth as thou.

Gor. There's a mysterious courtesy in this,
And yet it yields no answer to my question.
I trust you hold the Gordon not unworthy
To know the name he asks?

Swi. Worthy of all that openness and honour
May show to friend or foe—but, for my name,
Vipont will show it you; and, if it sound
Harsh in your ear, remember that it knells there
But at your own request. This day, at least.
Though seldom wont to keep it in concealment,
As there's no cause I should, you had not heard it.

Gor. This strange—

Vip. The mystery is needful. Follow me.

[They retire behind the side scene.]

Swi. (looking after them.) "Tis a brave youth. How blush'd his noble cheek, While youthful modesty, and the embarrassment Of curiosity, combined with wonder, And half suspicion of some slight intended, All mingled in the flush; but soon 'twill deepen Into revenge's glow. How slow is Vipont!—

I wait the issue, as I've seen spectators
Suspend the motion even of the eyelids.
When the slow gunner, with his lighted match,
Approach’d the charred cannon, in the act
To waken its dread slumbers. —Now 'tis out; He draws his sword, and rushes towards me, Who will not seek nor shun him.

Enter Gordon, withheld by Vipont.

Vip. Hold, for the sake of Heaven! O, for the sake
Of your dear country, hold!—Has Swinton slain your father,
And must you, therefore, be yourself a parri-ole;
And stand recorded as the selfish traitor, Who, in her hour of need, his country’s case Deserts, that he may wreak a private wrong? Look to your banner — that is Scotland's standard;
Look to the Regent—he is Scotland’s general;
Look to the English—they are Scotland's foes—men! Bethink thee, then, thou art a son of Scotland, And think on nought beside.

Gor. He hath come here to brave me!—Off! unhands me! —

Thou canst not be my father's ancient friend, That stand’st 'twixt me and him who slew my father.

Vip. You know not Swinton. Scarce one passing thought Of his high mind was with you; now, his soul Is fix’d on this day’s battle. You might slay him At unawares before he saw your blade drawn—

Stand still, and watch him close.

Enter Maxwell from the tent.

Swi. How go our councils, Maxwell, may I ask?

Max. As wild, as if the very wind and sea With every breeze and billow battled For their precedence.

Swi. Must sure they are possess’d! Some evil spirit, To break their valour, rubs them of discretion. Fie, fie upon’t!—O that Dunferline’s tomb Could render up The Bruce! that Spain’s red shore Could give us back the good Lord James of Douglas!

Or that fierce Randolph, with his voice of terror, Were here, to awe these brawlers to submission!

Vip. to Gor. Thou hast perused him at more leisure now.

Gor. I see the giant form which all men speak of,
The stately port—but not the sullen eye, Not the bloodthirsty look, that should belong To him to whom I am orphan. I shall need To name my father twice ere I can strike At such grey hairs, and face of such command;
Yet my hand clenches on my falchion hilt, In token he shall die.

Vip. Need I again remind you, that the place
Permits no private quarrel?

Gor. I’m calm. I will not seek—nay, I will shun it—
And yet methinks that such debate’s the fashion.
You’ve heard how taunts, reproaches, and the lie, The lie itself, have flown from mouth to mouth.
As if a band of peasants were disputing About a foot-ball match, rather than Chiefs Were ordering a battle. I am young. And lack experience; tell me, brave De Vipont,
Is such the fashion of your wars in Palestine?
Vip. Such it at times hath been; and then the Cross
Hath sunk before the Crescent. Heaven’s cause
Won us not victory where wisdom was not.—
Behold your English host come slowly on, With equal front, rank marshall’d upon rank, As if one spirit ruled one moving body; The leaders, in their places, each prepared To charge, support, and rally, as the fortune Of changeful battle needs: then look on ours, Broken, disjointed, as the tumbling surges Which the winds wake at random. Look on both, And dread the issue; yet there might be succour.

Gor. We’re fearfully o’ermatch’d in dis- cipline:—
So even my inexperienced eye can judge.
What succour save in Heaven?
Vip. Heaven acts by human means. The artist’s skill
Supplies in war, as in mechanic crafts, Deficiency of tools. There’s courage, wisdom, And skill enough, live in one leader here, As, flung into the balance, might avail To counterpose the odds ‘twixt that ruled host
And our wild multitude.—I must not name him.

Gor. I guess, but dare not ask.—What band is yonler, Arranged so closely as the English discipline Hath marshall’d their best files?
Vip. Know’st thou not the pennon? One day, perhaps, thou’ll see it all too closely—;
It is Sir Alan Swinton’s.

Gor. These, then, are his,—the relics of his power;
Yet worth an host of ordinary men.—
And I must stay my country’s sagst leader, And crush by numbers that determined hand-
When most my country needs their practised aid,
Or men will say, "There goes degenerate Gordon;" His father's blood is on the Swinton's sword, and his is in his scabbard." [Musee Vip. (op't.)] High blood and mettle, mix'd with early wisdom, Sparkle in this youth. If he survive This evil-men'd day, I pawn my word, That in the ruin which I now forbode, Scotland has treasure left. —How close he eyes Each look and step of Swinton! Is it hate, Or is it admiration, or are both Commingled strangely in that steady gaze? [Swinton and Maxwell return from the bottom of the stage.]

Max. The storm is laid at length amongst these counsellors; See, they come forth.

Swi. And it is more than time, For I can mark the vanguard archery Handling their quivers — bending up their bows.

Enter the Regent and Scottish Lords.

Reg. Thus shall it be, then, since we may no better, And, since no Lord will yield one jot of way To this high urgency, or give the vanguard Up to another's guidance, we will abide them Even on this bent; and as our troops are rank'd, So shall they meet the foe. Chief, nor Thane, Nor Noble, can complain of the precedence Which chance has thus assign'd him.

Swe. (apart) O, sage discipline, That leaves to chance the marshalling of a battle! Gor. Move him to speech, De Vipont.

Vip. Move him! —Move whom?

Gor. Even him, whom, but brief space since, My hand did burn to put to utter silence. Vip. I'll move it to him.—Swinton, speak to them. They lack thy counsel sorely.

Swe. Had I the thousand spears which once I led, I had not thus been silent. But men's wisdom Is rated by their means. From the poor leader Of sixty hones, who seeks words of weight? Gor. (steps forward) Swinton, there's that Of worth on thy brow, And valour in thine eye, and that of peril In this most urgent hour, that bids me say,— Bide me, thy mortal foe, say.—Swinton, speak, For King and Country's sake! SWI. Nay, if that voice commands me, speak I will; It sounds as if the dead lays charge on me. Reg. (To Lennox, with whom he has been consulting) 'Tis better than you think. This broad hill-side Affords fair compass for our power's display, Rank above rank rising in seemly tiers; So that the rearward stands as fair and open —

Sot. As e'er stood mark before an English archer.

Reg. Who dares to say so? —Who is't dare impeach Our rule of discipline?

Swe. A poor Knight of these Marches, good my Lord;

Alan of Swinton, who hath kept a house here. He and his ancestry, since the old days Of Malcolm, called the Maiden.

Reg. You have brought here, even to this pitched field, In which the Royal Banner is display'd, I think some sixty spears, Sir Knight of Swinton; Our muskets name no more.

Swe. I brought each man I had; and Chief, or Earl, Thane, Duke, or dignitary, brings no more: And with them brought I what may here be useful— An aged eye; which, what in England, Scotland, Spain, France, and Flanders, hath seen fifty battles, And ta'en some judgment of them; a stark hand too, Which plays as with a straw with this same mace,— Which if a young arm here can wield more lightly, I never more will offer word of counsel.

Len. Hear him, my Lord; it is the noble Swinton—He hath had high experience.

Max. He is noted The wisest warrior 'twixt the Tweed and Solway— I do beseech you, hear him.

John. Ay, hear the Swinton—hear stant old Sir Alan; Maxwell and Johnstone both agree for once.

Reg. Where's your impatience now? Late you were all for battle, would not hear Ourself pronounce a word — and now you gaze On you old warrior, in his antique armour As if he were arisen from the dead, To bring us Bruce's counsel for the battle.

Swe. 'Tis a proud word to speak; but he who fought Long under Robert Bruce, may something guess, Without communication with the dead, At what he would have counsel'd. — Bruce had hidden ye Review your battle-order, marshall'd broadly Here on the bare hill-side, and hidden you mark. Yon clouds of Southron archers, bearing down To the green meadow-lands which stretch beneath— The Bruce had warn'd you, not a shaft to-day But shall find mark within a Scottish bosom, If thus our field be order'd. The callow boys, Who draw but four-foot bows, shall gail our mark, While on our mainward, and upon the rear, The cloth-yard shafts shall fall like death's own darts, And, though blind men discharge them, find a mark. Thus shall we die the death of slaughter'd deer, Which, driven into the toils, are shot at ease By boys and women, while they toss aloft
H A L I D O N H I L L.

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All idly and in vain their branchy horns, As we shall shake our unavailing spears. 
Reg. Tush, tell not me! If their shot fall like hail, 
Our men have Milan coats to hear it out. 
Stew. Never did armourer temper steel on stilly That made sure fence against an English arm. 
Say. A cobweb gossamer were guard as good Against a wasp-sting. 
Reg. Who fears a wasp-sting? 
Stew. I, my Lord, fear none; Yet should a wise man brush the insect off, Or he may smart for it. 
Reg. We'll keep the hill; it is the vantage-ground When the main battle joins. 
Stew. It ne'er will join, while their light archery Can foil our spearmen and our barbed horse. To hope Plantagenet would seek close combat When he can conquer naked, is to deem sagacious Edward simpler than a babe In battle-knowledge. Keep the hill, my Lord, With the main body, if it is your pleasure; But let a body of your chosen horse Make execution on yon waspish archers. I've done such work before, and love it well; If 'tis your pleasure to give me the leading, The daunt of Sherwood, Inglewood, and Weardale, Shall sit in widownood and long for venison, And long in vain. Who'er remembers Bannockburn,— And when shall Scotsman, till the last loud trumpet, Forget that stirring word!—knows that great battle Even thus was fought and won. 
Len. This is the shortest road to handy blows; For when the bills step forth and bows go back, Then is the moment that our hardy spearmen, With their strong bodies, and their stubborn hearts, And limbs well knit by mountain exercise, At the close tug shall foil the short-breath'd Southernon. 
Stew. I do not say the field will thus be won; The English host is numerous, brave, and loyal; Their Monarch most accomplish'd in war's art, Skill'd, resolute, and wary. 
Reg. And if your scheme secure not victory, What does it promise us? 
Stew. This much at least,—DARKING we shall not die: the peasant's shaft, Loos'd perchance without an aim or purpose, Shall not drink up the life-blood we derive From those famed ancestors, who made their breasts This frontier's barrier for a thousand years. We'll meet these Southernon bravely hand to hand, And eye to eye, and weapon against weapon; Each man who falls shall see the foe who strikes him. While our good blades are faithful to the hills, And our good hands to these good blades are faithful, Blow shall meet blow, and none fall unavenged— We shall not bleed alone. 
Reg. And this is all Your wisdom hath devised? 
Stew. Not all; for I would pray you, noble Lords, (If one among the guilty guiltiest, might,) For this one day to charm to ten hours' rest The never-dying worm of deadly feud, That gnaws our vexed hearts—think no one foe Save Edward and his host:—days will remain, Ay, days by far too many will remain, To avenge old feuds or struggles for precedence;— Let this one day be Scotland's.—For myself, If there is any here may claim from me (As well may chance) a debt of blood and hatred, My life is his to-morrow unresisting, So he to-day will let me do the best That my old arm may achieve for the dear country That's mother to us both. [Gordon shows much emotion during this and the preceding speech of Swinton. 
Reg. It is a dream—a vision—if one troop Rush down upon the archers, all will follow, And order is destroy'd—we'll keep the battle-rank Our fathers wont to do. No more on't.—Ho! Where be those youths seek knighthood from our sword? 
Her. Here are the Gordon, Somerville, and Hay, And Hepburn, with a score of gallants more. 
Gor. I pray your Grace, forgive me. 
Reg. How! seek you not for knighthood? 
Gor.; I do thirst for't. But, pardon me,—tis from another sword. 
Reg. It is your Sovereign's—seek you for a worthier? 
Gor. Who would drink purely, seeks the secret fountain, How small soever—not the general stream, Though it be deep and wide. My Lord, I see The boon of knighthood from the honour'd weapon Of the best knight, and of the sagest leader, That ever grace'd a ring of chivalry. Therefore, I beg the boon on bended knee, Even from Sir Alan Swinton. [Kneels. 
Reg. Degenerate boy! Abject at once and instant!— See, Lords, he kneels to him that slew his father! 
Gor. (starting up.) Shame be on him, who speaks such shameful word! Shame be on him, whose tongue would sow dissension, When most the time demands that native Scotsmen Forget each private wrong! 
Stew (interrupting him.) Youth, since you crave me To be your sire in chivalry, I remind you War has its duties, Office has its reverence; Who governs in the Sovereign's name is Sovereign;— Crave the Lord Regent's pardon.
Gor. You task me justly, and I crave his pardon, 

[Scots to the Regent. 

His and these noble Lords; and pray them all  
Bear witness to my words.—Ye noble presence. 

Here! resell unto the Knight of Swinton  
All bitter memory of my father's slaughter,  
All thoughts of malice, hatred, and revenge;  
By no base fear or composition moved,  
But by the thought, that in our country's battle 
All hearts should be as one. I do forgive him  
As freely as I pray to be forgiven,  
And once more kneel to him to sue for knighthood. 

Swi. (affected, and drawing his sword.)  
Alas! brave youth, 'tis I should kneel to you,  
And, tendering thee the hilt of the fell sword  
That made thee fatherless, bid thee use the point  
After thine own discretion. For thy boon—Trumpets be ready—in the holiest name,  
And in Our lady's and Saint Andrew's name,  
I dub thee Knight!—Arise, Sir Adam Gordon!  
Be faithful, brave, and O, be fortunate,  
Should this ill hour permit!  

[The trumpets sound; the Herald cries  
"Largesse," and the Attendants shout  
"A Gordon! A Gordon!"

Reg. Beazars and Flatterers! Peace, peace,  
I say!  
We'll to the Standard; knights shall there be made  
Who will with better reason crave your clameour. 

Len. What of Swinton's counsel!  
Here's Maxwell and myself think it worth noting.  

Reg. (with concentrated indignation.)  
Let the best knight, and let the justest lender.—  
So Gordon quotes the man who slew his father.—  
With his old pedigree and heavy mace,  
Essay the adventure if it pleases him,  
With his fairest threescore horse. As for ourselves,  
We will not peril aught upon the measure.  
Gor. Lord Regent, you mistake; for if Sir Adam  
Shall venture such attack, each man who calls  
The Gordon chief, and hopes or fears from him  
Or good or evil, follows Swinton's haunter to this achievement.  

Reg. Why, God ha' mercy! This is of a piece  
Let young and old e'en follow their own counsel.  
Since none will list to mine.  
Ross. The Border cockerel fain would be  
on horseback:  
'Tis safe to be prepared for fight or flight:  
And this comes of it to give Northern lands  
To the false Norman blood.  
Gor. Hearken, proud Chief of Isles! With  
In my stall  
I have two hundred horse; two hundred riders  
Mounted guad upon my castle, who would tread  
Into the dust a thousand of your Redshanks,  
Nor count it a day's service. 

Swi. Hear I this  
From thee, young man, and on the day of battle!  
And to the brave MacDonnell! 

Gor. "Twas he that urged me; but I am rebuked. 
Reg. He crouches like a leash-hound to his master!  
Swi. Each hound must do so that would head the deer—  
'Tis mugrel, ours that snatch at mate or master.  
Reg. Too much of this. Sirs, to the Royal Standard!  
I bid you, in the name of good King David.  
Sound trumpets—sound for Scotland and King David!  

[The Regent and the rest go off and the  
Scene closes.  
Manent Gordon Swinton, and Vipont, with Reynald and followers. Lennox follows the Regent; but returns, and addresses Swinton.  

Len. O, were my western horsemen but come up,  
I would take part with you!  
Swi. Better that you remain.  
They lack discretion; such grey head as yours  
May best supply that want.  
Lennox, mine ancient friend, and honour'd lord,  
Farewell, I think, for ever!  
Len. Farewell, brave friend!—and farewell, noble Gordon,  
Whose sun will be eclipsed even as it rises!—  
The Regent will not aid you.  
Swi. We will so hear us, that as soon the hounds
to be chased—  
Shall halt, and take no part, what time his comrade  
Is grappling with the deer, as he stand still,  
And see us overmatch'd.  
Len. Alas! thou dost not know how mean  
His pride is,—  
How strong his envy.  
Swi. Then we will die, and leave the shame with him.  
[Exit Lennox.  
Vip. (to Gor.) What ails thee, noble youth?  
What means this pause?  
Thou dost not rue thy generosity?  
Gor. I have been hurried on by strong impulse,  
Like to a bark that scuds before the storm,  
Till driven upon some strange and distant coast,  
Which never pilot dream'd of.—Have I not forgiven?  
And am I not still fatherless?  
Swi. Gordon, no;  
For while we live I am a father to thee.  
Gor. Thou, Swinton!—no!—that cannot,  
cannot be.  
Swi. Then change the phrase, and say, that while we live, 
Gordon shall be my son. If thou art fatherless,  
Am I not childless too? Bethink thee, Gordon. 
Our deal-feud was not like the household fire,  
Which the poor peasant hides among its embers,  
To smoulder on, and wait a time for wakening.  
Ours was the conflagration of the forest,  
Which, in its fury, spares nor sprout nor stern,  
Hoar oak, nor sapling—not to be extinguish'd,
Per. The Scots still keep the hill — the sun
grows high.
Would that the charge would sound.
Cha. Thou seem'st the slaughter, Percy.—
Who comes here?

(Enter the Abbot of Walthamstow.

Now, by my life, the holy priest of Waltham-
stow,
Like to a lamb among a herd of wolves!
See, he's about to bleat.
Ab. The King, methinks, delays the onset long.

Cha. Your general, Father, like your rat-
catcher.
Pauses to bait his traps, and set his snares.
Ab. The metaphor is decent.
Cha. Reverend sir,
I will uphold it just. Our good King Edward
Will presently come to this battle-field,
And speak to you of the last tilting match,
Or of some feat he did a twenty year's since;
But not a word of the day's work before
him.
Even as the artist, sir, whose name offends you,
Sits praising o'er his can, until the trap fall,
Announcing that the vermin are secured,
And then 'tis up, and on them.
Per. Chandos, you give your tongue too bold
a license.
Cha. Percy, I am a necessary evil.
King Edward would not want me, if he could,
And could not, if he would. I know my value.
My heavy hand excuses my light tongue.
So men weighy swords in their defence,
Although they may offend the tender shin,
When the steel-boot is doff'd.
Ab. My Lord of Chandos,
This is but idle speech on brink of battle,
When Christian men should think upon their
sins;
For as the tree falls, so the trunk must lie,
He it for good or evil. Lord, bethink thee,
Thou hast withheld from our most reverend
house,
The tithes of Everingham and Settleton:
Wilt thou make satisfaction to the Church
Before her thunders strike thee? I do warn
thee
In most paternal sort.
Cha. I thank you, father, filially,
Though but a trivial son of Holy Church,
I would not choose to undergo her censures,
When Scottish blades are wavy at my
throat
I'll make fair composition.
Ab. No composition; I'll have all, or none.
Cha. None, then — 'tis soonest spoke. I'll
take my chance,
And trust my sinful soul to Heaven's mercy,
Rather than risk my worldly goods with thee—
My hour may not be come.
Ab. Impious — impudent—
Per. Hush! the King — the King!

Enter King Edward, attended by Bailiol and
others.

King (apart to Cha.) Hark hither, Chandos!
Have the Yorkshire archers
Yet join'd the vanguard?
Cha. They are marching thither.
K. Ed. Bid them make haste, for shame—
   send a quick rider.
The loitering knaves! were it to steal my
venison,
Their steps were light enough.—How now, Sir
Abbot?
Say, is your reverence come to study with us
The murderous art of war?
Ab. I've had a lecture from my Lord of
Chandos,
In which he term'd your Grace a rat-catcher.
K. Ed. Chandos, how's this?
Cha. O, I will prove it, sir!—These skipping
Scots
Have changed a dozen times 'twixt Bruce and
Balduin,
Quitting each House as it began to totter;
They're fierce and cunning, treacherous, too,
as rats,
And we, as such, will smoke them in their
fastnesses.
K. Ed. These rats have seen your back, my
Lord of Chandos,
And noble Percy's too.
Per. Ay; but the mass which now lies
weltering
On yon side hill, like a Leviathan
That's stranded on the shallows, then had
soul in't,
Order and discipline, and power of action.
Now 'tis a headless corpse, which only shows
By wild convulsions, that some life remains
in't.
K. Ed. True, they had once a head; and
'twas a wise,
Although a rebel head.
Ab. (bowing to the King.) Would he were
here! we should find one to match
him.
K. Ed. There's something in that wish
which wakens an echo
Within my bosom. Yet it is as well,
Or better, that The Bruce is in his grave.
We have enough of powerful foes on earth,—
No need to summon them from other worlds.
Per. Your Grace ne'er met The Bruce?
K. Ed. Never himself; but in my earliest
field,
I did encounter with his famous captains,
Douglas and Randolph. Faith! they press'd
me hard.
Ab. My Liege, if I might urge you with a
question,
Will the Scots fight to-day?
K. Ed. (sharply) Go look your brevial.
Cha. (apart) The Abbot has it—Edward
will not answer
On that nice point. We must observe its
humour—[Addresses the King.
Your first campaign, my Liege?—That was in
Weardale,
When Douglas gave our camp yon midnight
ruffle,
And turn'd men's beds to biers?
K. Ed. Ay, by Saint Edward!—I escaped
right nearly.
I was a soldier then for holidays,
And slept not in mine armour: my safe rest
Was startled by the cry of 'Douglas! Doug-
las!'
And by my couch, a grisly chamberlain,
Stood Alan Swinton, with his bloody mace.
It was a churchman saved me—my stout
chaplain,
Heaven quit his spirit! caught a weapon up—
And grappled with the giant.—How now, Louis?
   Enter an Officer, who whispers the King.
K. Ed. Say to him,—thus—and thus—
   (Whispers.
Ab. That Swinton's dead. A monk of ours
reported,
Bound homeward from St. Ninian's pil-
grimage.
The Lord of Gordon slew him.
Per. Father, and if your house stood on our
borders,
You might have cause to know that Swinton
lives,
And is on horseback yet.
Cha. He slew the Gordon,
That's all the difference—a very trifte.
Ab. Trifing to those who wage a war morn
noble
Than with the arm of flesh.
Cha. (apart) The Abbot's vex'd, I'll rub the
more for him.—
(Aloud.) I have seen priests that used the arm
of flesh.
And used it studilly.—Most reverend Father,
What say you to the chaplain's deed of arms
In the King's tent at Weardale?
Ab. It was most sinful, being against the
canon
Prohibiting all churchmen to bear weapons;
And as he fell in that unseemly guise,
Perchance his soul may rue it.
K. Ed. (overhearing the last words.) Who
may rue it?
And what is to be reed?
Cha. (apart) I'll match his Reverence for the
tithes of Everingham.
—The Abbot says, my Liege, the deed was
sinful,
By which your chaplain, wielding secular
weapons,
Secured your Grace's life and liberty,
And that he suffers for 't in purgatory?
K. Ed. (to the Abbot.) Say'st thou my chap-
lain is in purgatory?
Ab. It is the canon speaks it, good my
Liege.
K. Ed. In purgatory! thou shalt pray him
out on't;
Or I will make thee wish thyself beside him.
Ab. My Lord, perchance his soul is past the
aid
Of all the Church may do—there is a place
From which there's no redemption.
K. Ed. And if I thought my faithful chap-
lain there,
Thou shouldst there join him, priest!—Go, 
watch, fast, pray,
And let me have such prayers as will storm
Heaven—
None of your maund and matter'd hunting
masses.
Ab. (apart to Cha.) For God's sake take him
off.
Cha. Wilt thou compound, then,
The tithes of Everingham?
K. Ed. I tell thee, if thou bearest the keys of
Heaven.
Abbot, thou shalt not turn a bolt with them
'Gainst any well-deserving English subject.
Ab. (to Cha.) We will compound, and grant
thee, too, a share
'Tis the next indulgence. Thou dost need it much, And greatly 'twill avail thee.  
Cha. Enough—we're friends, and when occasion serves, I will strike in—[Looks as if towards the Scottish Army.  
K. Ed. Answer, proud Abbot; is my chaplain's soul, If thou knowest aught on 't, in the evil place!]  
Cha. My Liege, the Yorkshire men have gained the meadow, I see the pennon green of merry Sherwood.  
K. Ed. Then give the signal!—We have lost But too much time already.  
Ab. My Liege, your holy chaplain's blessed soul—  
K. Ed. To hell with it and thee! Is this a time To speak of monks and chaplains?  
[Flourish of Trumpets, answered by a distant sound of Bugles.]  
See, Chandos. Percy—Ha, Saint George! Saint Edward!  
See it descending now, the fatal hail-shower, The storm of England's wrath—sure, swift, resistless, Which no mail-coat can hark.—Brave English hearts! How close they shoot together!—as one eye Had aim'd five thousand shafts—as if one hand Had loosed five thousand bow-strings!  
Per. The thick volley Darkens the air, and hides the sun from us.  
K. Ed. It falls on those shall see the sun no more. The winged, the resistless plague is with them How their vex'd host is reeling to and fro, Like the chafed whale will fifty lances in him, 'They do not see, and cannot shun the wound. The storm is viewless, as death's sable wing, Unerring was the scythe.  
Per. Horses and riders are going down together.  
'Tis almost pity to see nobles fall, And by a peasant's arrow.  
Bal. I could weep them, Although they are my rebels.  
Cha. (Aside to Per.) His conquerors, he means, who cast him out From his usurped kingdom. (Aloud.) 'Tis the worst of it, That knights can claim small honour in the field Which archers win, unaided by our lances.  
K. Ed. The battle is not ended. [Looks towards the field. Not ended!—scarcely begun! What horse are these? Rush from the thicket underneath the hill?  
Per. They're Hainaulters, the followers of Queen Isabel.  
K. Ed. (Hastily.) Hainaulters!—thou art blind—wear Hainaulters  
Saint Andrew's silver cross!—or would they charge  
Full on our archers, and make havoc of them!]  
Bruce is alive again—ho, rescue! rescue!—  
Who was't survey'd the ground?  
Riba. Most royal Liege—  
K. Ed. A rose hath fallen from thy chaplet, Riba. I'll win it back or lay my head beside it.  
[Exit.  
K. Ed. Saint George! Saint Edward!  
Gentlemen, to horse,  
And to my rescue!—Percy lead the bill-men; Chandos, do thou bring up the men-at-arms.  
If yonder numerous host should now bear down Bold as their vanguard, (to the Abbot,) thou mayst pray for us, We may need good men's prayers.—To the rescue, Lords, to the rescue! ha, Saint George! Saint Edward!  
[Exeunt.  

*SCENE II.*  

A part of the Field of Battle between the two Main Armies. Tumults behind the scenes: alarums, and cries of "Gordon, a Gordon," "Swinton," &c.  

Enter, as victorious over the English vanguard, Vipont, and Reynald, and others.  
Vip. 'Tis sweet to hear these war-cries sound together,—  
Gordon and Swinton.  
Rey. 'Tis passing pleasant, yet 'tis strange withal.  
Faith, when at first I heard the Gordon's slogan, Sounded to me, I had nigh struck down The knife who cried it.  

Enter Swinton and Gordon.  
Swi. Pitch down my pennon in yon holly bough!  
Gor. Aline in the thorn beside it; let them wave, As fought this morn their masters, side by side.  
Swi. Let the men rally, and restore their ranks  
Here in this vantage-ground—disorder'd chase Leads to disorder'd flight; we have done our part, And if we're succour'd now, Plantagenet Must turn his bridle southward.—  
Reynald, spur to the Rezent with the hasnet Of stout De Grey, the leader of their vanguard; Say, that in battle front the Gordon slew him, And by that token bid him send us succour.  
Gor. And tell him that when Selby's head-long charge Had welfingly borne me down, Sir Alan smote him.  
I cannot send his helmet, never nutshell Went to so many shivers.—Harkye, groom! (To those behind the scenes.  
Why do you let my noble steed stand stiffening After so hot a course?)  

English body of cavalry to pass his flanks on the day preceding the battle of Bannockburn.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Sui. Ay, breathe your horses, they'll have work anon.
For Edward's men-at-arms will be on us,
The flower of England, Gascony and Flanders;
But with swift succour we will hide them bravely.—

De Vipont, then look'st sad?
Vip. It is because I hold a Templar's sword
Wet to the crossed hilt with Christian blood.
Sui. The blood of English archers—what can gild
A Scottish blade more bravely?
Vip. Even therefore grieve I for those gallant
Sons of England's peculiar and appropriate arms,
Known in no other land. Each boasts his hearth
And field as free as the best lord his barony,
Owing submission to no human vassalage,
Save to their King and law. Hence they are resolute,
Leads the van on every day of battle,
As men who know the blessings they defend.
Hence are they frank and generous in peace,
As men who have their portion in its plenty.
No other kingdom shows such worth and happiness
Veil'd in such low estate—therefore I mourn them.

Sui. I'll keep my sorrow for our native Scots,
Who, spite of hardship, poverty, oppression,
Still follow to the field their Chieftain's banner,
And die in the defence on't.

Gor. And if I live and see my halls again,
They shall portion in the good they fight for,
Each hardy follower shall have his field,
His house, soil hearth and sed-built home, as free
As ever Southron had. They shall be happy!
And my Elizabeth shall smile to see it!—
I have betray'd myself.
Sui.

Do not believe it.—

Vipont, do thou look out from yonder height,
And see what motion in the Scottish host,
And in King Edward's—[Exit Vipont.

New will I counsel thee;
The Templar's ear is for nae tale of love,
Being wedded to his Order. But I tell thee,
The brave young knight that hath no lady-love
Is like a lamp unlighted; his brave deeds,
And its rich painting, do seem then most glorious,
When the pure ray gleams through them.—
Hath thy Elizabeth no other name?

Gor. Must I then speak of her to you, Sir Alan?
The thought of thee, and of thy matchless strength,
Hath conjured phantoms up amongst her dreams.
The name of Swinton hath been spell sufficient
To chase the rich blood from her lovely cheek,
And wouldst thou now know hers?

Sui. I would, nay must.

Thy father in the paths of chivalry,
Should know the load-star thou dost rule thy course by.

Gor. Nay, then, her name is—hark—

[Whispers.

Sui. I know it well, that ancient northern house.
Gor. O, thou shalt see its fairest grace and honour
In my Elizabeth. And if music touch thee—

Sui. It did, before disasters had untuned me
Gor. O, her notes

Shall hush each sad remembrance to oblivion,
Or melt them to such gentleness of feeling,
That grief shall have its sweet-ness. Who, but she,

Knew the wild harpings of our native land?
Whether he lull the shepherd on his hill,
Or wake the knight to battle: moon to merri-

ment,
Or soothe to sadness; she can touch each mood.
Princes and statesmen, chiefs renown'd in arms,
And grey-hair'd bards, contend which shall

the first

And choicest homage render to the enchant-

ress.

Sui. You speak her talent bravely.

Gor. Though you smile,
I do not speak it half. Her gift creative,
New measures adds to every air she waxes;
Varying and gracing it with liquid sweetness,
Like the wild modulation of the lark;
Now leaving, now returning to the strain!
To listen to her, is to seem to wander
In some enchanted labyrinth of romance,
Whence nothing but the lovely fairy's will,
Who wove the spell, can extricate the wand-

erer.

Methinks I hear her now!—

Bless'd privilege

Of youth! There's scarce three minutes to decide

'Twixt death and life, 'twixt triumph and de-

feat,
Yet all his thoughts are in his lady's bower,
Listening her harping!—

[Enter Vipont.

Where are thine, De Vipont?—

Vip. On death—on judgment—on eternity!

For time is over with us.

Sui. There moves not, then, one pennon to our aid,
Of all that flatter yonder!

Vip. From the main English host come rushing forward
Penions know—ay, and their Royal Standard.

But ours stand rooted, as for crowns to roost on.

Sui. (to himself,) I'll rescue him at least.—

Young Lord of Goran!

Spur to the Regent—show the instant need

Gor. I penetrate thy purpose; but I go not.

Sui. Not at my bidding? I, thy sire in chival-

ry—

Thy leader in the battle! I command thee.

Gor. No, thou wilt not command me seek my safety—

For each is of the kind meaning—at the expense

Of the last hope which Heaven reserves for Scotland.

While I abide, no follower of mine

Will turn his rein for life; but were I gone,

What power can stay them? and, our band dispersed,

What swords shall for an instant stem you host,

And save the latest chance for victory!
Vip. The noble youth speaks truth; and
there will not twenty spears be left with us.
Gor. No, bravely as we have begun the
field,
So let us fight it out. The Regent's eyes,
More certain than a thousand messages,
Shall see us stand. the barrier of his host
Against you bursting storm. If not for ho-

nour,
If not for warlike rule, for shame at least
He must bear down to aid us.
Swi. Must it be so?
And am I forced to yield the sad consent.
Devoting thy young life? O, Gordon, Gordon!
I do it as the patriarch doom'd his issue;
I at my country's, he at Heaven's command;
But I seek vainly some atoning sacrifice.
Rather than such a victim!—(Trumpets.)
Hark, they come!
That music sounds not like thy lady's lute.
Gor. Yet shall thy lady's name mix with it
gaily—
Mount, vassals, couch your lances, and cry,
"Gordon! Gordon for Scotland and Elizabeth!"
[Exeunt. Loud Alarums.

SCENE III.

Another part of the Field of Battle, adjacent to the
former Scene.

Alarums. Enter Swinton, followed by Hob Hattely.

Swi. Stand to it yet! The man who flies to-
day,
May bastards warm them at his household
hearth!
Hob. That ne'er shall be my curse. My
Magdalen
Is trusty as my broadsword.
Swi. Art thou dismounted too?
Hob. I know, Sir Alan,
You want no homeward guide; so threw my
reins
Upon my palfrey's neck, and let him loose.
Within an hour he stands before my gate;
And Magdalen will need no other token
To bid the Melrose Monks say masses for me.
Swi. Thou art resolved to cheat the balter, then!
Hob. It is my purpose,
Having lived a thief, to die a brave man's
death;
And never had I a more glorious chance for't.
Swi. Here lies the way to it, knave.—Make
in, make in,
And aid young Gordon!
[Exeunt. Loud and long Alarums. After
which the back Scene rises, and dis-
covers Swinton on the ground, Gordon
supporting him; both much wounded.
Swi. All are cut down — the reapers have
pass'd o'er us,
And he to distant harvest.—My toil's over;
There lies my sickle. [Dropping his sword] Hand
of mine again
Shall never, never wield it!
Gor. O valiant leader, is thy light extin-
guish'd!

That only beacon-flame which promised safely
In this day's deadly wrack!
Swi. My lamp hath long been dim! But
thine, young Gordon,
Just kindled, to be quench'd so suddenly,
Ere Scotland saw its splendour
Gor. Five thousand horse hung idly on you
hill,
Saw us o'erpower'd, and no one stirr'd to aid
us!
Swi. It was the Regent's envy.—Out! alas! Why
blame I him?—it was our civil discord,
Our selfish vanity, our jealous hatred,
Which framed this day of dole for our poor
country—
Had thy brave father held you leading staff,
As well his rank and valour might have
claim'd it.
We had not fall'n unaided.—How, O how
Is he to answer it, whose deed prevented
Gor. Alas! alas! the author of the death-
feud.
He has his reckoning too! for had your sons
And numerous vassals lived, we had lack'd no
aid
Swi. May God assoul the dead, and him who
follows!
We've drunk the poison'd beverage which we
brew'd:
Have sown the wind, and reap'd the tenfold
whirlwind!—
But thou, brave youth, whose nobleness of
heart
Pour'd oil upon the wounds our hate in-
flicted;
Thou, who hast done no wrong, need'st no
forgiveness,—
Why should'st thou spare our punishment!
Gor. All need forgiveness—[distant alarum.]
Hark, in yonder shout
Did the main batteries counter!
Swi. Look on the field, brave Gordon, if
thou canst,
And tell me how the day goes.—But I guess,
Too surely do I guess—
Gor. All's lost! all's lost!—Of the main
Scottish host.
Some wildly fly, and some rush wildly for-
ward!
And some there are who seem to turn their
spears
Against their countrypeople.
Swi. Rashness, and cowardice, and secret
treason,
Combine to ruin us; and our hot valor,
Devoid of discipline, is madmen's strength,
More fatal unto friends than enemies!
I'm glad that these dim eyes shall see no more
on't—
Let thy hands close them, Gordon—I will
dream
My fair-hair'd William renders me that office!—
[Dies.
Gor. And, Swinton, I will think I do that
duty
To my dead father.

Enter De Vipout.

Vip. Fly, fly, brave youth! — A handful of
thy followers,
The scatter'd gleaners of this desperate day,
Still hover yonder to essay thy rescue.—
O linger not! I'll be your guide to them.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Gor. Look there, and bid me fly!—The oak has fall'n;—
And the young ivy bush, which learn'd to climb
By its support, must needs partake its fall.

Vip. Swinton! Alas! the best, the bravest, strongest.
And sages of our Scottish chivalry!
Forgive one moment, if, to save the living,
My tongue should wrong the dead.—Gordon,
Blest in battle, blest in death.
Thou dost but stay to perish with the corpse
Of him who slew thy father.

Gor. Ay, but he was my sire in chivalry.
He taught my youth to soar above the promptings
Of mean and selfish vengeance; gave my youth
A name that shall not die even on this death-spot.
Records shall tell this field had not been lost,
Had all men fought like Swinton and like Gordon.

[Trumpets.]
Save thee, De Vipont. — Hark! the Southron trumpets.

Vip. Nay, without thee I stir not.

Enter Edward, Chandos, Percy, Baliol, &c.

Gor. Ay, they come on — The Tyrant and the Traitor,
Workman and tool, Plantagenet and Baliol,—
O for a moment's strength in this poor arm,
To do one glorious deed! [He rushes on the English, but is made prisoner with Vipont.

K. Ed. Disarm them — harm them not; though it was they
Made havoc on the archers of our vanguard,
They and that bulky champion. Where is he? Chan. Here lies the giant! Say his name, young Knight!—

Gor. Let it suffice, he was a man this morning!

Cha. I question'd thee in sport. I do not need
Thy information, youth. Who that has fought
Through all these Scottish wars, but knows his crest,
The sable bow chain'd to the leafy oak,
And that huge mace still seen where war was wildest!

K. Ed. 'Tis Alan Swinton! Grim chamberlain, who in my tent at Wearsdale,
Stood by my startled couch with torch and mace,
When the Black Douglas' war-cry waked my camp.

Gor. (sinking down.) If thus thou know'st him,
Thou wilt respect his corpse.

K. Ed. As belted Knight and crowned King,
I will.

Gor. And let mine
Sleep at his side, in token that our death
Ended the feud of Swinton and of Gordon.

K. Ed. It is the Gordon! — Is there aught beside
Edward can do to honour bravery
Even in an enemy?

Gor. Nothing but this;
Let not base Baliol, with his touch or look,
Profane my corpse or Swinton's. I've some breath still,
Enough to say — Scotland—Elizabeth! [Dies.

Cha. Baliol, I would not brook such dying looks,
To buy the crown you aim at.

K. Ed. (to Vip.) Vipout, thy crossed shield shows ill in warfare
Against a Christian king.

Vip. That Christian King is warring upon Scotland.

I was a Scotsman ere I was a Templar, 2
Sworn to my country ere I knew my Order.

K. Ed. I will but know thee as a Christian champion,
And set thee free unransom'd.

Enter Abbot of Walthamstow.

Ab. Heaven grant your Majesty
Many such glorious days as this hath been!

K. Ed. It is a day of much and high advantage:
Glorious it might have been, had all our foes
Fought like these two brave champions. — Strike the drums,
Sound trumpets, and pursue the fugitives.
Till the Tweed's eddies whelm them. Berwick's render'd—
These wars, I trust, will soon find lasting close.

1 In his narrative of events on the day after the battle of Sheriffmuir, Sir Walter Scott says, "Amongst the gentlemen who fell on this occasion, were several on both sides, alike eminent for birth and character. The body of the gallant young Earl of Strathmore was found on the field, washed by a faithful old domestic, who, being asked the name of the person whose body he waited upon with so much care, made this striking reply, 'He was a man yesterday.' " — Tales of a Grandfather.

2 A Venetian General, observing his soldiers testified some unwillingness to fight against those of the Pope, whom they regarded as father of the Church, addressed them in terms of similar encouragement. — "Fight on! we were Vanquished before we were Christians."
INTRODUCTION.

These few scenes had the honour to be included in a Miscellany, published in the year 1824, by Mrs Joanna Baillie, and are here reprinted, to unite them with the trifles of the same kind which owe their birth to the author. The singular history of the Cross and Law of Clan MacDuff is given, at length enough to satisfy the keenest antiquary, in The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. It is here only necessary to state, that the Cross was a place of refuge to any person related to MacDuff, within the ninth degree, who, having committed homicide in sudden quarrel, should reach this place, prove his descent from the Thane of Fife, and pay a certain penalty. The shaft of the Cross was destroyed at the Reformation. The huge block of stone which served for its pedestal is still in existence near the town of Newburgh, on a kind of pass which commands the county of Fife to the southward, and to the north, the windings of the magnificent Tay and fertile country of Angus-shire. The Cross bore an inscription, which is transmitted to us in an unintelligible form by Sir Robert Sibbald.

Abbotsford, January 1830.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ninian, Wardhaye, { Monks of Lindores.
Lindesay, Maurice Berkeley, { Scottish Barons.

TO

MRS. JOANNA BAILLYE,
AUTHOR OF
"THE PLAYS ON THE PASSIONS."

PRELUDE.

Nay, smile not, lady, when I speak of witchcraft,
And say, that there still lurks amongst our glens
Some touch of strange enchantment.—Mark that fragment,
I mean that rough-hewn block of massive stone,
Placed on the summit of this mountain-pass,
Commanding prospect wide o'er field and fell,
And peopled village and extended moorland,
And the wide ocean and majestic Tay.
To the far distant Grampians.—Do not deem it
A loose'd portion of the neighbouring rock,
Detach'd by storm and thunder,—twas the pedestal

On which, in ancient times, a Cross was rear'd,
Carved o'er with words which foil'd philologists;
And the events it did commemorate
Were dark, remote, and indistinguishable,
As were the mystic characters it bore.
But, mark,—a wizard, born on Avon's bank,
Tuned but his harp to this wild northern theme,
And, lo! the scene is hallow'd. None shall pass,
Now, or in after days, beside that stone,
But he shall have strange visions; thoughts and words,
That shake, or rouse, or thrill the human heart.
Shall rush upon his memory when he hears
The spirit-stirring name of this rude symbol;—
Obvious ages, at that simple spell,
Shall render back their terrors with their woes,
Alas! and with their crimes—and the proud phantom
Shall move with step familiar to his eye,
And accents which, once heard, the ear forgets not,
Though ne'er again to list them. Siddons, thine,
Thou matchless Siddons! thrill upon our ear;
And on our eye thy lofty Brother's form
Rises as Scotland's monarch.—But, to thee,
Joanna, why to thee speak of such visions?
Thine own wild wand can raise them.

Yet since thou wilt an idle tale of mine,
Take one which scarcely is of worth enough
To give or to withhold.—Our time creeps on,
Fancy grows colder as the sivery hair
Tells the advancing winter of our life.
But if it he of worth enough to please,
That worth it owes to her who set the task;
If otherwise, the fault rests with the author.

MacDuff's Cross.

SCENE I.

The summit of a Rocky Pass near to Newburgh,
About two miles from the ancient Abbey of Lindores, in Fife. In the centre is MacDuff's Cross, an antique Monument; and, at a small distance, on one side, a Chapel, with a Lamp burning.

Enter, as having ascended the Pass, Ninian and Wardhaye, Monks of Lindores. Ninian crosses himself, and seems to recite his devotions. Wardhaye stands pacing on the prospect, as if in deep contemplation.

Nin. Here stands the Cross, good brother, consecrated
By the bold Thane unto his patron saint
Magridius, once a brother of our house.
Canst thou not spare an ave or a creed?
Or hath the steep ascent exhausted you?
You trode it stoutly, though 't was rough and
tolisome.

Wal. I have trode a rougher.

Nin. On the Highland hills—
Scarcey within our sea-girt province here,
Unless upon the Lomonds or Bennanry.

Wal. I spoke not of the literal path, good
father,
But of the road of life which I have travell'd;
Ere I assumed this habit; it was bounded,
Hedged in, and limited by earthly prospects,
As ours beneath was closed by dell and
thicket.
Here we see wide and far, and the broad sky,
With wide horizon, opens full around.
While earthly objects dwindle. Brother
Ninian,
Fain would I hope that mental elevation
Could raise me equally o'er worldly thoughts,
And place me nearer heaven.

Nin. 'Tis good morality—but yet forget not,
That though we look on heaven from this high
eminence,
Yet doth the Prince of all the airy space,
Arch foe of man, possess the realms between.

Wal. Most true, good brother; and men
may be farther
From the bright heaven they aim at, even
because
They deem themselves secure on't.

Nin. (after a pause.) You do gaze—
Strangers are wont to do so—on the prospect.
You in the Tay, roll'd down from Highland
hills,
That rests his waves, after so rude a race,
In the fair plains of Gowrie—farther west-
ward.

Proud Sterling rises—vonder to the east,
Dundee, the gift of God, and fair Montrose,
And still more northward lie the ancient
towers—

Wal. Of Edzell.

Nin. How! know you the towers of Edzell?

Wal. I've heard of them.

Nin. Then you have heard a tale,
Which when he tells, the peasant shakes his
head,
And shuns the mouldering and deserted walls.

Wal. Why, and by whom, deserted?

Nin. Long the tale—
Enough to say that the last Lord of Edzell,
Bold Louis Lindsay, had a wife, and found—

Wal. Enough is said, indeed—since a weak
woman,
Av, and a tempting fiend, lost Paradise,
When man was innocent.

Nin. They fell at strife,
Men say, on slight occasion; that fierce
Lindsay,
Did bend his sword against De Berkeley's
breast,
And that the lady threw herself between;
That then De Berkeley dealt the Baron's
death-wound;
Enough, that from that time De Berkeley bore
A spear in foreign wars. But, it is said,
He hath return'd of late; and, therefore,
brother,
The Prior hath orsind'd our vigil here,
To watch the privilege of the sanctuary,
And rights of Clan MacDuff.

Wal. What rights are these?

Nin. Most true! you are but newly come
from Rome,
And do not know our ancient usages.
Know then, when fell Macbeth beneath the
arm
Of the predestined knight, unborn of woman,
Three hours the victor ask'd, and thrice did
Malcolm
Stoop the sceptre by the Thane restored,
Assent to his request. And hence the rule,
The first when Scotland's King assumes the
crown,
MacDuff's descendant rings his brow with it:
And hence, when Scotland's King calls forth
his host,
MacDuff's descendant leads the van in battle:
And last, he girds on the girt restored,
Red with the blood of the usurping tyrant,
The right was granted in succeeding time,
That if a kinsman of the Thane of Fife
Commit a slaughter on a sudden impulse,
And fly for refuge to this Cross MacDuff,
For the Thane's sake he shall find sanctuary;
For here must the avenger's step be staid,
And here the panting homicide find safety.

Wal. And here a brother of your order
watches,
To see the custom of the place observed?

Nin. Even so;—such is our convent's holy
right,
Since Saint Magridius—blessed be his
memory!—
Did by a vision warn the Abbot Eadmir—
And chief we watch, when there is bickering
Among the neighbouring nobles, now most
likely
From this return of Berkeley from abroad,
Having the Lindsay's blood upon his hand.

Wal. The Lindsays, then, was loved among
his friends?

Nin. Honour'd and fear'd he was—but little
loved;
For even his bounty bore a show of sternness:
And when his passions waked, he was a
Sathan
Of wrath and injury.

Wal. How now, Sir Priest! (fiercely.)—For-
give me (recollecting himself.)—I was
dreaming
Of an old baron, who did bear about him
Some touch of your Lord Reynold.

Nin. Lindsay's name, my brother.
Indeed was Reynold;—and methinks, more-
over,
That, as you spoke even now, he would have
spoken.
I brought him a petition from our convent:
He granted straight, but in such tone and
manner,

By my good root! I thought myself secure safe
Till Tay roll'd between us. I must now
Unto the chapel—meanwhile the watch is
thine;
And, at thy word, the hurrying fugitive,
Should such arrive, must here find sanctuary;
And, at thy word, the fiery-paced avenger
Must stop his bloody course—e'en as sowl
Jordan
Controll'd his waves, soon as they touch'd the
feet
Of those who bore the ark.

Wal. Is this my charge?

Nin. Even so; and I am near, should chance
require me.
At midnight I relieve you on your watch.
   When we may taste together some refreshment:
      I have cared for it; and for a flask of wine —  
      There is no sin, so that we drink it not 
      Until the midnight hour, when lauds have told it.
Farewell a while, and peaceful watch be with you!  
   (Exit towards the Chapel.) 
   Wal. It is not with me, and alas! alas!
I know not where to seek it. This monk's mind
Is with his cloister match'd, nor lacks more room.
   Its petty duties, formal ritual,
   Its humble pleasures and its paltry troubles,
   Fill up his round of life; even as some reptiles,
   They say, are moulded to the very shape,
   And all the angles of the rocky crevice,
   In which they live and die. But for myself,
   Retired in passion to the narrow cell,
   Couching my tired limbs in its recesses,
   So ill-adapted am I to its limits,
   That every attitude is agony. —
How now! What brings him back?

Re-enter Ninian.

Nin. Look to your watch, my brother;  
   horsemen come;
I heard their tread when kneeling in the chapel.
Wal (looking to a distance.) My thoughts have rapt me more than thy devotion,
   Else had I heard the tread of distant horses
   Farther than thou couldst hear the sacring hell:
   But now in truth they come: — flight and pursuit
Are sights I've been long strange to.

Nin. See how they gallop down the opposing hill!
   Yon grey steed bounding down the headlong path,
As on the level meadow; while the black,
   Urged by the rider with his naked sword.
Stoops on his prey, as I have seen the falcon
Dashing upon the hurn.— Thou dost frown
And ciencia thy hand as if it grasped a weapon?
Wal. This but for shame to see a man fly thus
   While only one pursues him. Coward, turn! —
   'Tis naught, I say! thou art as stout as he,
And well may'st match thy single sword with his
   Shame, that a man should rein a steed like thee,
   Yet fear to turn his front against a foe! —
   I am ashamed to look on them.

Nin. Yet look again; they quit their horses now,
   Unfit for the rough path: the fugitive
Keeps the advantage still. — They strain towards us.
Wal. I'll not believe that ever the bold Thane
Reared up his Cross to be a sanctuary
   To the base coward, who shunn'd an equal combat.
How's this! — that look— that mien— mine eyes grow dizzy! —
Nin. He comes! — thou art a novice on this watch,—

Brother, I'll take the word and speak to him.
   Pluck down thy cowl; know, that we spiritual champions
Have honour to maintain, and must not seem
   To quail before the laity.
[Waldeive lets down his cowl, and steps back.

Enter Maurice Berkeley.

Nin. Who art thou, stranger? I speak thy name and purpose.

Ber. I claim the privilege of Clan Macduff.
   My name is Maurice Berkeley, and my lineage
   Allies me nearly with the Thane of Fife.

Nin. Give us to know the cause of sanctuary?

Ber. Let him show it,
   Against whose violence I claim the privilege.

Enter Lindsay, with his sword drawn. He rushes at Berkeley; Ninian interposes.

Nin. Peace, in the name of Saint Magdalis!  
   Peace, in our Prior's name, and in the name
   Of that dear symbol, which did purchase peace
   And good-will towards man! I do command thee
   To sheath thy sword, and stir no contest here.

Lin. One charm I'll try first,  
   To lure the craven from the enchanted circle
   Which he hath harbour'd in.— Hear you, De Berkeley,
   This is my brother's sword—the hand it arms
   Is weapon'd to avenge a brother's death: —
   If thou hast heart to step a furlong off,
   And change three blows,—even for so short a space
   As these good men may say an ave-marie,—
   So, Heaven be good to me! I will forgive thee
   Thy deed and all its consequences.

Ber. Were not my right hand fetter'd by the thought
   That slaying thee were but a double guilt
In which to steep my soul, no bridegroom's even
   Stepp'd forth to trip a measure with his bride
   More joyfully than I, young man, would rush
   To meet thy challenge.

Lin. He quails, and shuns to look upon my weapon.
   Yet boasts himself a Berkeley!  

Ber. Lindsay, and if there were no deeper cause
   For shunning thee than terror of thy weapon,
   That rock-hewn Cross as soon should start and stir,
   Because a shepherd-boy blew horn beneath it,
   As I for brag of thine.

Nin. I charge you both, and in the name of Heaven,
   Breathe no defiance on this sacred spot,
   Where Christian men must bear them peacefully
   On pain of the Church thunders. Calmy tell
   Your cause of difference; and, Lord Lindsay, thou

Be first to speak them.

Lin. Ask the blue welkin—ask the silver Tay,
   The northern Grampians—all things know my
   But ask not me to tell them, while the villain,
   Who wrought them, stands and listens with a smile.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

As those I send to Heaven; and on her grave,
Her bloody, early grave, while this poor hand
Can hold a sword, shall no one cast a scorn.

Lin. Follow me. Thou shalt hear me call
The adulteress
By her right name.—I'm glad there's yet a spur
Can rouse thy sluggish mettle.
Ber. Make then obedience to the blessed Cross,
For it shall be on earth thy last devotion.

[They are going off.

Wal. (rushing forward.) Madmen, stand!—Stay but one second—answer but one question.—
There, Maurice Berkeley, can't thou look upon
That blessed sign, and swear thou'rt spoken truth?
Ber. I swear by Heaven,
And by the memory of that murder'd innocent,
Each seeming charge against her was as false
As our bless'd Lady's spotless. Hear, each saint!
Hear me, thou holy rood! I hear me from heaven.
Thou martyr'd excellence!—Hear me from penal fire,
(For sure not yet thy guilt is expiated!) Stern ghost of her destroyer!—
Wal. (throws back his coat.) He hears! he hears! Thy spell hath raised the dead I
Lin. My brother! and alive!—
Wal. Alive,—but yet, my Richard, dead to thee.
No tie of kindred binds me to the world;
All were renounced, when, with reviving life,
Came the desire to seek the sacred cloister.
Alas, in vain! for to that last retreat,
Like to a pack of bloodhounds in full chase,
My passion and my wrongs have follow'd me,
Wrath and remorse—and, to fill up the cry,
Thou hast brought vengeance hither.

[They are going off.

Lin. But I but sought
To do the act, and duty of a brother.
Wal. I ceased to be so when I left the world;
But if he can forgive as I forgive,
God sends me here a brother in mine enemy,
To pray for me and with me. If thou canst,
De Berkeley, give thine hand,—
Ber. (gives his hand.) It is the will
Of Heaven, made manifest in thy preservation,
To inhibit farther bloodshed; for De Berkeley,
The votary Maurice lays the title down.
Go to his halls, Lord Richard, where a maiden,
Kin to his blood, and daughter in affection,
Heirs his broad lands;—If thou canst love her,
Lindesay,
Woo her, and be successful.
The Doom of Devorgail.

PREFACE.

The first of these dramatic pieces was long since written, for the purpose of obliging the late Mr. Terry, then Manager of the Adelphi Theatre, for whom the Author had a particular regard. The manner in which the mimic goblins of Devorgail are intermixed with the supernatural machinery, was found to be objectionable, and the production had other faults, which rendered it unfit for representation. I have called the piece a Melo-drama, for want of a better name; but, as I learned from the unquestionable authority of Mr. Colman's Random Records, that one species of the drama is termed an extravaganza, I am sorry I was not soon aware of a more appropriate name than that which I had selected for Devorgail. The Author's Publishers thought it desirable, that the scenes, long condemned to oblivion, should be united to similar attempts of the same kind; and as he felt indifferent on the subject, they are printed in the same volume with Halidon Hill and MacDuff's Cross, and thrown off in a separate form, for the convenience of those who possess former editions of the Author's Poetical Works.

The general story of the Doom of Devorgail is founded on an old Scottish tradition, the scene of which lies in Galloway. The crime supposed to have occasioned the misfortunes of this devoted house, is similar to that of a Lord Herries of Hoddam Castle, who is the principal personage of Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's interesting ballad, in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol. iv., p. 307. In remorse for his crime, he built the singular monument called the Tower of Repentance. In many cases the Scottish superstitions allude to the fairies, or to those who, for sin of a nuder description, are permitted to wander with the "root that never rest," as they were termed by Dr. Leyden. They imitate human labour and human amusements, but their toil is useless, and without any advantageous result; and their gaiety is unsubstantial and hollow. The phantom of Lord Erick is supposed to be a spectre of this character.

The story of the Ghostly Barber is told in many countries; but the best narrative found on the passage, is the tale called Stumme Liebe, among the legends of Musæus. I think it has been introduced upon the English stage in some pantomime, which was one objection to bringing it upon the scene a second time.

Abbotsford, April, 1830

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Oswald of Devorgail, a decayed Scottish Baron.
Leonard, a Ranger.
Durward, a Palmer.
Lancelot Blackthorn, a Companion of Leonard, in love with Kathleen.
Gullerammar, a Concealed Student.
Owispie and 7 Maskers, represented by Black-Coekledemmy, 7 thorn and Kathleen.
Spirit of Lord Erick of Devorgail.
Peasants, Shepherds, and Vassals of inferior rank.

Eleanor, Wife of Oswald, descended of obscure Parentage.
Flora, Daughter of Oswald.
Kathleen, Niece of Eleanor.

The Doom of Devorgail.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

The Scene represents a wild and hilly, but not a mountainous Country, in a Frontier District of Scotland. The flat Scene exhibits the Castle of Devorgail, decayed, and partly ruined, situated upon a Lake, and connected with the Land by a Drawbridge, which is lowered. Time—Sunset.

Flora enters from the Castle, looks timidly around, then comes forward and speaks.

He is not here—those pleasures are not ours. Which placid evening brings to all things else.

SONG.

The sun upon the lake is low,
The wild birds hush their song,
The hills have evening's deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long.
Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame, on turret high,
Who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
The flash of armour bright.

1 Mr. Daniel Terry, the comedian, distinguished for a very peculiar style of humour on the stage, and, moreover, by personal accomplishments of various sorts, not generally shared by members of his profession, was, during many years, on terms of intimacy with Sir Walter Scott. He died 22d June 1829.

2 The author thought of omitting this song, which was, in fact, abridged into one in "Queenie Durward," termed County (p. 86). It seemed, however, necessary to the sense, that the original stanzas should be retained here.
The village maid, with hand on brow,  
The level ray to shade,  
Upon the footpath watches now  
For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,  
By day they swim apart,  
And to the thicket wanders slow  
The hind beside the hart.  
The woodlark, at his partner's side,  
Twitters his closing song—  
All meet whom day and care divide,  
But Leonard tarry longs.

[Katleen has come out of the Castle  
while Flora was singing, and speaks  
when the Song is ended.]

Kat. Ah, my dear coz! — if that your  
mother's niece  
May so presume to call your father's  
daughter—  
All these food things have got some home of  
comfort  
To tempt their rovers back — the lady's  
hower,  
The shepherdess's hut, the wild swan's  
home  
Among the rushes, even the lark's low nest,  
Has that of promise which lures home a  
hunter.—

But we have nought of this.  

Flo. How call you, then, this castle of  
your  
The towers of Devorgoil?  
Kat. Dungeons for men, and palaces for  
owls;  
Yet no wise owl would change a farmer's  
barn  
For yonder hungry hall — our latest mouse,  
Our last of mice, I tell you, has been found  
Starved in the pantry; and the reverend  
spider,  
Sale living tenant of the Baron's halls,  
Who, trained to abstinence, lived a whole  
summer  
Upon a single fly, he's famish'd too;  
The cat is in the kitchen-chimney seated  
Upon our last of faggots, destined soon  
To dress our last of suppers, and, poor soul,  
Is starved with cold, and mewing mad with  
hunger.

Flo. D'ye mock our misery, Katleen?  
Kat. No, but I am hysterical on the subject,  
So I must laugh or cry, and laughing's  
lightest.  
Flo. Why stay you with us, then, my merry  
cousin?  
From you my sire can ask no filial duty.  
Kat. No, thanks to Heaven!  
No noble in wide Scotland, rich or poor,  
Can claim an interest in the vulgar blood  
That dances in my veins; and I might wed  
A forester to-morrow, nothing fearing  
The wrath of high-born kindred, and far  
less  
That the dry bones of lead-lapp'd ancestors  
Would clatter in their cerements at the  
tidings.

Flo. My mother, too, would gladly see you  
placed  
Beyond the verge of our unhappiness,  
Which, like a witch's circle, blights and  
taints  
Whatever comes within it.

Kat. Ah! my good aunt!  
She is a careful kinswoman and prudent,  
In all but marrying a ruin'd baron.  
When she could take her choice of honest  
yeomen;  
And now, to balance this ambitious error,  
She presses on her daughter's love the suit  
Of one, who hath no touch of nobleness,  
In manners, birth, or mind, to recommend  
him,—

Sage Master Guilcrammer, the new-dob'd  
preacher.

Flo. Do not name him, Katleen!  
Kat. Ay, but I must, and with some  
gratitude.  
I said but now, I saw our last of faggots  
Destined to dress our last of meals, but said  
not  
That the repast consisted of choice dainties,  
Sent to our larder by that liberal soitor,  
The kind Melchisedek.

Flo. Were famishing the word,  
I'd famish ere I tasted them — the top,  
The fool, the low-born, low-bred, pedant  
coxcomb!  
Kat. There spoke the blood of long-de-  
spaced sires!  
My cottage wisdom ought to echo back,—  
O the snug parsonage! the well-paid stipend!  
The yew-hedged garden! beeves, pigs, and  
poultry!  
But, to speak honestly, the peasant Katleen,  
Valuing these good things justly, still would  
scorn  
To wed, for such, the paltry Guilcrammer,  
As much as Lady Flora.

Flo. Mock me not with a title, gentle  
cousin,  
Which poverty has made ridiculous.—

[Trumpets far off.  

Hark! they have broken up the weapon-  
showing:  
The vassals are dismiss'd, and marching  
homeward.

Kat. Comes your sire back to-night?  
Flo. He did purpose  
To tarry for the banquet. This day only,  
 Summon'd as a king's tenant, he resumes  
The right of rank his birth assigns to him,  
And mingles with the proudest.

Kat. To return  
To his domestic wretchedness to-morrow—  
I envy not the privilege. Let us go  
To yonder height, and see the marksmen  
practise:  
They shoot their match down in the dale  
be beyond,  
Betwixt the Lowland and the Forest dis-  
trict,  
By ancient custom, for a tun of wine.  
Let us go see which wins.

Flo. That were too forward.  
Kat. Why, you may drop the screen before  
your face.  
Which some chance breeze may haply blow  
aside  
Just when a youth of special note takes  
aim.  
It chanced even so that memorable morning,  
When, nutting in the woods, we met young  
Leonard;  
And in good time here comes his sturdy  
comrade,  
The rough Lance Blackthorn.
THE DOOM OF DEVORGAIL.

Enter Lancelot Blackthorn, a Forester, with the Carcass of a Deer on his back, and a Gun in his hand.

Bia. Save you, damselfs! Kat. Godden, good yeoman.——Come you from the Weaponshaw?

Bia. Not I, indeed; there lies the mark I shot at. Lays down the deer. The time has been I had not muss’d the sport. Although Lord Nithsdale’s self had wasted venison; But this same mate of mine, young Leonard Dacre, Makes me do what he lists;——he’ll win the prize, though: The Forest district will not lose its honour, And that is all I care for——(some shouts are heard.) Hark! they’re at it.

[Enter] Kat. (to Flo.) He will alarm your mother; and, besides, Our Forest proverch teaches, that no question Should ask where venison comes from. Your careful mother, with her wonted prudence, Will hold its presence plead its own apology.——Come, Blackthorn, I will show you where to stow it.

[Exeunt Katleen and Blackthorn into the Castle——more shots——then a distant shout——Stragglers, armed in different ways, pass over the Stage, as if from the Weaponshaw.

Flo. The prize is won; that general shout proclaim’d it. The marksmen and the vassals are dispersing. [She draws back.]

First Vassal (a peasant.) Ay, ay,——’tis lost and won——the Forest have it.

’Tis they have all the luck on’t. Second Vassal. (a shepherd.) Luck, say’st thou, man? ’Tis practice, skill, and cunning.

Third Vassal. ’Tis no such thing.——I had hit the mark precisely.

But for this cursed flint; and, as I fired, A swallow cross’d mine eye, too——Will you tell me That that was but a chance, mine honest shepherd?

First Vassal. Ay, and last year, when Lancelot Blackthorn won it, Because my powder happen’d to be damp, Was there no luck in that? —The worse luck mine.

Second Vassal. Still I say ’twas not chance; it might be witchcraft.

First Vassal. Faith, not unlikely, neighbours; for these foresters Do often haunt about this ruin’d castle. I’ve seen myself this spark,——young Leonard Dacre,—

Come stealing like a ghost ere break of day, And after sunset, too, along this path; And well you know the haunted towers of Devorgail Have no good reputation in the land.

Shep. That have they not. I’ve heard my father say,—

Ghosts dance as lightly in its moonlight halls, As ever maiden did at Midsummer Upon the village-green.

First Vassal. Those that frequent such spirit-haunted ruins Must needs know more than simple Christians do——

See, lance this blessed moment leaves the castle, And comes to triumph o’er us. [Blackthorn enters from the Castle, and enters forward while they speak.

Third Vassal. A mighty triumph! What is’t, after all, Except the driving of a piece of lead——

As learned Master Gullcrammer defined it,—

Just through the middle of a painted board. Bia. And if he so define it, by your leave, Your learned Master Gullcrammer’s an ass.

Third Vassal. (anxiety.) He’s a preacher, huntsman, under favour.

Second Vassal. No quarrelling, neighbours——you may hold be right.

Enter a Fourth Vassal, with a gallon stoup of wine.

Fourth Vassal. Why stand you brawling here? Young Leonard Dacre Has set amongst the tun of wine he gain’d, That all may drink who list. Blackthorn, I sought you; Your comrade prays you will bestow this flagon Where you have left the deer you kill’d this morning.

Bia. And that I will; but first we will take toil To see if it’s worth carriage. Shepherd, thy horn

There must be due allowance made for leakage, And that will come about a draught a-piece. Skink it about, and when our throats are liquor’d, We’ll merrily trawl our song of weaponshaw. [They drink about out of the Shepherd’s horn and then sing.

SONG.

We love the shrill trumpet, we love the drum’s rattle, They call us to sport, and they call us to battle, And old Scotland shall laugh at the threats of a stranger, While our comrades in pastime are comrades in danger.

If there’s mirth in our house, ’tis our neighbour that shares it——

If peril approach, ’tis our neighbour that dares it——

}
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

And when we lead off to the pipe and the tabor,
The fair hand we press is the hand of a neighbour.

Then close your ranks, comrades, the bands that combine them,
Faith, friendship, and brotherhood, join'd to entwine them:
And we'll laugh at the threats of each insolent stranger.
While our comrades in sport are our comrades in danger.

Black. Well, I must do mine errand. Master Flagon
Is too consumptive for another bleeding.
Scep. I must to my fold.
Third Vas. I'll to the butt of wine,
And see if that has given up the ghost yet.
First Vas. Have with you, neighbour.

[Blackthorn enters the Castle, the rest excent severally. Melchisedek Gullcrammer watches them off the stage, and then enters from the side-scene. His costume is a Geneva cloak and band, with a high-crowned hat; the rest of his dress in the fashion of James the First's time. He looks to the windows of the Castle, then draws back as if to escape observation, while he brushes his cloak, drives the white threads from his waistcoat with his wetted thumb, and dusts his shoes, all with the air of one who would unwillingly be observed engrossed in these offices. He then adjusts his collar and band, comes forward and speaks.

Gull. Right comely is thy garb, Melchisedek; As well be seemeth one, whom good Saint Munro.
The patron of our land and university, Hath graced with license both to teach and preach—
Who dare oppose thou hither plod'st on foot?
Trim sits thy cloak, unruffled is thy band,
And not a speck upon thine outward man
Bewrays the labours of thy weary sole.

[Touches his shoe, and smiles complacently.
Quaint was that jest and pleasant!—Now will I
Approach and hail the dwellers of this fort;
But specially sweet Flora Devorgoil,
Ere her proud sire return. He loves me not,
Mocketh my lineage, flaunts at mine advancement—
Sour as the fruit the crab-tree furnishes,
And hard as is the cudgel it supplies;
But Flora—she's a lily on the lake,
And I must reach her, though I risk a ducking.

[As Gullcrammer moves towards the drawbridge, Baudelie Durward enters, and interposes himself between him and the Castle. Gullcrammer stops and speaks.

Whom have we here!—that ancient fortune-teller.
Papist and sorcerer, and sturdy beggar,
Old Baudelie Durward! Would I were well past him!

Durward advances, partly in the dress of a potter, partly in that of an old Scottish mendicant, having coarse blue cloak and badge, white beard, &c.

Dur. The blessing of the evening on your worship.
And on your taffy doublet. Much I marvel
Your wisdom chooseth such trim garb, when tempests
Are gathering to the bursting.

Gulicrammer (looks to his dress, and then to the sky, with some apprehension.)
Surely, Baudelie, Thou dost belie the evening—in the west
The light sinks down as lovely as this hand
Drops o'er this mantle—Tush, man! 'twill be fair.

Dur. Ay, but the storm I bode is big with blows.
Horsewhips for hailstones, clubs for thunderbolts;
And for the wailing of the midnight wind,
The unpitted bowing of a cudgel'd oxcomb.
Come, come, I know thou seek'st fair Flora Devorgoil.

Gul. And if I did, I do the damsel grace.
Her mother thinks so, and she has accepted
At these poor hands gifts of some consequence,
And curious dainties for the evening cheer,
To which I am invited—She respects me.

Dur. But not so doth her father, haughty Oswald.
Bethink thee, he's a baron—

Gul. And a bare one; Construe me that, old man!—The crofts of Mucklewhame—
Destined for mine so soon as heaven and earth
Have shared my uncle's soul and bones between them—
The crofts of Mucklewhame, old man, which nourish
Three scores of sheep, three cows, with each her follower.
A female palfrey eke—I will be candid,
She is of that meek tribe whom, in derision,
Our wealthy southern neighbours nickname donkeys—

Dur. She hath her follower too,— when thou art there.

Gul. I say to thee, these crofts of Mucklewhame,
In the name of thy stock's produce,
Outvie whatever patch of land remains
To this old rugged castle and its owner.
Well, therefore, may Melchisedek Gullcrammer,
Younger of Mucklewhame, for such I write me,
Master of Arts, by grace of good Saint Andrew,
Preacher, in brief expectance of a kirk,
Endow'd with ten score Scottish pounds per annum,
Being eight pounds seventeen eight in sterling coin—

Well then, I say, may this Melchisedek.
Thus highly graced by fortune — and by nature.

E'en gifts as thou seest—aspire to woo
The daughter of the beggar'd Devorgoil.

Dur. Credit an old man's word, kind Master
Gullcrammer,
You will not find it so.—Come, sir, I've known
The hospitality of Mucklewhame;
It reach'd not to profuseness—yet, in grati

For the pure water of its living well,
And for the barley loaves of its fair fields,
Wherein eopp'd straw contended with the grain
Which best should satisfy the appetite,
I would not see the hopeful heir of Muckle-whelie
Thus leaving himself on danger.

Gul. Danger! what danger—Knowst thou not, old Oswald
This day attends the muster of the shire,
Where the crown's vassals meet to show their arms,
And their best horse of service?—'Twas good sport
(An if a man had dared but laugh at it)
To see old Oswald with his rusty morion,
And huge two-handed sword, that might have seen
The field of Bannockburn or Chevy-Chase,
Without a squire or vassal, page or groom,
Or e'en a single pikeman at his heels,
Mix with the proudest nobles of the county,
And claim precedence for his tatter'd person
O'er armours double gilt and ostrich plumes.

Dur. Ay, I saw the jest at which fools laugh the loudest,
The downfall of our old nobility—
Which may forerun the ruin of a kingdom.
I've seen an idiot clap his hands, and shout
To see a tower like you (points to a part of the Castle) stomp to its base
In headlong ruin; while the wise look'd round,
And fearful sought a distant stance to watch
What fragment of the fabric next should follow;
For when the turrets fall, the walls are tottering.

Gul. (after pondering.) If that meansught, it means thou saw'st old Oswald
Expell'd from the assembly.

Dur. Thy sharp wit hath glanced unwittingly right nigh the truth.
Expell'd he was not, but, his claim denied
At some contested point of ceremony,
He left the warship in high displeasure,
And hither comes—his wonted bitter temper
Scarce sweeten'd by the chances of the day.
'Twere much like rashness should you wait his coming,
And thither tend my counsel.

Gul. And I'll take it;
Good Bauldie Durward, I will take thy counsel,
And will requite it with this minted farthing,
That bears our sovereign's head in purest copper.

Dur. Thanks to thy bounty—Haste thee, good young master;
Oswald, beside the old two-handed sword,
Bears in his hand a staff of potency,
To charm intruders from his castle purities.

Gul. I do abhor all charms, nor will abide
To hear or see, far less to feel their use.
Behold, I have departed. [Exit hastily.

Manent Durward.

Dur. Thus do I play the idle part of one
Who seeks to save the moth from scorching him
In the bright taper's flame—And Flora's beauty
Must, not unlike that taper, waste away,
Gilding the rugged walls that saw it kindled.

This was a shard-born beetle, heavy, drossy,
Though boasting his dull drone and gilded wine.
Here comes a flutterer of another stamp,
Whom the same ray is charming to his ruin.

Enter Leonard, dressed as a huntsman; he pauses before the tower, and whistles a note or two at intervals—drawing back, as if forlorn of observation—yet waiting, os if expecting some reply.
Durward, whom he had not observed, moves round, so as to front Leonard unexpectedly.

Leon. I am too late—It was no easy task
To rid myself from yonder noisy revellers.
Flora!—I fear she's angry—Flora—Flora!

SONG.

Admire not that I gain'd the prize
From all the village crew;
How could I fail with hand or eyes,
When heart and faith were true?

And when in floods of rose wine
My comrades droop'd their cares,
I thought but that thy heart was mine,
My own leapt light as theirs.

My brief delay then do not blame,
Nor deem your swan untrue;
My form but linger'd at the game,
My soul was still with you.

She hears not!


Leon. (starts, but recovers himself.) Pity, good father, is for those in want,
In age, in sorrow, in distress of mind,
Or agony of body. I'm in health—
Can match my limbs against the star in chase,
Have means enough to meet my simple wants,
And am so free of soul that I can carol
To woodland and to wild in notes as lively
As are my jolly buckles.

Dur. Even therefore dost thou need my pity, Leonard,
And therefore I bestow it, paying thee,
Before thou feel'st the need, my mite of pity.
Leonard, thou livest; and in that little word
There lies enough to claim the sympathy
Of men who wear such hoary locks as mine,
And know what misplaced love is sure to end in

Leon. Good father, thou art old, and even thy youth.
As thou hast told me, spent in cloister'd cells,
Fits thee but ill to judge the passions,
Which are the joy and charm of social life.
Press me no farther, then; nor waste those moments
Whose worth thou canst not estimate.

[As turning from him. Dur. (detains him.) Stay, young man!]
'Tis seldom that a beggar claims a debt;
Yet I bethink me of a pay young stripping,
That owes to these white locks and hoary hear,
Something of reverence and of gratitude
More than he wills to pay.

Leon. Forgive me, father. Often hast thou told me,
That in the ruin of my father's house
You saved the infant Leonard in his cradle;
And well I know, that to thy care alone—
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Care scended by means beyond thy seeming—
I owe what'er of nurture I can boast.
Dur. Then for thy life preserv'd,
And for the means of knowledge I have furnished,
(Which lacking, man is levell'd with the brutes.)
Grant me this boon.—Avoid these fatal walls!
A curse is on them, bitter, deep, and heavy,
Of power to split the massiest tower they boast.
From pinnacle to dungeon vault. It rose
Upon the gay horizon of proud Devorgoil,
As unregarded as the fleecy cloud.
The first forerunner of the hurricane,
Scarce seen amid the weikin's shadeless blue.
Dark grew it, and more dark, and still the fortunes
Of this doomed family have darken'd with it.
It hid their sovereign's favour, and obscured
The instre of their service. gender'd hate
Betwixt them and the mighty of the land;
Till by degrees the waxing tempest rose,
And stripp'd the goodly tree of fruit and flowers,
And buds, and bougkis, and branches. There remains
A rudolf trunk, dismember'd and unsightly,
Waiting the bursting of the final bolt
To splinter it to shivers. Now, go pluck
Its single tendril to enweath thy brow,
And rest beneath its shade—to spare the ruin!
Leon. This anathema,
Whence should it come?—How merited?—
And when?
Dur. Some forty years in the days
Of Oswald's grandsire,—mid Galwegian chiefs
The fellest fue, the fiercest champion.
His blood-red pennaos scared the Cumbrian coasts,
And wasted towns and manors mark'd his progress.
His galleys stored with treasure, and their decks
Crowded with English captives, who beheld,
With weeping eyes, their native shores retire,
He bore them homeward; but a tempest rose—
Leon. So far I've heard the tale,
And spare thee the recital,—The grim chief,
Marking his vessels labour on the sea,
And loth to lose his treasure, gave command
To plunge his captives in the rising deep.
Dur. There sunk the Ligneage of a noble name,
And the wild waves boom'd over sire and son.
Mother and nursing, of the House of Atholmy,
Leaving but one fruit tendril.—Hence the fate
That hovers o'er these turrets,—hence the peasant,
Belated, hying homewards, dreads to cast
A glance upon that portal, lest he see
The unshrouded spectres of the murder'd dead;
Or the avenging Angel, with his sword,
Waving destruction; or the grisly phantom
Of that fell Chief, the doer of the deed,
Which still, they say, roams through his empty halls,
And mourns their wasteress and their loneliness.
Leon. Such is the doate
Of superstition, father, ay, and the cant
Of hoodwink'd prejudice.—Not for atonement
Of some foul deed done in the ancient warfare.
When war was butchery, and men were wolves,
Both Heaven consign the innocent to suffering,
I tell thee, Flora's virtues might alone
For all the massacres her sire have done.
Since first the Pictish race their stamed im's
Array'd in wolf's skin.
Dur. Leonard, ere yet this beggar's scrip and cloak
Supplied the place of mitre and of crosier,
Which in these alter'd lands must not be worn,
I was superior of a brotherhood
Of holy men,—the Prior of Lanercost.
Nobles then sought my footstool many a league,
There to unload their sins—questions of conscience,
Of deepest import were not deem'd too nice
For my decision. youth.—But not even then,
With mitre on my brow, and all the voice
Which Rome gives to a father of her church,
Dared I pronounce so boldly on the ways
Of hidden Providence, as thou, young man,
Whose chiefest knowledge is to track a stag,
Or wind a bugle, hast presumed to do.
Leon. Nay, I pray forgive me.
Father; thou know'st I meant not to presume—
Dur. Can I refuse thee pardon?—Thou art all
That war and change have left to the poor
Durward.
Thy father, too, who lost his life and fortune
Defending Lanercost, when its fair inglenook
Were spoil'd by sacrilege, I bless'd his banner,
And yet it prosper'd not. But—all I could—
Thee from the wrench I saved, and for thy sake
Have still dragg'd on my life of pilgrimage
And pentience upon the hatted shores
I else had left for ever. Come with me,
And I will teach thee there is healing in
The wounds which friendship gives.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.
The Scene changes to the interior of the Castle.
An apartment is discovered, in which there is much appearance of present poverty, mixed
with some relics of former grandeur. On the wall hangs, amongst other things, a suit of
ancient armour; by the table is a covered basket; behind, and concealed by it, the corcace
of a roe-deer. There is a small lighted window, which, appearing to perforate a wall of great
thickness, is supposed to look out towards the drawbridge. It is in the shape of a loop-hole
for musketry; and, as is not unusual in old buildings, is placed so high up in the wall, that
it is only approached by foi.e or ess narrow stone steps.
Eleanor, the wife of Oswald of Devorgoil, Flora
And Kateen, her Daughter and Niece, are discovered of work. The former spins, the latter
are embroidering. Eleanor quits her own labour to examine the manner in which Flora
is executing her task, and shakes her head os of dissatisfied.
Ele. Fy on it, Flora; this botch'd work of thine
Shows that thy mind is distant from thy task.
The finest tracery of our old cathedral
Had not a richer, freer, bolder pattern,
Than Flora once could trace. Thy thoughts
Are wandering.
Flo. They're with my father. Broad upon
the lake
The evening sun sunk down; huge piles of
clouds
Crimson and sable, rose upon his disk,
And quenched him ever his setting; like some
champion
In his last conflict, losing all his glory,
Sure signals those of storm. And if my
father
Be on his homeward road—
Ele. But that he will not.
Bored of Devorgoil, this day at least
He banque's with the nobs, who the next
Would scarce vouchsafe an aims to save his
household.
From want or famine. Thanks to a kind
friend,
For one brief space we shall not need their
aid.
Flo. (gaily) What I knew you then his
sister.
How silly I that would yet durst not tell it!
I fear my father will condemn us both,
That easily accepted such a present.
Kat. Now, here's the game a bystander sees
better
Than those who play it.— My good aunt is
pandering
On the good cheer which Gullcrammer has
sent us,
And Flora thinks upon the forest venison.

Aside.
Ele. (to Flo.) Thy father need not know
on'tis a boon.
Comes timely, when frugality, nay, abstinence,
Might scarce avail us longer. I had hoped
Ele. This a visit from the youthful donor,
That we might thank his bounty; and per-
haps
My Flora thought the same, when Sunday's
kirk-bed
And the best kirtle were sought out, and
donn'd.
To grace a work-day evening.
Flo. Nay, mother, that is judging all too
close!
My work-day gown was torn—my kirk-bed
ruined:
And thus—But, think you, will the gallant
come?
Ele. He will, for with these dainties came a
message
From gentle Master Gullcrammer, to intimate—
Flo. (greatly disappointed.) Gullcrammer!
Kat. There bursts the bubble—down fell
the house of cards,
And cousin's like to cry for't!

Aside.
Ele. Gullcrammer? ay, Gullcrammer—thou
scorn'st not at him?
'Twere something short of wisdom in a
maiden,
Who, like the poor bat in the Grecian fable,
Hovers betwixt two classes in the world.
And is disclaimed by both the mouse and bird.
Kat. I am the poor mouse,
And may go creep into what hole I list,
And no one heed me—Yet I'll waste a word
Of counsel on my betters.—Kind my aunt,
And you, my gentle cousin, were't not better
We thought of dressing this same gear for
 supper,
Than quarrelling about the worthless donor?
Ele. Peace, aunt!
Flo. Thou hast no feeling, cousin Katleen.
Kat. Son! I have brought them both on my
poor shoulders;
So meddling peace-makers are still rewarded:
'Ele. Let them to 't again, and fight it out.
Flo. Mother, were I declaim'd of every
class,
I would not therefor so disclaim myself.
As even a passing thought of scorn to waste
On child's sh Gullcrammer.
Ele. List to me, love, and let adversity
Incline thine ear to wisdom. Look around
them,
Of the gay youths who boast a noble name,
Which will incite to wed a lowlier damsel?
And of the yeomanry, who think'nst thou,
Flo.
Would ask to share the labours of his farm
An high-born beggar!—This young man is
moiestic,
Flo. Silly good mother; sheepish, if you
will it.
Ele. 'tis call it what you list—the softer
temper,
The fitter to endure the bitter sallies
Of one whose wit is all too sharp for mine.
Flo. Mother you cannot mean it as you say;
You cannot bid me praise contented folly!
Ele. Content thee, child—each lot has its
own blessings.
This youth, with his plain-dealing honest suit,
Proffers thee quiet, peace, and compentence,
Redemption from a home, o'er which fell Fata
Sump's like a falcon—0, if thou could'st choose
(As in such choice is given) 'twixt such a mate
And some proud noble!—Who, in sober judg-
ment,
Would like to navigate the heady river,
Dashing in fury from its parent mountain,
More than the waters of the quiet lake?
Kat. Now can I hold no longer—Lake, good
aunt!
Nay, in the name of truth, say mill-pond,
horse-pond;
Or if there be a pond more miry,
More sluggish, mean-derived, and base than
either,
Be such Gullcrammer's emblem—and his por-
tion?
Flo. I would that he or I were in our grave,
Rather than thus his suit should grieve me—I
Mother,
Flora of Devorgoil, though low in fortunes,
Is still too high in mind to join her name
With such a base-born curst as Gullcrammer.
Ele. You are trim maidens both!

(To Flo.) Have you forgotten,
Or did you mean to call to my remembrance
Thy father chose a wife of peasant blood?
Flo. Will you speak thus to me, or think
the stream
Can mock the fountain it derives its source
from?
My veneranted mother, in that name
Lies all on earth a child should chieftest ho-
nour;
And with that name to mix reproach or taunt,
Were only short of blasphemy to Heaven.

The Doom of Devorgoil.
Ele. Then listen, Flora, to that mother's counsel. Or rather profit by that mother's fate. Your father's fortunes were but bent, not broken, Until he listen'd to his rash affection. Mean was he to afford to redeem his house, Ample and large—the hand of a rich heiress Awaited, almost courted, his acceptance; He saw my beauty—such it then was call'd, Or such at least he thought it—the wither'd bush, What'er it now may seem, had blossoms then,— And he forsook the proud and wealthy heiress, To wed with me and run—Kat. (Aside.) The more fool, Say I, apart, the peasant maiden then, Who might have chose a mate from her own hamlet. Ele. Friends fell off, And to his own resources, his own counsels, Abandon'd, as they said, the thoughtless pro- digal, Who had exchanged rank, riches, pomp, and honour, For the mean beauties of a cottage maid. Flo. It was done like my father, Who scorna'd to sell what wealth can never buy— True love and free affections. And he loves you! If you have suffer'd in a weary world, Your sorrows have been jointly borne, and love Has made the load sit lighter. Ele. Ay, but a misplaced match hath that deep curse in't, That can embitter e'en the purest streams Of true affection. Thou hast seen me seek, With the strict caution early habits taught me, To match our wants and means—hast seen thy father With aristocracy's high brow of scorn, Spurn at economy, the cottage virtue, As best befitting her whose sires were pen- sants: Nor can I, when I see my lineage scorn'd, Always conceal in what contempt I hold The fancied claims of rank he clings to fondly. Flo. Why will you do so?—well you know it chafes him. Ele. Flora, thy mother is but mortal woman, Nor can at all times check an eager tongue. Kat. (Aside.) That's no new tidings to her niece and daughter. Ele. O mayst thou never know the spited feelings That gender discord in adversity Between the dearest friends and truest lovers! In the chill damping gale of poverty, If Love's lamp go not out, it gleams but palely, And twinkles in the socket. Flo. But tenderness can screen it with her veil, Till it revive again. By gentleness, good mother, How oft I've seen you soothe my father's many woes! Kat. Now there speak youthful hope and fantasy! [Aside. Ele. That is an easier task in youth than age; Our temper hardens, and our charms decay, And both are needed in that art of soothing. Kat. And there speaks sad experience. [Aside. Ele. Besides, since that our state was utter desperate, Darker his brow, more dangerous grow his words: Fain would I snatch thee from the woe and wrath Which darken'd long my life, and soon must end it. [A knocking without: Eleanor shows alarm. It was thy father's knock, haste to the gate. [Esciant Flora and Kateen. What can have happ'd!—be thought to stay the night. This gear must not be seen. [As she is about to remove the basket, she sees the body of the roe-deer. What have we here? a roe-deer!—as I fear it, This was the gift of which poor Flora thought. The young and handsome hunter; but time presses. [She removes the basket and the roe into a closet. As she has done— Enter Oswald of Devorgoil, Flora, and Kateen. [He is dressed in a scarlet cloak, which should seem worn and old—a headpiece, and old-fashioned sword—the rest of his dress that of a peasant. His coun- cerne and manner should express the muddy and irritable houghtiness of a proud man involved in calamity, and who has been exposed to recent insult. Oso. (addressing his wife.) The sun hath set why is the drawbridge lower'd? Ele. The counterpoise has fail'd, and Flora's strength, Kateen's, and mine united, could not raise it. Oso. Flora and thou! A goodly garrison To hold a castle, which, if fame say true, Once fold'd the King of Norse and all his rovers. Ele. It might be so in ancient times, but now— Oso A herd of deer might storm proud De- vorgail. Kat. (aside to Flora.) You, Flora, know full well one deer already Has enter'd at the breach: and, what is worse, The escort is not yet march'd off, for Black-thorn Is still within the castle. Flo. In Heaven's name, rid him out on't, ere my father Discovers he is here! Why went he not Before? Kat. Because I staid him on some little business; I had a plan to scare poor paltry Gullcrum- mer Out of his paltry wits. Flo. Well, haste ye now, And try to get him off. Kat. I will not promise that. I would not turn an honest hunter's dog, So well I love the woodcraft, out of shelter In such a night as this—far less his master: But I'll do this, I'll try to hide him for you. Oso. (whom his wife has assisted to take off his cloak and feathered cap) Ay, take them off, and bring my peasant's bonnet.
And peasant's plaid—I'll noble it no farther.
Let them erase my name from honour's lists,
And drag my scutcheon at their horses' heels;
I have deserved it all, for I am poor,
And poverty hath neither right of birth,
Nor rank, relation, claim, nor privilege,
To match a new-com'nd viscount, whose good
grand sire,
The Lord he with him, was a careful skipper,
And steer'd his paltry skiff 'twixt Leith and
Cran gaver.
Mrs. sir, he could buy Geneva cheap,
And knew the coast by moonlight.
Flo. Mean you the Viscount Ellendale, my
father?
What strife has been between you?
Osw. O, a trifle!
Not worth a wise man's thinking twice about—
Precedence is a toy—a superstition
About a table's end, joint-stool, and trencher.
Something was once thought due to long de-
scent,
And something to Galwegia's oldest baron,—
But let that pass—a dream of the old time.
Ele. It is indelibly a dream.
Osw. (turning upon her rather quickly.) Ha! said ye? let me hear these words more plain.
Ele. Ahas! they are but echoes of your own.
Match'd with the real woes that hover o'er us,
What are the idle visions of precedence,
But, as you term them, dreams, and toys, and
trifles,
Not worth a wise man's thinking twice upon?
Osw. Ay, 'twas for you I framed that conso-
lation,
The true philosophy of clouted shoe
And honey-wosley kirtle I know, that minds
Of nobler stamp receive no dearer motive
Than what is link'd with honour. Ribands,
tassels,
Which are but shreds of silk and spangled
tinsel—
The right of place, which in itself is moment-
ary—
A word, which is but air—may in themselves,
And to the nobler file be steep'd so richly
In that elixir, honour, that the lack
Of things so very trivial in themselves
Shall be misfortune. One shall seek for them
O'er the wild waves—one in the deadly breach
And battle's hea'tful front—one in the paths
Of midnight study; and, in gaining these
Emblems of honour, each will hold himself
Repaid for all his labours, deeds, and dan-
gers.
What then should he think, knowing them
his own.
Who sees what warriors and what sages toil
for,
The formal and establish'd marks of honour,
Usurp'd from him by upstart insolence?
Ele. (who has listened to the last speech with
some impatience.) This is but empty de-
clamation, Oswald.
The fragments left at yonder full-spread ban-
quet,
Nay, even the poorest crust swept from the
table.
Ought to be far more precious to a father,
Whose family lacks food, than the vain boast,
He sate at the board-head.
Osw. Thou'lt drive me frantic!—I will tell
thee, woman—
Yet why to thee? There is another ear
Which that tale better suits, and he shall
hear it.
[Looks at his sword, which he has un-
buckled, and addresses the rest of the
speech to it.]
Yes, trusty friend, my father knew thy worth,
And often proved it—often told me of it—
Though thou and I be now held lightly of,
And want the gilded hatchments of the time,
I think we both may prove true metal still.
'Tis this shall tell this story, right this wrong:
Rest thou till time is fitting.
[Hangs up the sword.
Ele. Oswald—my dearest husband!
Flo. My dear father!
Osw. Peace, both!—we speak no more of
this. I go
To heave the drawbridge up.
[Exit. Kalteen removes the steps towards the loop-hole,
looks out, and speaks.
The storm is gathering fast; broad, heavy
drops
Fall plashing on the bosom of the lake,
And dash its inky surface into circles;
The distant hills are hid in wreathes of dark-
ness.
'Twill be a fearful night.

Oswald re-enters, and throws himself into a
seat.
Ele. More dark and dreadful
Than is our destiny, it cannot be.
Osw. (to Flo.) Such is Heaven's will—it is
our part to bear it.
We're warrant'd, my child, from ancient
story
And blessed wit, to say, that song assigns
The gloomy cares that prey upon our reason,
And wake a strife betwixt our better feelings
And the fierce dictates of the headlong pas-
sions.
Sing, then, my love; for if a voice have influ-
ence
To meditate peace betwixt me and my destiny,
Flora, it must be thine.
Flo. My best to please you!

SONG.
When the tempest's at the loudest,
On its gale the eagle rides;
When the ocean rolls the prodest,
Through the foam the sea-bird glides—
All the rage of wind and sea
Is subdued by constancy.
Gnawing want and sickness pining,
All the ills that men endure—
Each their various pangs combining,
Constancy can find a cure—
Pain, and Fear, and Poverty,
Are subdued by constancy.
Bar me from each wonted pleasure,
Make me abject, mean, and poor;
Heap on insults without measure,
Chain me to a dungeon floor—
I'll be happy, rich, and free,
If endow'd with constancy.
ACT II.—SCENE I.

A Chamber in a distant part of the Castle. A large Window in the first scene, supposed to look on the Lake, which is occasionally illuminated by lightning. There is a Couch-bed in the Room, and an antique Cabinet.

Enter Katleen, introducing Blackthorn.

Kat. This was the destined scene of action, Blackthorn, And here our properties. But all in vain, For of Gullcrammer we'll see nought to-night, Except the daunties that I told you of.

Bla. O, if he's left that same hog's face and sausages, He will try back upon them, never fear it. The cur will open on the trail of bacon, Like my old brace-hound.

Kat. And should that hap, we'll play our comedy. Shall we not, Blackthorn? Thou shalt be Owlspiegle—

Bla. And who may that hard-named person be?

Kat. I've told you nine times over.

Bla. Yes, pretty Katleen, but my eyes were busy In looking at you all the time you were talking; And so I lost the tale.

Kat. Thun shut your eyes, and let your goodly ears Do their good office.

Bla. That were too hard penance. Tell but thy tale once more, and I will hearken As if I were thrown out, and listening for My bloodhound's distant bay.

Kat. A civil simile! Then, for the tenth time, and the last—he told, Owlspiegle was of old the wicked barber To Erick, wicked Lord of Devorguill.

Bla. The chief who drownd his captives in the Salway—

We all have heard of him.

Kat. A hermit hover, a venerable man— So goes the legend—came to wake repentance In the fierce lord, and twix't him with his guilt; But he, heart-hardened, turn'd with derision The man of heaven, and, as his dignity Consisted much in a long reverend beard, Which reached his girdle, Erick caused his barber, This same Owlspiegle, violate its honours With sacrilegious razor, and clip his hair After the fashion of a roughish fool.

Bla. This was revering of our ancient proverb, And shaving for the devil's, not for God's sake. Kat. True, most grave Blackthorn; and in punishment Of this foul act of scorn, the barber's ghost is said to have no resting after death, But haunts these halls, and chiefly this same chamber, Where the profanity was acted, trimming And clipping all such guises as sleep within it. Such is at least the tale our elders tell, With many others, of this haunted castle.

Bla. And you would have metake this shape of Owlspiegle, And trim the wise Melchisedek!—I wonnot.

Kat. You will not?

Bla. No—unless you bear a part.

Kat What! can you not alone play such a farce?

Bla. Nay—I'm dull. Besides, we foresters Still hunt our game in couples, look you, Katleen,

We danced at Shrovetide—then you were my partner;

We sung at Christmas—you kept time with me;

And if we go a mumming in this business, By heaven, you must be one, or Master Gullcrammer Is like to rest unshaven—

Kat. Why, you fool, What end can this serve?

Bla. Nay, I know not. I. But if we keep this want of being partners, Why, use makes perfect—who knows what may happen!

Kat. Thou art a foolish patch—But sing our carol,

As I have alter'd it, with some few words To suit the characters, and I will hear—

[Give a paper.

Bla. Part in the gambol. I'll go study quickly.

Is there on other ghost, then, haunts the castle, But this same barber a-penny gnome? I thought they glanced in every beam of moonshine, As frequent on the hat.

Kat. I've heard my aunt's high husband tell of prophecies, And fates impending o'er the house of Devor-guill;

Legends first coin'd by ancient superstition, And rendered current by credulity

And pride of lineage. Five years have I dwelt, And never saw any thing more mischievous Than what I am myself.

Bla. And that is quite enough, I warrant you. But, stay, where shall I find a dress To play this—what d'ye call him—Owlspiegle?

Kat (tacks dresses out of the cabinet.) Why, there are his own clothes. Preserved with other trumpery of the sort, For we have kept nought but what is good for no one.

[She drops a cap as she draws out the clothes. Blackthorn lifts it, and gives it to her.

Nay, keep it for thy pains—it is a conundrum; So call'd in ancient times, in ours a fool's cap; For you must know they kept a Fool at Devor-guill

In former days; but now are well contented To play the fools themselves, to save expenses; Yet give me one, I'll find a worthy use for's. I'll take this page's dress, to play the page Cockledemoy, who waits on Ghostly Owlspiegle; And yet 'tis needless, for Gullcrammer Will scarce he here to-night.

Bla. I tell you that he will—I will uphold His pledged faith and true allegiance Unto a sows'd sow's face and sausages, And such the daunties that you say he sent you, Against all other likenings whatsoever, Except that inward sneaking of affection, Which makes some folks I know of play the fool, To please some other folks.

Kat. Well, I do hope he'll come—there's first a chance He will be cudgel'd by my noble uncle— I cry his mercy—by my good aunt's husband,
Who did vow vengeance, knowing nought of him
But by report, and by a limping sonnet
Which he had fashion'd to my cousin's glory,
And forwarded by blind Tom Long the carrier;
So there's the chance, first of a hearty beating,
Which failing, we've this alter-plotted of vengeance.

_Bla._ Kind damsel, how considerate and merciful!
But how shall we get off, our parts being play'd?
_Kat._ For that we are well fitted; here's a trap-door
Sinks with a counterpoise—you shall go that way.
_I'll make my exit yonder—_neath the window,
A balcony communicates with the tower
That overlooks the lake.

_Bla._ 'Twere a rare place, this house of Devorgoil.
To play at hide-and-seek in—shall we try,
One day, my pretty Katleen!

_Kat._ Hands off, rude ranger! I'm no managed hawk,
To stoop to hire of yours.—But, hear you gallant lady,
This Guillcrammer hath vex'd my cousin much,
I fain would have some vengeance.

_Bla._ I'll bear my part with glee;—he spoke irreverently
Of practice at a mark!

_Kat._ That cries for vengeance.
But I must go; I hear my aunt's shrill voice,
My cousin and her father will scream next.

_Ele._ (at a distance.) Katleen! Katleen!

_Bla._ Hark to old Sweetlips!
Away with you before the full cry open—
But stay, what have you there?

_Kat._ (with a bundle she has taken from the wardrobe.)
My dress, my page's dress—let it alone.

_Bla._ Your tiring-room is not, I hope, far distant;
You're inexperienced in these new habilities—
I am most ready to assist your toilet.

_Kat._ Out, you great ass! was ever such a fool?

_Run off._

_O. Robin Hood was a bowman good,
And a bowman good was he,
And he met with a maiden in merry Sherwood,
All under the greenwood tree.

Now give me a kiss, quoth bold Robin Hood,
Now give me a kiss, said he,
For there never came maid into merry Sherwood,
But she paid the forester's fee.

I've coursed this twelvemonth this sly puss,
Katleen,
And she has dodged me, turn'd beneath my nose.
And flung me out a score of yards at once;
If this same gear fudge right, I'll cote and mount her
And then, whoop! dead! dead! dead!—She is the metal
To make a woodman's wife of!—

[Pauses a moment.
Well—I can find a hare upon her form
With any man in Nithsdale—stall a deer,

Run Reynard to the earth for all his doubles,
Reclaim a haggard hawk that's wild and wayward,
Can bait a wild-cat,—sure the devil's in't
But I can match a woman—I'll to study.

[Sits down on the couch to examine the paper.

**SCENE II.**

Scene changes to the inhabited apartment of the Castle, as in the last Scene of the preceding Act. A fire is kindled, by which Oswald sits in an attitude of deep and melancholy thought, without paying attention to what passes around him. Eleanor is busy in covering a table. Flora goes out and re-enters, as if busied in the kitchen. There should be some hoo-play—the women whispering together, and watching the state of Oswald; then separating, and seeking to avoid his observation, when he casually raises his head, and drops it again. This must be left to taste and management. The women, in the first part of the scene, talk apart, and as if fearful of being overheard; the by-play of slumbering occasionally, and attending to Oswald's movements, will give liveliness to the Scene.

_Ele._ Is all prepared?

_Flo._ Ay; but I doubt the issue
Will give my sire less pleasure than you hope for.

_Ele._ 'Tis, miss, maid—I know thy father's humour better.
He was high-bred in gentle luxuries;
And when our griefs began, I've wept apart.
While lordly cheer and high-fill'd cups of wine
Were blinding him against the woe to come.
He has turn'd his back upon a princely banquet;
We will not spread his board—this night at least,
Since chance hath better furnish'd—with dry bread,
And water from the well.

_Enter Katleen, and hears the last speech._

_Kat._ (aside.) Considerate aunt! she deems that a good supper
Were not a thing indifferent even to him
Who is to hang to-morrow. Since she thinks so,
We must take care the venison has due honour—
So much I owe the sturdy knave, Lance Black-theirn.

_Flo._ Mother, alas! when Grief turns reveller,
Despair is cup-bearer.
What shall hap to-morrow?

_Ele._ I have learn'd carelessness from fruitless care.

Too long I've watch'd to-morrow; let it come
And eat for itself—'Thou hear'st the thunder.

_Town and distant thunder.
This is a gloomy night—within, alas!

[Looking at her husband.
Still gloomier and more threatening—Let us use Whatever means we have to drive it o'er,
And leave to Heaven to-morrow. 'Trust me, Flora.
'Tis the philosophy of desperate want
To match itself but with the present evil,
And face one grief at once.
Away, I wish thine aid and not thy counsel.

[As Flora is about to go off, Gullcrammer's voice is heard behind the flats scene, as if from the drawbridge.]

Gul. (behind.) Hillo—hillo—hilloa—hoa—

[Oswald raises himself and listens; Eleanor goes up the steps, and opens the window at the loop-hole; Gullcrammer's voice is then heard more distinctly.]

Gul. Kind Lady Devorgail—sweet Mistress Flora—
The night grows fearful, I have lost my way.
And wander'd till the road turn'd round with nie,
And brought me back—For Heaven's sake, give me shelter!

Kat. (aside.) Now, as I live, the voice of Gullcrammer!
Now shall our gambol be play'd off with spirit; I'll swear I am the only one to whom That screech-owl whom was e'er acceptable.

Osw. What howling knave is this that takes our dwelling
For some large inn, the haunt of lated drunkards?

Ele. What shall I say—Go, Katleen, speak to him.

Kat. (aside.) The game is in my hands—I will say something Will fret the Baron's pride—and then he enters.

(She speaks from the window.) Good sir, be patient!
We are poor folks—it is but six Scotch miles To the next borough town, where your Reverence
May be accommodated to your wants;
We are poor folks, an't please your Reverence, And keep a narrow household—there's no truck
To lead your steps astray——

Gul. Nor none to lead them right. You kill me, lady,
If you deny me harbour: To budge from hence, And in my weary plight, were sudden death, Interment, funeral—sermon—toomstone, epitaph.

Osw. Who's he that is thus clamorous without?

(To Ele.) Thou know'st him?
Ele. (confused.) I know him—no—yes—'tis a worthy clergyman,
Benighted on his way—but think not of him.

Kat. The moon will rise when that the tempest's past,
And if he miss the marsh, and can avoid The crags upon the left, the road is plain.

Osw. Then this is all your piety! to leave One whom the holy duties of his office Have summon'd over moor and wilderness, To pray beside some dying wretch's bed, Who (erring mortal) still would cleave to life, Or wake some stubborn sinner to repentance,— To leave him, after offices these, To choose his way in darkness 'twixt the marsh, And dizzy precipice?—

Ele. What can I do?
Osw. Do what thou canst—the wealthiest do no more—
And if so much, 'tis well. These crumbling walls,
While yet they bear a roof, shall now, as ever, Give shelter to the wanderer—Have we food? He shall partake it—Have we none? the fast

Shall be accounted with the good man's merits
And our misfortunes——

(He goes to the loop-hole while he speaks, and places himself there in room of his Wife, who comes down with reluctance.)

Gul. (without.) Hillo—hillo! hoo!
By my good faith! I cannot plod it farther;
The attempt were death.

Osw. (speaks from the window) Patience, my friend,
I come to lower the drawbridge.

[Descends, and exits.]

Ele. O, that the screaming hooter had his coach
Where he deserves it, in the deepest marsh! Kat. I would not give this sport for all the rent
Of Devorgail, when Devorgail was richest!

(To Ele.) But now you chided me, my dearest aunt,
For wishing him a horse-pond for his portion?

Ele. Yes, saucy girl; but, an it please you, then
He was not fretting me; if he had sense enough, And skill to bear him as a casual stranger,— But lie is dull as earth, and every hint Is lost on him, as hail-shot on the coromant.
Whose hide is proof except to musket-bullets!

Flt. (apart.) And yet to such a one would my kind mother,
Whose chiefest fault is loving me too fondly, Wed her poor daughter!

Enter Gullcrammer, his dress damag'd by the storm; Eleanor runs to meet him, in order to explain that she wished him to behave as a stranger. Gullcrammer, mistaking her approach for an invitation to familiarity, advances with the air of pedantic conceit belonging to his character, when Oswald enters.—Eleanor recovers herself, and assumes an air of distance—Gullcrammer is confounded, and does not know what to make of it.

Osw. The counterpoise has given clean way; the bridge
Most e'en remain unreas'd, and leave us open,
For this night's course at least, to passing visitors.

What have we here?—is this the revered man?
[He takes up the candle, and surveys Gullcrammer, who strives to sustain the inspection with confidence, while fear visibly contends with conceit and desire to show himself to the best advantage.]

Gul. Kind sir—or, good my lord—my band is ruffled,
But yet 'twas fresh this morning. This fell shower
Hath somewhat smirch'd my cloak, but you may note
It rates five marks per yard; my doublet
Hath fairly 'scaped—'tis three-piled taffeta.

[Opens his cloak, and displays his doublet.]

Osw. A goodly inventory—Art thou a preacher?

Gul. Yes; I laud Heaven and good Saint Mungo for it.

Osw. 'Tis the time's plague, when those that should wed follys
Out of the common field, have their own minds
O'er run with foppery—Envoyo twixt heaven and earth.

Example should with precept join, to show us
How may we scorn the world with all its vanities.

Gul. Nay, the high heavens forend that I were vain!

When our learn'd Principal such sounding land
Gave to mine eyes on the hidden qualities
Of the sulphuric mineral, I disclaim'd.
All self-exaltation. And (turning to the women)
when at the dance,
The lovely Saccharissa Kirkencroft,
Daughter to Kirkencroft of Kirkencroft,
Graced me with her soft hand, credit me, ladies,
That still I felt myself a mortal man,
Though beauty smiled on me.

Osw. (part.) What can he mean?—this is the

fair

Gul. Nay, not with me; not, indeed,

Directly with me; but—Aha! fair ladies!

Kel. He'll draw the beating down — Were

the worst,

Heaven's will be done! [Aside.

Osw. (part.) What can he mean?—this is the

veriest dog-whelp,

Still he's a stranger, and the latest act

Of hospitality in this old mansion.
Shall not be sullied.

Gul. Troth, sir, I think, under the ladies' favour,

Without pretending skill in second sight,

Those of my cloth being seldom conjurers—

Osw. I'll take my Bible-oath that thou art

none.

Gul. I do opine, still with the ladies' favour,

That I could guess the nature of our supper:

I do not say in such and such precedence

The dishes will be placed; housewives, as you know,

On such forms have their fancies; but, I say still,

That a sow's face and sausages—

Osw. Peace, sir! O'er-driven jests, (if this be one) are insolent.

Flo. (apart, seeing her mother uneasy.) The old saw still holds true—a churl's benefits,

Sauced with his lack of feeling, sense, and courtesy,

Savour like injuries.

[Osw. (in front.) A horn is winded without: then a loud knocking at the gate.

Leo. (without) Ope, for the sake of love and charity! [Oswald goes to the loop-hole.

Gul. Heaven's mercy! should there come another stranger,

And he half starved with wandering on the wolds,

The sow's face boasts no substance, nor the

sausages,

To stand our reinforced attack! I judge, too,

By this starved Baron's language, there's no hope

Of a reserve of victuals.

Flo. Go to the casement, cousin.

Kel. (to himself) Go yourself,

And bid the gallant who that bugle winded

Sleep in the storm-swept waste; as meet for him

As for Lance Blackthorn.—Come, I'll not distress you,

I'll get admittance for this second suitor,

And we'll play out this gambol at cross purposes.

But see, your father has prevented me.

Osw. (seems to have spoken with those without,

and answers) Well, I will ope the door;

one guest already,

Driven by the storm, has claim'd my hospitality.

And you, if you were fiends, were scarce less welcome

To this my mouldering roof, than empty ignorance.

And rank conceit—I hasten to admit you.

[Exit.

Ele. (to Flo) The tempest thicken. By that winded bugle,

I guess the guest that next will honour us —

Little deceiver, that dist mock my troubles,

'Tis now thy turn to fear!

Flo. Mother, if I know less or more of this

Unthought of and most perilous visitation,
I would your wishes were fulfill'd on me,
And I were wedded to a thing like you.

Gul. (approaching.) Come, ladies, now you see the jest is threadbare,
And you must own that same sow's face and

Re-enter Oswald with Leonard, supporting
Baudile Durward. Oswald takes a view of
them, as formerly of Gullcrammer; then speaks.

Osw. (to Leo.) By thy green cassock, hunting-spear and bugle,
I guess thou art a huntsman?
Leo. (bowing with respect.) A ranger of the
neighbouring royal forest,
Under the good Lord Nithsdale; huntsman,
therefore.
In time of peace, and when the land has war,
To my best powers a soldier.
Osw. Welcome, as either. I have loved the
chase,
And was a soldier once.—This aged man,
What may he be?
Dur. (recovering his breath.) Is but a beggar,
sir, an humble mendicant.
Who feels the passing strange, that from this roof,
Above all others, he should now crave shelter.
Osw. Why so? You're welcome both—only the
word
Warrants more courtesy than our present
means.
Permit us to bestow. A huntsman and a soldier
May be a prince's comrade, much more mine;
And for a beggar—friend, there little lacks,
Save that his gown and badge, and clouted
pouches,
To make us comrades too; then welcome both,
And to a beggar's feast. I fear brown bread.
And water from the spring, will be the best
on't.
For we had cast to wend abroad this evening,
And left our lordly empty.
Gul. Yes, if some kindly fairy,
In our behalf, would search his hid recesses.—
(Apart) We'll not go supperless now—we are three to one.—
Still do I say, that a soused face and sausages—
Osw. (looks sternly at him, then at his wife.)
There's something under this, but that the
present
Is not a time to question. (To Ele.) Wife, my
most
Is at such a height of tide, that a turn'd feather
Would make me frantic now, with mirth or
fury!
Tempt me no more—but if thou hast the things
This carrion crowd so ca'ros for, bring them
forth;
For, by my father's beard, if I stand caterer,
'Twill be a fearful banquet!
Ele. Your pleasure be obey'd—Come, aid me.
Flora. [Exeunt.
(During the following speeches the Women
place dishes on the table.)
Osw. (to Dur.) How did you lose your path?
Dur. 'E'en when we thought to find it, a
wild meteor
Danced in the moss, and led our feet astray.—
I give small credence to the tales of old,
Of Friar's-lantern told, and Will-o'-Wisp.
Else would I say, that some malicious demon
Guided us in a round; for to the moat,
Which we had pass'd two hours since, were we
led,
And there the gleam flicker'd and disappear'd,
Even on your drawbridge. I was so worn
down,
So broke with labouring through marsh and
moor,
That, withal, I find, here my young conductor
Would needs implore for entrance; else, be
lieve me,
I had not troubled you.
Osw. And why not, father?—have you ear
heard augt,
Or of my house or me, that wanderers,
Whom or their roving trade or sudden circum-
stance
Obliged to seek a shelter, should avoid
The House of Devorgoil?
Dur. Sir, I am English born—
Native of Cumberland. Enough is said
Why I should shun those bowers, whose lords
were hostile
To English blood, and unto Cumberland
Most hostile and most fatal.
Osw. Ay, father. Once my grandsire plough'd,
And harrow'd,
And sow'd with salt, the streets of your fair
towns;
But what of that?—you have the 'vantage now.
Dur. True, Lord of Devorgoil, and well believe I,
That not in vain we sought these towers to
night,
So strangely guided, to behold their state.
Osw. Ay, thou wouldst say, 'twas a Com
brian beggar
Should sit an equal guest in his proud halls
Whose father beggar'd Cumberland—Grey
beard, let it be so.
I'll not dispute it with thee.
[To Len., who was speaking to Florn, but
on being surprised, occupied himself with
the suit of armour.)
What makest thou there, young man?
Leo. I marvell'd at this harness; it is larger
Than arms of modern days. How nicely carved
With gold inlaid on steel—how close the
rivets—
How justly fit the joints! I think the gauntlet
Would swallow twice my hand.
[He is about to take down some part of the
Armour; Oswald interposes.
Osw. Do not displace it. My grandsire, Erick, doubled human strength,
And almost human size—and human know
ledge,
And human vice, and human virtue also,
As storm or sunshine chanced to occupy
his mental hemisphere. After a fatal deed,
He hung his armour on the wall, forbidding
it e'er should be taken down. There is a
prophesy
That of itself 'twill fall, upon the night
When, in the fiftieth year from his decease,
Devorgoil's feast is full. This is the era;
But, as too well you see, no meet occasion
Will do the downfall of the armour justice,
Or grace it with a feast. There let it abide,
Trying its strength with the old walls it hangs
on.
Which shall fall soonest.
Dur. (looking at the trophy with a mixture of
feeling.)
Then there stern Erick's harness hangs un
touch'd.
Since his last fatal raid on Cumberland!
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Osw. Av, waste and want, and recklessness—
a comrade
Still yoked with waste and want—have stripp'd
these walls
Of every other trophy. Antler'd skulls,
Whose branches vouch'd the tales old vassals
told
Of desperate chases—partisans and spears—
Knights' barbed helms and shields—the shafts
and bows,
Axes and breastplates, of the hardy yeomanry—
The banners of the vanquish'd—signs these
things
Were not assumed in vain, have disappear'd.
Yes, one by one they all have disappear'd;
And now Lord Erck's harness hangs alone,
'Vidst implement's of vulgar husbandry
And mean economy; as some old warrior,
Whom want hath made an inmate of an almshouse.
Shows, nay the beggar'd spendthrifts, base
mechanics.
And bankrupt pedlars, with whom fate has
mix'd him

Dur. Or rather like a pirate, whom the
prison-house,
Prince leaveller next the grave, hath for the
first time,
Mingled with peaceful captives, low in
fortunes,
But far in innocence.

Osw. (looking at Dur, with surprise.) Friend, thou art better!

Dur. Plain truth, sir, like the vulgar copper
coinage,
Despised among the gentry, still finds value
And currency with beggars.

Osw. Be it so.
I will not trench on the immunities
I soon may claim to share. Thy features, too,
Though weather-beaten, and thy strain of
language,
Relish of better times. Come hither, friend,

[They speak apart.

And let me ask thee of thine occupation.
[Leonard looks round, and seeing Oswald
emerg'd into Durward, and Guildcrum-
mer with Eleanor, approaches towards
Flora, who must give him an opportu-
nity of doing so, with obvious attention
on her part to give it the air of chance.
The by-play here will rest with the
Lady, who must engage the attention of the
audience by playing off a little
female hypocrisy and simple coquetry.

Leo. Flora.

Flo. Ay, gallant huntsman, may she deign
to question
Why Leonard came not at the appointed
hour;

Leo. Why he came at midnight?

Leo. Love has no certain loadstar, gentle
Flora,
And oft gives up the helm to wayward
pilgrimage.

To say the south—A beggar forced me hence,
And Will-o'wisp did guide us back again
Flo. Ay, ay, your beggar was the fated
spectre
Of Poverty, that sits upon the threshold
of these our ruin'd walls. I've been unwise,
Leonard, to let you speak so oft with me;
And you a fool to say what you have said.

E'en let us here break short; and, wise at
length,
Hold each our separate way through life's
wide ocean.

Leo. Nay, rather let us join our course to-
gether,
And share the breeze or tempest, doubling
joys,
Relieving sorrow, warding evils off
With mutual effort, or enduring them
With mutual patience.

Flo. This but a flattering counsel—sweet
and baneful;
But mine had wholesome bitter in it.

Kat. Ay, ay; but like the sly apothecary,
You'll be the last to take the bitter drug
That you prescribe to others.

[They whisper. Eleanor advances to
the door, followed by Guild-
crumer.

Ele. What, maid, no household cares! Leave
to your elders
The task of filling passing strangers' ears
With the due notes of welcome.

Gul. Be it thine,
O, Mistress Flora, the more useful talent
Of filling strangers' stomachs with substan-
tials;
That is today—for learn'd commentators
Do so expound substantial in some places—
With a sow'd bacon-face and sausages.

Flo. (apart.) Would thou wert sould'sd, in-
tolerable pedant,
Base, greedy, perverse, interrupting coxcomb.

Kat. Hush, coz, for we'll be well avenged on
him,
And ere this night goes o'er, else woman's wit
Cannot overtake her wishes.

[She proceeds to arrange seats. Oswald
and Durward come forward in con-
versation.

Osw. I like thine humour well—So all men
beg

Dur. Yes—I can make it good by proof.

Your soldier
Begs for a leaf of laurel, and a line
In the Gazette. He brandishes his sword
To back his suit, and is a sturdy beggar—
The courtier begs a riband or a star,
And, like our gentler mummers, is provided
With false certificates of health and fortune
Lost in the public service. For your lover,
Who begs a sigh, a smile, or lock of hair,
A baskin-point, he maunds upon the pad,
With the true cant of pure mendicity.

"The smallest trifle to relieve a Christian,
And if it like your Ladyship!"

[In a begging tone.

Kat. (apart) This is a cunning knife, and
feeds the humour
Of my aunt's husband, for I must not say
Mine hum'd are nuce. I will try a question—
Your own merit, though, who serves the
commonwealth,
Nor asks for a requital?—

[To Durward.

Dur. Is a dunm beggar,
And lets his actions speak like signs for him.
Challenging double zuerden—Now, I'll show
How your true beggar has the fair advantage
Of all the tribes of cloak'd mendicity
I have told over to you.—The soldier's laurel,
The statesman's riland, and the lady's favour,
Once won and gained, are not held wort h a
farthing.
By such as longest, londest, canted for them;
Whereas your charitable half-penny,
Which is the scope of a true beggar's suit,
Is worth two farthings, and, in times of plenty,
Will buy a crust of bread.

Flo. (interrupting him, and addressing her father.)
Sir, let me be a beggar with the time,
And pray you come to supper:
Ele. (to Oswald, apart.) Must he sit with us?
[Looking at Durward.]

Osw. Ay, ay, what else—since we are beggars all?
When clanks are ragged, sure their worth is equal,
Whether at first they were of silk or woollen.
Ele. Thou art scarce consistent.
This day thou dost refuse a princely banquet,
Because a new-made lord was placed above thee;
And now—
Osw. Wife, I have seen, at public executions,
A wretch that could not brook the hand of violence
Should push him from the scaffold, pluck up courage,
And, with a desperate sort of cheerfulness, 
Take the fell plunge himself—
Welcome, then, beggars, to a beggar's feast!

Gul. (who has in the meanwhile seated himself)
But this is more—A better countenance,—
Fair full the hands that sows'd it!—than this hog's,
Or prettier provender than these same sausages.
(By which a good friend sent hither, shall be nameless.
Doubtless some youth whom love hath made profuse.)

[Smiling significantly at Eleanor and Flora.]
No prince need wish to peck at. Long, I ween,
Since that the nostrils of this house, (by metaphor,
I mean the chimney) smell'd a steam so grateful—
By your good leave I cannot daily longer.
[Helps himself.]

Osw (places Durward above Gullcrummer.)
Meanwhile, sir,
Please it your faithful learning to give place
To grey hairs and to wisdom: and, moreover,
If you had tarried for the benediction—
Gul. (somewhat abashed) I said grace to myself.
Osw. (not minding him)—And waited for the company of others,
It had been better fashion. Time has been,
I should have told a guest at Devorgail,
Bearing himself thus forward, he was saucy.
[He seats himself, and helps the company and himself in dumb-show There should be a contrast between the pretence of his arbitratorcy, and the rude under-breeding of Gullcrummer.

Osw. (having tasted the dish next him) Why, this is venison, Eleanor!

Gul. Eh! What! Let's see—
[Pushes across Oswald and helps himself.]
It may be venison—
I'm sure 'tis not beef, veal, mutton, lamb, or pork.

Eke I am sure, that be it what it will,
It is not half so good as sausages,
Or as a sow's face sows'd.

Osw. Eleanor, whence all this?—
Ele. Wait till to-morrow,
You shall know all. It was a happy chance
That furnish'd us to meet so many guests.
[Fills wine.]
Try if your cup be not as richly garnish'd
As is your trencher.

Kat. (apart) My aunt adheres to the good cautious maxim
Of,—"Eat your pudding, friend, and hold your tongue."

Osw. (tastes the wine.) It is the grape of Bordeaux,
Such dainties, once familiar to my board,
Have been estranged from a long.

[He again fills his glass, and continues to speak as he holds it up.

Fill round, my friends—here is a treacherous friend now
Smiles in your face, yet seeks to steal the jewel.
Which is distinction between man and brute—
I mean our reason—this he does, and smiles.
But are not all friends treacherous!—one shall count you
Even in your dearest interests—one shall slander you—
This steal your daughter, that defraud your purse;
But this gay flask of Bordeaux will but borrow
Your sense of moral sorrows for a season,
And leave, instead, a gay delirium.
Methinks my brain, unused to such gay visitations,
The influence feels already!—we will revel—
Our banquet shall be loud!—it is our last.

Katleen, thy song.

Kat. Not now, my lord—I mean to sing tonight
For this same moderate, grave, and reverend clergyman;
I'll keep my voice till then.
Ele. Your round refusal shows but cottage-breeding.

Kat. Ay, my good aunt, for I was cottage-nurtured,
And taught, I think, to prize my own wild will
Above all sacrifice to compliment.
Here is a huntsman—in his eyes I read it,
He sings the martial song my uncle loves,
What time fierce Claverse with his Cavaliers,
Abjuring the new change of government,
Forcing his fearless way through timorous friends,
And enemies as timorous, left the capital
To rouse in James's cause the distant Highlands.
Have you ne'er heard the song, my noble uncle?
Osw. Have I not heard, wench?—It was I rode next him,
"Tis thirty summers since—rode by his rein;
We marched on through the alarm'd city,
As sweeps the osprey through a flock of gulls.
Who scream and flutter, but dare no resistance
Against the bold sea-empress. —They did murmur.

The crowds before us, in their sullen wrath,

1 Wooden trenchers should be used, and the quash, a Scottish drinking-cup.
As he rode down the sanctified bents of the Bow,
I'll caroline was flying and shaking her pow;
But the young plans of grace, they look'd
coulth ond seee,
Thinking, look to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, &c.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket
was crannit'd
As if half the West had set tryst to be
hand'd: 2
There was spite in each look, there was fear
in each e'e,
As they watch'd for the bounets of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and bad
spears,
And lang-lafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close heads, and the cause-
way was free.
At the toos of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

He spur'd to the foot of the proud Castle
rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
"Let Muns Meg and her narrrows speak twa
words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

The Gordon demands of him which way he
goes—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Mon-
trouse!
Your Grace in short space shall hear ridings
of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

Dundee, enraged at his enemies, and still more at his
friends, resolved to retire to the Highlands, and to make
preparations for his revenge; but before he set
out, he had been ordered by James to make no public
resurrection until assistance should be sent him from Ireland.

As a preparation for this temperate information was
brought him, whether true or false in convert, that some
of the Covenanters had associated themselves to assassinate
him, in revenge for his former severities against their
party. He flew to the Convention and demanded justice.
The Duke of Hamilton, who wished to get rid of a trouble-
some adversary, treated his complaint with neglect; and
in order to sting him to the tenderest part, retracted upon
that assurance which could be alarmed by imaginary dangers.
Dundee left the house in a rage, mounted his horse, and
with a troop of fifty horsemen who had deserted to him
from his former party, in England, entered through the city.
Being asked by one of his friends, who stopped him, "Where
was he going?" he waved his hat, and is reported to have
answered, "Wherever the spirit of Montrose shall direct
me." In passing under the walls of the Castle, he stopped,
scraped up the precipice at a place difficult and dan-
gerous, and held a conference with the Duke of Gordon at a
postern-gate, the area of which is still to be seen, though
the gates itself is built up. Holings, in vain, to insane
the vision of his own spirit into the Duke, he pressed him to
retire with him into the Highlands, raise his volunteers there,
who were numerous, brave, and faithful, and leave the
command of the Castle to Wharnham, the Lieutenant gover-
nor, an officer on whom Dundee could rely. The Duke
conceded the timidity under the race of a soldier. "A
soldier," said he, "cannot in honest guilt the pant that is
assigned him." The novelty of the slight drew numbers in
the foot of the rock upon which the conference was held.
These numbers every minute increased, and, in the end,
were mistaken for Dundee's adherents. The Convention
then sitting; news were carried thither that Dundee
was at the gates with an army, and had prevailed upon the
 governor of the Castle to fire upon the town. The Duke
of Hamilton, who intelligence was founded on the presence
of mind, by improving the moment of agitation, to
overwhelm the one party and provoke the other, by their
fears. He ordered the doors of the town to be shut, and
the keys to be laid on the table before him. He cried out,
'That there was danger within as well as without doors;
that traitors must be held in confinement until the present
danger was over; but that the friends of liberty had no-
thing to fear, for that thousands were ready to start up in
their defence, at the stamp of his foot." He ordered the
drama to be beat and the trumpets to sound through the
city in an instant vast swarms of those who had been
brought into town by him and Sir John Dalrymple from the
western counties, and who had been hitherto hid in garrets
and cellars, to show themselves in the streets; not,
indeed, in the proper habiliments of war, but in arms, and
with looks fierce and sullen, as if they felt disdain at their
former cowardice. This unexpected sight increased the
noise and tumult of the town, which grew louder in the
square adjoining to the house where the members were
confined, and appeared still louder to those who were
within, because they were ignorant of the cause from
which the tumult arose, and caught contagion from the
anxious looks of each other. After some hours, the doors
were thrown open, and the Whig members, as they went
out, were received with acclamations, and those of the
opposite party with the threats and Language of a prepared
populace. Terrified by the prospect of future alarms,
many of the adherents of James quitted the Convention,
and retired to the country; most of them changed sides;
only a very few of the most resolute continued their

1 Previous to 1764, the Grassmarket was the common
place of execution at Edinburgh.
There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth;
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs
in the North;
There are wild Dunie-wassals three thousand
times three,
Will cry ho! for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
  Come fill up my cup, &c.

"There's brass on the target of bairn'd bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside:
The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
  Come fill up my cup, &c.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!"
Come fill up my cup, &c.
He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums crash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee,
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee,
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the men,
Come open your gates and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

Etc., Katleen, do thou sing now. Thy uncle's cheerful;
We must not let his humour ebb again.
Kat. But I'll do better, aunt, than if I sung.
For Flora can sing blythe; so can this huntsman,
As he has shown e'en now: let them duet it.
Osw. Well, huntsman, we must give to freakish maiden
The freedom of her fancy.—Raise the carol, And Flora, if she can, will join the measure.

SONG.
When friends are met o'er merry cheer,
And lovely eves are laughing near,
And in the goblet's bosom clear
The cares of day are drown'd;
When pans are made, and bumpers quaff'd,
When wild Rigs shoots his roving shaft,
And Mirth his jovial laugh has laugh'd;
Then is our banquet crown'd,
     Ah say,
Then is our banquet crown'd.
When glees are sung, and catches troll'd,
And bashfulness grows bright and bold,
And beauty is no longer cold,
And age no longer doll;
When chimes are brief, and cocks do crow,
To tell us it is time to go.
Yet how to part we do not know,
Then is our feast at full,
     Ah say,
Then is our feast at full.

Osw. (rises with the cup in his hand.) Devorgoil's feast is full—
Drink to the pledge!
[A tremendous burst of thunder follows
these words of the Song; and the Lightning should seem to strike the
suit of black Armour, which falls with a crash.]
All rise in surprise and fear except Guilleramie, who tum-
bles over backwards, and lies still.

Osw. That sounded like the judgment-pearl—the roof
Still troubles with the volley.
Dnr. Happy those
Who are prepared to meet such fearful sum-
mons—
Leonard, what dost thou there?
Leo. (supporting Flo.) The duty of a man—
Supporting innocence. Were it the final
call,
I were not misemploy'd.
Osw. The armour of my grandsire hath fall'n down.
And old saws have spoke truth.—(Musing.)
The fiftieth year—
Devorgoil's feast at fullest! What to think of it?
Leo. (lifting a scroll which had fallen with the
armour.)
This may inform us.
[Attempts to read the manuscript, shakes
his head, and gives it to Oswald.
But not to eyes unlearn'd it tells its tidings.
Osw. Hawks, hounds, and revelling consumed
the hours
I should have given to study.
[Looks at the manuscript.
These characters I spell not more than thou.
They are not of our day, and, as I think,
Not of our language.—Where's our scholar
now.
So forward at the banquet? Is he laggard
Upon a point of learning?
Leo. Here is the man of letter'd dignity,
E'en in a piteous case.
[Draws Guilleramie forward.
Osw. Art waking, craven? cant thou read this scroll?
Or art thou only learn'd in sowing swine's
flesh,
And prompt in eating it?
Gul. En—ah!—oh—ho!—Have you no better
time
To tax a man with riddles, than the moment
When he scarce knows whether he's dead or
living?
Osw. Confound the pedant!—Can you read
the scroll,
Or can you not, sir? If you can, pronounce
its meaning speedily.
Gul. Can I read it, quotha?
When at our learned University,
I gain'd first premium for Hebrew learning,—
Which was a pound of high-dried Scottish
snuff.
And half a peck of onions, with a bushel
Of curious oatmeal,—our learn'd Principal
Did say, "Melchisedek, thou canst do any
thing!"
Now comes he with his paltry scroll of parch-
ment,
And, "Can you read it?"—After such affront, The point is, if I will.
Osw. A point soon solved, Unless you choose to sleep among the frogs; For look you, sir, there is the chamber window, Beneath it lies the lake.
Ele. Kind master Gullcrammer, beware my husband, He brooks no contradiction—tis his fault, And in his wrath he's dangerous.
Gul. (looks at the scroll, and mutters as if reading.)
Hashaboth hotch-potch—
A single matter this to make a root of—
Ten rashereen bacon, mish-mash wenton.
Sauquon soussed-face—Tis a simple catalogue Of our small supper—made by the grave sage Whose prescience knew that night we should have feasted On venison, hash'd sow's face, and sausages, And hung his steel-cast for a supper bell—
E'en let us to our provender again, For it is written we shall finish it, And bless our stars the lightning left it us.
Osw. This must be impudence or ignorance!—
The spirit of rough Erick stirs within me, And I will knock thy brains out if thou parterest! Expose the scroll to me!
Gul. You're over hasty; And yet you may be right too—Tis Samaritan, Now I look closer on't, and I did take it For simple Hebrew.
Dur. Tis Hebrew to a simpleton, That we see plainly, friend—Give me the scroll. 
Gul. Alas, good friend! what would you do with it!
Dur. (takes it from him.) My best read to it, sir—
The character is Saxon, Used at no distant date within this district; And thus the tenor runs—or in Samaritan, Nor simple Hebrew, but in wholesome English:—
Devorgoll, thy bright moon waneth, And the rust thy harness staineth; Servile guests the banquet soil Of the once proud Devorgoll.
But should Black Erick's armour fall, Look for guests shall scare you all! They shall come ere peep of day,— Wake and watch, and hope and pray.
Kat. (to Flo.) Here is fine folly—an old wall shakes At a loud thunder-clap—down comes a suit Of ancient armour, when its wasted braces Were all too rotten to sustain its weight— A beggar crook out, Miracle! and your father, Weighing the importance of his name and lineage, Must needs believe the dotard!
Flo. Mock not, I pray you; this may be too serious.
Kat. And if I live till morning, I will have The power to tell a better tale of wonder Wrought on wise Gullcrammer. I'll go prepare me. [Exeunt.
Flo. I have not Kathleen's spirit, yet I hate This Gullcrammer too heartily, to stop Any disgrace that's hasting towards him.
Osw. (to whom the Beggar has been again reading the scroll.)
'Tis a strange prophecy!—The silver moon, Now waning slowly, is our ancient bearing— Strange and unfitting guests—
Gul. (interrupting him.) Ay, ay, the matter is, as you say, all moonshine in the water.
Osw. How mean you, sir! (threatening.)
Gul. To show that I can rhyme With yonder bluegown. Give me breath and time,
I will maintain, in spite of his pretence, Mine exposition had the better sense— It spoke good victims and increase of cheer; And his, more guests to eat what we have here— An increment right needless.
Osw. Get thee gone;
To kennel, bound!
Gul. The hound will have his bone
(Takes up the platter of meat, and a fork.)
Osw. Flora, show him his chamber—take him hence, Or, by the name I bear, I'll see his brains. 
Gul. Ladies, good night!—I spare you, sir, the pains. [Exit, lighted by Flora with a lamp.
Osw. The owl is fled.—I'll not to bed to-night; There is some change impending o'er this house, For good or ill. I would some holy man Were here, to counsel us what we should do! You witness thin-faced gull is but a cassock Stuffed out with chaff and straw.
Dur. (assuming an air of dignity.) I have been wont, In other days, to point to erring mortals The rock which they should anchor on. [He holds up a Cross—the rest take a posture of devotion, and the Scene closes.—

ACT III.—SCENE I.

A ruinous Anteroom in the Castle. Enter Katleen, fantastically dressed to play the Character of Cockledemoy, with the visor in her hand.
Kat. I've scarce had time to glance at my sweet person. Yet this much could I see, with half a glance, My elfish dress becomes me—I'll not mask me Till I have seen Lance Blackthorn. Lance! I say—[Calls.
Blackthorn, make haste!

Enter Blackthorn, half dressed as Owlspeegle.
Blu. Here am I—Blackthorn in the upper half, Much at your service; but my nether parts Are goblimized and Owlspeegled. I had much ado To get these trankums on. I judge Lord Erick Kept no good house, and starved his quondam barber.
Kat. Peace, ass. and hide you—Gullcrammer is coming;
He left the hall before, but then took fright, And e'en sneak'd back. The Lady Flora lights him—
Trim occupation for her ladyship! Had you seen Leonard, when she left the hall On such fine errand!
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Bla. This Gullcrammer shall have a bob extraordinary
For my good comrade's sake.—But tell me, Katleen,
What dress is this of yours? Kat. A page's, sir.

I'm accounted no great scholar, But 'tis a page that I would fain peruse,
A little closer. [Approaches her. Kat. Put on your spectacles, And try if you can read it at this distance, For you shall come no nearer.

Bla. But there is nothing, then, save rank imposture, In all these tales of goblinry at Devorgoil? Kat. My aunt's grave lord thinks otherwise, supposing
That his great name so interests the Heavens, That miracles must needs bespeak its fall— I would that I were in a lowly cottage Beneath the greenwood, on its walls no armour
To court the leevin-bolt—
Bla. And a kind husband, Katleen, To ward such dangers as must needs come nigh—
My father's cottage stands so low and lone, That you would think it solitude itself; The greenwood shields it from the northern blast,
And, in thewoodbine round its latticed casement,
The lion's sure to find the earliest nest In all the forest.
Kat. Peace, you fool, they come.

Flora lights Gullcrammer across the Stage.
Kat. (when they have passed.) Away with you! On with your cloak—he ready at the signal.
Bla. And shall we talk of that same cottage, Katleen, At better leisure? I have much to say In favour of my cottage.
Kat. If you will be talking, You know I can't prevent you.
Bla. That's enough. (Aside.) I shall have leave, I see, to spell the page
A little closer, when the due time comes.

SCENE II.

Scene changes to Gullcrammer's Sleeping Apartment. He enters, ushered in by Flora, who sets on the table a flash, with the lamp.

Flo. A flash, in case your Reverence be thirsty:
A light, in case your Reverence be afeard:—
And so sweet slumber to your Reverence.

Gul. Kind Mistress Flora, will you?—eh! eh! eh! eh!

Flo. Will I what?
Gul. Tarry a little?

Flo. (smiling.) Kind Master Gullcrammer, How can you ask me thus so unbecoming?

Gul. Oh, fie, fie, fie!—Believe me, Mistress Flora,
'Tis not for that—but being guided through
Such dreary galleries, stairs, and suites of rooms,
To this same cubicle, I'm somewhat loth
To bid adieu to pleasant company.

Flo. A flattering compliment!—In plain truth you are frightened.

Gul. What, frightened?—1—1—am not timorous.

Flo. Perhaps you've heard this is our haunted chamber?

But then it is our best—Your Reverence knows,
That in all tales which turn upon a ghost,
Your traveller belated has the luck
To enjoy the haunted room—it is a rule:—
To some it were a hardship, but to you,
Who are a scholar, and not timorous—

Gul. I did not say I was not timorous,
I said I was not temerarious—
I'll to the hall again.

Flo. You'll do your pleasure.
But you have somehow moved my father's anger,
And you had better meet our playful Owlspegle
So is our goblin call'd—than face Lord Oswald.

Gul. Owlspegle?—
It is an uncouth and outlandish name,
And in mine ear sounds fiendish.

Flo. Hush, hush, hush!
Perhaps he hears us now—(in an undertone)—A merry spirit:
None of your elves that pinch folks black and blue.
For lack of cleanliness.

Gul. As for that, Mistress Flora,
My taffeta doublet hath been duly brush'd,
My shirt beddominal put on this morning.

Flo. Why, you need fear no goblins. But this Owlspegle
Is of another class:—yet has his friolies;
Cuts hair, trims beards, and plays amid his antics,
The office of a sinful mortal barber.
Such is at least the rumour.

Gul. He will not cut my clothes, or scar my face,
Or draw my blood?
Flo. Enormities like these,
Were never charged against him.

Gul. And, Mistress Flora, would you smile or frown?
If, pricked by the fond hope of your approval,
I should endure this venture?

Flo. I do hope
I shall have cause to smile.

Gul. Well! in that hope I will embrace the achievement for thy sake. [She is going.

Yet, stay, stay, stay!—on second thoughts I will not.
I've thought on it, and will the mortal cudgel
Rather endure than face the ghostly razor!
Your crab-tree's tough but blunt,—your razor's polish'd,
But, as the proverb goes, 'tis cruel sharp:
I'll to thy father, and unto his pleasure
Submit these destined shoulders
Flo. But you shall not, Believe me, sir, you shall not; he is desperate,
And better far he trim'd by ghost or goblin.

Than by my sire in anger; there are stores
Of hidden treasure, too, and Heaven knows what,
Buried among these ruins—you shall stay.
Aha! that ankle! yet, confound it too. But for those charms Melchisedek had been snatched in his bed at Mucklewhame—I say, confound her footstep and her instep too, To use a cobbler’s phrase.—There I was quaint. Now, what to do in this vile circumstance, To watch or go to bed, I can’t determine; Were I a-bed, the ghost might catch me napping, And if I watch, my terrors will increase As ghostly hours approach. I’ll to my bed. Even in my taffeta doublet, shrink my head Beneath the clothes—leave the lamp burning there, [Sets it on the table.]
And trust to fate the issue.

[He loses his cloak aside, and brushes it, as from habit, starting at every moment; ties a napkin over his head; then shrinks beneath the bed-clothes.
He starts once or twice, and at length seems to go to sleep. A bell tolls one.
He leaps up in his bed.]

Cockledemoy! My boy, my boy, What wilt thou do that will give thee joy? Wilt thou ride on the midnight owl?
Cockledemoy! My boy, my boy, What wilt thou do that can give thee joy? With a needle for a sword, and a thimble for a hat. Wilt thou fight a traverse with the castle cat?

[Draws his head down under the bed-clothes.
Duet between Owlspiele and Cockledemoy.

Cockledemoy! My boy, my boy—
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What shall we do that can give thee joy?
Shall we go seek for a cuckoo's nest?

Cockledemoy.
That's best, that's best.

Both.
About, about,
Like an elvish scout,
The cuckoo's a gull, and we'll soon find him out.

[They search the room with mops and moves. At length Cockledemoy jumps on the bed. Gullcrammer raises himself half up, supporting himself by his hands. Cockledemoy does the same, and grins at him, then skips from the bed, and runs to Owlspiegel.

Cockledemoy.
I've found the nest,
And in it a guest.
With a saffron cloak and a taffeta vest;
He must be wash'd, and trimm'd, and dress'd,
To please the eyes he loves the best.

Owlspieglo.
That's best, that's best.

Both.
He must be shaved, and trimm'd, and dress'd,
To please the eyes he loves the best.

[They arrange shaving things on the table, and sing as they prepare them.

Both.
Know that all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

Owlspieglo (sharpening his razor.)
The sword this is made of was lost in a fray
By a fop, who first bullied and then ran away;
And the strap, from the hide of a lame racer, sold
By Lord Match, to his friend, for some hundreds in gold.

Both.
For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

Cockledemoy (placing the napkin.)
And this cambric napkin, so white and so fair,
At an usurer's funeral! I stole from the heir.
[He drops something from a vial, as going to make sues.

This dewdrop I caught from one eye of his mother.
Which wept while she o'gled the parson with a tender.

Both.
For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

Owlspieglo (arranging the lather and the bason.)
My soap-hall is of the mild alkali made,
Which the soft dedicatcr employs in his trade;
And it froths with the pith of a promise, that's sworn
By a lover at night, and forgot on the morn.

Both.
For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

Halloo, halloo,
The blackcock crew,
Thrice shriek'd hath the owl, thrice croak'd hath the raven.
Here, ho! Master Gullcrammer, rise and be shaven!

Da capo.

Gul. (who has been observing them.) I'll pluck a spirit up; they're merry goblins,
And will deal mildly. I will soothe their humor.

Besides, my beard lacks trimming.
(He rises from his bed, and advances with great symptoms of trepidation, but affecting on air of composure. The Goblins receive him with fantastic ceremony.

Gentlemen, 'tis your will I should be trimm'd—
E'en do your pleasure. (They point to a scot —he sits)

Think, howso'er,
Of me as one who hates to see his blood;
Therefore I do beseech thee, sinner,
Be gentle in your craft. I know those barbers,
One would have harrows driven across his vismony,
Rather than they should touch it with a razor.

Owlspieglo shaves Gullcrammer, while Cockledemoy sings.

Father never started hair.
Shaved too close, or left too bare—
Father's razor slips as gib
As from courteously tongue a fib.
Whiskers, mustache, he can trim'in
Fashion meet to please the women;
Sharp's his blade, perfumed his lather!
Happy those are trimm'd by father!

Gul. That's a good boy. I love to hear a child
Stand for his father, if he were the devil.

[He motions to rise.

Cragving your pardon, sir.—What! sit again?
My hair lacks not your scissors.

Owlspieglo insists on his sitting.

Nay, if you're peremptory, I'll ne'er dispute it,
Nor eat the cow and choke upon the tail—
'E'en trim me to your fashion.

Owlspieglo cuts his hair, and shaves his head, ridiculously.

Cockledemoy (sings as before.)

Hair-breath'd snares, and hair-breath'd snares,
Hair-brain'd follies, ventures, cares,
Part when father clips your hairs.
If there is a hero frantic,
Or a lover too romantic;—
If threescore seeks second spouse,
Or fourteen lists lover's views,
Bring them here—for a Scotch boddle,
Owlspieglo shall trim their noddle.
THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

[They take the napkin from about Gullcrummer's neck. He makes bows of acknowledgment, which they return fantastically, and sing—]

Thrice crowd'd hath the blackcock, thrice crauk'd hath the raven,
And Master Melchisedek Gullcrummer's shaven!

Gul. My friends, you are too musical for me; But though I cannot cope with you in song, I would, in humble prose, inquire of you, If that you will permit me to acquaint E'en with the barber's science the barber's service!

[They shake their heads. Or if there isught else that I can do for you, Sweet Master Owspiegle, or your loving child, The hopeful Cockle'moy!]

COCKLEDEMOY.

Sir, you have been trimm'd of late, Smooth's your chin, and baid your pate; Lest cold rheuma should work you harm, Here's a cap to keep you warm.

Gul. Welcome, as Fortunatus' wishing cap, For 'twas a cap that I was wishing for. (There I was quaint in suite of mortal terror.) [As he puts on the cap, a pair of ass's ears dismount themselves Upon my faith, it is a dainty head-dress, And might become an alderman. — Thanks, sweet Monsieur, Thou'rt a considerate youth.]

[Both Goblins bow with ceremony to Gullcrummer, who returns their salutation. Owspiegle descends by the trap-door. Cockledemoy springs out at window.]

SONG (without.)

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cockledemoy, my hope, my care, Where art thou now, O tell me where?

COCKLEDEMOY.

Up in the sky, On the bonny dragonfly, Come, father, come you too— She has four wings and strength enough, And her long body has room for two.

Gul. Cockledemoy now is a naughty brat— Would have the poor old stiff-rump'd devil, his father. Peril his fiendish neck. All boys are thoughtless.

SONG.

OWLSPIEGLE.

Which way dost thou take?

COCKLEDEMOY.

I have fall'n in the lake— Help, father, for Beelzebub's sake.

Gul. The imp isrown'd—a strange death for a devil— O, may all boys take warning, and be civil; Respect their loving sires, enlure a chiding, Nor roam by night on dragonflies a-riding!

WAYSIDE ARMS.

Now merrily, merrily, row I to shore, My bark is a bean-shell, a straw for an oar.

OWLSPIEGLE.

My life, my joy, My Cockledemoy!

Gul. I can hear this no longer—thus children are spoil'd. [Strikes into the tune. Master Owspiegle, boy! He deserves to be whip'd little Cockledemoy! [Their voices are heard, as if dying away. Gul. They're gone! — Now, am I scared, or am I not? I think the very desperate ecstasy Of fear has given me courage.1 This is strange, now.

When they were here, I was not half so frightened As now they're gone — they were a sort of company. What a strange thing is use— A horn, a claw, The tip of a fiend's tail, was wont to scare me. Now am I with the devil hand and glove: His soap has father'd, and his razor shaven me: I've joined him in a catch, kept time and tune, Could dine with him, nor ask for a long spoon; And if I keep not better company What will become of me when I shall die? [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Gothic Hall, wroth and ruinous. The moonlight is at times seen through the shafted windows. Enter Kutleen and Blackthorn— They have thrown off the more ludicrous parts of their disguise.

Kat. This way — this way; was ever fool so gull'd!

Bla. I play'd the barber better than I thought for, Well, I've an occupation in reserve. When the bow and merry musket fail me—

But, hark ye, pretty Kutleen.

Kat. What should I hearken to?

Bla. Art thou not afraid, In these wild halls while playing feigned gobhins, That we may meet with real ones?

Kat. Not a jot. My spirit is too light, my heart too bold, To fear a visit from the other world.

Bla. But is not this the place, the very hall In which men say that Oswald's grandfather, The black Lord Black, walks his penance round?

Credit me, Kutleen, these half-moulder'd columns Have in their ruin something very fiendish, And, if you take an honest friend's advice, The sooner that you change their shattered splendour For the snug cottage that I told you of. Believe me, it will prove the blither dwelling

1 I have a notion that this can be managed so as not to represent imperfect, or fluttering moonlight, upon the plan of the Eidophasikon.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Kat. If I e'er see that cottage, honest Blackthorn,
Believe me, it shall be from other motive
Than fear of Erick's spectre.

[ heard a rustling sound—
Upon my life, there's something in the hall,
Katleen, besides us two!

Kat. A yeoman thou,
A forester, and frighten'd! I am sorry
I gave the fool's cap to poor Gullcrammer,
And let thy head go bare.

[The same rustling sound is repeated.

Bla. Were you mad, or hear you not the sound?

Kat. And if I do, I take small heed of it.
Will you allow a maiden to be boldly
Than you, with beard on chin and sword at

Bla. Nay, if I had my sword, I would not

Though I never heard of master of defence,
So active at his weapon as to brave
The devil, or a ghost.—See! see! see yonder!
[ A Figure is imperfectly seen between two

Kat. There's something moves, that's certain,
and the moonlight,
Chased by the flitting gale, is too imperfect
To show its form; but, in the name of God,
I'll venture on it boldly.

Bla. Wilt thou so?

Were I alone, now, I were strongly tempted
To trust my heels for safety; but with thee,
Be it fiend or fairy, I'll take risk to meet it.

Kat. It stands full in our path, and we must
pass it,
Or tarry here all night.

Bla. In its vile company!

[Athey advance towards the Figure, it
is more plainly distinguished, which
might, I think, be contrived by raising
successive screens of crape. The
Figure is wrapped in a long robe,
like the mantle of a Hermit, or
Palmer.

Pal. Hol' ye who thread by night these
wildering scenes.

In garb of those who long have slept in death,
Four ye the company of those ye imitate?

Bla. This is the devil, Katleen, let us fly!

Kat. I will not fly—why should I! My nerves
shake
To look on this strange vision, but my heart
Partakes not the alarm.—If thou dost come in
Heaven's name,
In Heaven's name art thou welcome!

Pot. I come, by Heaven permitted. Quit
this castle:
There is a fate on't—if for good or evil,
Brief space shall soon determine. In that fate,
If good, by lineage thou canst nothing claim;
If evil, much mayst suffer.—Leave these
precincts.

Kat. What'ever thou art, be answer'd—
Know, I will not
Desert the kin'swoman who train'd my youth;
Know, that I will not quit my friend, my
Flora;
Know that I will not leave the aged man
Whose roof has shelter'd me. This is my
resolve—

If evil come, I aid my friends to bear it;
If good, my part shall be to see them prosper,
A portion in their happiness from which
No friend can bar me.

Pot. Maid, before thy courage,
Firm built on innocence, even beings of nature
More powerful far than thee, give place and
way;
Take then this key, and wait the event with

[ He drops the key — He disappears
gradually — the moonlight failing at the
same time.

Kat. (in a voice.) Whate'er it was, 'tis
gone! My head turns round:
The blood that lately fortified my heart
Now eddies in full torrent to my brain,
And makes wild work with reason. I will

But that if my steps can bear me so far safe,
To living company. What if I meet it
Again in the long aisle, or vaulted passage?
And if I do, the strong support that bore me
Through this appalling interview, again
Shall strengthen and uphold me.

[As she steps forward she stumbles over the key.
What's this? The key! — there may be mys-
tery in't.

I'll to my kinswoman, when this dizzy fit
Will give me leave to choose my way aright.

[She sits down exhausted.

Re-enter Blackthorn, with a drawn sword and
torch.

Bla. Katleen! What, Katleen! — What a
wretch was I
To leave her! — Katleen, — I am weapon'd
now,
And fear nor dog nor devil — She replies not!
Beast that I was—nay, worse than beast; the
stag,
As timorous as he is, fights for his hind.
What's to be done? — I'll search this cursed
castle
From dungeon to the battlements; if I find her
not,
I'll fling me from the highest pinnacle—
Kat. (who has somewhat gathered her spirits, in
consequence of his entrance, comes behind
and touches him; he starts! Brave sir! I

I'll spare you that rash leap — You're a bold
woodsman!

Surely I hope that from this night hencefor-
ward
You'll never kill a hare, since you're akin to
them;
O I could laugh — but that my head's so
dizzy.

Bla. Lean on me, Katleen — By my honest
word,
I thought you close behind — I was surprised,
Not a jot frighten'd.

Kat. Thou art a fool to ask me to thy
cottage.
And then to show me at what slight expense
Of manhood I might master thee and it.

Bla. I'll take the risk of that — This goblin
business
Came rather unexpected; the best horse
Will start at sudden sights. Try me again,
And if I prove not true to bonny Katleen,
Hang me in mine own bowstring.

[Exeunt.
The Scene returns to the Apartment at the beginning of Act Second. Oswald and Durward are discovered with Eleanor, Flora, and Leonard—Durward shuts a Prayer-book, which he seems to have been reading.

Dur. 'Tis true—the difference betwixt the churches, Which zealots love to dwell on, to the wise Of either flock are of far less importance Than those great truths to which all Christian men Subscribe with equal reverence.

Oso. We thank thee, father, for the holy office, Still best performed when the pastor's tongue Is echo to his breast: of jarring creeds It ill beseems a layman's tongue to speak: Where have you stowed you prayer?

(Flora.) Safe in the goblin-chamber.

Ele. The goblin-chamber! Maiden, wert thou frantic—if his Reverence Have suffer'd harm by wassiph Owlspiegle, Be sure thou shalt aye it.

(Flora.) Here he comes, Can answer for himself!

Enter Gullerammet, in the fashion in which Owlspiegle had put him: having the fool's-cap on his head, and tattoo about his neck. His manner through the scene is wild and extrava-gant, as if the fright had a little affected his brain.

Dur. A godly spectacle!—Is there such a goblin.

(To Oso.) Or has sheer terror made him such a figure?

Oso. There is a sort of wavering tradition Of a malicious imp who teas'd all strangers; My father wont to call him Owlspiegle.

Gul. Who talks of Owlspiegle?

He is an honest fellow for a devil. So is his son, the hopeful Cockle'moy.

(Sings.)

"My hope, my joy, My Cockle'denoy!"

Leo. The fool's hewitch'd—the goblin hath furnish'd him A cap which well betis his reverend wisdom.

(Flora.) If I could think he had lost his slender wits, I should be sorry for the trick they play'd him.

Leo. O fear him not; it was a foil reflection On any fiend of sense and reputation, To fill such petty wares as his poor brains.

Dur. What saw'st thou, sir? What heard'st thou?

Gul. What was't I saw and heard? That which old grevbeards, Who conjure Hebrew into Anglo-Saxon, To cheat starved barons with, can little guess at

(Flora.) If he begin so roundly with my father, His madness is not like to save his bones.

Gul. Sirs, midn'thight came, and with it came the goblin. I had reposed me after some brief study;

But as the soldier, sleeping in the trench, Keeps sword and musket by him, so I had My little Hebrew manual prompt for service.

(Flora.) Susquyen sow'd face; that much of your Hebrew, Even I can bear in memory.

Leo. We 'counter'd, The goblin and myself, even in mid-chamber, And each stepp'd back a pace, as 'twere to study

The foe he had to deal with!—I bethought me,

Ghosts ne'er have the first word, and so I took it,

And fired a volley of round Greek at him. He stood his ground, and answer'd in the Syracic;

I flank'd my Greek with Hebrew, and com-pell'd him—

[A noise heard]

Oso. Peace, idle prater!—Hark—what sounds are these!

Amid the growling of the storm without, I hear strange notes of music, and the clash Of course'ral trampling feet.

Voices (without)

We come, dark riders of the night, And fit before the dawning light; Hill and valley, far aloof, Shake to hear our chargers' hoof; But not a foot-stamp on the green At morn shall show where we have been.

Oso. These must be revellers belated— Let them pass on; the ruin'd halls of Devorgoil Open to no such guests.—

[Flourish of trumpets at a distance; then nearer.]

They sound a summons: What can they lack at this dead hour of night? Look out, and see their number, and their bearing.

Leo. (goes up to the window.) 'Tis strange— One single shadowy form alone Is hovering on the drawbridge—far apart Flit through the tempest banners, horse, and riders, In darkness lost, or dimly seen by lightning.— Hither the figure moves—the bolts revolve— The gate unclowses to him.

Ele. Heaven protect us!

The Palmer enters—Gullerammet runs off.

Oso. Whence and what art thou? for what end come hither?

Pol. I come from a far land, where the storm howls not, And the sun sets not, to pronounce to thee, Oswald of Devorgoil, thy house's fate.

Dur. I charge thee, in the name we late have knew'd to——

Pol. Ahbat of Laneroost, I bid thee peace! I interrupt'd let me do mine errand: Baron of Devorgoil, son of the bold, the proud. The warlike and the mighty, wherefore wear'st thou The haunt of a peasant? Tell me, wherefore Are thy fair halls thus waste—thy chambers bare— Where are the tapestries, where the conquer'd bannors,
Trophies, and gilded arms, that deck'd the walls
Of once proud Devorgoil!
[He advances, and places himself where the Armour hung, so as to be nearly in the centre of the Scene.]
Dur. Who'er thou art—if thou dost know so much,
Needs must thou know—
Osw. Peace! I will answer here; to me he spoke—
Mysterious stranger, briefly I reply:
A peasant's dress befits a peasant's fortune; And 'twere vain mockery to array these walls In trophies, of whose memory sought remains,
Save that the cruelty outriv'd the valour Of those who wore them.
Pal. Degenerate as thou art,
Know'st thou to whom thou say'st this?
[He drops his mantle, and is discovered armed as wary as may be to the suit which hung on the wall; all express terror.]
Osw. It is himself—the spirit of mine Ancestor!
Eri. Tremble not, son, but hear me!
[He strikes the wall; it opens, and discovers the Treasure-Chamber.
There lies piled
The wealth I brought from wasted Cumber lamb,
Enough to reinstate thy ruin'd fortunes—
Cast from thine high-born brow that peasant bonnet,
Throw from thy noble grasp the peasant's staff;
O'er all, withdraw thine hand from that mean mate,
Whom in an hour of reckless desperation
Thy fortunes cast thee on. This do,
And be as great as e'er was Devorgoil,
When Devorgoil was richest!
Dur. Lord Oswald, thou art tempted by a fiend,
Who doth assail thee on thy weakest side,—
Thy pride of lineage, and thy love of grandeur. Stand fast—resist—contemn his fatal offers!
Eri. Urge him not, father; if the sacrifice Of such a wasted woe-worn wretch as I am,
Can save him from the abyss of misery,
Upon whose verge he's tottering, let me wander
An unacknowledged outcast from his castle,
Even to the humble cottage I was born in.
Osw. No, Ellen, no—it is not thus they part;
Whose hearts and souls, disasters borne in common
Haves it together, close as summer saplings Are twined in union by the eddying tempest,—
Spirit of Erck, while thou bear'st his shape,
I'll answer with no ruder conjugation
Thy impious counsel, other than with these words,
Depart, and tempt me not!
Eri. Then fate will have her course.—Fall,
massive grate,
Yield them the tempting view of these rich treasures,
But bar them from possession!
[A portcullis falls before the door of the Treasure-Chamber.]
Mortals, hear!
No hand may ope that grate, except the heir
Of plunder'd Aclonby, whose mighty wealth
Ravish'd in evil hour, lies yonder piled;
And not his hand prevails without the key
Of Black Lord Erick; brief space is given
To save proud Devorgoil—So wills High Heaven.
[Thunder; he disappears.]
Dur. Gaze not so wildly; you have stood the trial
That his commission bore, and Heaven designs.
If I may spell his will, to rescue Devorgoil
Even by the Heir of Aclonby—Behold him
In that young forester, unto whose hand
These bars shall yield the treasures of his house.
Destined to ransom yours.—Advance, young Leonard.
And prove the adventure.
Leo. (advances and attempts the grate.) It is fast
As is the tower, rock-seated.
Osw. We will fetch other means, and prove its strength.
Nor starve in poverty with wealth before us.
Dur. Think what the vision spoke;
The key—the fated key—
[Enter Gullcrammer.]
Gul! A key?—I say a quay is what we want,
Thus by the learned orthographe—Q., u., y.
The lake is overflow'd!—A quay, a boat,
Oars, punt, or sculler, is all one to me!
We shall be drown'd, good people!!!
[Enter Katleen and Blackthorn.
Kat. Deliver us!
Haste, save yourselves—the lake is rising fast.
Bla. 'T has risen my bow's height in the last five minutes.
And still is swelling strangely.
Gul. (who has stood astonisht upon seeing them.)
We shall be drown'd without your kind assistance.
Sweet Master Owlschipple, your dragonfly—
Your straw, your bean-stalk, gentle Cockle-moy!
Leo. (looking from the shot-hole.) 'Tis true,
by all that's fearful! The proud lake Peers, like ambitious tyrant, o'er his bounds,
And soon willwhelm the castle—even the drawbridge
Is under water now.
Kat. Let us escape! Why stand you gazing there?
Dur. Upon the opening of that fatal grate Depends the fearful spell that now entraps us,
The key of Black Lord Erick—ere we find it,
The castle will be whelm'd beneath the waves,
And we shall perish in it!
Kat. (giving the key.) Here, prove this;
A chance most strange and fearful gave it me.
Osw. (puts it into the lock, and attempts to
turn it—a loud clap of thunder.)
Fio. The lake still rises faster.—Leonard,
Leonard,
Canst thou not save us?
[Leonard tries the lock—it opens with a violent noise, and the portcullis rises.
A loud strain of wild music.—There may be a Chorus here
1 If it could be managed to render the rising of the lake visible, it would answer well for a coup de théâtre.
[Oswald enters the apartment, and brings out a scroll.

Leo. The lake is ebbing with as wondrous haste
As late it rose—the drawbridge is left dry!
One. This may explain the cause.—
(Gulielmmmer offers to take it.) But soft you, sir,
We'll not disturb your learning for the matter;
Yet, since you've borne a part in this strange drama,
You shall not go unner'd. Wise or learn'd,
Modest or gentle, Heaven alone can make thee,
Being so much otherwise; but from this abundance
Thou shalt have that shall gild thine ignorance,
Exalt thy base descent, make thy presumption seem modest confidence, and find thee hundreds
Ready to swear that same folly's-cap of thine
Is reverend as a mitre.
Gul. Thanks, mighty baron, now no more a bare one!—

Auchindran; or, The ayrshire tragedy.

Cur aliquid vidi? cur noxia lumina feci
Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi est?
Ovid. Tristium, Liber Secundus.

PREFACE.

There is not, perhaps, upon record, a tale of horror which gives us a more perfect picture than is afforded by the present, of the violence of our ancestors, or the complicated crimes into which they were hurried, by what their wise, but ill-enforced, laws termed the heathenish and accursed practice of Deadly Fend. The author has tried to extract some dramatic scenes out of it; but he is conscious no exertions of his can increase the horror of that which is in itself so iniquitous. Yet, if we look at modern events, we must not too hastily venture to conclude that our own times have so much the superiority over former days as we might at first be tempted to infer. One great object has indeed been obtained. The power of the laws extends over the country universally, and if criminals at present sometimes escape punishment, this can only be by eluding justice, not, as of old, by defying it.

But the motives which influence modern ruffians to commit actions at which we pause with wonder and horror, arise, in a great measure, from the thirst of gain. For the hope of lucre, we have seen a wretch seduced to his fate, under the pretext that he was to share in amusement and conviviality; and, for gold, we have seen the meanest of wretches deprived of life, and their miserable remains cheated of the grave.

The lothier, if equally cruel, feelings of pride, ambition, and love of vengeance, were the idols of our forefathers, while the callousness of our day bend to Mammon, the meanest of the spirits who fell. The criminals, therefore, of former times, drew their hellish inspiration from a lothier source than is known to modern villains. The fever of unsatiated ambition, the frenzy of ungratified revenge, the per fas et natali Scotorum, stigmatized by our Jurists and our legislators, held life but as passing breath; and such enormities as now sound like the acts of a madman, were then the familiar deeds of every offended noble. With these observations we proceed to our story.

1 “— Mammon led them on:
Mammon, the least erect ed spirit that fell
From Heaven.”— Milton.
John Muir, or Mure, of Auchindrane, the contriver and executor of the following cruelties, was a gentleman of an ancient family and good estate in the west of Scotland; bold, ambitious, treacherous to the last degree, and utterly unconcerned in others, — Richard the Third in private life, inaccessable alike to pity and to remorse. His view was to raise the power, and extend the grandeur, of his own family. This gentleman had married the daughter of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Bargane, who was, excepting the Earl of Cassilis, the most important person in all Carrick, the district of Ayrshire with which he inhabited, and where the name of Kennedy held so great a sway as to give rise to the popular rhyme, —

"Twixt Wigton and the town of Air, 
Portpatrick and the Crives of Cree, 
No man need think for to hide there, 
Unless he court Saint Kennedie."

Now, Mure of Auchindrane, who had promised himself high advancement by means of his father-in-law Bargane, saw, with envy and resentment, that his influence remained second and inferior to the House of Cassilis, chief of all the Kennedys. The Earl was indeed a minor, but his authority was maintained, and his affairs well managed, by his uncle, Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, the brother of the deceased Earl, and tutor and guardian to the present. This worthy gentleman supported his nephew's dignity and the credit of the house so effectually, that Bargane's consequence was much thrown into the shade, and the ambitious Auchindrane, his son-in-law, saw no better remedy than to remove so formidable a rival as Cullayne by violent means.

For this purpose, in the year of God 1597, he came with a party of followers to the town of Maybole, (where Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne then resided,) and lay in ambush in an orchard, through which he knew his destined victim was to pass, in returning homewards from a house where he was engaged to sup. Sir Thomas Kennedy came alone, and unattended, when he was suddenly fired upon by Auchindrane and his accomplices, who, having missed their aim, drew their swords, and rushed upon him to slay him. But the party thus assailed at disadvantage, had the good fortune to hide himself for that time in a runuous house, where he lay concealed till the inhabitants of the place came to his assistance.

Sir Thomas Kennedy prosecuted Mure for this assault, who, finding himself in danger from the law, made a sort of apology and agreement with the Lord of Cullayne, to whose daughter he united his eldest son, in testimony of the closest friendship in future. This agreement was sincere on the part of Kennedy, who, after it had been entered into, showed himself Auchindrane's friend, and assistant on all occasions. But it was the fatal and treacherous one of that of Mure, who continued to nourish the purpose of murdering his new friend and ally on the first opportunity. Auchindrane's first attempt to effect this was by means of the young Gilbert Kennedy of Bargane, (for old Bargane, Auchindrane's father-in-law, was dead,) whom he persuaded to brave the Earl of Cassilis, as one who usurped an undue influence over the rest of the name. Accordingly, this hot-headed fellow, after some mutation and suspense, past the gate of the Earl of Cassilis, without waiting on his chief, or sending him any message of civility. This led to mutual defiance, being regarded by the Earl, according to the ideas of the time, as a personal insult. Both parties took the field with their followers, at the head of about 250 men on each side. The action which ensued was short and less bloody than might have been expected. Young Bargane, with the rashness of headlong courage, and Auchindrane, fired by deadly enmity to the House of Cassilis, made a precipitate attack on the Earl, whose men were strongly posted and under cover. They were received by a heavy fire. Bargane was slain. Mure of Auchindrane, severely wounded in the thigh, became unable to carry his party and the leaders thus slain or disabled, their party drew off without continuing the action. It must be particularly observed, that Sir Thomas Kennedy remained neutral in this quarrel, considering his connexion with Auchindrane as too intimate to be broken even by his desire to assist his nephew.

For this temperate and honourable conduct he met a vile reward; for Auchindrane, in resentment of the loss of his relative Bargane, and the downfall of his ambitious hopes, continued his practices against the life of Sir Thomas of Cullayne, though totally innocent of contributing to either. Chance favoured his wicked purpose.

The Knight of Cullayne, finding himself obliged to go to Edinburgh on a particular day, sent a message to Mure, in which he told him, in the most unsuspecting confidence, the purpose of his journey, and named the road which he proposed to take, inviting Mure to meet him at Dappill, to the west of the town of Ayr, a place appointed, for the purpose of giving him any commissions which he might have for Edinburgh, and assuring his treacherous ally Auchindrane to which he might have in the Scottish metropolis, as anxiously as to his own. Sir Thomas Kennedy's message was carried to the town of Maybole, where his messenger, for some trivial reason, had the import committed to writing by a schoolmaster in that town, and despatched it to its destination by means of a poor student, named Dalrymple, instead of carrying it to the house of Auchindrane in person.

This suggested to Mure a diabolical plot. Having thus received tidings of Sir Thomas Kennedy's motions, he conceived the infernal purpose of having the confiding friend who sent the information, waylaid and murdered at the place appointed to meet with him, not only in friendship, but for the purpose of rendering him service. He dispatched his messenger returning the led to carry back the letter to Maybole, and to say that he had not found him, Auchindrane, in his house. Having taken this precaution, he proceeded to instigate the brother of the said Gilbert of Bargane, Thomas Kennedy of Drumarghie by name, and Walter Mure of Cloneaid, a
kingsman of his own, to take this opportunity of revenging Margrave's death. The fiery young man was vastly induced to undertake the crime. They waylaid the unsuspecting Sir Thomas of Callan, at the place appointed to meet the traitor Auchindran, and the murderers having in company five or six servants, well mounted and armed, assaulted and cruelly murdered him with many wounds. They then plundered the dead corpse of his horse, which he had returned to borrow again, cut off the gold buttons which he wore on his coat, and despoiled the body of some valuable rings and jewels.1

The revenge due for his uncle's murder was keenly pursued by the Earl of Cassilis. As the murderers fled from trial, they were declared outlaws; which doom, being pronounced by three blairs of a horn, was called "being put to the horn, and declared the king's rebel." Mure of Auchindran was strongly suspected of having been the instigator of the crime. But he conceived there could be no evidence to prove his guilt if he could keep the boy Dalrymple out of the way, who delivered the letter which made him acquainted with Callan's journey, and identified the man he had met in the hall. On the contrary, he saw, that if the lad could be produced at the trial, it would afford ground of fatal presumption, since it could be then proved that persons so nearly connected with him as Kennedy and Clonard had left his house, and committed the murder at the very spot which Callan had fixed for their meeting.

To avoid this imminent danger, Mure brought Dalrymple to his house, and detained him there for several weeks. But the youth tiring of this confinement, Mure sent him to reside with a friend, Montgomery of Skellmorn, who maintained him under a borrowed name, amid the desert regions of the then almost savage island of Arran. Being confident in the absence of this material witness, Auchindran, like his agents Drumurghie and Clonard, presented himself boldly at the bar, demanded a fair trial, and offered his person in court to the seath against any of Lord Cassilis's friends who might impugn his innocence. This audacity was not successful, and he was dismissed without trial.

Still, however, Mure did not consider himself safe, so long as Dalrymple was within the realm of Scotland; and the danger grew more pressing when he learned that the lad had become impatient of the restraint which he sustained in the island of Arran, and rebuked the complaints of Auchindran. Mure of no sooner heard of this than he again obtained possession of the boy's person, and a second time concealed him at Auchindran, until he found an opportunity to transport him to the Low Countries, where he contrived to have him enlisted in Buccleuch's regiment; trusting, doubtless, that some one of the numerous chances of war might destroy the poor young man whose life was so dangerous to him.

But after five or six years' uncertain safety, bought at the expense of so much violence and cunning, Auchindran's fears were exasperated into frenzy, when he found this dangerous witness, having escaped from all the perils of captivity, and, as it were, had left, or been discharged from, the Legion of Borderers, and had again accomplished his return to Ayrshire. There is ground to suspect that Dalrymple knew the nature of the hold which he possessed over Auchindran, and was desirous of extorting from his fears some better provision than he had found either in Arran or the Netherlands. But if so, it is evident that he went in temper with the fears of such a man as Auchindran, who determined to rid himself effectually of this unhappy young man.

Mure now lodged him in a house of his own, called Chapelton, tenanted by a vassal and connexion of his called James Bannatyne. This man he commissioned to meet him at ten o'clock at night on the sands near Arran, and call with him the unfortunate Dalrymple, the object of his fear and dread. The victim seems to have come with Bannatyne without the least suspicion, though such might have been raised by the time and place assured to him by a written document, drawn up in the form of a regular bond.2

Judging by the Earl's former and subsequent history, he probably thought, in either event, his purpose would be attained, by "killing two birds with one stone." On the other hand, however, it is in doing justice to the Master's acuteness, and the experience required under his quondam preceptor, Auchindran, that we should likewise conjecture that, on his part, he would hold firm possession of the bond, in the use as a means of extorting from the other, should he afterwards attempt to betray him into the hands of justice.

The following is a correct copy of the bond granted by the Earl:—

"We, John, Earl of Cassilis, Lord Kennedy, &c., bind and obligate us, that howsoever our brother, Hew Kennedy of Brunston, with his complices, takes the Laird of Auchindran's life, reward of reward, and his part of the sum of twelve hundred merks, yealis, togerther with corn to seven hores, and our, pays to the said-"

1 "No papers which have hitherto been discovered appear to afford so striking a picture of the savage state of barbarism into which that country must have sunk, as the following Bond by the Earl of Cassilis, to his brother and heir-apparent, Hew, Master of Cassilis. The uncle of these young men, Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean, tutor of Cassilis, as the reader will recollect, was murdered, May 11th, 1652, by Auchindran's accomplices.2

2 "The Master of Cassilis, for many years previous to that event, was in open hostility to his brother. During all that period, however, the Master maintained his habits and adherence to Auchindran, and his close associates, and actually joined him in various hostile enterprises against his brother the Earl. The occurrence of the Laird of Cassilis, resolved in the early spring of that year, to bring forth an effectual and fitting opportunity to effect a permanent reconciliation between the brethren: 'bet,' (as the Historie of the Kennedys, p. 69, quaintly form, and as) 'that he would be ward ane's redress in that case, for the soold huff betik him and Auchindrayne.' The unprincipled Earl, (whose sobriquet, and that of some of his ancestors, was a prison, beard, as he is both Caledonian and the inhabitants of that district,) relying on his brother's necessities, held out the infamous bribe contained in the following bond, to induce his brother the Master of Cassilis, to murder his former friend, the old Laird of Auchindran. Though there be honour among thieves, it would seem that there is none among assassins; for the younger brother insisted upon having the price of
appointed for the meeting. When Bannatyne and Dalrymple came to the appointed spot, Auchinrane met them, accompanied by his eldest son, James. Old Auchinrane, having taken Bannatyne aside, imparted his bloody purpose of ridding himself of Dalrymple for ever, by murdering him on the spot. His own life and honour were, he said, endangered by the manner in which this inconvenient witness repeatedly thrust himself back into Ayshire, and nothing could secure his safety but taking the lad's life, in which action he requested James Bannatyne's assistance. Bannatyne felt some compunction, and remonstrated against the cruel expedient, saying, it would be better to transport Dalrymple to Ireland, and take precautions against his return. While old Auchinrane seemed disposed to listen to this proposal, his son concluded that the time was come for accomplishing the purpose of their meeting, and, without waiting the termination of his father's conference with Bannatyne, he rushed suddenly on Dalrymple, beat him to the ground, and, kneeling down on him, with his father's assistance accomplished the crime, by strangling the unhappy object of their fear and jealousy. Bannatyne, the witness, and partly the accomplice, of the murder, assisted them in their attempt to make a hole in the sand, with a spade which they had brought on purpose, in order to conceal the dead body. But as the tide was coming in, the holes which they made filled with water before they could get the body buried, and the ground seemed, to their terrified consciousness, to refuse to be accessory to concealing their crime. Despairing of hiding the corpse in the manner they proposed, the murderers carried it out into the sea as deep as they dared wade, and there abandoned it to the billows, trusting that a wind, which was blowing off the shore, would drive these remains of their crime out to sea, where they would never more be heard of. But the sea, as well as the land, seemed unwilling to conceal their cruelty. After floating for some hours, or perhaps days, these bodies, by wind and tide, again driven on shore, near the very spot where the murder had been committed.

This attracted general attention, and when the corpse was known to be that of the same William Dalrymple whom Auchinrane had so often spirited out of the country, or concealed when he was in it, a strong and general suspicion arose, that this young person had murdered with foul play from the hold bad man who had shown himself so much interested in his absence. It was always said or supposed, that the dead body had bled at the approach of a grandchild of Mure of Auchinrane, a girl who, from curiosity, had come to look at a sight which others crowed to see. The bleeding of a murdered corpse at the touch of the murderer, was a thing at that time so much believed of, and mentioned as a proof of guilt; but I know no case, save that of Auchinrane, in which the phenomenon was supposed to be extended to the approach of the innocent kindred; nor do I think that the fact itself, though mentioned by ancient lawyers, was ever admitted to proof in the proceedings against Auchinrane.

It is certain, however, that Auchinrane found himself so much the object of suspicion from this new crime, that he resolved to fly from justice, and suffer himself to be declared a rebel and outlaw rather than face a trial. But his conduct in preparing to cover his flight with another motive than the real one, is a curious picture of the men and manners of the times. He knew well that if he were to shun his trial for the murder of Dalrymple, he must, to secure his innocence, consider him as a man guilty of a mean and disgraceful crime in putting to death an obscure lad, against whom he had no personal quarrel. He knew, besides, that his powerful friends, who would have interceded for him had his offence been merely burning a house, or killing a neighbour, would not pined for or stand by him in so pitiful a concern as the slaughter of this wretched wanderer.

Accordingly, Mure sought to provide himself with some ostensible cause for avoiding law, with which the feelings of his kindred and friends might sympathize; and none occurred to him so natural as an assault upon some friend and adherent of the Earl of Cassillis. Should he kill such a one, it would be indeed an unlawful action, but so far from being infamous, would be accounted the natural consequence of the avowed quarrel between the families. With this purpose, Mure, with the assistance of a relative, of whom he seems always to have had some ready to execute his worst purposes, beset Hugh Kennedy of Garriehorne, a follower of the Earl's, against whom they had especial ill-will, fired their pistols at him, and used other means to put him to death. But Garriehorne, a stout-hearted man, and well armed, defended himself in a very different manner from the unfortunate Knight of Collayne, and beat off the assailants, wounding young Auchinrane in the right hand, so that he wellnigh lost the use of it.

But though Auchinrane's purpose did not entirely succeed, he availed himself of it to escape into Scotland; and fired a pardon for firing upon his feudal enemy with pistols, weapons declared unlawful by act of Parliament, he would willingly stand his trial for the death of Dalrymple, respecting which he protested his total innocence. The King, however, was decided of opinion that the Mures, both father and son, were alike guilty of both crimes, and used intercession with the Earl of Cassillis, as a person of power in those western counties, as well as in Ireland, to arrest and transmit them prisoners to Edinburgh. In consequence of the Earl's exertions, old Auchinrane was made prisoner, and lodged in the tolbooth of Edinburgh.

Young Auchinrane no sooner heard that his father was in custody, than he became as apprehensive of Bannatyne, the accomplice in Dalrymple's murder, telling tales, as ever his father had been of Dalrymple. He, therefore, hastened to him, and prevailed on him to pass over for a while to the neighbouring coast of Ireland, finding him money and means to accomplish the voyage, and engaging in the meantime to take care of his affairs in Scotland. Secure, as they thought, in this precaution, old Auchinrane persisted in his innocence, and his son found security
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to stand his trial. Both appeared with the same confidence at the day appointed, and braved the public justice, hoping to be put to a formal trial, in which Auchindrane reckoned upon an acquittal for want of the evidence which he had removed. The trial was, however, held, and Mure the elder was dismissed, under high security to return when called for.

But King James, being convinced of the guilt of the accused, ordered young Auchindrane, instead of being sent to trial, to be examined under the force of torture, in order to compel him to tell whatever he knew of the things charged against him. He was accordingly severely tortured; but the result only served to show that such examinations are as useless as they are cruel. A man of weak resolution, or a nervous habit, would probably have assented to any confession, however false, rather than have endured the extremity of fear and pain to which Mure was subjected. But young Auchindrane, a strong and determined ruffian, endured the torments, and denied most things, and by his constant audacity with which, in spite of the intolerable pain, he continued to assert his innocence, he spread so favourable an opinion of his case, that the detaining him in prison, instead of bringing him to open trial, was considered as severe and oppressive. James, however, remained firmly persuaded of his guilt, and by an exertion of authority quite inconsistent with our present laws, commanded young Auchindrane to be still detained in close custody till further light could be thrown on these dark proceedings. He was detained accordingly by the King's express personal command, and against the opinion even of his own counsellors. This exertion of authority was much murmured against.

In the meanwhile, old Auchindrane, being, as we have seen, at liberty on pledges, skulked about in the west, feeling how little security he had gained by Dalrymple's murder, and that he had placed himself by that crime in the power of Bannatyne, whose evidence concerning the death of Dalrymple could not be less fatal than what Dalrymple might have told concerning Auchindrane's accession to the conspiracy against Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culnane. The elder Auchindrane, shamed by the error of his wicked policy, Auchindrane could think of no better mode in this case than that which had failed in relation to Dalrymple. When any man's life became inconsistent with his own safety, no idea seems to have occurred to this inveterate ruffian, save to murder the person by whom he might himself be in any way endangered. He therefore attempted the life of James Bannatyne by more agents than one. Nay, he had nearly ripened a plan, by which one Pennycuke was to be employed to slay Bannatyne, while, after the deed was done, it was devised that Mure of Auchinmuir, a connection of Bannatyne, should be instigated to slay Pennycuke; and thus close up this train of murders by one, which, flowing in the ordinary course of deadly feud, should have nothing in it so particular as to attract much attention.

But the justice of Heaven would bear this complicit train of iniquity no longer. Bannatyne, knowing with what sort of men he had to deal, kept on his guard, and, by his caution, disconcerted more than one attempt to take his life, while another miscarried by the remorse of Pennycuke, the agent whom Mure employed. At length Bannatyne, tiring of this state of insecurity, and in despair of escaping such complicated plots, and also feeling remorse for the crime to which he had been accessory, resolved rather to submit himself to the severity of the law, than remain the object of the principal criminal's practices. He surrendered himself to the Earl of Abergowrie, and was transported to Edinburgh, where he confessed both before the King and council all the particulars of the murder of Dalrymple, and the attempt to hide his body by committing it to the sea.

When Bannatyne was confronted with the two Mures before the Privy Council, they denied with vehemence every part of the evidence he had given, and affirmed that the witness had been bribed to destroy them by a false tale. Bannatyne's behaviour seemed sincere and simple, that of Auchindrane more resolute and crafty. The personal accusation fell upon his knees, invoking God to witness that all the land in Scotland could not have bribed him to bring a false accusation against a master whom he had served, loved, and followed in so many dangers, and calling upon Auchindrane to honour God by confessing the crime he had committed. More the elder, on the other hand, boldly replied, that he hoped God would not so far forsake him as to permit him to confess a crime of which he was innocent, and exalted Bannatyne in his turn to confess the practices by which he had been induced to devise such falsehoods against him.

The two Mures, father and son, were therefore put upon their solemn trial, along with Bannatyne, in 1631, and, after a great deal of evidence had been brought in support of Bannatyne's confession, all three were found guilty.1 The elder Auchindrane was convicted of counselling and directing the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, and also of the actual murder of the lad Dalrymple. Bannatyne and the younger Mure were found guilty of the latter crime, and all three were sentenced to be beheaded. Bannatyne, however, the accomplice, received the King's pardon, in consequence of his voluntary surrender and confession. The two Mures were

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1 After pronouncing and declaring of the qahilik, or term of a lifetime to the persons of those who have perjured the justice, in respect thereof, be the mouth of Alexander Keoghe, deponent of Court, decoret and adjoining the saids Johnne Mure of Auchindranie elder, James Cullayne, James Mure of Auchindranie, Alexander Keoghe, witness, and James Bannnte, called of Chapel-Donace, and ilk ane of them, to be tame to the mercat cross of the borch of Edinbourgh, and the, upon ane saturday the second of November, to be striate from their houses and all their lands, servais, stakis, steediege, rowmes, possessions, tengais, cotaines, rattle, inlaid pleasing, furniture, and all goods of what sort and kind, quachiset, quahil on direct, and indifferent pertaining to them, or any of them, at the committing of the saids treason-bill Murt bourgeois, or menny; or to the quahilik, or any of them, had right, claim, or action, to be forfeit, sequestr, and jeobt to our soverane lordis use, as culpable and contrary to the saids treason-bill crimes.2

2 Qahilik was pronounced for Dennet.
both executed. The younger was affected by the remembrances of the clergy who attended him, and he confessed the guilt of which he was accused. The father, also, was at length brought to avert the fact, but, in other respects died as impenitent as he had lived;—

and so ended this dark and extraordinary tragedy.

The Lord Advocate of the day, Sir Thomas Hamilton, afterwards successively Earl of Melrose and of Haddington, in drawing up a statement of this foul transaction, for the purpose of vindicating to the people of Scotland the severe course of justice observed by King James VI. He assumes the task in a high tone of prerogative law, and, on the whole, seems at a loss whether to attribute to Providence, or to his most sacred Majesty, the greatest share in bringing to light these monstrous villanies, but rather inclines to the latter opinion. There is, I believe, no printed copy of the intended tract, which seems never to have been published; but the curious will be enabled to judge of it, as it appears in the next fasciculus of Mr. Robert Pitcairn's very interesting publications from the Scottish Criminal Record, 1

The family of Auchindrane did not become extinct on the death of the two highwaymen. The last descendant existed in the eighteenth century, a poor and distressed man. The following anecdote shows that he had a strong feeling of his situation.

There was in front of the old castle a huge ash-tree called the Dule-tree (mournning tree) of Auchindrane, probably because it was the place where the Baron executed the criminals who fell under his jurisdiction. It is described as having been the finest tree of the neighbourhood. This last representative of the family of Auchindrane had the misfortune to be arrested for payment of a small debt; and, unable to discharge it, was prepared to accompany the messenger (bailiff) to the jail of Ayr. The servant of the law had compassion for his prisoner, and offered to accept of this remarkable tree as of value adequate to the discharge of the debt. "What!" said the debtor, "Sell the Dule-tree of Auchindrane! I will sooner die in the worst dungeon of your prison." In this luckless character the line of Auchindrane ended. The family, blackened with the crimes of its predecessors, became extinct, and the estate passed into other hands.

Morton, during the Civil Wars, and hides an oppressive, ferocious, and unscrupulous disposition, under some pretences to strictness of life and doctrine, which, however, never influence his conduct. He is in danger from the love, owing to his having been formerly active in the assassination of the Earl of Cassillis.

Philip Mure, his Son, a void, debauched Prostitute, professing and practising a contempt for his Father's hypocrisy, while he is as fierce and licentious as Auchindrane himself.

Gifford, their Relation, a Courtier.

Quentin Blane, a Youth, educated for a Clergyman, but sent by Auchindrane to serve in a Band of Auxiliaries in the Wars of the Netherlands, and lately employed as Clerk or Comptroller to the Regiment—Disbanded, however, and on his return in his native Country. He is of a mild, gentle, and rather feeble character, liable to be influenced by any person of stronger mind who will take the trouble to direct him. He is somewhat of a nervous temperament, varying from sadness to gaiety, according to the impulse of the moment, an amiable hypochondriac.

Hildebrand, a stout old Englishman, who, by feats of courage, has raised himself to the rank of Sergeant-Major, (then of standard consequence.) He, too, has been disbanded, but cannot bring himself to believe that he has lost his command over his Regiment.

Abraham, Privates dismissed from the same Regiment with Quentin and Hildebrand had served. These are mutinous, and are much disposed to remember former quarrels with their late Officers.

Niel MacLeian, Keeper of Auchindrane Forest and Game.

Earl of Dumbarton, commanding an Army as Lieutenant of James I., for execution of Justice on Offenders.

Guards, Attendants, &c. &c.

M. and Mrs. Wife of Niel MacLeian.

Isabel, their Daughter, a Girl of six years old. Other Children and Peasant Women.

Auchindrane;

OR,

THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A rocky Bay on the Coast of Carrick, in Ayrshire, not far from the Point of Turnberry. The Sea comes in upon a bold, rocky Shore. The remains of a small half-built Tower are seen on the right hand, overhanging the

he resolved to found a dramatic sketch on their terrible story; and the result was a composition far superior to any of his previous attempts of that nature consequence. Indeed there are several passages in his "Ayrshire Tragedy"—especially that where the murdered corpse dozes upright in the wake of the masquer's bark—(an incident suggested by a lamentable chapter in Dugald Stewart's history)—which may bear comparison with anything but Shakespeare. Yet I doubt whether the prose narrative of the preface be not, on the whole, more dramatic than the remedied verse. It contains, by the way, some very striking allusions to the recent atrocities of Gill's Hill and the West Port."—

Lochlin, vol. i., p. 534.

John Mure of Auchindrane, on Ayrshire Baron.

He has been a follower of the Regent. Earl of

DAMATIS PERSONAE.

1 See an article in the Quarterly Review, February, 1831, on Mr. Pitcairn's valuable collection, where Sir Walter Scott particularly dwells on the original documents connected with the trials and imprisonments of Mr. Pitcairn, and the important services in the history of his profession, and of Scotland, they justly characterised. (1831.)

"Sir Walter's review of the early parts of Mr. Pitcairn's Ancient Criminal Trials had, of course, much gratified the editor, who sat him, on his arrival in Edinburgh, the proof-sheets of the Number then in hand, and directed his attention particularly to its details as the extraordinary case of Mure of Auchindrane. A.D. 1611. Scott was so much interested with these documents, that
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Sea. There is a vessel at a distance in the offing. A boat at the bottom of the Stage lands eight or ten persons, dressed like disbanded, and in one or two cases like disabled Soldiers. They come straggling forward with their knapsacks and bundles. Hilbrand, the Servant, belonging to the Party, a stout elderly man stands by the boat, as if superintending the disembarkation. Quentin remains apart.

Abraham. Farewell, the flats of Holland, and right welcome
The cliffs of Scotland! Fare thee well, black beer
And Schiedam gin! and welcome twopeeny, Oateskev, and vaukebaugh!
Williams (who wants an arm) Farewell, the sallent field, and “Forward, pikemen!”
For the bridge-end, the suburb, and the lane; And, “Bless your honour, noble gentlemen, Remember a poor soldier!”

Abr. My tongue shall never need to smooth the knife.
To such poor sounds, while it can boldly say, “Stand and deliver!”

Wil. Hush, the sergeant hears you! Abr. And let him hear; he makes a bustling yonder,
And dreams of his authority, forgetting We are disbanded men, o’er whom his halberd Has not so much influence as the head-die’s baton. We are no soldiers now, but every one
The lord of his own person
Wil. A wretched lordship—and our freedom such
As that of the old cart-horse, when the owner Turns him upon the common. I for one Will still continue to respect the sergeant, And the comptroller, too.—while the cash lasts

Abr. I scorn them both. I am too stout a Scotman
To bear a Suthram’s rule an instant longer Than discipline oblige; and for Quentin, Quentin the quilliman, Quentin the comptroller.
We have no regiment now; or, if we had, Quentin’s no longer clerk to it.

Wil. For shame! for shame! What, shall old comrades jar thus, And on the verge of parting, and for ever!— Nay, keep thy temper, Abraham, though a bad one.—
Good Master Quentin, let thy song last night Give us once more our welcome to old Scotland.

Abr. Ay, they sing light whose task is telling money When dollars clink for chorus
Quene. I’ve done with counting silver, honest Abraham, As thou, I fear, with pouching thy small share off. But lend your voices, lads, and I will sing As hilithely yet as if a town were won; As if upon a field of battle gam’d, Our banners waved victorious.

[He sings, and the rest bear chorus.

SONG.
Hither we come,
Once slaves to the drum,
But no longer we list to its rattle;
Adieu to the wars,
With their slashes and scars.
The march, and the storm, and the battle.

There are some of us main’d,
And some that are lamed,
And some of old aches are complaining;
But we’ll take up the tools,
Which we flung by like fools,
’Gainst Don Spanish to go a-campaigning.

Dick Hawthorn doth now
To return to the plough,
Jack Steele to his anvil and hammer;
The weaver shall find room
At the wight-wapping loom,
And your clerk shall teach writing and grammar.

Abr. And this is all that thou canst do, gay Quentin?
Tu swagger o’er a herd of parish brats,
Cut cheese or dibble onions with thy poniard,
And turn the sheath into a ferula?
Quene. I am the prodigal in holy writ;
I cannot work,—to beg I am ashamed.
Besides, good mates, I care not who may know it,
I’m even as fairly tired of this same fighting,
As the poor cur that’s worried in the shambles
By all the mass of dogs of all the butchers;
Wherefore, farewell sword, poniard, petronel;
And welcome poverty and peaceful labour.

Abr. Clerk Quentin, if of fighting thou art tired,
By my good word, thou’rt quickly satisfied,
For thou’st seen but little on’t.

Wil. Thou dost believe me—I have seen him fight Bravely enough for one in his condition.

Abr. What he! that counter-casting, smock-faced boy?
What was he but the colonel’s scribbling drudge,
With men of straw to stuff the regiment roll;
With ciphers unjust to cheat his comrades,
And cloak false musters for our noble captain?
He bid farewell to sword and petronel!
He should have said, farewell my pen and standish.
These, with the resin used to hide erasures, Were the best friends he left in camp behind him.

Quene. The sword you scoff at is not far, but scarce.
The threats of an unmanner’d minister.

Ser. (interposes) We’ll have no brawling— Shall it ever be said,
That being comrades six long years together, While gnipping down the frowzy fogs of Holland We tilted at each other’s threats so soon As the first draught of native air refresh’d them?
Not! by Saint Dunstan, I forbid the combat. You all, methinks, do know this trusty halberd; For I opine, that every hand amongst you Hath felt the weight of the tough ashen staff, Enduing or overthwart. Who is it wishes A remembrancer now? [Raises his halberd.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Abr. Comrades, have you ears
To hear the old man bully? Eyes to see
His staff rair'd o'er your heads, as o'er the hounds
The huntsman cracks his whip?

Wil. Well said—stout Abraham has the right on't.—
I tell thee, sergeant, we do reverence thee.
And pardon the rash humours thou hast caught,
Like wiser men, from thy authority.
To en-rolled, bowse'wer, and we'll not suffer
A word of sergeantry, or halberd-staff.
Nor the most petty threat of discipline.
If thou wilt lay aside thy pride of office,
And drop thy wont of swaggering and commanding,
Thou art our comrade still for good or evil.
Else take thy course apart, or with the clerk there—
A sergeant thou, and he being all thy regiment.

Ser. Is't come to this, false knaves! And think you not,
That if you hear a name o'er other soldiers,
It was because you follow'd to the charge
One that had zeal and skill enough to lead you
Where fame was won by danger?

Wil. We grant thy skill in leading, noble sergeant;
Witness some empty boots and sleeves amongst us,
Which else had still been tenanted with limbs in the full quantity; and for the arguments
With which you used to back our resolution,
Our shouders do record them. At a word,
Will you conform, or must we part our company?

Ser. Conform to you? Base dogs! I would not lead you
A bolt-flight farther to be made a general.
Mean mutineers! when you swill'd off the dregs
Of my poor sea-stores, it was, "Noble Sergeant—
Heaven bless old Hildebrand—we'll follow him,
At least, until we safely see him lodged
Within the merry bounds of his own England!"

Wil. Ay, truly, sir; but, mark, the ale was mighty.
And the Geneva potent. Such stout liquor
Makes violent protestations. Skim it round,
If you have any left, to the same tune,
And we may find a chorus for it still.

Abr. We lose our time.—Tell us at once, old man.
If thou wilt march with us, or stay with Quentin I

Ser. Out, mutineers! Dishonour dog your heels!

Abr. Wilful will have his way. Adieu, stout Hildebrand!

[The Soldiers go off laughing, and taking leave, with mockery, of the Sergeant and Quentin, who remain on the Stage.]

Ser. (after a pause.) Fly you not with the rest?—fail you to follow

You goodly fellowship and fair example! Come, take your wild-goose flight. I know you Scots,

Like your own sea-fowl, seek your course together.

Que. Fly, with a poor heron, who wing my flight
In loneliness, or with a single partner;
And right it is that I should seek for solitude,
Bringing but evil luck on them I herd with.

Ser. Thou'rt thankless. Had we landed on the coast,
Where our course bore us, thou wert far from home:
But the fierce wind that drove us round the island,
Barring each port and inlet that we minded at,
Hath waited thee to harbour; for I judge
This is thy native land we disembark on.

Que. True, worthy friend. Each rock, each stream I look on,
Each bosky wood, and every frowning tower,
Awakens some young dream of infancy.
Yet such is my hard lot, I might more safely
Have look'd on Indian cliffs, or Afric's desert,
Than on my native shores. I'm like a babe,
Doon'd to draw poison from my nurse's bosom.

Ser. Thou dream'st, young man. Unreal terrors haunt
As I have noted, madd'ry brains like thine—
Flighty, poetic, and imaginative—
To whom a minstrel whim gives idle rapture,
And, when it fades, fantastic misery.

Que. But mine is not fantastic. I can tell thee,
Since I have known thee still my faithful friend,
In part at least the dangerous plight I stand in.

Ser. And I will hear thee willingly, the pantler
That I would let these vagabonds march on,
Nor join their troop again. Besides, good sooth,
I'm wearied with the toil of yesterday,
And revel of last night.—And I may aid thee,
Yes, I may aid thee, comrade, and perchance
Thou mayst advance me.

Que. Nay it prove well for both!—But note, my friend,
I can but intimate my mystic story.
Some of it lies so secret, even the winds
That whistle round us must not know the whole—
An oath!—an oath! —

Ser. That must be kept, of course
I ask but that which thou mayst freely tell.

Que. I was an orphan boy, and first saw light
Not far from where we stand—my lineage low.

But honest in its poverty. A lord,
The master of the soil for many a mile,
Dreaded and powerful, took a kindly charge
For my advance in letters, and the qualities
Of the poor orphan lad drew some applause.
The knight was proud of me, and, in his halls,
I had such kind of welcome as the great
Give to the homage, whom they love to point to
As objects not unworthy their protection.
Whose progress is some honour to their patron—

A cure was spoken of, which I might serve,
My manners, doctrine, and acquirements fitting.
Ser. Hitherto thy luck
Was of the best, good friend. Few lords had
cared
If thou couldst read thy grammer or thy psal-
ter.
Thou must be valued couldst thou scour a
harass,
And dress a steed distinctly.
Que. My old master
Heid different doctrine, at least it seem'd so—
But he was mix'd in many a deadly feud—
And here my tale grows mystic. I became,
In writing and unwriting, the depository
Of a dread secret, and the knowledge on't
Has wrack'd my peace for ever. It became
My patron's will, that I, as one who knew
More than I should, must leave the realm of
Scotland.
And live or die within a distant land.
Ser. Ah! thou hast done a fault in some
wild raid.
As you wild Scotsmen call them.
Que. Comrade, nay,
Mine was a peaceful part, and happ'd by
chance
I must not tell you more. Enough, my pre-
sence
Brought danger to my benefactor's house.
Tower after tower conceal'd me, willing still
To hide my ill-omen'd face with owls and
ravens,
And let my patron's safety be the purchase
Of my severe and desolate captivity.
So thought I, when dark Arran, with its walls
Of native rock, enclosed me. There I lurk'd,
A peaceful stranger amid armed clans,
Without a friend to love or to defend me.
Where all beside were link'd by close alli-
ances.
At length I made my option to take service
In that same legion of auxiliaries
In which we lately served the Belgian.
Our leader, stout Montgomery, hath been kind
Through all—full six years of warfare, and as-
sign'd me
More peaceful tasks than the rough front of
war,
For which my education little suited me.
Ser. Ay, therein was Montgomery kind in-
deed:
Nay, kinder than you think, my simple Que-
tin.
The letters which you brought to the Mont-
gomery,
Pointed to thrust thee on some desperate ser-
vice,
Which should most likely end thee.
Que. Here I such letters!—Surely, com-
rade, no.
Full deeply was the writer bound to aid me.
Perchance he only meant to prove my mettle;
And it was but a trick of my bad fortune
That gave his letters ill interpretation.
Ser. Ay, but thy better angel wrought for
good.
Whatever ill thy evil fate designed thee.
Montgomery pitied thee, and changed thy ser-
vice
In the rough field for labour in the tent.
More fit for thy green years and peaceful
habits.
Que. Even there his well-meant kindness
injured me.
My comrades hated, undervalued me,
And whatsoever of service I could do them,
They gerdon'd with ingratitude and envy—
Such my strange doom, that if I serve a man
At deepest risk, he is my foe for ever!
Ser. Hast thou worse fate than others if it
were so?
Worse even than me, thy friend, timon, of whom
ungrateful slaves have pitch'd ashore.
As wild waves heap the sea-weed on the
beach,
And left him here, as if he had the pest
Or leprosy, and death were in his company?
Que. They think at least you have the worst
of plagues.
The worst of leprosies—they think you poor.
Ser. They think like a lying villains then, I'm
rich,
And they too might have felt it. I've a
thought—
But stay—what plans your wisdom for your-
self?
Que. My thoughts are well-nigh desperate.
But I purpose
Return to my stern patron—there to tell him
That wars, and winds, and waves, have cross'd
his pleasure.
And cast me on the shore from whence he
banish'd me.
Then let him do his will, and destine for me
A dungeon or a grave.
Ser. Now, by the rood, thou art a simple
fool!
I can do better for thee. Mark me, Quentin.
I took my license from the noble regiment,
Partly that I was worn with age and warfare,
Partly that an estate of yeomanry,
Of no great purchase, but enough to live on.
Has call'd me owner since a kinsman's death.
It lies in merry Yorkshire, where the wealth
Of fold and furrow, proper to Old England,
Stretches by streams which walk no sluggish
pace,
But dance as light as yours. Now, good friend
Quentin,
This copyhold can keep two quiet inmates,
And I am childless. Wilt thou be my son?
Que. Nav, you can only jest, my worthy
friend!
What claim have I to be a burden to you?
Ser. The claim of him that wants, and is in
danger.
On him that has, and can afford protection:
Thou wouldst not fear a foeman in my cot-
tage,
Where a stout mastiff alumber'd on the
hearth.
And this good haider hung above the chim-
ney?
But come— I have it— thou shalt earn thy
bread
Duly, and honourably, and usefully.
Our village schoolmaster hath left the parish,
Forsook the ancient schoolhouse with its ye-
trees,
That lurk'd beside a church two centuries
older,—
So long devotion took the lead of knowledge;
And since his little flock are shepherdless,
Thou shalt be promoted in his room;
And rather than thou wastest scholars, man,
Myself will enter pupil. Better late,
Our proverb says, than never to do well.
And look you, on the holydays I'd tell
To all the wondering boors and gaping children,
Strange tales of what the regiment did in Flanders,
And thou shouldst say Amen, and be my warrant,
That I speak truth to them.

Que. Would I might take thy offer! But, alas!
Thou art the hermit who compelled a pilgrim,
In name of Heaven and heavenly charity,
To share his roof and meal, but found too late
That he had drawn a curse on him and his.
By sheltering a wretch forsook’d of heaven!

Que. Thou talk’st in riddles to me.

Que. 'Tis that I am a riddle to myself,
Thou know’st I am by nature born a friend
To glee and merriment; can make wild verses;
The jest or laugh has never stopp’d with me,
When once ’twas set a rolling.

Ser. I have known thee
A blithe companion still, and wonder now
Thou shouldst become thus crest-fallen.

Que. Does the lark sing her descant when the falcon
Scales the blue vault with bolder wing than hers,
And meditates a stoop? The mirth thou’st noted
Was all deception, fraud—Hated enough
For other causes, I did veil my feelings
Beneath the mask of mirth,—laugh’d, aung, and caroll’d,
To gain some interest in my comrades’ souls,
Although mine own was bursting.

Ser. Thou’rt a hypocrite
Of a new order.

Que. But harmless as the innocuous snake,
Which bears the adder’s form, lurks in his haunts,
Yet neither hath his fang-teeth nor his poison.
Look you, kind Hildebrand, I would seem merry,
Lest other men should, tiring of my sadness,
Expel me from them, as the hunted wether
Is driven from the flock.

Ser. Faith, thou hast borne it bravely out.
Had I been ask’d to name the merriest fellow
Of all our musty-trolls—that man wert thou.

Que. See’st thou, my friend, youbrook dance down the valley,
And sing blithe carols over broken rock
And tiny waterfall, kissing each shrub
And each gay flower it nurtures in its passage,—
Where, think’st thou, is its source, the bonny brook I—

It flows from forth a cavern, black and gloomy,
Sullen and soundless, like this heart of mine,
Which others see in a false glare of gaiety,
Which I have laid before you in its sadness.

Ser. If such wild fancies dog thee, wherefore leave
The trade where thou wert safe ’midst others’ dangers,
And venture to thy native land, where fate
Lies on the watch for thee! Had old Montgomery
Been with the regiment, thou hadst had no conge.

Que. No, ’tis most likely—But I had a hope,
A poor vain hope, that I might live obscurely
In some far corner of my native Scotland,
Which, of all others, splinter’d into districts,
Differing in manners, families, even language,
Seem’d a safe refuge for the humble wretch,
Whose highest hope was to remain unheard of.

But fate has haffled me—the winds and waves,
With force reelessit, have impell’d me hither—
Have driven me to the chime most dang’rous to me;
And I obey the call, like the hurt deer,
Which seeks instinctively his native lair,
Though his heart tells him it is but to die
There.

Ser. ’Tis false, by Heaven, young man! This same despair,
Though showing resignation in its banner,
Is but a kind of covert cowardice.

Wise men have said, that though our stars incline,
They cannot force us—Wisdom is the pilot,
And if he cannot cross, he may evade them.

You lend an ear to idle auguries,
The fruits of our last revels—still most sad
Under the gloom that follows boisterous mirth,
As earth looks blackest after brilliant sunshine.

Que. No, by my honest word. I join’d the revel,
And aided it with laugh, and song, and shout,
But my heart revel’d not; and, when the mirth
Was at the loudest, on you galliot’s prow
I stood unmark’d, and gazed upon the land,
My native land—each cape and cliff I knew,
“Behold me now,” I said, “your destined victim!”

So greets the sentenced criminal the headsmen,
Who slow approaches with his lifted axe.

“Hither I come,” I said, “ye kindred hills,
Whose darksome outline in a distant land
Haunted my slumber; here I stand, thou ocean,
Whose hoarse voice, murmuring in my dreams,
Required me;
See me now here, ye winds, whose plaintive wail,
On yonder distant shores, appear’d to call me—
Summon’d, beheld me.” And the winds and waves,
And the deep echoes of the distant mountain,
Made answer—“Come, and die!”

Ser. Fantastic all! Poor boy, thou art distracted
With the vain terrors of some feudal tyrant,
Whose frown hath been from infancy thy hagbear.

Why seek his presence?

Que. Wherefore does the moth
Fly to the scorching taper? Why the bird,
Dazzled by lights at midnight, seek the net?
Why does the prey, which feels the fascination
Of the snake’s glaring eye, drop in his jaws?

Ser. Such wild examples but refute themselves.

Let bird, let moth, let the coiled adder’s prey,
Resist the fascination and be safe,
Thou goest not near this Baron—’tis true, I will go with thee.
Known in many a field,
Which he in a whole life of petty feud
Has never dream’d of, I will teach the knight
To rule him in this matter—be thy warrant,
That far from him, and from his petty lord-
ship,
You shall henceforth tread English land, and
never
Thy presence shall alarm his conscience more.

Que. 'Twere desperate risk for both. I will far rather
Hazily guide thee through this dangerous
province,
And seek thy school, thy yew-trees, and thy
church-yard—
The last, perchance, will be the first I find.

Ser. I would rather face him,
Like a bold Englishman that knows his right,
And will stand by his friend. And yet 'tis folly—

Fancies like these are not to be resented;
'Tis better to escape them. Many a presage,
Too rashly heaved, becomes its own accomplish-
ment
Then let us go—but whither? My old head
As little knows where it shall lie to-night.
As yonder Munroes that left their officer,
As reckless of his quarters as these billows,
That leave the withered sea-weed on the
beach,
And care not where they pile it.

Que. Think not for that, good friend. We
are in Scotland,
And if it is not varied from its wont,
Each cot, that sends a curl of smoke to heaven,
Will yield a stranger quarters for the night,
Simply because he needs them.

Ser. But are there none within an easy
walk
Give lodgings here for hire? for I have left
Some of the Doe's piastres, (though I kept
The secret from you galls,) and I had rather
Pay the fair reckoning I can well afford.
And my host takes with pleasure, than I'd
umber
Some poor man's roof with me and all my
wants,
And tax his charity beyond discretion.

Que. Some six miles hence there is a town
and hostelry—
But you are wayworn, and it is most likely
Our comrades must have fill'd it.

Ser. Out upon them!—
Were there a friendly mastiff who would lend me
Half of his supper, half of his poor kennel,
I would help Honesty to pick his bones,
And share his straw, far rather than I'd sup
On jolly fare with these base varlets!

Que. We'll manage better; for our Scottish
dogs,
Though stout and trusty, are but ill-instructed
In hospitable rights—Here is a maiden,
A little maid, will tell us of the country,
And sorely it is changed since I have left it,
If we should fail to find a harbourage.

Enter Isabel MacLellan, a girl of about six
years
old, bearing a milk-pail on her head; she stops on
seeing the Sergeant and Quentin.

Que. There's something in her look that
doth remind me—
But 'tis not wonder I find recollections
In all that here I look on.—Pretty maid—

Ser. You're slow, and hesitate. I will be
spokesman—

Good even, my pretty maiden—canst thou tell us,
Is there a Christian house would render strangers,
For love or guerdon, a night's meal and lodg-
ings?

Que. Full surely, sir; we dwell in your old
house
Upon the cliff—they call it Chapeldonan.

[Points to the building.
Our house is large enough, and if our supper
Chance to be scant, you shall have half of mine,
For, as I think, sir, you have been a soldier.
Up yonder lies our house; I'll trip before,
And tell my mother she has guests a-coming;
The path is something steep, but you shall see
I'll be there first. I must chain up the dogs,
too;

Nimrod and Bloodylass are cross to strangers,
But gentle when you know them.

[Exit, and is seen partially ascending to the Castle.

Ser. You have spoke
Your country folk aright, both for the dogs
And for the people.—We had luck to light
On one too young for cunning and for selfish-
ness—
He's in a reverie—a deep one sure,
Since the gibe on his country wakes him not—

Bestir thee, Quentin!

Que. 'Twas a wondrous likeness.

Ser. Likeness! of whom? I'll warrant thee
of one
Whom thou hast loved and lost. Such fantasi-
es Live long in brains like thine, which fashion
visions
Of woe and death when they are cross'd in
love.
As most men are or have been.

Que. Thy guess hath touch'd me, though it
is but slightly,
'Mongst other woes: I knew, in former days,
A maid that view'd me with some glance of
favour;
But my youth did carry me to other shores.
And she since been wedded. I did think
on't
But as a bubble burst, a rainbow vanish'd;
It adds no deeper shade to the dark gloom
Which chills the springs of hope and life
within me.
Our guide hath got a trick of voice and fea-
tures
Like to the maid I spoke of—that is all.

Ser. She bounds before us like a gamesome
doe,
Or rather as the rock-bred eaglet soars
Up to her nest, as if she rose by will
Without an effort. Now a Netherlander,
One of our Froglind friends, viewing the scene,
Would take his oath that tower, and rock, and
maidens—
Were forms too light and lofty to be real,
And only some delusion of the fancy,
Such as men dream at sunset. I myself
Have kept the level ground so many years,
I have wellnigh forgot the art to climb,
Unless assisted by thy younger arm.

[They go off as if to ascend to the Tower,
the Sergeant leaving upon Quentin.
SCENE II.

Scene changes to the Front of the Old Tower. Isabel comes forward with her Mother.—Marion speaking as they advance.

Mar. I blame thee not, my child, for bidding wanderers
Come where our food and shelter, if thy father Were here to welcome them; but, Isabel,
He waits upon his lord at Auchindran,
And comes not home to-night.

Isa. What then, my mother? The travellers do not ask to see my father; Food, shelter, rest, is all the poor men want,
And we can give them these without my father.

Mar. Thou canst not understand, nor I explain.

Why a lone female asks not visitants What time her husband's absent. — (Apart.)
My poor child, And if thou're wedded to a jealous husband, Thou'lt know too soon the cause.

Isa. (partly overhearing what her mother says.) Ay, but I know already—Jealousy Is, when my father chides, and you sit weep-

Mar. Out, little spy! thy father never chides; Or, if he does, 'tis when his wife deserves it.— But to our strangers; they are old men, Isabel. That seek this shelter? are they not? Isabella. One is old—

Old as this tower of ours, and worn like that, Bearing deep marks of battles long since fought.

Mar. Some remnant of the wars; he's wel-

come, surely,
Bringing no quality along with him Which can alarm suspicion—Well, the other? Isa. A young man, gentle-voiced and gentle-eyed, Who looks and speaks like one the world has known'd on;
But smiles when you smile, seeming that he feels for Joy in your joy, though he himself is sad. Brown hair, and downcast looks.

Mar. (alarmed) 'Tis but an idle thought—it cannot be! [LISTENS.] I hear his accents—It is all too true—
My terrors were prophetic!
I'll compose myself, and then accost him firmly. Thus it must he.

[She retires hastily into the Tower.]

[The voices of the Sergeant and Quentin are heard ascending beyond the Scenes.]

Que. One effort more—we stand upon the level.
I've seen thee work thee up glace and caval-
er Steeper than this ascent, when cannon, cul-

verine, Musket, and hackbut, shower'd their shot upon thee,
And form'd, with ceaseless blaze, a fiery gar-

land Round the defences of the post you storm'd.

[They come on the Stage, and at the same time Marion re-enters from the Tower.

Ser. Truly thou speakest. I am the tardier, That I, in climbing hither, miss the fire.

Which went to tell me there was death in loitering.

Here stands, methinks, our hostess.

[He goes forward to address Marion.]

Quentin. struck on seeing her, keeps back

Ser. Kind dame, you little lass hath brought you strangers.

Willing to be a trouble, not a charge to you. We are disbanded soldiers, but have means Ample enough to pay our journey homeward.

Mar. We keep no house of general entertain-

ment.

But know our duty, sir, to locks like yours, Whit'en and thin'd by many a long campaig

ill chances that my husband should be ab-

sent.

(Apart.)—Courage alone can make me strug-

gle through it—

For in your comrade, though he hath forgot me,
I spy a friend whom I have known in school-

days, And whom I think MacLellan well remembers. [She goes up to Quentin.]

You see a woman's memory

Is faithfuller than yours; for Quentin Blane Hath not a greeting left for Marion Harkness.

Que. (with effort) I seek, indeed, my native land, good Marion,

But seek it like a stranger.—All is changed, And thou thyself—

Mar. You left a giddy maiden, And food, on your return, a wife and mother. Thine old acquaintance, Quentin, is my mate—

Stout Niel MacLellan, ranger to our lord, The Knight of Auchindran. He's absent now,

But will rejoice to see his former comrade, If, as I trust, you tarry his return.

(Apart.) Heaven grant he understand my words by contraries! He must remember Niel and he were rivals;
He must remember Niel and he were foes;
He must remember Niel is warm of temper,
And that instead of welcome, I would blithely Bid him, God speed you. But he is as simple And void of guile as ever.

Que. Marion, I gladly rest within your cottage, And gladly wait return of Niel MacLellan. To clasp his hand, and wish him happiness. Some rising feelings might perhaps prevent this. But 'tis a peevish part to grudge our friends Their share of fortune because we have miss'd it;

I can wish others joy and happiness, Though I must ne'er partake them.

Mar. But if it grieve you— Que. No! do not fear. The brightest gleams of hope That shine on me are such as are reflected From those which shine on others. [The Sergeant and Quentin enter the Tower with the little Girl.]

Mar. (comes forward, and speaks in agitation) Even so! the simple youth has miss'd my meaning. I shame to make it plainer, or to say,
In one brief word, Pass on—Heaven guide the bark;

For we are on the breakers!

[Exit into the Tower.]
ACT II—SCENE 1.

A withdrawn Apartment in the Castle of Auchindrane. Servants place a Table, with a Flask of Wine and Drinking-Cups.

Enter More of Auchindrane, with Albert Gifford, his Relation and Visitor. They thrust themselves by the Table after some complimentary ceremony. At some distance is heard the noise of reveling.

Auch. We're better placed for confidential talk, Than in the hall fill'd with disbanded soldiers, And fools and fiddlers gather'd on the highway— The worthy guests whom Philip crowds my hall with, And with them spends his evening.

Gif. But think you not, my friend, that your son Philip Should be a participant of these our councils, Being so deeply mingled in the danger— Your house's only heir—your only son? Auch. Kind cousin Gifford, if thou lack'st good counsel At race, at cockpit, or at gambling table, Or any freak by which men cheat themselves As well of life, as of the means to live, Call for assistance upon Philip Mure; But in all serious parley spare invoking him.

Gif. You speak too lightly of my cousin Philip; All name him brave in arms.

Auch. A second Bevis; But I, my youth bred up in graver fashions, Mourn o'er the mode of life in which he spends, Or rather dissipates, his time and substance. No vagabond escapes his search—The soldier Spurn'd from the service, henceforth to be ruffian Upon his own account, is Philip's comrade; The fiddler, whose crack'd crown lies still three strings on't; The ballad-verse, whose voice has still two notes left; Whate'er is roguish and whate'er is vile, Are welcome to the board of Auchindrane, And Philip will return them shout for shout, And pledge for jovial pledge, and song for song, Until the shamefaced sun peep at our windows, And ask, "What have we here?"

Gif. You take such revel deeply—we are Scotsmen, Far known for rustic hospitality, That mind not birth or titles in our guests; The harper has his seat beside our hearth, The wanderer must find comfort at our board, His name unask'd, his pedigree unknown; So did our ancestors, and so must we.

Auch. All this is freely granted, worthy kinsman; And prate we do not think me churl enough To count how many sit beneath my salt, I've wealth enough to fill my father's hall Each day at noon, and feed the guests who crowd it; I am near mate with those whom men call Lord, Though a rude western knight. But mark me, cousin, Although I feed wayfaring vagabonds, I make them not my comrades. Such as I, Who have advanced the fortunes of my line, And swell'd a baron's turret to a palace, Have oft the curse awaiting on our thrift, To see, while yet we live, the things which must be At our decease—the downfall of our family. The loss of hand and lordship, name and knighthood The wreck of the fair fabric we have built, By a degenerate heir. Philip has that Of inborn meanness in him, that he loves not The company of better, nor of equals; Never at ease, unless he bears the bell, And crowns the lowest in the company. He's mean'd, too, in the snares of every female Who deigns to cast a passing glance on him— Licentious, disrespectful, rash, and profane. Gif. Come, my good coz, think we too have been young, And I will swear that in your father's lifetime You have yourself been trapped by toys like these. Auch. Fool I may have been—but not a madman; I never play'd the rake among my followers, Pursuing this man's sister, that man's wife; And therefore never saw I man of mine, When summon'd to obey my best, grow restive, Talk of his honour, of his peace destroy'd, And, while obeying, matter threats of vengeance. But now the humour of an idle youth, Disguising trusted followers, sworn dependents, Plays football with his honour and my safety. Gif. I'm sorry to find discolor in your house, For I had hoped, while bring you cold news, To find you arm'd in union against the danger. Auch. What can man speak that I would shrank to hear, And where the danger I would deem to shun?

[He rises.]

What should appall a man inured to perils, Like the bold climber on the crags of Ailsa? Winds whistle past him, billows rage below, The sea-fowl sweep around, with shriek and clash, One single slip, one unadvised pace, One qualm of giddiness—and peace be with him.

But he whose grasp is sure, whose step is firm, Whose brain is constant—he makes one proud rock The means to scale another, till he stand Triumphant on the peak. Gif. And so I trust That will surmount the danger now approaching, That scarcely can I frame my tongue to tell you, Though I rode here on purpose. Auch. Cousin, I think thy heart was never coward, And strange it seems thy tongue should take such semblance. I've heard of many a loud-mouth'd, noisy bragget, Whose hand gave feeble sanction to his tongue; But thou art one whose heart can think bold things,
Whose hand can act them — but who shrinks
to speak them!
Gif. And if I speak them not, 'tis that I
shame
To tell thee of the calumnies that load thee.
Things loudly spoken at the city Cross —
Things closely whisper'd in our Sovereign's
cellar —
Things which the plumed lord and flat-capp'd
citizen
Do circulate amid their different ranks —
Things false, no doubt; but, falsehoods while I
deem them,
Still honouring thee. I shun the odious topic.
Auch. Shun it not, cousin; 'tis a friend's best
office
To bring the news we hear unwillingly.
The sentinel, who tells the foe's approach,
And wakes the sleeping camp, does but his
duty:
Be thou as bold in telling me of danger,
As I shall be in facing danger told of.
Gif. I need not bid thee recollect the death-
feud
That raged so long betwixt thy house and
the Cassilis:
I need not bid thee recollect the league,
When royal James himself stood mediator
Between thee and Earl Gilbert.
Auch. Call you these news? — You might as
well have told me
That old King Coil is dead, and graved at
Kylesfield.
I'll help thee out — King James commanded
as
Henceforth to live in peace, made us clasp
hands too.
O, sir, when such an union hath been made,
In heart and hand conjoinning mortal foes,
Under a monarch's royal mediation,
The league is not forgotten. And with this
What is there to be told of? — The king com-
manded —
"Be friends." No doubt we were so — Who
dares doubt it?
Gif. You speak but half the tale.
Auch. By good Saint Trimon, but I'll tell
the whole!
There is no terror in the tale for me —
Go speak of ghosts to children! — This Earl
Gilbert
(God save him) loved Heaven's peace as well
as I did,
And we were wondrous friends when'er me
met
At church or market, or in burrows town.
'Midst this, our good Lord Gilbert, Earl of
Cassilis,
 Takes purpose he would journey forth to
Edinburgh.
The King was doing gifts of abbey-lands,
Good things that tlnify house was wont to
fish for.
Our mighty Earl i'rsakes his sea-wash'd
castle,
Passes our borders some four miles from
hence;
And, holding it unwholesome to be fasters
Long after sunrise, lo! The Earl and train
Dismount, to rest their bags and eat their
breakfast.

1 There is no terror, Cassino, in your threats." —Shakespeare.

The morning rose, the small birds caroll'd
sweetly —
The corks were drawn, the pasty brooks incis-
ion —
His lordship jests, his train are choked with
laughter —
When — a varouis change of cheer, and most
unlook'd for,
Strange epilogue to bottle and to baked
meat! —
Flash'd from the greenwood half a score of
carabines
And the good Earl of Cassilis, in his breakfast,
Had nooning, dinner, supper, all at once.
Even in the morning that he closed his jour-
ney —
And the grim sexton, for his chamberlain.
Made him the bed which rests the head for
ever.
Gif. Told with much spirit, cousin — some
there are
Would add, and in a tone resembling triumph.
And would that with these long established
fauls
My tale began and ended! I must tell you
That evil-deeming censure of the events,
Both at the time and now, throw blame on
thee —
Time, place, and circumstance, they say, pro-
claim thee,
Alike, the author of that morrow's ambush.
Auch. Ay, 'tis an old belief in Carrek here,
Where natives do not always die in bed,
That if a Kennedy shall not attain
Methuselah's last span, a Mure has slain
him.
Such is the general creed of all their clan.
Thank Heaven, that they're hound to prove the
charge
They are so prompt in making. They have
calamour'd
Enough of this before, to show their malice.
But what did these coward pickhanks when I
came
Before the King, before the Justicers,
Rebutting all their calumny, and daring
them
To show that I knew aught of Cassilis' jour-
ney —
Without which knowledge I possess'd no
means
To dress an ambush for him? Did I not
Defy the assembled clan of Kennedys
'To show, by proof direct or inferential,
Wherefore they slander'd me with this foul
charge?
My gauntlet rung before them in the court,
And I did dare the best of them to lift it,
And prove such charge a true one — Did I not?
Gif. I saw your gauntlet lie before the Ken-
nedys,
Who look'd on it as men do on an adder,
Longing to crush, and yet afraid to grasp it.
Not an eye sparkled—not a foot advanced—
No arm was stretch'd to lift the fatal symbol
Auch. Then, wherefore do the bldings
meet again now?
Wish they to see again, how one bold Mure
Can battle and defy their assembled valour?
Gif. No; but they speak of evidence sup-
press'd.
AUCHINDRANE: OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY. 669

Auch. Suppress’d! — what evidence? — by whom suppress’d?
What Will-o’-Wisp — what idiot of a witness, is he to whom they trace an empty voice, but cannot show his person?

Gif. They pretend, with the King’s leave, to bring it to a trial; averring that a lad, named Quentin Blane, brought thee a letter from the murder’d Earl, with friendly greetings, telling of his journey, the hope with which he set forth, the place he halted at; affording thee the means to form the ambush, of which your hatred made the application.

Auch. A prudent Earl, indeed, if such his practice, when dealing with a recent enemy! and what should he propose by such strange confidence in one who sought it not?

Gif. His purposes were kindly, say the Kennedys—desiring you would meet him where he halted, offering to undertake what’er commissions you listed trust him with, for court or city: and, thus apprised of Cassilis’ purposed journey, and of his halting place, you placed the ambush.

Prepared the homicides — Auch. They’re free to say their pleasure. They are men of the new court—and I am but a fragment of stout old Morton’s faction. It is reason that such as I he rooted from the earth that they may have full room to spread their branches. No doubt, ’tis easy to find strolling vagrants to serve what’er they prompt. That Quentin Blane—

Did you not call him so? — why comes he now! and wherefore not before? This must be answered — abruptly

Where is he now?

Gif. Abroad—they say—kidnapp’d, by you kidnapp’d, that he might die in Planters. But orders have been sent for his discharge and his transmission hither.

Auch (assuming an air of composure) when they produce such witness, cousin Gifford, we’ll be prepared to meet it. In the meanwhile, the King doth ill to throw his royal sceptre in the accuser’s scale, ere he can know how justice shall incline it.

Gif. Our sage prince Resents, it may be, less the death of Cassilis, than he is angry that the feud should burn, after his royal voice had said, “be quenched!” thus urging prosecution less for slaughter than that, being gone against the King’s command, treason is mix’d with homicide.

Auch. Hah! hah! most true, my cousin. Why, well consider’d, ’tis a crime so great to slay one’s enemy, the King forbidding it, like parricide, it should be held impossible. ’Tis just as if a wretch retained the evil when the King’s touch had bid the sores be healed: and such a crime merits the stake at least.

What! can there be within a Scottish bosom a feud so deadly, that it kept its ground when the King said, Be friends! It is not credible. Were I King James, I never would believe it: I’d rather think the story all a dream, and that there was no friendship, feud, nor journey,

No halt, no ambush, and no Earl of Cassilis, than dream anointed Majesty has wrong! —

Gif. Speak within door, coz.

Auch. O, true — (asides) — I shall betray myself even to this half-bred fool—I must have room for an instant, or I affront—

Cousin, I prithee call our Philip hither—Forgive me! ’twere more meet I summon’d him myself, but then the sight of wonder reveal would chase my blood, and I have need of coolness.

Gif. I understand thee — I will bring him straight.

[Exit. Auch. And if thou dost, he’s lost his ancient trick to fathom, as he won’t, his five-pint figure. This space is mine—O for the power to fill it, instead of senseless rage and empty curses, with the dark spell which witches learn from fayends, that smites the object of their hate afar, nor leaves a token of its mystic action, sealing the soul from out the unsheathed blade, as lightning melts the blade, nor harms the scabbard!—’Tis vain to wish for it—Each course of mine falls to the ground as harmless as the arrows which children shoot at stars! The time for thought. If thought could aught avail me, melts away like to a snowball in a schoolboy’s hand, that melts the fester the more close he grasps it!—

If I had time, this Scottish Solomon, whom some call son of David the Musician, might find in it perilous work to march to Carrick there’s many a feud still slumbering in its ashes, whosa embers are yet red. Nobles we have, Stout as old Graysteel, and as hot as Bothwell; here too are castles look from crags as high on seash as wide as Logan’s. So the King—

Pshaw! He is here again—

Enter Gifford.

Gif. I heard you name the King, my kinsman; know, he comes not hither.

Auch (affecting indifference) Nay, then we need not broach our barrels, cousin, nor purchase us new jerkins. — Comes not Philip?

Gif. Yes, sir. He tarries but to drink a service to his good friends at parting.

Auch. Friends the beadle or the sheriff officer. Well, let it pass. Who comes, and how attended.

Since James designs not westward

1 The calamitous tale which ascribed the birth of James VI. to an intrigue of Queen Mary with Rizzio.
Gif. O you shall have, instead, his fiery
functionary,
George Home that was, but now Dunbar's
great Earl;
He leads a royal host, and comes to show you
How he distributes justice on the Border.
Where judge and hangman oft reverse their
office,
And the noose does its work before the sen-
tence.
But I have said my tidings best and worst.
None but yourself can know what course the
time
And peril may demand. To lift your banner,
If I might be a judge, were desperate game: I
Ireland and Galloway offer you convenience.
For flight, if flight be thought the better re-
medy;
To face the court requires the consciousness
And confidence of innocence. You alone
Cou judge if you possess the attributes.
[The noise behind the scenes.
Auch. Philip, I think, has broken up his
revels;
His ragged regiment are dispersing them,
Well liquor'd, doubtless. They're disbanded
soldiers,
Or some such vagabonds. — Here comes the
gallant
[Enter Philip. He has a buff-coat and
head-piece, wears a sword and dagger,
with pistols at his girdle. He appears
to be affected by liquor, but to be no
means intoxicated.
Auch. You scarce have been made known
to one another.
Although you sat together at the board. —
Son Philip, know and prize our cousin Gifford.
Phi. (tastes the wine on the table.) If you had
prized him, sir, you had been loth
To have welcomed him in bastard Alicant:
I'll make amends, by pleading his good jour-
ney
In glorious Burgundy. — The stirrup-cup, ho!
And bring my cousin's horses to the court.
Auch. (draws him aside.) The stirrup-cup! He
does not ride to-night—
Shame that such churlish conduct to a kins-
man!
Phi. (aside to his father.) I've news of press-
ing import.
Send the fool off. — Stay, I will start him for
you.
(To Gif.) Yes, my kind cousin, Burgundy is
better,
On a night-ride, to those who thread our
morn.
And we may deal it freely to our friends,
For we came freely by it. Yonder ocean
Rolls many a purple cask upon our shore,
Rough with embossed shells and shattered
seaweed,
When the good skipper and his careful crew
Have had their latest earthly draught of
wine,
And gone to quench, or to endure their thirst,
Where nectar's plenty, or even water's scarce,
And filter'd to the parched crew by dropsfull.
Auch. Thou'rt mad, son Philip! — Gifford's
no intruder.
That we should rid him hence by such wild
rants:
My kinsman hither rode at his own danger,
To tell us that Dunbar is hastening to us,
With a strong force, and with the King's com-
mission,
To enforce against our house a hateful charge
With every measure of extremity.
Phi. And is this all that our good cousin
tells us?
I can say more, thanks to the ragged regi-
ment,
With whose good company you have upbraided
me,
On whose authority, I tell thee, cousin,
Dunbar is here already.
Gif. Already! Phi. Yes, gentle coz. And you, my sire, be
hasty
In what you think to do.
Auch. I think thou darest not jest on such a sub-
ject.
Where hast thou these fell tidings?
Phi. Where you, too, might have heard
them, noble father.
Save that your car, nail'd to our kinsman's
lips,
Would list no coarser accents. O, my soldiers,
My merry crew of vagabonds, for ever!
Scum of the Netherlands, and wash'd ashore
Upon this coast like unregarded sea weed.
They had not been two hours on Scottish
land.
When, lo! they met a military friend —
An ancient courier, known to them of old,
Who, warm'd by certain stoups of searching
wine,
Informed his old companions that Dunbar
Left Glasgow yesterday, comes here to-mor-
row;
Himself, he said, was sent a spy before,
To view what preparations we were making.
Auch. (to Gif.) If this be sooth, good kins-
man, thou must claim
To take a part with us for life and death,
Or speed from hence, and leave us to our for-
tune.
Gif. In such dilemma,
Believe me, friend, I'd choose upon the in-
sant—
But I lack harness, and a steed to charge on,
For mine is courtured, and, save my page,
There's not a man to back me. But I'll hie
To Kyle, and raise my vassals to your aid.
Phi. "I'll be when the rats,
That on these tidings fly this house of ours,
Come back to pay their rents." (Apart.)
Auch. Courage, cousin—
Thou goest not hence ill mounted for thy
need:
Full forty couriers feed in my wide stalls,
The best of them is yours to speed your jour-
ney.
Phi. Stand not on ceremony, good our cou-
sin.
When safety signs to shorten courtesy.
Gif. (to Auch.) Farewell, then, cousin, for
my tarrying here
Were ruin to myself, small aid to you;
Yet loving well your name and family,
I'd fain—
Phi. Be gone! — that is our object, too—
Kinsman, adieu.
[Exit Gifford. Philip calls after him.
You yeoman of the stable,
Give Master Gifford there my fleetest steed,
You cut-tail'd roan that trembles at a spear.—
[Trampling of the horse heard going off.
Hark! he departs. How swift the dastard rides,
To shun the neighbourhood of jeopardy!
He takes aside the appearance of levity
Which he has hitherto worn, and says
very seriously,
And now, my father—
Auch. And now, my son—thou’st ta’en a perilous game
Into thine hands, rejecting elder counsel,—
How dost thou mean to play it?
Phi. Sir, good gamsters play not
Till the draw the cards which fate has dealt them,
Computing thus the chances of the game;
And wofully they seem to weigh against us.
Auch. Exile’s a passing ill, and may be
borne;
And when Dunhar and all his myrmidons
Are eastward turn’d, we’ll seize our own again.
Phi. Would that were all the risk we had to stand to!
But more and worse,—a doom of treason, forfeiture,
Death to ourselves, dishonour to our house,
Is what the stern Justiciary menaces;
And, fatally for us, he hath the means
To make his threatening good.
Auch. If it cannot be. I tell thee, there’s no force
In Scottish law to raze a house like mine.
Coeval with the time the Lords of Galloway
Submitted them unto the Scottish sceptre,
Renouncing rights of anarchy and Brehon.
Some dreams they have of evidence; some suspicion.
But old Montgomery knows my purpose well
And long before their mandate reach the camp
To crave the presence of this mighty witness,
He will be fitted with an answer to it.
Phi. Father, what we call great, is often ruin’d
By means so ludicrously disproportion’d,
They make me think upon the gainer’s lin-stock,
Which, yielding forth a light about the size
And semblance of the glow-worm, yet applied
To powder, blew a palace into atoms,
Sent a young King—a young Queen’s mate at least—
Into the air, as high as e’er flew night-hawk,
And made such wild work in the realm of Scotland,
As they can tell who heard,—and you were one
Who saw, perhaps, the night-flight which began it.
Auch. If thou hast nought to speak but drunken folly,
I cannot listen longer.
Phi. I will speak brief and sudden.—There is one
Whose tongue to us has the same perilous force
Which Bothwell’s powder had to Kirk of Field:
One whose least tones, and those but peasant accents,
Could rend the roof from off our fathers’ castle,
Level its tallest turret with its base;
And he that doth possess this wondrous power
Sleeps this same night not five miles distant from us.
Auch. (who had looked on Philip with much appearance of astonishment and doubt, exclaims) Then thou art mad indeed!—Ha! ha! I’m glad on’t.
I’d purchase an escape from what I dread,
Even by the frenzy of my only son!
Phi. I thank you, but agree not to the bargain.
You rest on what you ciev est has said:
You silken doublet, staff’d with rotten straw,
Told you but half the truth, and know no more.
But my good vagrants had a perfect tale:
They told me, little judging the importance,
That Quentin Biane had been discharged with them.
They told me, that a quarrel happen’d at landing,
And that the younger and an ancient sergeant
Had left their company, and taken refuge
In Chapelduran, where our ranger dwells;
They saw him scale the cliff on which it stands,
Ere they were out of sight; the old man with him
And therefore laugh no more at me as mad;
But laugh, if thou hast list for merriment,
To think he stands on the same land with us,
Whose absence thou wouldst deem were cheaply purchased
With thy soul’s ransom and thy body’s danger.
Auch. ‘Tis then a fatal truth! Thou art no yelper
To open rashly on so wild a scent;
Thou’rt the young bloodhound, which careers and springs,
Frolies and fawns, as if the friend of man.
But seizing on his victim like a tiger
Phi. No matter what I am—I’m as you bred me,
So let that pass till there be time to mend me,
And let us speak like men, and to the purpose.
This object of our fear and of our dread,
Since such our pride must own him, sleeps tonight
Within our power:—to-morrow in Dunbar’s,
And we are then his victims.
Auch. He is in ours to-night.
Phi. He is. I’ll answer that MacLeian’s trusty.
Auch. Yet he replied to you to-day full rudely.
Phi. Yes! The poor knave has got a handsomely wife,
And is gone mad with jealousy.
Auch. Fool!—When we need the utmost faith, allegiance,
Obedience, and attachment in our vassals.
Thy wild intrigues pour gall into their hearts.
And turn their love to hatred!
Phi. Most reverend sire, you talk of ancient morals,
Phil. Nay, soft, I pray thee,
I had not made your piquy my confessor,
Nor enter’d in debate on these sage counsels,
Which you’re more like to give than I to pro-
fit by.
Could I, indeed, have used the time more usefully;
But first an interval must pass between
The fate of Quentin and the little artifice
That shall detach him from his comrade,
The stout old soldier that I told you of.
Auch. How work a point so difficult — so
dangerous?
Phil.’Tis cared for. Mark, my father, the
convenience
Arising before man company. My agents
Are at my hand, like a good workman’s tools,
And if I mean a mischief, ten to one
That they anticipate the deed and guilt.
Well knowing this, when first the vagrant’s
tattle
Gave me the hint that Quentin was so near us,
Instant I sent MacLellan, with strong charges
To stop him for the night, and bring me word,
And to be an accomplish’d spy, how all things stood.
Lulling the enemy into security.
Auch. There was a prudent general!
Phil. MacLellan went and came within the
hour.
The jealous bee, which buzzed in his night-
cap,
Had humm’d to him, this fellow, Quentin
Blane,
Had been in schoolboy days an humble lover
Of his own pretty wife—
Auch. Most fortunate!
Phil. The knife will be more prompt to serve our
purpose.
Phil. No doubt on’t. ’Mid the tidings he brought
back
Was one of some importance. The old man
Is flush of dollars: this I caused him tell.
Among his comrades, who became as eager
To have him in their company, as e’er
They had been wild to part with him. And in
brief space,
A letter’s framed by an old hand amongst
them,
Familiar with such feats. It bore the name
And character of old Montgomery,
Whom he might well suppose at no great dis-
tance,
Commanding his old Sergeant Hildebrand,
By all the ties of late authority,
Conjuring him by ancient soldiership,
To hasten to his mansion instantly,
On business of high import, with a charge
To come alone—
Auch. Well, he sets out, I doubt it not,—
What follows?
Phil. I am not curious into others’ practi-
ces.—
So far I’m an economist in guilt,
As you my sire advise. But on the road
To old Montgomery’s he meets his com-
rades,
Etc., entitled “The Hermit of Allarrett.” (Lorette.) — See
Sibbald’s Chronicles of Scottish Poetry. — He assisted the
Reformers with his sword, when they took arms at Perth,
in 1569; had a principal command in the army embodied
against Queen Mary, in June 1567; and demolished the
altar, broke the images, tore down the pictures, &c. in the
Chapel-royal of Holyroodhouse, after the Queen was con-
ducted to Lochleven. He died in 1574.
They nourish grudge against him and his
dollars,
And there may hap, which counsel, learn'd
in law,
Call Robbery and Murder. Should he live,
He has seen nought that we would hide from
him.
Auch. Who carries the forged letter to the
veteran?
Phi. Why, Niel MacLellan, who, return'd
again
To his own tower, as if to pass the night
there.
They pass'd on him, or tried to pass a story,
As if they wish'd the sergeant's company,
Without the young comptroller's—that is
Quentin's,
And he became an agent of their plot,
That he might better carry on our own.
Auch. There's life in it—yes, there is life
in't;
And we will have a mounted party ready
To scour the moors in quest of the banditti
That kill'd the poor old man—they shall die
instantly.
Duobar shall see us use sharp justice here,
As well as he in Teviotdale. You are sure
You gave no hint nor impulse to their pur-
pose?
Phi. It needed not. The whole pack oped
at once
Upon the scent of dollars.—But time comes
When I must seek the tower, and act with
Niel
What farther's to be done?
Auch. Alone with him thou goest not. He
bears grudge—
Thou art my only son, and on a night
When such wild passions are so free abroad,
When such wild deeds are doing, 'tis but na-
tural
I guarantee thy safety.—I'll ride with thee.
Phi. E'en as you will, my lord. But, par-
don me,—
If you will come, let us not have a word
Of conscience, and of pity, and forgiveness;
Fame words to-morrow, out of place to-night.
Take up your seals then, leave all this work to me;
Call up your household, make it fit prepara-
tion,
In love and peace, to welcome this Earl Jus-
ticiar,
As one that's free of guilt. Go, deck the
castle
As for an honour'd guest. Hallow the chapel
(If they have power to hallow it) with thy
prayers,
Let me ride forth alone, and ere the sun
Comes o'er the eastern hill, thou shalt accost
him:
"Now do thy worst, thou oft-returning spy,
Here's nought thou cannot discover."
Auch. Yet goest thou not alone with that
MacLellan?
He deems thou bearest will to injure him,
And seek'st occasion suitng to such will.
Philius thou reverent, fierce, ill-nurtured,
Stain'd with low vices, which disgust a father;
Yet riesth thou not alone with yonder man.—
Come weal come woe, myself will go with thee
[Exit, and calls to horse behind the scene.
Phi. (alone.) Now would I give my bestest
horse to know
What sudden thought roused this paternal
care,
And if 'tis on his own account or mine;
'Tis true, he hath the deepest share in all
That's likely now to hap, or which has hap-
pened.
Yet strong through Nature's universal reign.
The link which binds the parent to the off-
spring:
The she-wolf knows it, and the tigress owns
it.
So that dark man, who, shunning what is
vicious,
Ne'er turns aside from an atrocity,
Hath still some care left for his hapless off-
spring.
Therefore 'tis meet, though wayward, light,
and stubborn,
That I should do for him all that a son
Can do for sire—and his dark wisdom join'd
To influence my bold courses, 'twill be hard
To break our mutual purpose.—Horses there!
[Exit.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

It is moonlight. The scene is the Beach beneath
the Tower which was exhibited in the first
scene,—the Vessel is gone from her anchorage.
Auchindrane and Philip, as if demounted
from their horses, come forward cautiously.
Phi. The masts are safely stow'd. Their
noise might scare him;
Let them be safe, and ready when we need
them.
The business is but short. We'll call Mac-
Lellan,
To wake him, and in quiet bring him forth,
If he be so disposed, for here are waters
Enough to drown, and sand enough to cover
him.
But if he hesitate, or fear to meet us,
By heaven I'll deal on him in Chapeldonan
With my own hand!—
Auch. Too furious boy!—alarm or noise un-
does us,
Our practice must be silent as 'tis sudden.
Bethink thee that conviction of this slaughter
Confirms the very worst of accusations
Our foes can bring against us. Wherefore
should we,
Who by our birth and fortune mate with no-
bles,
And are allied with them, take this lad's
life,—
His peasant life,—unless to quash his evi-
dence,
Taking such pains to rid him from the world,
Who would, if spared, have fixed a crime
upon us?
Phi. Well, I do own me one of those wise
folks,
Who think that when a deed of fate is plann'd,
The execution cannot be too rapid.
But do we still keep purpose? Is't deter-
mined?
He sails for Ireland—and without a wherry!
Salt water is his passport—is it not so?
Auch. I would it could be otherwise,
Might he not go there while in life and limb,
And breathe his span out in another air?
Many seek Ulster never to return—
Why might this wretched youth not harbour
there?
Phi. With all my heart. It is small honour
to me.
To be the agent in a work like this,—
Yet this poor cottage, having thrust himself
Into the secrets of a noble house,
And twined himself so closely with our safety,
That we must perish, or that he must die,
I'll hesitate as little on the action,
As I would do to slay the animal
Whose flesh supplies my dinner. 'Tis as harmless,
That deer or steer, as is this Quentin Blane,
And not more necessary is its death
To our accommodation—so we slay it
Without a moment's pause or hesitation.
Auch. 'Tis not, my son, the feeling call'd remorse,
That now lies tugging at this heart of mine,
Engendering thoughts that stop the lifted hand.
Have I not heard John Knox pour forth his thunders
Against the oppressor and the man of blood,
In accents of a minister of vengeance?
Were not his fiery eyeballs turn'd on me,
As if he said expressly, "Thou't the man?"
Yet did my solid purpose, as I listen'd,
Remain unshaken as that massive rock.
Phi. Well, then, I'll understand 'tis not remorse,
As 'tis a foible little known to thee.—
That interrupts thy purpose. What, then, is it?
Is't scorn, or is't compassion? One thing's certain,
Either the feeling must have free indulgence,
Or fully be subjected to your reason—
There is no room for these same treacherous courses,
Which men call moderate measures.
We must confide in Quentin, or must slay him.
Auch. In Ireland he might live afar from us.
Phi. Among Queen Mary's faithful partizans,
Your ancient enemies, the haughty Hamiltons,
The stern MacDonnells, the resentful Graemes—
With these around him, and with Cassills' death,
Exasperating them against you, think, my father,
What chance of Quentin's silence.
Auch. Too true—too true. He is a silly youth, too,
Who had not wit to shift for his own living—
A bashful lover, whom his rivals laug'd at—
Of plant temper, which companions play'd on—
A moonlight waker, and a noontide dreamer—
A torturer of phrases into sonnets,—
Whom all might lead that chose to praise his rhymes.
Phi. I marvel that your memory has room
To hold so much on such a worthless subject.
Auch. Base in himself, and yet so strangely link'd
With me and with my fortunes, that I've studied
To read him through and through, as I would read
Some paltry rhyme of vulgar prophecy,
Said to contain the fortunes of my house;
And, let me speak him truly—He is grateful,
Kind, tractable, obedient—a child
Might lead him by a thread—He shall not die!

Phi. Indeed!—then have we had our midnight rule
To wondrous little purpose.
Auch. By the blue heaven,
Thou shalt not murder him, cold selfish sensualist!
You pure vault speaks it—yonder summer moon,
With its ten million sparklers, cries, Forbear!
The deep earth sighs it forth—Thou shalt not murder!—
Thou shalt not mar the image of thy Maker!
Thou shalt not from thy brother take the life,
The precious gift which God alone can give!—
Phi. Here is a worthy guerdon now, for
stuffing
His memory with old saws and holy sayings!
They come upon him in the very crisis,
And when his resolution should be firmest,
They shake it like a paisy—Let it be,
He'll end at last by yielding to temptation,
Consenting to the thing which must be done,
With more remorse the more he hesitates—
(To his Father, who has stood fixed after
his last speech.)
Well, sir, 'tis fitting you resolve at last,
How the youne clerk shall be disposed upon;
Unless you would ride home to Auchindran.
And bid them rear the Maiden in the courtyard,
That when Dunbar comes, he have ought to do
But bid us kiss the cushion and the headman.
Auch. It is too true—There is no safely for us,
Consistent with the unhappy wretch's life!
In Ireland he is sure to find my enemies.
Arran I've proved—the Netherlands I've tried,
But wilds and wars return him on my hands.
Phi. Yet fear not, father, we'll make surer work;
The land has caves, the sea has whirlpools,
Where that which they suck in returns no more.
Auch. I will know nought of it, hard-hearted boy!
Phi. Hard-hearted! Why—my heart is soft
as yours;
But then they must not feel remorse at once,
We can't afford such wasteful tenderness:
I can mount forth remorse as well as you,
Be executioner, and I'll be chaplain,
And say as mild and moving things as you can;
But one of us must keep his steely temper.
Auch. Do thou the deed—I cannot look on it.
Phi. So be it—walk with me—MacLellan brings him.
The bunt lies moon'd within that reach of rock,
And 'twill require our greatest strength combined
To launch it from the beach. Meantime, MacLellan
Brings our man hither.—See the twinkling light
That glances in the tower.
Auch. Let us withdraw—for should he spy us suddenly,
He may suspect us, and alarm the family.
Phi. Fear not, MacLellan has his trust and confidence,
Bought with a few sweet words and welcomes home.
Auch. But think you that the Ranger may be trusted?
Ph. I'll answer for him.—Let's go float the shallop.
[They go off, and as they leave the Stage, Maclellan is seen descending from the Tower with Quentin. The former bears a dark lantern. They come upon the Stage.
Mac. (showing the light.) So—bravely done—
that's the last ledge of rocks,
And we are on the sands.—I have broke your slumber
Somewhat untimely.
Que. Do not think so, friend.
These six years past I have been used to stir
When the reveille runs; and that, believe me,
Chooses the hours for rousing me at random,
And, having given its summons, yields no license
To indulge a second slumber. Nay, more, I'll
Tell thee,
That, like a pleased child, I was e'en too happy
For sound repose.
Mac. The greater fool were you.
Men should enjoy the moments given to slumber;
For who can tell how soon may be the waking,
Or where we shall have leave to sleep again!
Que. The God of Slumber comes not at command
Last night the blood danced merry through my veins:
Instead of finding this our land of Carrick
The dreary waste my fears had apprehended,
I saw thy wife, Maclellan, and thy daughter,
And had a brother's welcome;—saw thee, too,
Renew'd my early friendship with you both,
And felt once more that I had friends and country.
So keen the joy that tingled through my system,
Join'd with the searching powers of yonder wine,
That I am glad to leave my feverish lair,
Although my hostess smooth'd my cough herself.
To cool my brow upon this moonlight beach,
Gaze on the moonlight dancing on the waves.
Such scenes are wont to soothe me into melancholy;
But such the hurry of my spirits now,
That every thing I look on makes me laugh.
Mac. I've seen but few so gaudesome, Master Quentin,
Being roused from sleep so suddenly as you were.
Que. Why, there's the jest on't. Your old castle's haunted.
In vain the host—In vain the lovely hostess,
In kind addition to all means of rest,
Add their best wishes for our sound repose,
When some hobgoblin brings a pressing message:
Montgomery presently must see his servant,
And up gets Hildebrand, and off he trudges.
I can't but laugh to think upon the grin
With which he duff'd the kercchef he had twisted
Around his brows, and put his morion on—
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Mac. I'm glad to see you merry, Quentin.
Que. Why, faith, my spirits are but trausitory,
And you may live with me a month or more,
And never see me smile. Then such some trifle
As rouder little maid of yours would laugh at,
Will serve me for a theme of merriment—
Even now, I scarce can keep my gravity;
We were so snugly settle'd in our quarters,
With full intent to let the sun be high
Ere we should leave our beds—and first the one
And then the other's summons'd briefly forth,
To the old tune, "Black Bandmen, up and march!"
Mac. Well! you shall sleep anon— rely
upon it—
And make up time misspent. Meantime,
thinks,
You are so merry on your broken slumbers,
You ask'd not why I call'd you.
Que. I can guess,
You lack my aid to search the weir for seals,
You lack my company to stalk a deer.
Think you I have forgot your salvin tasks,
Which oft you have permitted me to share,
I'll days that we were rivals?
Mac. You have memory
Of that too?—
Que. Like the memory of a dream,
Delusion far too exquisite to last.
Mac. You guess not then for what I call you forth.
It was to meet a friend—
Que. What friend? Thyself excepted,
The good old man who's gone to see Montgomery,
And one to whom I once gave dearer title,
I know not in wide Scotland man or woman
Whom I could name a friend.
Thou art mistaken.
There is a Baron, and a powerful one—
Que. There flies my fit of mirth. You have a grave
And alter'd man before you.
Mac. Compose yourself, there is no cause for fear,—
He will and must speak with you.
Que. Spare me the meeting, Niel, I cannot
Say, I'm just landed on my native earth;
Say, that I will not cumber it a day;
Say, that my wretched thread of poor existence
Shall he drawn out in solitude and exile,
Where never memory of so mean a thing
Again shall cross his path—but do not ask me
To see or speak again with that dark man!
Mac. Your fears are now as foolish as your mirth—
What should the powerful Knight of Auchindrane
In common have with such a man as thou?
Que. No matter what—Enough, I will not see him.
Mac. He is thy master, and he claims obedience.
Que. My master? Ay, my task—master—
Ever since
I could write man, his hand hath been upon me;
No step I've made but cumbr'd with his chain,
And I am weary on't—I will not see him.
Mac. You must and shall—there is no remedy.
Take heed that you compel me not to
find one.
I've seen the wars since we had strife to-
er;
To put my late experience to the test
Were something dangerous—Ha, I am bet-
tray'd!

Que. Take heed that you compel me not to
find one.
I've seen the wars since we had strife to-
er;
To put my late experience to the test
Were something dangerous—Ha, I am bet-
tray'd!

[While the latter part of this dialogue
is passing, Auchindrane and Philip
enter on the Stage from behind, and
suddenly present themselves.]

Auch. What says the rummager?

Que. (laying aside all appearance of resist-
ance.) Nothing, you are my fate;
And in a shape more fearlessly resistless,
My evil angel could not stand before me.

Auch. And so you scruple, slave, at my com-
mand,
To meet me when I deign to ask thy presence?
Que. No, sir; I had forgot—I am your bond-
slave;
But sure a passing thought of independence,
For which I've seen whole nations doing bat-
tle.
Was not, in one who has so long enjoy'd it,
A crime beyond forgiveness.

Auch. We shall see:
Thou wert my vassal, born upon my land,
Bred by my bounty—it concern'd me highly,
Thou know'st it did—and yet against my
charge
Again I find thy worthlessness in Scotland.

Que. Alas! the wealthy and the powerful
know not
How very dear to those who have least share
in't,
Is that sweet word of country! The poor
exclude
Feels, in each action of the varied day,
His doom of banishment. The very air
Cools not his brow as in his native land;
The scene is strange, the food is loathly to
him;
The language, nay, the music jars his ear.
Why should I, guiltless of the slightest crime,
Suffer a punishment which, sparing life,
Deprives that life of all which men hold dear?

Auch. Hear ye the serf I bred, begin to
reckon
Upon his rights and pleasure! Who am I—
Thou object, who am I, whose will thou
thwartest?

Phi. Well spoke, my pious sire. There goes
remorse!
Let once thy precious pride take fire, and then,
MacLellan, you and I may have small trouble.

Que. Your words are deadly, and your
power resistless;
I'm in your hands—but, surely, less than life
May give you the security you seek.
Without commission of a mortal crime.

Auch. Who is't would deign to think upon
thy life?

I but require of thee to speed to Ireland,
Where thou mayst sojourn for some little
space.

Having done means of living dealt to thee,
And, when it suits the changes of the times,
Permission to return.

Que. Noble, my lord,
I am too weak to combat with your pleasure;
Yet O, for mercy's sake, and for the sake
Of that dear land which is our common mo-
ther,
Let me not part in darkness from my country!
Pass but an hour or two, and every cape,
Headland, and bay, shall gleam with new-
born light,
And I'll take boat as gaily as the bird
That seems to meet the morning,
Grant me but this—to shew no darker thoughts
Are on your heart than those your speech ex-
presses!

Phi. A modest favour, friend, is this you
ask!
Are we to pace the beach like watermen,
Waiting your worship's pleasure to take boat?
No, by my faith! you go upon the instant.
The boat lies ready, and the ship receives you
Near to the point of Turnberry.—Come, we
wait you:

Bestir you!

Que. I obey—Then farewell, Scotland,
And Heaven forgive my sins, and grant that
mercy,
Which mortal man deserves not!

Auch. (speaks aside to his Son.) What signal
Shall let me know 'tis done?

Phi. When the light is quench'd,
Your fears for Quinten Blane are at an end.—
(To Que.) Come, comrade, come, we must be-
gin our voyage.

Que. But when, O when to end it?

[He goes off reluctantly with Philip and
MacLellan. Auchindrane stands
looking after them. The Moon be-
comes overclouded, and the Stage
dark. Auchindrane, who has gazed
fixedly and eagerly after those who
have left the Stage, becomes animated,
and speaks]

Auch. It is no fallacy!—The night is dark,
The moon has sunk before the deepening
clouds;
I cannot on the murky beach distinguish
The shallop from the rocks which he beside
it;
I cannot see tall Philip's floating plume,
Nor trace the silent brow of Neil MacLellan;
Yet still that catill's visage is before me,
With chattering teeth, mazed look, and bri-
slanting hair.

As he stood here this moment!—Have I
changed
My human eyes for those of some night prow-
er,
The wolf's, the tiger cat's, or the hoarse bird's
That spies its prey at midnight? I can see
him—
Yes, I can see him, seeing no one else,—
And well it is I do so. In his absence,
Strange thoughts of pity mingled with my
purpose,
And moved remorse within me.—But they
vanish'd
When'er he stood a living man before me;
Then my antipathy awoke within me,
Seeing its object close within my reach,
Till I could scarce forbear him.—How they
limited
The boat's not yet to sea!—I ask myself,
What has the poor wretch done to wake my
hatred—
Docile, obedient, and in sufferance patient!—
As well demand what evil has the hare
Done to the hound that courses her in
sport.
Instinct invariable supplies the reason—
And that must plead my cause.—The vision's gone!
Their boat now walks the waves; a single scream,
Now seen, now lost, is all that marks her course;
That soon shall vanish too—then all is over!—
Would it were o'er, for in this moment lies
The agony of ages!—Now, 'tis gone—
And all is acted—no—she breathes again
The opposing wave, and bears the tiny spark
Upon her crest.

(A faint cry heard as from seaward.)

Ah! there was fatal evidence,
All's over now, indeed!—The light is quench'd—
And Quentin, source of all my fear, exists not.—
The morning tide shall sweep his corpse to sea,
And hue all memory of this stern night's work,
(He walks in a slow and deeply meditative manner towards the side of the Stage, and suddenly meets Marion, the wife of MacLean, who has descended from the Castle.
Now, how to meet Dunbar—Heaven guard my senses!
Stand! who goes there?—Do spirits walk the earth
Ere yet they've left the body?
Mar. Is it you.
My lord, on this wild beach at such an hour!
Auch. It is MacLean's wife, in search of him,
Or of her lover—of the murderer,
Or of the murder'd man.—Go to, Dame Mari-
on,
Meo have their hunting-gear to give an eye to.
Their snares and tracking for their game.
Butwomen!
Should shun the night air. A young wife also,
Still more a handsome one, should keep her pillow.
Till the sun gives example for her waking.
Come, damne, go back—back to your bed again.
Mar. Hear me, my lord! there have been sights and sounds
That terrifyd my child and me—Groans, screams,
As if of dying seamen, came from ocean—
A corpse-light danced upon the creased waves
For several minutes' space, then sunk at once.
When we retired to rest we had two guests.
Besides my husband Niel—I'll tell your lordship
Who the men were—

Auch. Pshaw, woman, can you think
That I have any interest in your gossips?
Please your own husband, and that you may please him,
Get thee to bed, and shut up doors, good dame.
Were I MacLean, I should scarce be satisfied
To find thee wandering here in mist and moonlight,
When silence should be in thy habitation,
And sleep upon thy pillow.

1 "In that moment, o'er his soul
Winters of memory seem'd to roll."—Byron—The Giaour.
And by what fated means, this dreary morning—
Bright lances here and helmets!—I must shift
To join the others. [Exit.

Enter from the other side the Sergeant, accompanied with an Officer and two Pikenmen.

Ser. "Twas in good time you came; a minute later
The knives had ta'en my dollars and my life.
Off. You fought most stoutly. Two of them were down,
Ere we came to your aid.
Ser. Gramercy, halberd! And well it happens, since your leader seeks
This Quentin Blake, that you have fall'n on me;
None else can surely tell you where he hides,
Being in some fear, and bent to quit this province.
Off. "Twill do our Earl good service. He has sent
Despatches into Holland for this Quentin.
Ser. I left him two hours since in yonder tower,
Under the guard of one who smoothly spoke, Although he look'd but roughly—I will chide him For bidding me go forth with yonder traitor.
Off. Assure yourself 'twas a concerted stratagem.
Montgomery's been at Holyrood for months, And can have sent no letter—'twas a plan On you and on your dollars, and a base one, To which this hunger was most likely privy; Such men as he hang on our honour barous, The ready agents of their lawless will; Boys of the belt, who aid their master's pleasures, And in his mood ne'er scruple his injunctions, But haste, for now we must unkennel Quentin;
I've strictest charge concerning him.
Ser. Go up, then, to the tower. You're younger limbs than mine—there shall you find him
Lolling and snoring, like a lazy cur
Before a stable door; it is his practice.

[The Officer goes up to the Tower, and after knocking without receiving an answer, turns the key which Marion had left in the lock; and enters; Isabel, dressed as if for her dance, runs out and descends to the Stage; the Officer follows.

Off. There's no one in the house, this little maid
Excepted——
Isa. And for me, I'm there no longer, And will not be again for three hours good; I'm gone to join my playmates on the sands.
Off. (detaining her.) You shall, when you have told me distinctly Where are the guests who slept up there last night.
Isa. Why, there is the old man, he stands beside you,
The merry old man, with the glistening hair; He left the tower at midnight, for my father Brought him a letter.
Ser. In ill hour I left you, I wish to Heaven that I had stay'd with you; There is a nameless horror that comes o'er me——

Speak, pretty maiden, tell us what chan'd next, And thou shalt have thy freedom.
Isa. After you went last night, my father Grew moody, and refused to doff his clothes, Or go to bed, as sometimes he will do When there is aught to chuse him. Until past midnight, He wandered to and fro, then call'd the strange.
The gay young man, that sung such merry songs, Yet ever look'd most sadly whilst he sung them, And forth they went together.
Off. And you've seen Or heard nought of them since?
Isa. Seen surely nothing, and I cannot think That they have lot or share in what I heard. I heard my mother praying, for the corpse-lights Were dancing on the waves; and at one o'clock, Just as the Abbey steeple tol'd the knell, There was a heavy plunge upon the waters, And some one cried aloud for mercy— mercy!— It was the water-spirit, sure, which promised Mercy to boat and fisherman, if we Perform'd to day's rites duly. Let me go— I am to lead the ring.
Off. (to Ser.) Detain her not. She cannot tell us more;
To give her liberty is the sure way To lure her parents homeward.—Strahan, take two men, And should the father or the mother come, Arrest them both, or either. Auchindane May come upon the beach; arrest him also, But do not state a cause. I'll back again, And take directions from my Lord Dunbar. Keep you upon the beach, and have an eye To all that passes there. [Exeunt separately.

SCENE II.

Scene changes to a remote and rocky part of the Seaboch.

Enter Auchindane meeting Philip.

Auch. The devil's brought his legions to this beach, That wont to be so lonely; morions, lances, Show in the morning beam as thuck as glow-worms

At summer midnight.

Phi. I'm right glad to see them, Be they who'e'r they may, so they are mortal; For I've contended with a lifeless foe, And I have lost the battle. I would give A thousand crowns to hear a mortal steel Ring on a mortal harness.

Auch. How now! — Art mad, or hast thou done the turn—
The turn we came for, and must live or die by?

Phi. 'Tis done, if man can do it; but I doubt If this unhappy wretch have Heaven's permision
To die by mortal hands.

Auch. Where is he—where's MacLellan?

Phi. In the deep—
AUCHINDRANE; OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Both in the deep, and what's immortal of them
Gone to the judgment-seat, where we must meet them.

Auch. MacLellan dead, and Quentin too?—
So be it.

To all that menace ill to Auchindrane,
Or have the power to injure him!—Thy words
Are full of comfort, but time eye and look
Have in this pallid gloom a ghastliness,
Which contradicts the tidings of thy tongue.¹

Phi. Hear me, old man—There is a heaven above us,
As you have heard old Knox and Wishart preach,
Though little to your boot. The dreaded witness
Is slain, and silent. But his misused body
Comes right ashore, as if to cry for vengeance;
It rides the waters like a living thing,²
Erect, as if he trode the waves which bear him.

Auch. Thou sneak'st frenzy, when sense is most required.

Phi. Hear me yet more!—I say I did the deed
With all the coolness of a practised hunter;
When dealing with a stag, I struck him overboard.

And with MacLellan's aid I held his head
Under two waters, while the Ranzer tied
The weights we had provided to his feet.
We cast him loose when life and body parted,
And bid him speed for Ireland. But even then,
As in defiance of the words we spoke,
The body rose upright behind our stern,
One half in ocean, and one half in air,
And tided after as in chase of us.³

Auch. It was enchantment!—Did you strike at it?

Phi. Once and again. But blows avail'd no more
Than on a wreath of smoke, where they may break
The column for a moment, which unites
And is entire again. Thus the dead body
Sunk down before my ear, but rose unharmed,
And dogged us closer still, as in defiance.

Auch. 'Tis Hell's own work!—

Phi. MacLellan then grew restive
And desperate in his fear, blasphemed aloud,
Cursing us both as authors of his ruin.

Myself was wellnigh frantic while pursued
By this dead shape, upon whose ghastly features
The changeful moonbeam spread a grisly light;

And, hailed thus, I took the nearest way
To ensure his silence, and to quell his noise;
I used my dagger, and I flung him overboard,
And half expected his dead carcass also
Would join the chase—but he sunk down at once.

Auch. He had enough of mortal sin about him.

Phi. But now resolve you what defence to make,
If Quentin's body shall be recognised;
For his ashore already; and he bears
Marks of my handiwork; so does MacLellan.

Auch. The concourse thickens still—Away, away!

We must avoid the multitude. [They rush out.

SCENE III.

Scene changes to another part of the Beach.
Children are seen dancing, and Villagers looking on. Isabel seems to take the management of the Dance.

Vil. women. How well she queens it, the brave little maiden!

Vil. Ay, they all queen it from their very cradle.
These willing slaves of haughty Auchindrane,
But now I hear the old man's reign is ended;
'Tis well—he has been tyrant long enough.
Second Vil. Finny, speak low, you interrupt the sports.

Third Vil. Look out to sea—There's something coming yonder,
Bound for the beach, will scare us from our mirth.

Fourth Vil. Pshaw, it is but a sea-gull on the wing,
Between the wave and sky.

Third Vil. Thou art a fool,
Standing on solid land—'tis a dead body.

Second Vil. And if it be, he bears him like a live one.
Not prone and weltering like a drowned corpse,
But bolt erect, as if he trode the waters,
And used them as his path.

Fourth Vil. It is a merman,
And nothing of this earth, alive or dead.

[By degrees all the Dancers break off from their sport, and stand gazino to seaward, while an object, imperfectly seen, drifts towards the Beach, and at length arrives among the rocks which border the tides.

1 — "This man's brow, like to a title leaf,
Foresaw the nature of a tragic volume;
Thou trembledst; and the whiteness o' thy cheek
Is aspen by thy tongue to tell thy errand."

2 — "Walks the waters like a thing of his fear."
Byron—The Corsair.

3 This passage was probably suggested by a striking one in Southey's Life of Nelson, touching the corpse of the Neapolitan fisherman Caraccioli, executed on board the Foudroyant, then the great British Admiral's flag-ship, in the bay of Naples in 1799. The circumstance of Caraccioli's trial and death form, it is almost needless to observe, the most unpleasant chapter in Lord Nelson's history:

"The body," says Southey, "was carried out to a considerable distance, and sunk in the bay, with three double-headed shot, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, tied
to its legs. Between two and three weeks afterwards, when the King (of Naples) was on board the Foudroyant, a Neapolitan fisherman came to the ship, and solemnly declared, that Caraccioli had risen from the bottom of the sea, and was coming as fast as he could to Naples, swimming half out of the water. Such an account was listened to like a tale of idle credulity. The day being fair, Nelson, to please the King, stood out to sea; but the ship had not proceeded far before a body was distinctly seen, upright in the water, and approaching them. It was recognised indeed, to be the corpse of Caraccioli, which had risen and floated, while the great weights attached to the legs kept the body in a position like that of a living man. A fact so extraordinary astonished the King, and perhaps excited some feelings of superstitious fear, akin to regret. He gave permission for the body to be taken on shore, and received Christian burial."—Life of Nelson, chap. vi.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

**Third Vil.** Perhaps it is some wretch who needs assistance; Jasper, make in and see.

**Second Vil.** Not I, my friend; E'en take the risk yourself, you'd put on others.

[Hildebrand has entered, and heard the too last words.

**Ser.** What, are you men? Fear ye to look on what you must be one day? I, who have seen a thousand dead and dying Within a flight-shot square, will teach you how in war We look upon the corpse when life has left it.

[He goes to the back scene, and seems attempting to turn the body, which has come ashore with its face downwards.

Will none of you come aid to turn the body? Isa. You're cowards all.—I'll help thee, good old man.

[She goes to aid the Sergeant with the body, and presently gives a cry, and faints. Hildebrand comes forward. All crowd round him; he speaks with an expression of horror.

**Ser.** 'Tis Quentin Binar! Poor youth, his gloomy hodings Have been the prologue to an act of darkness; His feet are manacled, his bosom stabb'd, And he is foully murder'd. The proud Knight And his dark Ranger must have done this deed, For which no common ruffian could have motive.

A Pea. Caution were best, old man — Thou art a stranger, The Knight is great and powerful.

**Ser.** Let it be so. Call'd on by Heaven to stand forth an avenger, I will not blench for fear of mortal man. Have I not seen that when that innocent Had placed her hands upon the murder'd body, His gaping wounds, that erst were soak'd with brine, Burst forth with blood as ruddy as the cloud Which now the sun doth rise on?

Pea. What of that?

**Ser.** Nothing that can affect the innocent child, But murder's guilt attaching to her father, Since the blood musters in the victim's veins At the approach of what holds lease from him Of all that parents can transmit to children. And here comes one to whom I'll vouch the circumstance.

**The Earl of Dunbar enters with Soldiers and others, having Auchindrane and Philip prisoners.**

Dun. Fetter the young ruffian and his trait'rous father! [They are made secure. Auch. 'Twas a lord spoke it—I have known a knight, Sir George of Home, who had not dared to say so.

Dun. 'Tis Heaven, not I, decides upon your guilt. A harmless youth is traced within your power, Sleeps in your Ranger's house — his friend at midnight Is spirited away. Then lights are seen, And groans are heard, and corpses come ashore Mangled with daggers, while (to Philip) your dagger wears The sanguine livery of recent slaughter: Here, too, the body of a murder'd victim, (Whom none but you had interest to remove,) Bleeds on a child's approach, because the daughter Of one the abettor of the wicked deed. All this, and other proofs corrobative, Call on us briefly to pronounce the doom We have in charge to utter.

Auch. If my house perish, Heaven's will be done! I wish not to survive it; but, O Philip, Would one could pay the ransom for us both! Phi. Father, 'tis fitter that we both should die.

Leaving no heir behind.—The piety Of a bless'd saint, the morals of an ancho-rite, Could not atone thy dark hypocrisy, Or the wild profigacy I have practised. Ruin'd our house, and shatter'd be our towers, And with them end the curse our sins have merited!
The House of Aspen.
A TRAGEDY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This attempt at dramatic composition was executed nearly thirty years since, when the magnificent works of Goethe and Schiller were for the first time made known to the British public, and received, as many now alive must remember, with universal enthusiasm. What we admire we usually attempt to imitate; and the author, not trusting to his own efforts, borrowed the substance of the story and a part of the diction from a dramatic romance called "Der Heilige Veilme" (the Secret Tribunal,) which fills the sixth volume of the "Schriften der Vorzeit" (Tales of Antiquity,) by Beit Weber. The drama must be termed rather a rifacimento of the original than a translation, since the whole is compressed, and the incidents and dialogue occasionally much varied. The imitator is ignorant of the real name of his ingenious contemporary, and has been informed that of Beit Weber is fictitious.

The late Mr. John Kemble at one time had some desire to bring out the play at Drury-Lane, then adorned by himself and his matchless sister, who were to have supported the characters of the unhappy son and mother; but great objections appeared to this proposal. There was danger that the main spring of the story,—the binding engagements formed by members of the secret tribunal,—might not be sufficiently felt by an English audience, to whom the nature of that singularly mysterious institution was unknown from early association. There was also, according to Mr. Kemble's experienced opinion, too much blood, too much of the dire catastrophe of Tom Thumb, when all die on the stage. It was besides esteemed perilous to place the fifth act and the parade and show on the secret conclave, at the mercy of underlings and scene-shifters, who, by a ridiculous motion, gesture, or accent, might turn what should be grave into farce.

The author, or rather the translator, willingly acquiesced in this reasoning, and never afterwards made any attempt to gain the honour of the buskin. The German taste also, caricatured by a number of imitators who, incapable of copying the sublimity of the great masters of the school, supplied its place by extravagance and bombast, fell into disrepute, and received a coup de grace from the joint efforts of the late lamented Mr. Canning and Mr. Freere. The effect of their singularly happy piece of ridicule called "The Rovers," a mock play which appeared in the Anti-Jacobin, was, that the German school, with its beauties and its defects, passed completely out of fashion, and the following scenes were consigned to neglect and obscurity. Very lately, however, the writer chanced to look them over with feelings very different from those of the adventurous period of his literary life during which they had been written, and yet with such as perhaps a reformed libertine might regard the illegitimate production of an early amour. There is something to be ashamed of, certainly; but, after all, paternal vanity whispers that the child has a resemblance to the father.

To this it need only be added, that there are in existence so many manuscript copies of the following play, that if it should not find its way to the public sooner, it is certain to do so when the author can no more have any opportunity of correcting the press, and consequently at greater disadvantage than at present. Being of too small a size or consequence for a separate publication, the piece is sent as a contribution to the Keepsake, where its demerits may be hidden amid the beauties of more valuable articles.

Abbotsford, 1st April, 1829.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

Rudiger, Baron of Aspen, an old German warrior.

George of Aspen, a Son to Rudiger.

Henry of Aspen, a Son to Rudiger.

Roderich, Count of Maltingen, chief of a department of the Invisible Tribunal, and the hereditary enemy of the family of Aspen.

William, Baron of Wolfstein, ally of Count Roderic.

Bertram of Ebersdorf, brother to the former husband of the Bariness of Aspen, disguised as a minstrel.

Duke of Bavaria.

Weckerd, a follower of the House of Aspen.

Reynold, a follower of the House of Aspen.


Martin, Squire to George of Aspen.

Hugo, Squire to Count Roderic.

Peter, an ancient domestic of Rudiger.

Father Ludovic, Chaplain to Rudiger.

WOMEN.

Isabella, formerly married to Arnolf of Ebersdorf, now wife of Rudiger.

Gertrude, Isabella's niece, betrothed to Henry.

Soldiers, Judges of the Invisible Tribunal, &c. &c.

Scene.—The Castle of Ebersdorf in Bavaria, the ruins of Griefenhaus, and the adjacent country.

1 George Wachter, who published various works under the pseudonym of Velt Wider, was born in 1763, and died in 1837.—ED.
The Mouse of Aspen.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

An ancient Gothic chamber in the castle of Ebersdorf. Spears, cross-bows, and arms, with the horns of buffaloes and of deer, are hung round the wall. An antique buffet with beakers and stone bottles.

Rudiger, Baron of Aspen, and his lady, Isabella, are discovered sitting at a large oaken table.

Rud. A plague upon that rascal horse! Had he not stumbled with me at the ford after our last skirmish, I had been now with my sons. And yonder the boys are, hardly three miles off, battling with Count Roderic, and their father must lie here like a worm-eaten manuscript in a conven library! Out upon it! Out upon it! Is it not hard that a warrior, who has travelled so many leagues to display the cross on the walls of Zion, should be now unable to lift a spear before his own castle gate?

Isa. Dear husband, your anxiety retards your recovery.

Rud. May be so; but not less than your silence and melancholy! Here have I sate this month, and more, since that cursed fall! Neither hunting, nor feasting, nor lance-breaking for me! And my sons—George enters cold and reserved, as if he had the weight of the empire on his shoulders, uttering by syllables a cold "How is it with you?" and shuts himself up for days in his solitary chamber—Henry, my cheerful Henry—

Isa. Surely, he at least—

Rud. Even he forsakes me, and skips up the tower staircase like lightning to join your fair ward, Gertrude, on the battlements. I cannot blame him: for, by my knighthly faith, were I in his place. I think even these bruised bones would hardly keep me from her side. Still, however, here I must sit alone.


Rud. Tell me not of that, lady. When I first knew thee, Isabella, the fair maid of Armheim, was the joy of her companions, and breathed life wherever she came. Thy father married thee to Arnold of Ebersdorf—not much with thy will, 'tis true—(she hides her face) Nay—forgive me, Isabella—but that is over—he died, and the ties between us, which thy marriage had broken, were renewed—but the sunshine of my Isabella's light heart returned no more.

Isa. (weeping.) Beloved Rudiger, you search my very soul! Why will you recall past times—days of spring that can never return? Do I not love thee more than ever wife loved husband?

Rud. (stretches out his arms—she embraces him.) And therefore art thou ever my beloved Isabella. But still, is it not true? Has not thy cheeryfulness vanished since thou hast become Lady of Aspen? Dost thou repent of that love to Rudiger?

Isa. Alias! not never! never!

Rud. Then why dost thou herd with monks and priests, and leave thy old knight alone, when, for the first time in his storv life, he has rested for weeks within the walls of his castle! Hast thou committed a crime from which Rudiger's love cannot absolve thee?

Isa. O many! many!

Rud. Then be this kiss thy penance. And tell me, Isabella, hast thou not founded a convent, and engaged it with the best of thy late husband's lands? Ay, and with a vineyard which I could have prized as well as the sleek monks. Dost thou not daily distribute alms to twenty pilgrims? Dost thou not cause ten masses to be sung each night for the repose of thy late husband's soul?

Isa. I love not now to repose.

Rud. With all, God's peace he with Arnold of Ebersdorf! the mention of him makes thee ever sad, though so many years have passed since his death.

Isa. But at present, dear husband, have I not the most just cause for anxiety? Are not Henry and George, our beloved sons, at this very moment perhaps engaged in doubtful contest with our hereditary foe, Count Roderic of Maltzungen?

Rud. Now, there lies the difference: you sorrow that they are in danger, I that I cannot share it with them—Hark! I hear horses' feet on the drawbridge. Go to the window, Isabella.

Isa. (at the window.) It is Wickerd, your squire.

Rud. Then shall we have tidings of George and Henry. (Enter Wickerd.) How now, Wickerd! Have you come to blow yet?

Wic. Not yet, noble sir.

Rud. Not yet!—shame on the boys' dailying—what wait they for?

Wic. The foe is strongly posted, sir knight, upon the Wolfshill, near the ruins of Griefenhau, therefore your noble son, George of Aspen, greets you well, and requests twenty more men-at-arms, and, after they have joined him, he hopes, with the aid of St. Theodore, to send you news of victory.

Rud. (attempts to rise hastily.) Saddle my black barb; I will head them myself. (Stirs down.) A murrain on that stumbling ron! I had forgot my dislocated bones. Caln Reynold, Wickerd, and bid him take all whom he can spare from peace of the castle—(Wickerd is gone)—and if! Wickerd, carry with you my black barb, and bid George charge upon him. (Exit Wickerd.) Now see, Isabella, if I disregard the boy's safety: I send him the best horse ever knight bestride. When we lay before Ascalon, indeed, I had a bright bay Persan—Thou dost not heed me.

Isa. Forgive me, dear husband; are not our sons in danger! Will not our sins he visited upon them? I is not their present situation?

Rud. Situation! I knew it well: as fair a field for open fight as I ever hunted over; see here—(makes lines on the table)—here is the ancient castle of Griefenhau in ruins, here the Wolfshill; and here the marsh on the right.

Isa. The marsh of Griefenhau!

Rud. Yes; by that the boys must pass.

Isa. Pass there! (Apartment.) Avenge Heaven! the hand of God! (Exit hastily.)

Rud. Whither now? Whither now! She is gone. Thus it goes. Peter! Peter! (Enter Peter.) Help me to the gallery, that I may see them on horseback. [Exit, leaning on Peter.
SCENE II.

The inner court of the castle of Ebersdorf; a quadrangle, surrounded with Gothic buildings; troopers, followers of Rudiger, pass and repass in haste, as if preparing for an excursion.

Wicked comes forward.

Wic. What, ho! Reynold! Reynold!—By our Lady, the spirit of the Seven Sleepers is upon him—So ho! not mounted yet! Reynold!

Enter Reynold.

Rey. Here! here! A devil choke thy hawling! I thinkst thou old Reynold is not as ready for a skirmish as thou!

Wic. Nay, say: I did but jest; but, by my sooth, it were a shame shouldest our youngsters have yoked with Count Roderick before we greybeards came.

Rey. Heaven forefend! Our troopers are hot saddling their horses; five minutes more, and we are in our stirrups, and then let Count Roderick sit fast.

Wic. A plague on him! he has ever lain hard on the skirts of our noble master.

Rey. Especially since he was refused the hand of our lady's niece, the pretty Lady Gertrude.

Wic. Ay, marry! would nothing less serve the fox of Maitlingen than the lovely lamb of our young Baron Henry! By my sooth, Reynold, when I look upon these two lovers, they make me full twenty years younger; and when I meet the man that would divide them—say nothing—but let him look to it.

Rey. And how fare our young lords?

Wic. Each well in his humour—Baron George stern and cold, according to his wont, and his brother as cheerful as ever.

Rey. Well!—Baron Henry for me.

Wic. Yet George saved thy life.

Rey. True—with as much indifference as if he had been snatching a chestnut out of the fire. Now Baron Henry went for my danger and my wounds. Therefore George shall ever command, my life, but Henry my love.

Wic. Nay, Baron George shows his gloomy spirit even by the choice of a favourite.

Rey. Ay—Martin, formerly the squire of Arnolf of Ebersdorf, his mother's first husband.—I marvel he could not have fitted himself with an attendant from among the faithful followers of his worthy father, whom Arnolf and his adherents used to hate as the Devil hates holy water. But Martin is a good soldier, and has stood toughly by George in many a hard brunt.

Wic. The knife is sturdy enough, but so sulky withal—I have seen, brother Reynold, that when Martin showed his moody visage at the banquet, our noble mistress has dropped the wine she was raising to her lips, and exchanged her smiles for a ghastly frown, as if sorrow went by sympathy, as kissing goes by favour.

Rey. His appearance reminds her of her first husband, and thou hast well seen that makes her ever sad.

Wic. Dost thou marvel at that? She was married to Arnolf by a species of force, and they say that before his death he compelled her to swear never to espouse Rudiger. The priests will not absolve her for the breach of that vow, and therefore she is troubled in mind. For, d'ye mark me, Reynold—[Bugle sounds.]

Rey. A truce to your preaching! To horsetail and a blessing on our arms!

Wic. St. George grant it! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The gallery of the castle, terminating in a large balcony commanding a distant prospect. — Violets, bugle-horns, kettle-drums, trampling of horses, &c. are heard without.

Rudiger, leaning on Peter, looks from the balcony. Gertrude and Isabella are near him.

Rud. There they go at length—look, Isabella! look, my pretty Gertrude! these are the iron-handed warriors who shall tell Roderick what it will cost him to force thee from my protection—[Fervor without. Rudiger stretches his arms from the balcony.] Go, my children, and God's blessing with you. Look at my black braw Gertrude. That horse shall let daylight in through a phalanx, were it twenty pikes deep. Shame on it that I cannot mount him! Seat thou how fierce old Reynold looks!

Ger. I can hardly know my friends in their armour.

[The bugles and kettle-drums are heard as at a greater distance.]

Rud. Nay, I could tell every one of their names, even at this distance; ay, and were they covered, as I have seen them, with dust and blood. He on the dapple-grey is Wickerd—a hardy fellow, but somewhat given to prating. That is young Conrad who gallops so fast, page to thy Henry, my girl.

[Bugles, &c., at a greater distance still.]

Ger. Heaven guard them. Also! the voice of war that calls the blood into your cheeks chills and freezes mine.

Rud. Say not so. It is glorious, my girl, glorious! See how their armour glistens as they wind round yon hill! how their spears glimmer amid the long train of dust. Hark! you can still hear the faint notes of their trumpets—[Bugles very faint.].—And Rudiger, old Rudiger with the iron arm, as the crusaders used to call me, must remain behind with the priests and the women. Well! well!—[Sings.]

"It was a knight to battle rode,
And as his war-horse he bestowed."

Fill me a bowl of wine, Gertrude; and do thou, Peter, call the minstrel who came hither last night.—[Sings]

"Of rode the horseman, dark, sa, sa!
And stroked his whiskers, tra, la, la."

[Peter goes out. Rudiger sets down, and Gertrude helps him with wine.] Thanks, my love. It tastes ever best from thy hand. Isabella, here is glory and victory to our boys.—[Drinks.]—Wilt thou not pledge me?

Isa. To their safety, and God grant it!—[Drinks.]
Enter Bertran, as a minstrel, with a boy bearing his harp.—Also Peter.

Rud. Thy name, minstrel!
Ber. Minnold, so please you.
Rud. Thou art a German.
Ber. Yes, noble sir; and of this province.
Rud. Sing me a song of battle.

[Bertram sings to the harp.

Rud. Thanks, minstrel: well sung, and lustily.
What sayst thou, Isabelia?

Isa. I marked him not.

Rud. Nay, in sooth you are too anxious.

Cheer up. And thou, too, my lovely Gertrude, a few hours thy Henry shall return, and twine his laurels into a garland for thy hair. He fights for thee, and he must conquer.

Ger. Alas! must blood be spilled for a silly maiden?

Rud. Surely; for what should knights break lances but for honour and ladies' love—ha, minstrel!

Ber. So please you—also to punish crimes.

Rud. That upon it! wouldst thou have executioners, minstrel? Such work would disgrace our blades. We leave malefactors to the Secret Tribunal.

Isa. Merciful God! Thou hast spoken a word, Rudiger, of dreadful import.

Ger. They say that, unknown and invisible themselves, these awful judges are ever present with the guilty; that the past and the present misdeeds, the secrets of the confessional, nay, the very thoughts of the heart, are before them; that their doom is as sure as that of fate, the means and executioners unknown.

Rud. They say true—the secrets of that association, and the names of those who compose it, are as inscrutable as the grave: we only know that it has taken deep root, and spread its branches wide. I sit down each day in my hall, nor can I forget that one of these secret judges may surround me, all bound by the most solemn vow to avenge guilt. Once, and but once, a knight, at the earnest request and inquiries of the emperor, hinted that he belonged to the society: the next morning he was found slain in a forest: the pennant was left in the wound, and bore this label—"Thus do the invisible judges punish treachery."


Isa. A slight indisposition only.

Rud. And what of it all? We know our hearts are open to our Creator: shall we fear any earthly inspection? Come to the battles; there we shall soonest discern the return of our warriors.

[Exit Rudiger, with Gertrude and Peter.

Isa. Minnold, send the chaplain hither. (Exit Bertram.) Graceful Heaven! the guileless innocence of my niece, the manly honesty of my upright-hearted Rudiger, become daily tortures to me. While he was engaged in active and stormy exploits, fear for his safety, joy when he returned to his castle, enabled me to disguise my inward anguish from others. But from myself—Judges of blood, that lie concealed in noontide as in midnight, who boast to avenge the hidden guilt, and to penetrate the recesses of the human breast, how blind is your penetration, how vain your dagger, and your cord, compared to the conscience of the sinner!

Enter Father Ludovic.

Lud. Peace be with you, lady.

Isa. It is not with me: it is thy office to bring it.

Lud. And the cause is the absence of the young knights?

Isa. Their absence and their dancer.

Lud. Daughter, thy hand has been stretched out in bounty to the sick and to the needy. Thou hast not denied a shelter to the weary, nor a tear to the afflicted. Trust in their prayers, and in those of the holy convent thou hast founded: perhaps therefore they will bring back thy children to thy bosom.

Isa. Thy brethren cannot pray for me or mine. Their vow binds them to pray night and day for another—to supplicate, without ceasing, the Eternal Mercy for the soul of one who—Oh, only Heaven knows how much he needs their prayer!

Lud. Unbounded is the mercy of Heaven. The soul of thy former husband—

Isa. I charge thee, priest, mention not the word. (Apart.) Wretch that I am, the meanest Mephisto in my train has power to goad me to madness!

Lud. Hearken to me, daughter;thy crime against Arnolf of Ebersdorff cannot bear in the eye of Heaven so deep a dye of guilt.

Isa. Repeat that once more; say once again that it cannot—cannot bear so deep a dye.

Prove to me that none of the bitterest penances, that tears of the dearest blood, can erase such guilt. Prove to but that to me, and I will build thee an abbey which shall put to shame the fairest fame in Christendom.

Lud. Nay, nay, daughter, your conscience is over tender. Supposing that, under dread of the stern Arnolf, you swore never to marry your present husband, still the exacting such an oath was unlawful, and the breach of it venial.

Isa. (resuming her composure.) Be it so, good father: I yield to thy better reasons. And now tell me, has thy pious care achieved the task I intrusted to thee?

Lud. Of superintending the erection of thy new hospital for pilgrims? I have, noble lady: and last night the minstrel now in the castle lodged there.

Isa. Wherefore came he then to the castle?

Lud. Reynold brought the commands of the Baron.

Isa. Whence comes he, and what is his tale? When he sung before Rudiger, I thought that long before I had heard such tones—seen such a face.

Lud. It is possible you may have seen him, lady, for he boasts to have been known to Arnolf of Ebersdorff; and to have lived formerly in this castle. He inquires much after Mariz, Arnolf's squire.

Isa. Go, Ludovic—go quick, good father, seek him out, give him this purse, and bid him leave the castle, and speed him on his way.

Lud. May I ask why, noble lady?

Isa. Thou art inquisitive, priest: I honour the servants of God, but I foster not the prying spirit of a monk! Begone!

Lud. But the Baron, lady, will expect a reason why I dismiss his guest?

Isa. True, true (recollecting herself;) pardon
my warmth, good father, I was thinking of the
cuckoo that grows too big for the nest of the
sparrow, and strangles its foster-mother. Do
not such birds roost in convent-walls?
Lud. Lady, I understand you not.
Issa. Well, then, say to the Baron, that I
have dismissed long ago all the attendants
of the man of whom thou hast spoken, and
that I wish to have none of them beneath my
roof.
Lud. (inquisitively) Except Martin?
Issa. (sharply) Except Martin! who saved
the life of my son George! Do as I command
thee. [Exit.

Monet Ludovic.

Lud. Ever the same—stern and peremptory
to others as rigorous to herself; haughty even
to me, to whom, in another mood, she has
knelt for absolution, and whose knees she has
bathed in tears. I cannot fathom her. The
unnatural zeal with which she performs her
dreadful penances cannot be religion, for
surely I guess she believes not in their
blessed efficacy. Well for her that she is
the foundress of our convent, otherwise we might
not have erred in denouncing her as a heretic!

[Exit.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A woodland prospect. — Through a long avenue,
half grown up by brambles, are discerned in
the back-ground the ruins of the ancient Castle
of Griefenhous—The distant noise of battle
is heard during this scene.

Enter George of Aspen, armed with a battle-
axe in his hand, as from horseback. He
supports Martin, and brings him forward.

Geo. Lay thee down here, old friend. The
enemy’s horsemen will hardly take their way
among these brambles, through which I have
dragged thee.

Mar. Oh, do not leave me! leave me not an
instant! My moments are now but few,
and I would profit by them.

Geo. Martin, you forget yourself and me—I
must back to the field.

Mar. (attempts to rise.) Then drag me hack
thither also; I cannot die but in your presence—
I dare not be alone. Stay, to give peace to
my parting soul.

Geo. I am no priest, Martin. (Going.)

Mar. (raising himself with great pain.) Baron
George of Aspen, I saved thy life in battle—
for that good deed, hear me but one moment.

Geo. I hear thee, my poor friend. (Returning.)

Mar. But come close—very close. See’st
thou, sir knight—this wound I bore for thee—
and this—and this—dost thou not remember?

Geo. I do.

Mar. I have served thee since thou wast a
child; served thee faithfully—was never from
thy side.

Geo. Thou hast.

Mar. And now I die in thy service.

Geo. Thou may’st recover.

Mar. I cannot. By my long service—by my
scars—by this mortal gash, and by the death
that I am to die—oh, do not hate me for what
I am now to unfold!

Geo. Be assured I can never hate thee.

Mar. Ah, thou little knower—Swear to
me thou wilt speak a word of comfort to my
parting soul.

Geo. (takes his hand) I swear I will. (Alarm
and shouting.) But be brief—thou knowest
my heart.

Mar. Hear me, then. I was the squire,
the beloved and favourite attendant, of Arnolf
of Ebersdorf. Arnolf was savage as the moun-
tain bear. He loved the Lady Isabel, but she
requited not his passion. She loved thy father;
but her sire, old Arnheim, was the
friend of Arnolf, and she was forced to marry
him. By midnight, in the chapel of
Ebersdorf, the ill-omened rites were performed;
her resistance, her screams were in vain. These
arms detained her at the altar till the
nuptial benediction was pronounced. Canst
thou forgive me?

Geo. I do forgive thee. Thy obedience to
thy savage master has been obliterated by a
long train of services to his widow.

Mar. Services I say, bloody services! for they
commenced—do not quit my hand—they
commenced with the murder of my master.
(george quits his hand, and stands aghast in
speechless horror.) Trample on me! pursue
me with your dagger! I aided your mother
to poison her first husband! I thank Heaven,
it is said.

Geo. My mother? Sacred Heaven! Mar-
tin, thou hast— the fever of thy wound has
distracted thee.

Mar. No! I am not mad! Would to God I
were! Try me! Yonder is the Wolfshall—
yonder the old castle of Griefenhous—and
yonder is the hemlock marsh (in a whisper)
where I gathered the deadly plant that drugged
Arnolf’s cup of death. (George traverses
the stage in utmost agitation, and sometimes
stands over Martin with his hands clasped
together.) Oh, had you seen him when the potion
took effect! Had you heard his ravings, and
seen the contortions of his ghastly visage—
He died furious and incontinent, as he lived;
and went—where I am shortly to go. You
do not speak!

Geo. (with excretion) Miserable wretch! how
can I?

Mar. Can you not forgive me?
Geo. May God pardon thee—I cannot!

Mar. I saved thy life——

Geo. For that, take my curse! (he snatches
up his battle-axe, and rushes out to the side from
which the noise is heard.)

Mar. Hear me! yet more—more horror!
(Attempts to rise, and falls heavily. A loud
alarm.)

Enter Wicerd, hastily.

Wic. In the name of God, Martin, lend me
thy brand!

Mar. Take it,

Wic. Where is it?

Mar. (looks wildly at him.) In the chapel
at Ebersdorf, or buried in the hemlock marsh.

Wic. Thou art a grumbler is crazy with his
wounds. Martin, if thou hast a spark of rea-
son in thee, give me thy sword. The day
goes sore against us.

Mar. There it lies. Bury it in the heart of
thy master George; thou wilt do him a good
office—the office of a faithful servant.
Enter Conrad.

Con. Away, Wicked! to horse, and pursue! Baron Georze has turned the day; he fichts more like a fenn than a man: he has unhorsed you, and slain six of his troopers — they are in headlong flight — the hemlock marsh is red with their gore! (Martin gives a deep groan, and sobs.) Away! away! (They hurry off, as to the pursuit.)

Enter Roderic of Maltningen, without his helmet, his arms disordered and broken, holding the truncheon of a spear in his hand; with him, Baron Wolfstein.

Rod. A curse on fortune, and a double curse upon George of Aspen! Never, never will I forgive him my disgrace — overthrown like a rotten trunk before a whirlwind!

Wolf. Be comforted, Count Roderic; it is well we have escaped being prisoners. See how the troopers of Aspen pour along the plain, like the billows of the Rhine! It is good we are shrouded by the thickets.

Rod. Why took he not my life, when he robbed me of my honour and of my love? Why did his spear not pierce my heart, when mine shivered on his arms like a frail bulrush? (Throws down the broken spear.) Bear witness, heaven and earth, I outlive this disgrace only to avenge!

Wolf. Be comforted; the knights of Aspen have not gained a bloodless victory. And see, there lies one of George’s followers — (seeing Martin.)

Rod. His squire Martin; if he be not dead, we will secure him: he is the depository of the secrets of his master. Arouse thee, trusty follower of the house of Aspen!

Mar. (returning.) Leave me not! leave me not. Baron George! my eyes are darkened with azony! I have not yet told all.

Wolf. The old man takes you for his master.

Rod. What wouldst thou tell?

Mar. Oh, I would tell all the temptations by which I was urged to the murder of Ebersdorf!

Rod. Murder! — this is worth marking. Proceed.

Mar. I loved a maiden, daughter of Arnolf’s steward; my master seduced her — she became an outcast, and died in misery — I vowed vengeance — and I did avenge her.

Rod. Hadst thou accomplices?

Mar. None, but thy mother.

Rod. The Lady Isabella?

Mar. Ay: she hated her husband: he knew her love to Rudiger, and when she heard that thy father was returned from Palestine, her life was endangered by the transports of his jealousy — thus prepared for evil, the fiend tempted us, and we fell.

Rod. (breaks into a transport.) Fortune I trust repaid me all! Love and vengeance are my own! — Wolfstein, recall our followers! quick, sound thy bugle! — (Wolfstein sounds.)

Mar. (stares wildly round.) That was no note of Aspen — Count Roderic of Maltningen— Heaven! what have I said?

Rod. What thou canst not recall.

Mar. Then is my fate decreed! ’Tis as it should be! in this very place was the poison gather’d—tis retribution.

Enter three or four soldiers of Roderic.

Rod. Secure this wounded trooper: bind his wounds, and guard him well: carry him to the ruins of Griefenhaus, and conceal him till the troopers of Aspen have retired from the pursuit. Look to him, as you love your lives.

Mar. (led off by soldiers.) Ministers of vengeance! my hour is come! (Exeunt.)

Rod. Hope, joy, and triumph, once again are ye mine! Welcome to my heart, long-absent visitors! One lucky chance has thrown dominion into the scale of the house of Maltningen, and Aspen kicks the beam.

Wolf. I foresee, indeed, dishonour to the family of Aspen, should this wounded squire make good his tale.

Rod. And how thinkst thou this disgrace will fall on them?

Wolf. Surely, by the public punishment of Lady Isabella.

Rod. And is that all?

Wolf. What more?

Rod. Shortsighted that thou art, is not George of Aspen, as well as thou, a member of the holy and invisible circle, over which I preside?

Wolf. Speak lower, for God’s sake! these are things not to be mentioned before the sun.

Rod. True: but stands he not bound by the most solemn oath religion can devise, to discover to the tribunal whatever concealed iniquity shall come to his knowledge, be the perpetrator whom he may — ay, were that perpetrator his own father — or mother; and can you doubt that he has heard Martin’s confession?

Wolf. True: but, blessed Virgin! do you think he will accuse his own mother before the invisible judges?

Rod. If not, he becomes forsworn, and, by our law, must die. Either way my vengeance is complete — perjured or parricide, I care not; but, as the one or the other shall I crush the haughty George of Aspen.

Wolf. Thy vengeance strikes deep.

Rod. Deep as the wounds I have borne from this proud family. Rudiger slew my father in battle — George has twice baffled and disdained my arms, and Henry has stolen the heart of my beloved: but no longer can Gertrude now remain under the care of the murderous dam of this brood of wolves; far less can she wed the smooth-cheeked boy, when this scene of villany shall be disclosed.

[Exeunt.]

Wolf. Hark! they sound a retreat: let us go deeper into the wood.

Rod. The victors approach! I shall dash their triumph! — Issue the private summons for convoking the members this very evening; I will direct the other measures.

Wolf. What place?

Rod. The old chapel in the ruins of Griefenhaus, as usual.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II.

Enter George of Aspen, as from the pursuit.

Geo. (comes slowly forward.) How many wretches have sunk under my arm this day, to whom life was sweet, though the wretched bondsmen of Count Roderic! And I — who
sought death beneath every lifted battle-axe, and offered my breast to every arrow — I am cursed with victory and safety. Here I left the wretch — Martin! — Martin! — what, ho! Martin! — Mother of God! he is gone! — Should he repeat the dreadful tale to any other — Martin! — He answers not. Perhaps he has crept into the thicket, and died there — were it so, the horrible secret is only mine.

Enter Henry of Aspen, with Wickerd, Reynold, and followers.

Hen. Joy to thee, brother! though, by St. Francis, I would not gain another field at the price of seeing thee fight with such reckless desperation. Thy safety is less than miraculous.

Roy. By'rt Lady, when Barno George struck, I think he must have forgot that his foes were God's creatures. Such furious doings I never saw, and I have been a trooper these forty-two years come St. Barnaby —

Geo. Peace! Saw any of you Martin?

Wic. Noble sir, I left him here not long since.

Geo. Alive or dead?

Wic. Alive, noble sir, but sorely wounded.

I think he must be prisoner, for he could not have bled else from hence.

Geo. Helpless slave! Why didst thou leave him?

Hen. Dear brother, Wickerd acted for the best: he came to our assistance and the aid of his companions.

Geo. I tell thee, Henry, Martin's safety was of more importance than the lives of any ten that stand here.

Wic. (muttering) Here's much to do about an old crazy trenched-sinker.

Geo. What matterest thou?

Wic. Only, sir knight, that Martin seemed out of his senses when I left him, and has perhaps wandered into the marsh, and perish-

ed there.

Geo. How — out of his senses? Did he speak to thee? — (apprehensively.)

Wic. Yes, noble sir.

Geo. Dear Henry, step for an instant to your tree — thou wilt see from thence if the foe rally upon the Wolfshill. (Henry retires.)

And do you stand back (to the soldiers.)

[He brings Wickerd forward.

Geo. (with marked apprehension) What did Martin say to thee, Wickerd? — tell me, on thy allegiance.

Wic. More ravings, sir knight — offered me his sword to fall upon.

Geo. Said he aught of killing any one else?

Wic. No: the pain of his wound seemed to bring on a fever.

Geo. (clasps his hands together.) I breathe again — I spy comfort. Why could I not see as well as this fellow, that the wounded wretch may have been distracted? Let me at least think so till proof shall show the truth. (Aside). Wickerd, think not on what I said — the heat of the battle had chased my blood. Thou hast wished for the Nether farm at Ebersdorf—it shall be thine.

Wic. Thanks, my noble lord.

Re-enter Henry.

Hen. No — they do not rally — they have had enough of it — but Wickerd and Conrad shall remain, with twenty troopers and a score of cross-bowmen, and scour the woods towards Griefenhains, to prevent the fugitives from making head. We will, with the rest, to Ebersdorf. What say you, brother? —

Geo. Well ordered, Wickerd, look thou search everywhere for Martin: bring him to me dead or alive; leave not a nook of the wood unsought.

Wic. I warrant you, noble sir, I shall find him, could be clew himself up like a dormouse.

Hen. I think he must be prisoner.

Geo. Heaven forfend! Take a trumpet, Engstace (to an attendant); ride to the castle of Maltmegen, and demand a parley. If Martin is prisoner, offer any ransom: offer ten—twenty—all our prisoners in exchange.

Eng. It shall be done, sir knight.

Hen. Ere we go, sound trumpets — strike up the song of victory.

SONG.

Joy to the victors! the sons of old Aspen! Joy to the race of the battle and scar! Glory's proud garland triumphantly grasping; Generous in peace, and victorious in war. Honour acquiring, Valor inspiring, Bursting, restless, through foemen they go: War-axes wielding, Broken ranks yielding, Till from the battle proud Roderic retiring, Yields in wild rout the fair palm to his foe. Joy to each warrior, true follower of Aspen! Joy to the heroes that gain'd the bold day! Health to our wounded, in a song gasping; Peace to our brethren that fell in the fray! Boldly this morning, Roderic's power scanning, Well for their chieftain their blades did they wield: Joy blest them dying, As Maltmegen flying, Low laid his banners, our conquest adorning, Their death-clouded eyeballs described on the field! Now to our home, the proud mansion of Aspen, Bend we, gay victors, triumphant away; There each lord dandle, her gallant youth clasping, Shall wipe from his forehead the stains of the fray, Listening the prancing Of horses advancing; E'en now on the turrets our maidens appear; Love our hearts warming, Songs the night charming, Round goes the grape in the goblet gay dancing; Love, wine, and song, our blithe evening shall cheer! —

Hen. Now spread our banners, and to Ebersdorf in triumph. We carry relief to the anxious, joy to the heart of the aged, brother George. (Going off.)

Geo. Or tender misery and death. (Apart, and following slowly.)

The music sounds, and the followers of Aspen begin to file across the stage. The curtain falls.
ACT III.—SCENE I.

Castle of Ebersdorf.

Rudiger, Isabella, and Gertrude

**Rud.** I prithee, dear wife, be merry. It must be over by this time, and happily, otherwise the bad news had reached us.

**Isa.** Should we not, then, have heard the tidings of the good?

**Rud.** Oh! these fly slower by half. Besides, I warrant all of them engaged in the pursuit. Oh! not a page would leave the skirts of the forlorn till they were fairly beaten into their holes; but had the boys lost the day, the stragglers had made for the castle. Go to the window, Gertrude; see thou any thing!

**Ger.** I think I see a horseman.

**Rud.** A plague on thee! didst thou take a fat friar on a mullet for a trooper of the house of Aspen?

**Ger.** But yonder is a cloud of dust.

**Rud.** (eagerly) Indeed!

**Ger.** It is only the wine sledges going to my aunt's convent.

**Rud.** The devil confound the wine sledges, and the mules, and the monks! Come from the window, and torment me no longer, thou seer of strange sights.

**Ger.** Dear uncle, what can I do to amuse you? Shall I tell you what I dreamed this morning?

**Rud.** Nonsense; but say on; any thing is better than silence.

**Ger.** I thought I was in the chapel, and they were burying my aunt Isabella alive. And who, do you think, aunt, were the gravediggers who shovelled in the earth upon you? Even Baron George and old Martin.

**Isa.** (appears shocked) Heaven! what an idea!

**Ger.** Do but think of my terror—and Minhold the minstrel played all the while to drown your screamings.

**Rud.** And old Father Ludovic danced a saraband, with the steeple of the new convent upon his thick skull by way of mitre. A truce to this nonsense. Give us a song, my love, and leave thy dreams and visions.

**Ger.** What shall I sing to you?

**Rud.** Sing to me of war.

**Ger.** I cannot sing of battle; but I will sing you the Lament of Eleanor of Toro, when her lover was slain in the wars.

**Isa.** Oh, no laments, Gertrude.

**Rud.** Then sing a song of mirth.

**Isa.** Dear husband, is this a time for mirth?

**Rud.** Is it neither a time to sing of mirth nor of sorrow? Isabella would rather hear Father Ludovic chant the "De profundis."

**Ger.** Dear uncle, be not angry. At present, I can only sing the lay of poor Eleanor. It comes to my heart at this moment as if the sorrowful mourner had been my own sister.

**SONG.**

Sweet shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
Weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood.

As a fair maiden, be wilder'd in sorrow,
Sigh'd to the breezes and wept to the flood.—

"Saints, from the mansion of bliss lowly bending,
Virgin, that hear'st the poor suppliants' cry,
Grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Frederick restore, or let Eleanor die."

Distant and faint were the sounds of the battle;
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chase's wild clamour came loading the gale.

Breathless she gazed through the woodland so dreary,
Slowly approaching, a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

"Save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying;
Save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low;
Cold on yon heath thy bold Frederick is lying,
Fast through the woodland approaches the foe."

[The voice of Gertrude sinks by degrees, till she bursts into tears.]

**Rud.** How now, Gertrude?

**Ger.** Alas! may not the fate of poor Eleanor at this moment be mine?

**Rud.** Never, my girl, never! (Military music is heard.) Hark! hark! to the sounds that tell thee so.

[All rise and run to the window.]

**Ger.** Joy! joy! they come, and come victorious. (The chorus of the war-song is heard without) Welcome! welcome! once more have my old eyes seen the banners of the house of Maltinigen trampled in the dust.—Isabella, branch our oldest caske: wine is sweet after war.

**Enter Henry, followed by Reynold and troopers.**

**Rud.** Joy to thee, my boy: let me press thee to this old heart.

**Isa.** Bless thee, my son—(embraces him)—Oh, how many hours of bitterness are compensated by this embrace! Bless thee, my Henry! where hast thou left thy brother?

**Hen.** Hard at hand: by this lie is crossing the drawbridge. Hast thou no greetings for me, Gertrude? (Goes to her.)

**Ger.** I joy not in battles.

**Rud.** But she had tears for thy danger. (Embraces her.)

**Hen.** Thanks, my gentle Gertrude. See, I have brought back thy scarf from no ignoble field.

**Ger.** It is bloody!—(shocked.)

**Rud.** Dost start at that, my girl? Were it his own blood, as it is that of his foes, thou should'st glory in it.—Go, Reynold, make good cheer with thy fellows.

[Exit Reynold and Soldiers.]

Enter George, pensively.

Geo. (goes straight to Rudiger.) Father, thy blessing.

Rud. Thou hast it, boy. Isa. (rushing to embrace him—he avoids her.) How! art thou wounded! Geo. No. Rud. Thou lookest deadly pale. Geo. It is nothing. Isa. Heaven's blessing on my gallant George. Geo. (aside.) Darest she bestow a blessing? Oh, Martin's tale was frenzy! Isa. Smile upon us for once, my son; darken not thy brow on this day of gladness—few are our moments of joy—should not my sons share in them? Geo. (aside.) She has moments of joy—it was frenzy then!

Isa. Gertrude, my love, assist me to disarm the knight. (She loosens and takes off his casque)

Ger. There is one, two, three hacks, and none has pierced the steel.

Rud. Let me see. Let me see. A trusty casque! Isa. Else hadst thou gone.

Isa. I will reward the armourer with its weight in gold.

Geo. (aside.) She must be innocent.

Geo. And Henry's shield is hacked, too! Let me show it to you, uncle. (She carries Henry to Rudiger.)

Rud. Do, my love; and come hither, Henry, thou shalt tell me how the day went.

Henry and Gertrude converse apart with Rudiger; George comes forward; Isabella comes to him.

Isa. Surely, George, some evil has befallen thee. Grave thou art ever, but so dreadfully gloomy—

Geo. Evil, indeed. (Aside.) Now for the trial.

Isa. Has your loss been great?

Geo. No!—Yes!—(Apart) I cannot do it.

Isa. Perhaps some friend lost?

Geo. It must be. —Martin is dead. —(He regards her with apprehension, but steadily, as he pronounces these words.)

Isa. (starts, then shows a ghastly expression of joy.) Dead!

Geo. (almost overcome by his feelings.) Guilty! —(Apart.)

Isa. (without observing his emotion.) Didst thou say dead?

Geo. Did I—no—I only said mortally wounded.

Isa. Wounded? only wounded? Where is he? Let me fly to him. —(Going.)

Geo. (sternly.) Hold, lady!—Speak not so loud!—Thou canst not see him!—He is a prisoner.

Isa. A prisoner, and wounded? Fly to his deliverance!—Offer wealth, lands, castles, all our possessions, for his ransom. Never shall I know peace till these walls, or till the grave secure him.

Geo. (apart.) Guilty! Guilty!

Enter Peter.

Peter. Hugo, squire to the Count of Maltigen, has arrived with a message.

Rud. I will receive him in the hall. (Exit, leaning on Gertrude and Henry.

Isa. Go, George—see after Martin.

Geo. (firmly.) No—I have a task to perform; and though the earth should open and devour me alive—I will accomplish it. But first—but first—Nature, take thy tributes. —(He falls on his mother's neck, and weeps bitterly.)

Isa. George! my son! for Heaven's sake, what dreadful frenzy!

Geo. (walks two turns across the stage and composes himself.) Listen, mother—I knew a knight in Hungary, gallant in battle, hospitable and generous in peace. The king gave him his friendship, and the administration of a province; that province was infested by thieves and murderers. You mark me!—Isa. Most heedfully.

Geo. The knight was sworn—bound by an oath the most dreadful that can be taken by man—to deal among offenders, every-handed, stern and impartial justice. Was it not a dreadful vow?

Isa. (with an affectation of compusre.) Solemn, doubtless, as the oath of every magistrate.

Geo. And inviolable?

Isa. Surely—inviolable.

Geo. Well! it happened, that when he rode out against the banditti, he made a prisoner. And who, think you, that prisoner was?

Isa. I know not (with increasing terror.)

Geo. (trembling, but proceeding rapidly.) His own twin-brother, who sucked the same breasts with him, and lay in the bosom of the same mother:—his brother whom he loved as his own soul;—what should that knight have done unto his brother?

Isa. (almost speechless.) Alas! what did he do?

Geo. He did (turning his head from her, and with clasped hands.) what I can never do:—he did his duty.

Isa. My son! my son!—Mercy! Mercy! (Cries to him.)

Geo. Is it then true?

Isa. What?

Isa. What Martin said? (Isabella hides her face.) It is true!

Isa. (looks up with an air of dignity.) Hear, Framar of the laws of nature! the mother is judged by the child. —(Turns towards him.) Yes, it is true—true that, fearful of my own life, I secured it by the murder of my tyrant. Mistraken coward! I little knew on what terrors I ran, to avoid one moment's agony.—Thon hast the secret!

Geo. Knowest thou to whom thou hast told it?

Isa. To my son.

Geo. Is it not to an executioner?

Isa. Be it so—go, proclaim my crime, and forget not my punishment. Forget not that the murderess of her husband has dragged out years of hidden remorse, to be brought at last to the scaffold by her own cherished son—thou art silent.

Geo. The language of Nature is no more. How shall I learn another?

Isa. Look upon me, George. Should the executioner be abashed before the criminal?—look upon me, my son. From my soul do I forgive thee.

Geo. Forgive me what?

Isa. What thou dost meditate—be vengeance.
heavy, but let it be secret—add not the death of a father to that of the sinner! Oh! Rudiger! Rudiger! innocent cause of all my guilt and all my woe, how wilt thou tear thy silver locks when thou shalt hear her guilt whom thou hast so often clasped to thy bosom—hear her infancy proclaimed by the son of thy fondest hopes! (Suspense.)

Geo. (struggling for breath.) Nature will have utterance: mother, dearest mother, I will save you or perish! (throws himself into her arms.) Thrice fall my vows.

Isa. Man thyself! I ask not safety from thee. Never shall it be said, that Isabella of Aspen turned her son from the path of duty, though his footsteps must pass over her mangled corpse. Man thyself.

Geo. No! No! The ties of Nature were knit by God himself. Cursed be the stot pride that would rend them asunder, and call it virtue.

Isa. My son! My son!—How shall I behold thee hereafter?

[Three knocks are heard upon the door of the apartment.

Geo. (to himself.) One—two—three. Roderic, thou art speedy! (Appl.)

Isa. (opening the door.) A parchment stuck to the door with a piniard! (Opens it) Heaven and earth!—a summons from the invisible judges!—(Drops the parchment.)

Geo. (reads with emotion.) "Isabella of Aspen, accused of murder by poison, we conjure thee, by the cord and by the steel, to appear this night before the avengers of blood, who judge scenes of revenge in secret, like thy Deity. As thou art innocent or guilty, so be thy deliverance."—Martin, Martin, thou hast played false!

Isa. Alas! whither shall I fly?

Geo. Thou canst not fly; instant death would follow the attempt; a hundred thousand arms would be raised against thy life; every morsel thou didst taste, every drop which thy lips drank, the very breeze of heaven that fanned thee, would come loaded with destruction. One chance of safety is open—obey the summons.

Isa. And perish. —Yet why should I still fear death? Be it so.

Geo. No—I have sworn to save you. I will not do the work by halves. Does any one save Martin know of the dreadful deed?

Isa. None.

Geo. Then go—assert your innocence, and leave the rest to me.

Isa. Wretch that I am! How can I support the task you would impose?

Geo. Think on my father. Live for him: he will need all the comfort thou canst bestow. Let the thought that his destruction is involved in thine carry thee through the dreadful trial.

Isa. Be it so.—For Rudiger I have lived; for him I will continue to bear the burden of existence; but the instant that my guilt comes to his knowledge shall be the last of my life. Ere I would bear from him one glance of hatred or of scorn, this danger should drink my blood. (Puts the piniard into her bosom.)

Geo. Fear not. He can never know. No evidence shall appear against you.

Isa. How shall I obey the summons, and where find the terrible judgment-seat?

Geo. Leave that to the judges. Resolve but to obey, and a conductor will be found. Go to the chapel; there pray for your sins and for mine. (He leads her out, and returns.)—Sins, indeed! I break a dreadful vow, but I save the life of a parent; and the penance I will do for my perjury shall appal even the judges of blood.

Enter Reynold.

Rev. Sir knight, the messenger of Count Roderic desires to speak with you.

Geo. Admit him.

Enter Hugo.

Hug. Count Roderic of Maltingen greets you. He says he will this night hear the bat flutter and the owlet scream; and he bids me ask if thou also wilt listen to the music.

Geo. I understand him. I will be there.

Hug. And the count says to you, that he will not ransom your wounded squire, though you would downweigh his best horse with gold. But you may send him a confessor, for the count says he will need one.

Geo. Is he so near death?

Hug. Not as it seems to me. He is weak through the loss of blood; but since his wound was dressed he can both stand and walk. Our count has a notable balsam, which has recruited him much.

Geo. Enough—I will send a priest. —(Exit Hugo.) I fathom his plot. He would add another witness to the tale of Martin's guilt. But no priest shall approach him. Reynold, thinkest thou not we could send one of the troopers, disguised as a monk, to sublimat Martin in making his escape.

Rev. Noble sir, the followers of your house are so well known to those of Maltingen, that I fear it is impossible.

Geo. Knowest thou of no stranger who might be employed? His reward shall exceed even his hopes.

Rev. So please you—I think the minstrel could well execute such a commission: he is shrewd and cunning, and can write and read like a priest.

Geo. Call him. —(Exit Reynold) If this fails, I must employ open force. Were Martin removed, no tongue can assert the bloody truth.

Enter Minstrel.

Geo. Come hither, Minhold. Hast thou courage to undertake a dangerous enterprise?

Ber. My life, sir Knight, has been one scene of danger and of dread. I have forgotten how to fear.

Geo. Thy speech is above thy seeming. Who art thou?

Ber. An unfortunate knight, obliged to shroud myself under this disguise.

Geo. What is the cause of thy misfortunes?

Ber. I slew, at a tournament, a prince, and was laid under the ban of the empire.

Geo. I have interest with the emperor. Swear to perform what task I shall impose on thee, and I will procure the recall of the ban.

Ber. I swear.

Geo. Then take the disguise of a monk, and go with the follower of Count Roderc, as if to confess my wounded squire Martin. Give him thy dress, and remain in prison in his
stead. Thy captivity shall be short, and I pledge my knightly word I will labour to execute my promise, when thou shalt have leisure to unfold thy history.

Ber, I will do as you direct. Is the life of your squire in danger?

Geo. It is, unless thou canst accomplish his release.

Ber. I will essay it. [Exit. Geo. Such are the mean expediants to which George of Aspen must now resort. No longer can I debate with Roderic in the field. The depraved—the perfumed knight must contend with him only in the arts of dissimulation and treachery. Oh, mother! mother! the most bitter consequence of thy crime has been the birth of thy first-born! But I must warn my brother of the impending storm. Poor Henry, how little can thy gay temper anticipate evil! What, ho there! (Enter an Attendant.) Where is Baron Henry?

Att. Noble sir, he rode forth, after a slight refreshment, to visit the party in the field.

Geo. Saddle my steed; I will follow him.

Att. So please you, your noble father has twice demanded your presence at the banquet.

Geo. It matters not—say that I have ridden forth to the Wolfshill. Where is thy lady?

Att. In the chapel, sir knight.

Geo. 'Tis well—saddle my bay-horse—(apart) for the last time. [Exit.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.
The wood of Grielenhausen, with the ruins of the Castle. A nearer view of the Castle than in Act Second, but still at some distance.

Enter Roderic, Wolfstein, and Soldiers, as from a reconnoitring party.

Wolf. They mean to improve their success, and will push their advantage far. We must retreat betimes, Count Roderic.

Rod. We are safe here for the present. They make no immediate motion of advance. I fancy neither George nor Henry are with their party in the wood.

Enter Hugo.

Hug. Noble sir, how shall I tell what has happened?

Rod. What?

Hug. Martin has escaped.

Rod. Villain, thy life shall pay it! (Strikes at Hugo—is held by Wolfstein.)

Wolf. Hold, hold, Count Roderic! Hugo may be blameless.

Rod. Reckless slave! how came he to escape?

Hug. Under the disguise of a monk's habit, whom by your orders we brought to confess him.

Rod. Has he been long gone?

Hug. An hour and more since he passed our sentinels, disguised as the chaplain of Aspen; but he walked so slowly and feebly, I think he cannot yet have reached the posts of the enemy.

Rod. Where is the treacherous priest?

Hug. He waits his doom not far from hence. [Exit Hugo.

Rod. Drag him hither. The miscreant that snatched the morsel of vengeance from the lion of Maltingen, shall expire under torture.

Re-enter Hugo, with Bertram and Attendants.

Rod. Villain! what tempted thee, under the garb of a minister of religion, to steal a criminal from the hand of justice?

Ber. I am no villain, Count Roderic; and I only aided the escape of one wounded wretch whom thou didst mean to kill basely.

Rod. Liar and shame I thou hast assisted a murderer, upon whom justice had sacred chains.

Ber. I warn thee again, Count, that I am neither liar nor slave. Shortly I hope to tell thee I am once more thy equal.

Rod. Thou! Thou!—

Ber. Yes! the name of Bertram of Ebersdorf was once not unknown to thee.

Rod. (astonished.) Thou Bertram! the brother of Arnolf of Ebersdorf, first husband of the Baroness Isabella of Aspen?

Ber. The same.

Rod. Who, in a quarrel at a tournament, many years since, slew a blood-relation of the emperor, and was laid under the ban?

Ber. The same.

Rod. And who has now, in the disguise of a priest, aided the escape of Martin, squire to George of Aspen?

Ber. The same—the same.

Rod. Then, by the holy cross of Cologne, thou hast set at liberty the murderer of thy brother Arnolf!

Ber. How! What! I understand thee not! Rod. Miserable pander!—Martin, by his own confession, as Wolfstein heard, avowed having aided Isabella in the murder of her husband. I had laid such a plan of vengeance as should have made all Germany shudder. And thou hast counteracted it—thou, the brother of the murdered Arnolf!

Ber. Can this be so, Wolfstein?

Wolf. I heard Martin confess the murder.

Ber. Then am I indeed unfortunate!

Rod. What, in the name of evil, brought thee here?

Ber. I am the last of my race. When I was outlawed, as thou knowest, the lands of Ebersdorf, my rightful inheritance, were declared forfeited, and the Emperor bestowed them upon Rudiger when he married Isabella. I attempted to defend my domain, but Rudiger—Hail thank him for it—enforced the ban against me at the head of his vassals, and I was constrained to fly. Since then I have warred against the Saracens in Spain and Palestine.

Rod. But why didst thou return to a land where death attends thy being discovered?

Ber. Impatience urged me to see once more the land of my nativity, and the towers of Ebersdorf. I came there yesterday, under the name of the minstrel Minhold.

Rod. And what prevailed on thee to undertake to deliver Martin?

Ber. George, though I told not my name, enraged to procure the recall of the ban; besides, he told me Martin's life was in danger, and I accounted the old villain to be the last remaining follower of our house. But, as God shall judge me, the tale of horror thou hast mentioned I could not have even suspected.
Report ran, that my brother died of the plague.

Wolf. Raised for the purpose, doubtless, of preventing his being upon his sick-bed, and an inspection of his body.

Ber. My vengeance shall be dreadful as its cause! The usurpers of my inheritance, the robbers of my honour, the murderers of my brother, shall be cut off, root and branch!

Rod. Thou art, then, welcome here; especially if thou art still a true brother to our invisible order.

Ber. I am.

Rod. There is a meeting this night on the business of thy brother's death. Some are now come. I must despatch them in pursuit of Martin.

Enter Hugo.

Hug. The foes advance, sir knight.

Rod. Back! back to the ruin! Come with us, Bertram; on the road thou shalt hear the dreadful history.

[Exeunt.

From the opposite side enter George, Henry, Wickerd, Conrad, and Soldiers.

Geo. No news of Martin yet?

Wic. None, sir knight.

Geo. Nor the minstrel?

Wic. None.

Geo. Then he has betrayed me, or is prisoner—mystery either way. Begone and search the wood, Wickerd.

[Exeunt Wickerd and followers.

Hen. Still this dreadful gloom on thy brow, brother?

Geo. Ay! what else?

Hen. Once thou thoughtest me worthy of thy friendship.

Geo. Henry, thou art young—

Hen. Shall I therefore betray thy confidence?

Geo. No! but thou art gentle and well-natured. Thy mind cannot even support the burden which mine must bear. Far less wilt thou approve the means I shall use to throw it off.

Hen. Try me.

Geo. I may more.

Hen. Then thou dost no longer love me.

Geo. I love thee, and because I love thee, I will not involve thee in my distress.

Hen. I will bear it with thee.

Geo. Shouldst thou share it, it would be doubled to me!

Hen. Fear not, I will find a remedy.

Geo. It would cost thee peace of mind, here, and hereafter.

Hen. I take the risk.

Geo. It may not be, Henry. Thou wouldst become the confidant of crimes past—the accomplice of others to come.

Hen. Shall I guess?

Geo. I charge thee, no!

Hen. I must. Thou art one of the secret judges.

Geo. Unhappy boy! what hast thou said?

Hen. Is it not so?

Geo. Dost thou know what the discovery has cost thee?

Hen. I care not.

Geo. He who discovers any part of our mystery must himself become one of our number.

Hen. How so?

Geo. If he does not consent, his secrecy will be speedily ensured by his death. To that we are sworn—take thy choice!

Hen. Well, are you not banded in secret to punish those offenders whom the sword of justice cannot reach, or who are shielded from its stroke by the buckler of power?

Geo. Such is indeed the purpose of our fraternity; but the end is pursued through paths dark, intricate, and slippery with blood. Who is he that shall tread them with safety? Accursed be the hour in which I entered the labyrinth, and doubly accursed that, in which thou too must lose the cheerful sunshine of a soul without a mystery!

Hen. Yet for thy sake will I be a member.

Geo. Henry, thou didst rise this morning a free man. No one could say to thee, "Why dost thou so?" Thou layest thee down tonight the veriest slave that ever tugged at an oar—the slave of men whose actions will appear to thee savage and incomprehensible, and whom thou must aid against the world, upon peril of thy throat.

Hen. Be it so. I will share your lot.

Geo. Alas, Henry! Heaven forbid! But since thou hast by a hasty word fettered thyself, I will avail myself of thy bondage. Mount thy fleetest steed, and hie thee this very night to the Duke of Bavaria. He is chief and paramount of our chapter. Show him this signet and this letter; tell him that matters will be this night discussed concerning the house of Aspin. Bid him speed him to the assembly, for he well knows the president is our deadly foe. He will admit thee a member of our holy body.

Hen. Who is the foe whom you dread?

Geo. Young man, the first duty thou must learn is implicit and blind obedience.

Hen. Well! I shall soon return and see thee again.

Geo. Return, indeed, thou wilt; but for the rest—well! that matters not.

Hen. I go: thou wilt set a watch here?

Geo. I will. (Henry going.) Return, my dear Henry; let me embrace thee, shouldst thou not see me again.

Hen. Heaven! what mean you?

Geo. Nothing. The life of mortals is precarious; and, should we not meet again, take my blessing and this embrace—and this—(embrace him warmly.) And now haste to the duke. (Exit Henry.) Poor youth, thou little knowest what thou hast undertaken. But if Martin has escaped, and if the duke arrives, they will not dare to proceed without proof.

Re-enter Wickerd and followers.

Wic. We have made a follower of Maltigen prisoner, Baron George, who reports that Martin has escaped.

Geo. Joy! joy! such joy as I can now feel! Set him free for the good news—and, Wickerd, keep a good watch in this spot all night. Send out scouts to find Martin, lest he should not be able to reach Ebersdorf.

Wic. I shall, noble sir.

[The kettle-drums and trumpets flourish as for setting the watch; the scene closes.]
The chapel at Ebersdorf, an ancient Gothic building.

Isabella is discovered rising from before the altar, on which burn two tapers.

Isa. I cannot pray. Terror and guilt have stifled devotion. The heart must be at ease—the hands must be pure when they are lifted to Heaven. Midnight is the hour of summons; it is now near. How can I pray, when I go resolved to deny a crime which every drop of my blood could not wash away! And my son! Oh! he will fall the victim of my crime! Arnolf! Arnolf! thou art dreadfully avenged! (Tap at the door.) The footstep of my dreadful guide. (Tap again.) My courage is no more. (Enter Gertrude by the door.) Gertrude! is it only thou? (embraces her.)

Ger. Dear aunt, leave this awful place; it chills my very blood. My uncle sent me to call you to the hall.

Isa. Who is in the hall?

Ger. Only Reynold and the family, with whom my uncle is making merry.

Isa. Sawest thou no strange faces?

Ger. No; none but friends.

Isa. Art thou sure of that? Is George there?

Ger. No, nor Henry; both have ridden out. I think they might have stood one day at least. But come, aunt; I hate this place; it reminds me of my dream. See, yonder was the spot where methought they were burying you alive, below you monument (pointing.)

Isa. (starting.) The monument of my first husband. Leave me, leave me, Gertrude. I follow in a moment. (Exit Gertrude.) Ay, there he lies! forgetful alike of his crimes and injuries! Insensible, as if this chapel had never rung with my shrieks, or the castle resounded to his paralyzing groans! When shall I sleep so soundly? (As she gazes on the monument, a figure muffled in black appears from behind it.) Merciful God! Is it a vision, such as has haunted my couch? (It approaches; she goes on with mingled terror and resolution.) Ghastly phantom, art thou the restless spirit of one who died in agony, or art thou the mysterious being that must guide me to the presence of the avengers of blood? (Figure bends its head and beckons.)—To-morrow! To-morrow! I cannot follow thee now! (Figure shows a dagger from beneath its cloak.) Compulsion! I understand thee: I will follow. (She follows the figure a little way; he turns and wraps a black veil round her head, and takes her hand: then both exeunt behind the monument.)

The Wood of Griefenhaus.—A watch-fire, round which sit Wickerd, Conrad, and others, in their watch-coats.

Wic. The night is bitter cold.

Con. Ay, but thou hast lined thy doublet well with old Rheinish.

Wic. True; and I'll give you warrant for it. (Sings.)

What makes the troopers' frozen courage muster?

The grapes of juice divine.

Upon the Rhine, upon the Rhine they cluster:

Oh, blessed be the Rhine!

Let fringe and furs, and many a rabbit skin, sirs,

Bedock your Saracen;

He'll freeze without what warms our hearts within, sirs,

When the night-frost crusts the fen.

But on the Rhine, but on the Rhine they cluster,

The grapes of juice divine,

That make our troopers' frozen courage muster:

Oh, blessed be the Rhine!

Con. Well sung, Wickerd; thou art ever a jovial soul.

Enter a trooper or two more.

Wic. Hast thou made the rounds, Frank?

Frank. Yes, up to the hemlock marsh. It is a stormy night; the moon shone on the Wolskhill, and on the dead bodies with which to-day's work has covered it. We heard the spirit of the house of Maltingen wailing over the slaughter of its adherents: I durst go no farther.

Wic. Hen-hearted rascal! The spirit of some old raven, who was picking their bones. Con Nay, Wickerd; the churchmen say there are such things.

Frank. Ay; and Father Ludovic told us last sermon, how the devil twisted the neck of ten farmers at Kletterbach, who refused to pay Peter's pence.

Wic. Yes, some church devil, no doubt.

Frank. Nay, old Reynold says, that in passing, by midnight, near the old chapel at our castle, he saw it all lighted up, and heard a chorus of voices sing the funeral service.

Another Soldier. Father Ludovic heard the same.

Wic. Hear me, ye hare-livered boys! Can you look death in the face in battle, and dread such nursery birches? Old Reynold saw his vision in the strength of the grape. As for the chaplain, far be it from me to name the spirit which visits him; but I know what I know, when I found him confessing Bertrand's pretty Agnes in the chestnut grove.

Con. But, Wickerd, though I have often heard of strange tales which I could not credit, yet there is one in our family so well attested, that I almost believe it. Shall I tell it you?

All Soldiers. Do! do tell it, gentle Conrad.

Wic. And I will take 'tither sup of Rheinish to fence against the horrors of the tale.

Con. It is about my own uncle and godfather, Albert of Horsheim.

Wic. I have seen him—he was a gallant warrior.

Con. Well! He was long absent in the Bohemian wars. In an expedition he was be- nighted, and came to a lone house on the edge of a forest: he and his followers knocked re-
peatedly for entrance in vain. They forced the door, but found no inhabitants.

**Frank.** And they made good their quarters?

**Wic.** They did. And Wic. retired to rest in an upper chamber. Opposite to the bed on which he threw himself was a large mirror. At midnight he was awakened by deep groans: he cast his eyes upon the mirror, and saw—

**Frank.** Sacred Heaven! Heard you nothing?

**Wic.** Ay, the wind among the withered leaves. Go on, Conrad. Your uncle was a wise man.

**Con.** That's more than grey hairs can make other folks.

**Wic.** Hal! stripling, art thou so malapert? Though thou art Lord Henry's page, I shall teach thee who commands this party.

**All Soldiers.** Peace, peace, good Wickerd: let Conrad proceed.

**Con.** Where was I?

**Frank.** About the mirror,

**Con.** True. My uncle beheld in the mirror the reflection of a human face, distorted and covered with blood. A voice pronounced articulately, "It is yet time." As the words were spoken, my uncle discerned in the ghastly visage the features of his own father.

**Soldier.** Hush! By St. Francis I heard a groan. (They start up all but Wickerd.)

**Con.** Well—my uncle called up his attendants, and they searched every nook of the chamber, but found nothing. So they covered the mirror with a cloth, and Albert was left alone: but hardly had he closed his eyes when the same voice proclaimed, "It is now too late!" the covering was drawn aside, and he saw the figure—

**Frank.** Merciful Virgin! It comes. (All rise.)

**Wic.** Where! what?

**Con.** See you figure coming from the thicket!

**Enter Martin, in the monk's dress, much disordered: his face is very pale and his steps slow.**

**Wic.** (levelling his pike.) Man or devil, which thou wilt, thou shalt feel cold iron, if thou budgest a foot nearer. (Martin stops.) Who art thou! What dost thou seek?

**Mar.** To warm myself at your fire. It is very cold.

**Wic.** See there, ye craven, your apparnant is a poor benighted monk: sit down, father. (They place Martin by the fire.) By heaven, it is Martin—our Martin! Martin, how fare it with thee? We have sought thee this whole night.

**Mar.** So have many others (vacantly.)

**Con.** Yes, thy master.

**Mar.** Did you seek him too?

**Whom?** Baron George?

**Mar.** No! my first master, Arnold of Ebersdorf.

**Wic.** He raves.

**Mar.** He passed me but now in the wood, mounted upon his old black steed: its nostrils breathed smoke and flame; neither tree nor rock stopped him. He said, "Martin, thou will return this night to my service!"

**Wic.** Wrap thy cloak around him, Francis; he is distracted with mortal and pain. Dost thou not recollect me, old friend?

**Mar.** Yes, you are the butler at Ebersdorf: you have the charge of the large gilded cup, embossed with the figures of the twelve apostles. It was the favourite goblet of my old master.

**Con.** By our Lady, Martin, thou must be distracted indeed, to trust our master wothout intrust Wickerd with the care of the cellar.

**Mar.** I know a face so like the apostate Judas on that cup. I have seen the likeness when I gazed on a mirror.

**Wic.** Try to go to sleep, dear Martin; it will relieve thy brain. (Footsteps are heard in the wood.) To your arms. (They take their arms.)

**Enter two Members of the Invisible Tribunal, muffled in their cloaks.**

**Con.** Stand! Who are you?

**1 Mem.** Travellers benighted in the wood.

**Wic.** Are ye friends to Aspen or Maltingen?

**1 Mem.** We enter not into their quarrel: we are friends to the right.

**Wic.** Then are ye friends to us, and welcome to pass the night by our fire.

**2 Mem.** Thanks. (They approach the fire, and regard Martin very earnestly.)

**Con.** Hear ye any news abroad?

**2 Mem.** None; but that oppression and vilany are ripe and rank as ever.

**Wic.** The old complaint.

**1 Mem.** No! I never did former age equal this in wickedness; and yet, as if the daily commission of enormities were not enough to blot the sun, every hour discovers crimes which have lain concealed for years.

**Con.** Pity the Holy Tribunal should slumber in its office.

**2 Mem.** Young man, it shimmers not. When criminals are ripe for its vengeance, it falls like the bolt of Heaven.

**Mar.** (attempting to rise.) Let me be gone.

**Con.** (detaining him.) Whither now, Martin?

**Mar.** To mass.

**1 Mem.** Even now, we heard a tale of a villain, who, ungrateful as the frozen adder, stung the bosom that had warmed him into life.

**Mar.** Conrad, bear me off; I would be away from these men.

**Con.** Be at ease, and strive to sleep.

**Mar.** Too well I know—I shall never sleep again.

**2 Mem.** The wretch of whom we speak became, from revenge and lust of gain, the murderer of the master whose bread he did eat.

**Wic.** Out upon the monster!

**1 Mem.** For nearly thirty years was he permitted to cumber the ground. The miscreant thought his crime was concealed; but the earth which ground upon his footsteps—the winds which passed over his unhallowed head—the stream which he polluted by his lips—the fire at which he warmed his bloodstained hands—every element bore witness to his guilt.

**Mar.** Conrad, good youth—lead me from
hence, and I will show thee where, thirty years since, I deposited a mighty bribe. [Rises. Can. Be present, good Martin.

Wic. And where was the miscreant seized? [The two Members suddenly lay hands on Martin, and draw their daggers; the Soldiers spring to their arms.

1 Mem. On this very spot.

Wic. Traitors, unloose your hold!

1 Mem. In the name of the Invisible Judges, I charge ye, impede us not in our duty.

[All strike their weapons, and stand motionless.

Mar. Help! help!

1 Mem. Help him with your prayers! [He is dragged off. The scene shuts.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

The subterranean chapel of the Castle of Gresham. It seems deserted, and in decay. There are four entrances, each defended by an iron portal. At each door stands a warden, clothed in black, and masked, armed with a naked sword. During the whole scene they remain motionless on their posts. In the centre of the chapel is the ruinous altar, half sunk in the ground, on which lie a large book, a dagger, and a coil of ropes, beside two lighted tapers. Antique stone benches of different heights around the chapel. In the back scene is seen a duped and tossed into the sacristy, which is quite dark.

Various Members of the Invisible Tribunal enter by the four different doors of the chapel. Each whispers something as he passes the Warden, which is answered by an inclination of the head. The costume of the Members is a long black robe, capable of muffling the face; some wear it in this manner; others have their faces uncovered, unless on the entrance of a stranger; they place themselves in profound silence upon the stone benches.

Enter Count Roderic, dressed in a scarlet cloak of the same form with those of the other Members. He takes his place on the most elevated bench.

Rod. Warders, secure the doors! (The doors are barred with great care.) Herald, do thy duty!

[Members all rise—Herald stands by the altar.

Her. Members of the Invisible Tribunal, who judge in secret, and avenge in secret, like the Deity, are thy hearts free from malice, and your hands from blood-guiltiness? [All the Members incline their heads.

Rod. God pardon our sins of ignorance, and preserve us from those of presumption.

[Again the Members solemnly incline their heads.

Her. To the east, and to the west, and to the north, and to the south, I raise my voice; wherever there is treason, wherever there is blood-guiltiness, wherever there is sacrilege, sorcery, robbery, or perjury, there let this curse alight, and pierce the marrow and the bone. Raise, then, your voices, and say with me, woe woe, unto offenders! [All rise. Woe! woe! [Members sit down.

Her. He who knoweth of an unpunished crime, let him stand forth as bound by his oath when his hand was laid upon the dagger and upon the cord, and call to the assembly for vengeance!

Mem. (rises, his face covered.) Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance! [Rod. Upon whom dost thou invoke vengeance? Accuser. Upon a brother of this order, who is forsworn and perjured to its laws.

Rod. Relate his crime.

Acc. This perjured brother was sworn, upon the steel and upon the cord, to denounce malefactors to the judgment-seat, from the four quarters of heaven, though it were the spouse of his heart, or the apple of his eye; yet did he conceal the guilt of one who was dear unto him; he folded up the crime from the knowledge of the tribunal; he removed the evidence of guilt, and withdrew the criminal from justice. What does his perjury deserve? Rod. Accuser, come before the altar; lay thy hands upon the dagger and the cord, and swear to the truth of thy accusation.

Acc. (his hand on the altar.) I swear! Rod. Wilt thou take upon thyself the penalty of perjury, should it be found false? Acc. I will.

Rod. Brethren, what is your sentence? [The Members confer a moment in whispers—a silence.

Eldest Mem. Our voice is, that the perjured brother merits death.

Rod. Accuser, thou hast heard the voice of the assembly; name the criminal.

Accu. George, Baron of Aspen.

[As a murmur in the assembly.

A Mem. (suddenly rising) I am ready, according to our holy laws, to swear, by the steel and the cord, that George of Aspen merits not this accusation, and that it is a foul calumny.

Acc. Rash man! garget thou an oath so lightly?

Mem. I gage it not lightly. I proffer it in the cause of innocence and virtue.

Acc. What if George of Aspen should not himself confess the charge?

Mem. Then would I never trust man again.

Acc. Hear him, then, hear witness against himself (throws back his mantle.

Rod. Baron George of Aspen!

Geo. The same—prepared to do penance for the crime of which he stands self-ac- ceased.

Rod. Still, canst thou disclose the name of the criminal whom thou hast rescued from justice; on that condition alone, thy brethren may save thy life.

Geo. Thinkest thou I would betray for the safety of my life, a secret I have preserved at the breach of my word?—No! I have weighed the value of my obligation—I will not discharge it—but most willingly will I pay the penalty.

Rod. Retire, George of Aspen, till the assembly pronounce judgment.

Geo. Welcome be your sentence—I am weary of your yoke of iron. A light beam on my soul. Woe to those who seek justice in the dark haunts of mystery and of crime! She dwells in the broad blaze of the sun, and Mercy is ever by her side. Woe to those who would advance the general weal by trampling
upon the social affections! they aspire to be more than men—they shall become worse than tigers. I go; better for me if your altars should be stained with my blood, than my soul blackened with your crimes.

[Exit George, by the ruinous door in the back scene, into the sacristy.

Rod. Brethren, sworn upon the steel and upon the cord, to judge and to avenge in secret, without favour and without pity, what is your judgment upon George of Aspen, self-accused of perjury, and resistance to the laws of our fraternity.

[Long and earnest murmurs in the assembly. Rod. Speak your doom.

Eldest Mem. George of Aspen has declared himself perjured;—the penalty of perjury is death!

Rod. Father of the secret judges—Eldest among those who avenge in secrecy—take to thee the steel and the cord;—let the guilty no more appear.

Eldest Mem. I am fourscore and eight years old. My eyes are dim, and my hand is feeble; soon shall I be called before the throne of my Creator;—How shall I stand there, stained with the blood of such a man?

Rod. How wilt thou stand before that throne, loaded with the guilt of a broken oath? The blood of the criminal be upon us and ours!

Eldest Mem. So be it, in the name of God! [He takes the dagger from the altar, goes slowly towards the back scene, and reluctantly enters the sacristy.

Eldest Judge (from behind the scene) Dost thou forgive me?

Geo. (behind.) I do! (He is heard to fall heavily.)

[Re-enter the old judge from the sacristy. He says on the altar the bloody dagger.

Rod. Hast thou done thy duty?

Eldest Mem. I have. (He faints.)

Rod. He swoons. Remove him.

[He is assisted off the stage. During this four members enter the sacristy, and bring out a tier covered with a veil, which they place on the steps of the altar. A deep silence.

Rod. Judges of evil, dooming in secret, and avenging in secret, like the Deity: God keep your thoughts from evil, and your hands from guilt.

Ber. I raise my voice in this assembly, and cry, Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

Rod. Enough hast thou that night been done—(He rises and brings Bertram forward.) Think what thou dost—George has fallen—it were murder to stay both mother and son.

Ber. George of Aspen was thy victim—a sacrifice to thy hatred and envy. I claim mine, sacred to justice and to my murdered brother. Resume thy place!—thou canst not stop the rock thou hast put in motion.

Rod. (tornly.) Upon whom callest thou for vengeance?

Ber. Upon Isabella of Aspen.

Rod. She has been summoned.

Herald. Isabella of Aspen, accused of murder by poison, I charge thee to appear, and stand upon thy defence.

[Three knocks are heard at one of the doors—it is opened by the warden.

Enter Ishabellia, the veil still wrapped around her head, led by her conductor. All the members muffle their faces.

Rod. Uncover her eyes.

(The veil is removed. Isabella looks wildly round.

Rod. Knowest thou, lady, where thou art?

Isa. I guess.

Rod. Say thy guess.

Isa. Before the Avengers of blood.

Rod. Knowest thou why thou art called to their presence?

Isa. No.

Rod. Speak, accuser.

Ber. I impeach thee. Isabella of Aspen, before this awful assembly, of having murdered, privately and by poison. Arnolf of Ebersdorf, thy first husband.

Rod. Canst thou swear to the accusation?

Ber. (his hand on the altar.) I lay my hand on the steel and the cord, and swear.

Rod. Isabella of Aspen, thou hast heard thy accusation. What canst thou answer?

Isa. That the oath of an accuser is no proof of guilt?

Rod. Hast thou more to say?

Isa. I have.

Rod. Speak on.

Isa. Judges invisible to the sun, and seen only by the stars of midnight! I stand before you, accuses of an enormous, daring, and premeditated crime. I was married to Arnolf when I was only eighteen years old. Arnolf was wary and jealons; ever suspecting me without a cause, unless it was because he had injured me. How then should I plan and perpetrate such a deed? The lamb turns not against the wolf, though a prisoner in his den.

Rod. Have you finished?

Isa. A moment. Years after years have elapsed without a whisper of this foul suspicion. Arnolf left a brother! though common fame had been silent, natural affection would have been heard against me—why spoke he not my accusation? Or has my conduct justified this horrible charge! No! awful judges, I may answer, I have founded cloisters. I have endowed hospitals. I the goods that Heaven bestowed on me I have not held back from the needy. I appeal to you, judges of evil, can these proofs of innocence he outweighed by the assertion of an unknown and disguised, perchance a malignant accuser?

Ber. No longer will I wear that disguise (throws back his mantle.) Dost thou know me now?

Isa. Yes; I know thee for a wandering minstrel, relieved by the charity of my husband.

Ber. No, traitress! I know me for Bertram of Ebersdorf, brother to him thou didst murder. Call her accomplice, Martin. Hal I turnest thou pale?

Isa. May I have some water?—(Apart.) Sacred Heaven! his vindictive look is so like—

Water is brought.

A Mem. Martin died in the hands of our brethren.

Rod. Dost thou know the accuser, lady?

Isa. (reassuming fortitude.) Let not the sinking of nature under this dreadful trial be imputed to the consciousness of guilt. I do know the accuser—know him to be outlawed.
for homicide, and under the ban of the empire; his testimony cannot be received.

**Eldest Judge** She says truly.

**Ber.** (To Roderic.) Then I call upon thee and William, Wolfstein to bear witness to what you know.

**Rod.** Wolfstein is not in the assembly, and my place prevents me from being a witness.

**Ber.** Then I will call another; meanwhile let the accused be removed.

**Rod.** Retire, lady. [Isabella is led to the sacristy.

**Isa.** (going off) The ground is slippery.—Heavens! It is floated with blood!

**[Exit into the sacristy.**

**Rod.** (apart to Bertram.) Whom dost thou mean to call? [Bertram whispers.

**Rod.** This goes beyond me. (After a moment's thought.) But he it is. Maltingen shall behold Aspen humbled in the dust. (Aloud.) Brethren, the accuser calls for a witness who remains without: admit him.

[All muffle their faces.]

**Enter Rudiger, his eyes bound or covered, leaning upon two members; they place a stool for him, and unbind his eyes.**

**Rod.** Knowest thou where thou art, and before whom I Rod? I know not, and I care not. Two strangers summoned me from my castle to assist, they said, at a great act of justice. I ascended the litter they brought, and I am here.

**Rod.** It regards the punishment of perjury and the discovery of murder. Art thou willing to assist us?

**Rod.** Most willing, as is my duty.

**Rod.** What if the crime regarded thy friend?

**Rod.** I will hold him no longer so.

**Rod.** What if thine own blood?

**Rod.** I would let it out with my poniard.

**Rod.** Then canst thou not blame us for this deed of justice. Remove the pall. (The pall is lifted, beneath which is discovered the body of George, pale and bloody. Rudiger staggering towards it.)

**Rod.** My George! my George! Not slain manly in battle, but murdered by legal assassins. Much, much may I mourn thee, my beloved boy; but not now—not now: never will I shed a tear for thy death till I have cleared thy fame.—Hear me, ye midnight murderers, he was innocent (raising his voice)—upright as the truth itself. Let the man who dares gunman me lift that gage. If the Almighty does not strengthen these frail limbs, to make good a father's quarrel, I have a son left, who will vindicate the honour of Aspen, or lay his bloody body beside his brother's.

**Rod.** Rush and insensate! Hear first the cause. Hear the dishonour of thy house.

**Isa.** (from the sacristy.) Never shall he hear it till the author is no more! (Rudiger attempting to rush the sacristy, but is prevented. Isabella enters wounded, and throws herself on George's body.)

**Isa.** Murdered for me—for me! my dear, dear son!

**Rod.** (still held) Cowardly villains, let me loose! Maltingen, this is thy doing! Thy face thou wouldst disguise, thy deeds thou cannot! I defy thee to instant and mortal combat!

**Isa.** (looking up.) Not not! endanger not thy life! Myself! myself! I could not bear thou shouldst know—Oh! (Dies.)

**Rod.** Oh! let me go—let me but try to stop her blood, and I will forgive all.

**Rod.** Drag him off and detain him. The voice of lamentation must not disturb the stern deliberation of justice.

**Rod.** Bloodhound of Maltingen! Well becomes thee thy base revenge! The marks of my son's lance are still on thy craven crest! Vengeance on the hand of ye!

**Rudiger is dropped off to the sacristy.**

**Ber.** Brethren, we stand discovered! What is to be done to him who shall descry our mystery?

**Eldest Judge.** He must become a brother of our order, or die!

**Rod.** This man will never join us! He cannot put his hand into ours, which are stained with the blood of his wife and son: he must therefore die! (Murmurs in the assembly.) Brethren! I wonder not at your reluctance; but the man is powerful, has friends and allies to buckler his cause. It is over with us, and with our order, unless the laws are obeyed. (Painter murmurs.) Besides, have we not sworn a deadly oath to execute these statutes? (A dead silence.) Take to thee the steel and the cord (to the eldest judge.)

**Eldest Judge.** He has done no evil—he was the companion of my battle—I will not!

**Rod.** (to another.) Do thou—and succeed to the rank of him who has disobeyed. Remember thy oath! (Member takes the dagger, and goes irresistibly forward; looks into the sacristy, and comes back.)

**Men.** He has fainted—fainted in anguish for his wife and son; the bloody ground is strewed with his white hairs, torn by those hands that have fought for Christendom. I will not be your butcher. —(Throes down the dagger.)

**Ber.** Irresolute and perjured! the robber of my inheritance, the author of my exile, shall die!

**Rod.** Thanks, Bertram. Execute the doom—secure the safety of the holy tribunal!

[Bertram seizes the dagger, and is about to rush into the sacristy, when three loud knocks are heard at the door.

**All.** Hold! Hold! [The Duke of Bavaria, attended by many members of the Invisible Tribunal, enters, dressed in a scarlet mantle trimmed with ermine, and wearing a diocesan crown. He carries a rod in his hand—All rise.—A murmur among the members, who whisper to each other, "The Duke," "The Chief," &c.

**Rod.** The Duke of Bavaria! I am lost. Duke. (sees the bodies.) I am too late—the victims have fallen.

**Men.** (crying with the Duke.) Gracious Heaven! O Gorgias! (looking over his shoulder.)

**Duke.** Grasping the saxristy.** Henry—it is thy voice—save me!

[Henry rushes into the sacristy.}

**Duke.** Roderic of Maltingen, descend from the seat which thou hast dishonoured—(Roderic leaves his place, which the Duke occupies.) Thou standest accused of having perverted the laws of our order; for that, being a mor-
tal enemy to the House of Aspen, thou hast abused thy sacred authority to pander to thy private revenge; and to this Wolfstein has been witness.

Rod. Chief among our circles, I have but acted according to our laws.

Duke. Thou hast indeed observed the letter of our statutes, and woe am I that they do warrant this night's bloody work! I cannot do unto thee as I would, but what I can I will. Thou hast not indeed transgressed our law, but thou hast wrested and abused it: kneel down, therefore, and place thy hands betwixt mine. (Roderic kneels as directed.) I degrade thee from thy sacred office (spreads his hands, as directed.) I dissolve this meeting (all rise.) Judges and condemners of others. God teach you knowledge of yourselves! (All bend their heads—Duke breaks his rod, and comes forward.)

Rod. Lord Duke, thou hast charged me with treachery — thou art my liege lord — but who else dares maintain the accusation, lies in his throat.

Hen. (rushing from the sacristy) Villain! I accept thy challenge!

Red. Vain boy! my lance shall chastise thee in the lists—there lies my gage.

Duke. Henry, on thy allegiance, touch it not. (To Roderic.) Lists shall thou never more enter; lance shall thou never more wield (draws his sword) With this sword wast thou dubbed a knight; with this sword I dishonour thee — I thy prince — (strikes him slightly with the flat of the sword) — I take from thee the degree of knight, the dignity of chivalry. Thou art no longer a free German noble; thou art honourless and rightless; the funeral obsequies shall be performed for thee as for one dead to knightly honour and to fair fame; thy spurs shall be hacked from thy heels; thy arms baffled and reversed by the common executioner. Go, fraudulent and dishonour'd, hide thy shame in a foreign land! (Roderic shows a dumb expression of rage.) Lay hands on Bertram of Ebersdorf; as I live, he shall pay the forfeiture of his outlawry. Henry, aid us to remove thy father from this charnel-house. Never shall he know the dreadful secret. Be it mine to soothe his sorrows, and to restore the honour of the House of Aspen.

(Curtain slowly falls.)

THE END